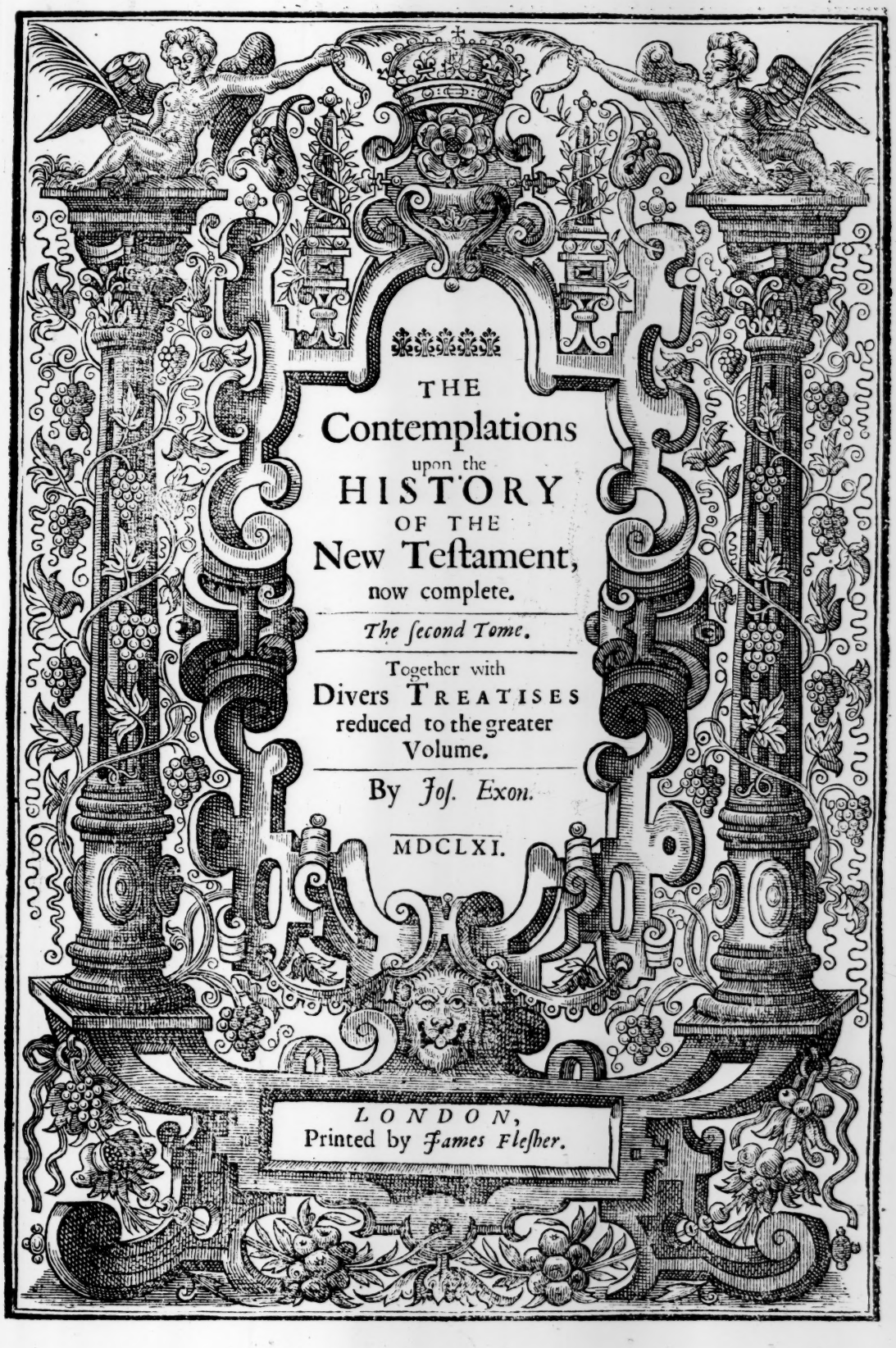

IOSEPHI HALL NORVIC' EPISCOPI VERA EFFIGIES REVERENDIDO.NI


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THE Contemplations upon the HISTORY OF THE New Testament, now complete.

The second Tome.

Together with Divers TREATISES reduced to the greater Volume.

By *Jos. Exon.*

MDCLXI.

LONDON, Printed by *James Flesher.*

TO

THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE,

CHARLES

BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING OF GREAT Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.

Most Gracious and Dread Soveraign,

MOre then twenty years are ſlipt away, ſince I entred upon this task of ſacred Contemplations; preſuming ſo long agoe to prefix your Royal Name to ſome of the firſt pieces of this long work, which I rather wiſhed, then hoped I might live to finiſh. The God of Heaven hath been pleaſed to ſtretch out my daies ſo

farre as to ſee it brought, at laſt, (after many neceſſary intermiſſions) to an happy end; Now, not with more contentment then boldneſs, I bring to your ſacred hands (beſides variety of other diſcourſes) that work complete, whereof ſome few parcels ſaw the light before, under ſubordinate Dedications. The whole is your Majeſties due, no leſs then the unworthy Author; whoſe age pleaſeth and prideth it ſelf in nothing more, then in the title of one of your Majeſties moſt ancient Attendants (in my ſtation) now living,

JOS. EXON.

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TO

MY MUCH HONOURED,
AND RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
FRIEND,

Sir Henry Yelverton

KNIGHT, ATTURNEY
GENERALL TO HIS
MAJESTIE.

Right Worshipful,

IT is not out of any ſatietie that I change from the Old Teſtament to the New; theſe two, as they are the Breaſts of the Church, ſo they yield Milk equally wholeſome, equally pleaſant unto able Nurſelings. Herein I thought good to have reſpect unto my Reader, in whoſe ſtrength there may be difference. That other Breaſt perhaps doth not let down this nouriſhing liquor ſo freely, ſo eaſily. Even ſo ſmall a variety refreſheth a weak Infant. Neither will there perhaps want ſome palates which will finde a more quick and

and pleasing relish in this fresher substance. These I thought good to please with a Taste, ere they come to sate themselves with a full Meal of this Divine nourishment; in emulation of the good Scribe, that brings forth both old and new. If it please God to inable my life and opportunities, I hope at last to present this Church with the last service of the Historie of either Page: wherein my Joy and my Crown shall be the Edification of many. In the mean time, I dedicate this part unto your Name, whom I have so much cause to observe and honour. The Blessing of that God whose Church you have ever made your chief Client be still upon your head, and that honourable Society which rejoyces in so worthy a Leader. To it and your self I shall be ever (as I have cause)

Humbly and

unfeignedly devoted,

JOS. HALL.

Contemplations.

THE FIRST BOOK.

Containing { *The Angel and* Zachary. / *The Annunciation.* / *The Birth of* CHRIST. } { *The Sages and the Star.* / *The Purification.* / Herod *and the Infants.* }

The Angel and Zachary.

WHEN things are at worſt, then God begins a change. The ſtate of the Jewiſh Church was extreamly corrupted, immediately before the news of the Goſpel; yet, as bad as it was, not only the Prieſthood, but the courſes of attendance continued, even from *Davids* time till Chriſts. It is a deſperately depraved condition of a Church, where no good orders are left. Judea paſſed many troubles, many alterations, yet this orderly combination endured about an eleven hundred years. A ſetled good will not eaſily be defeated, but in the change of perſons will remain unchanged, and if it be forced to give way, leaves memorable footſteps behinde it. If *David* fore-ſaw the perpetuation of this holy Ordinance, how much did he rejoice in the knowledge of it? who would not be glad to doe good, on condition, that it may ſo long out-live him?

The ſucceſſive turnes of the Legal miniſtration held on in a Line never interrupted. Even in a forlorn and miſerable Church, there may be a perſonall ſucceſſion. How little were the Jewes better for this, when they had loſt the Urim and Thummim, ſincerity of Doctrine and Manners? This ſtayed with them even whiles they and their Sons crucified Chriſt. What is more ordinary, then wicked Sons of holy Parents? It is the ſucceſſion of Truth and Holineſs that makes or inſtitutes a Church, whatever become of the perſons. Never times were ſo barren, as not to yeeld ſome good: The greateſt dearth affords ſome few good Eares to the Gleaners. Chriſt would not have come into the world, but he would have ſome faithful to entertain him: He, that had the diſpoſing of all times and men, would caſt ſome holy ones into his own times: There had been no equality, that all ſhould either over-run, or follow him, and none attend him. *Zachary* and *Elizabeth* are juſt, both of *Aarons* blood, and *John Baptiſt* of theirs: whence ſhould an holy ſeed ſpring if not of the Loyns of *Levi*? It is not in the power of Parents to traduce Holineſſe to their Children: it is the bleſſing of God, that feoffes them in the Vertues of their Parents, as they feoffe them in their ſinnes. There is no certainty, but there is likelihood, of an holy Generation, when the Parents are ſuch. *Elizabeth* was juſt, as well as *Zachary*, that the fore-runner of a Saviour might be holy on both ſides. If the ſtock and the griffe be not both good, there is much danger of the fruit. It is an happy match, when the Huſband and the Wife are one, not onely in themſelves, but in God, not more in fleſh, then in the ſpirit. Grace makes no difference of ſexes, rather the weaker carries away the more honour, becauſe it hath had leſſe helps. It is eaſie to

obſerve, that the New Teſtament affordeth more ſtore of good women then the old. *Elizabeth* led the ring of this mercy, whoſe barrenneſs ended in a miraculous fruit both of her body and of her time. A

This religious pair made no leſſe progreſs in vertue then in age, and yet their vertue could not make their beſt age fruitfull: *Elizabeth was barren.* A juſt ſoul and a barren womb may well agree together. Amongſt the Jews barrenneſs was not a defect only, but a reproach: yet while this good woman was fruitful of holy obedience, ſhe was barren of children. As *John*, which was miraculouſly conceived by man, was a fit fore-runner of him that was conceived by the Holy Ghoſt; ſo a barren Matron was meet to make way for a Virgin.

None but a ſon of *Aaron* might offer incenſe to God in the Temple, and B not every ſon of *Aaron*, and not any one at all ſeaſons: God is a God of order, and hates confuſion no leſſe then irreligion. Albeit he hath not ſo ſtreightned himſelf under the Goſpel as to tie his ſervice to perſons or places, yet his choice is now no leſſe curious becauſe it is more large. He allows none but the authoriſed: he authoriſeth none but the worthy. The incenſe doth ever ſmell of the hand that offers it. I doubt not but that perfume was ſweeter which aſcended up from the hand of a juſt *Zacharie*. The ſacrifice of the wicked is abomination to God. There were courſes of miniſtration in the Legal ſervices: God never purpoſed to burthen any of his creatures with devotion. How vain is the ambition of any ſoul that would load it ſelf with the univerſal C charge of all men? How thankleſs is their labour that do wilfully overſpend themſelves in their ordinary vocations? As *Zacharie* had a courſe in Gods houſe, ſo he carefully obſerved it: the favour of theſe reſpites doubled his diligence. The more high and ſacred our calling is, the more dangerous is neglect. It is our honour that we may be allowed to wait upon the God of heaven in theſe immediate ſervices. Woe be to us if we ſlacken thoſe duties wherein God honours us more then we can honour him.

Many ſons of *Aaron*, yea of the ſame family, ſerved at once in the Temple according to the variety of imployments. To avoid all difference, they agreed by lot to aſſign themſelves to the ſeveral offices of each day: the lot of this D day called *Zacharie* to offer Incenſe in the outer Temple. I doe not finde any preſcription they had from God of this particular manner of deſignment. Matters of good order in holy affairs may be ruled by the wiſe inſtitution of men according to reaſon and expediencie.

It fell out well that *Zacharie* was choſen by lot to this miniſtration, that Gods immediate hand might be ſeen in all the paſſages that concerned his great Prophet; that as the perſon, ſo the occaſion might be of Gods own chuſing. In lots and their ſeeming caſual diſpoſition, God can give a reaſon, though we can give none. Morning and Evening, twice a day, their Law called them to offer Incenſe to God, that both parts of the day might be conſecrate to the maker of time. E The outer Temple was the figure of the whole Church upon earth, like as the Holy of holieſt repreſented Heaven. Nothing can better reſemble our faithful prayers then ſweet perfume: theſe God looks that we ſhould (all his Church over) ſend up unto him Morning and Evening. The elevations of our hearts ſhould be perpetual: but if twice in the day we do not preſent God with our ſolemn invocations, we make the Goſpel leſſe officious then the Law.

That the reſemblance of prayers and incenſe might be apparent, whiles the Prieſt ſends up his incenſe within the Temple, the people muſt ſend up their prayers without. Their breath and that incenſe, though remote in the firſt riſing, met ere they went up to heaven. The people might no more goe F into the Holy place to offer up the incenſe of prayers unto God, then *Zacharie* might goe into the Holy of holies. Whiles the partition wall ſtood betwixt Jews and Gentiles, there were alſo partitions betwixt the Jews and themſelves. Now every man is a Prieſt unto God, every man (ſince the veil was rent) prayes within the Temple. What are we the better for our grea-

ter

A ter freedome of acceſſe to God under the Goſpel, if we doe not make uſe of our priviledge?

Whiles they were praying to God, he ſees an Angel of GOD: as *Gideon*'s Angel went up in the ſmoak of the ſacrifice, ſo did *Zacharie*'s Angel (as it were) come down in the fragrant ſmoak of his incenſe. It was ever great news to ſee an Angel of God; but now more, becauſe God had long withdrawn from them all the means of his ſupernaturall revelations. As this wicked people were ſtrangers to their God in their converſation, ſo was God grown a ſtranger to them in his apparitions: yet now that the ſeaſon of the Goſpel approached, he viſited them with his Angels; before he viſited them by his Son. He ſends his
B Angel to men in the form of man, before he ſends his Son to take humane form. The preſence of Angels is no novelty, but their apparition; they are alwaies with us, but rarely ſeen, that we may awfully reſpect their meſſages when they are ſeen. In the mean time our faith may ſee them, though our ſenſes doe not; their aſſumed ſhapes doe not make them more preſent, but viſible.

There is an order in that heavenly Hierarchie, though we know it not. This Angel that appeared to *Zacharie* was not with him in the ordinary courſe of his attendances, but was purpoſely ſent from God with this meſſage. Why was an Angel ſent? and why this Angel? It had been eaſie for him to have raiſed up the prophetical ſpirit of ſome *Simeon* to this prediction. The ſame
C Holy Ghoſt which revealed to that juſt man, that he ſhould not ſee death ere he had ſeen the *Meßias*, might have as eaſily revealed unto him the birth of the forerunner of Chriſt, and by him to *Zacharie*: but God would have this voice, which ſhould goe before his Son, come with a noiſe. He would have it appear to the world, that the harbinger of the *Meßiah* ſhould be conceived by the marvellous power of that God whoſe coming he proclaimed. It was fit the firſt Herald of the Goſpel ſhould begin in wonder. The ſame Angel that came to the Bleſſed Virgin with the news of Chriſts conception, came to *Zacharie* with the news of *John*'s, for the honour of him that was the greateſt of them which were born of women, and for his better reſemblance
D to him which was the ſeed of the woman. Both had the Goſpel for their errand, one as the meſſenger of it, the other as the Author; both are foretold by the ſame mouth.

When could it be more fit for the Angel to appear unto *Zacharie*, then when prayers and incenſe were offered by him? Where could he more fitly appear then in the Temple? In what part of the Temple more fitly then at the Altar of Incenſe? and whereabout rather then on the right ſide of the Altar? Thoſe glorious ſpirits as they are alwaies with us, ſo moſt in our devotions; and as in all places, ſo moſt of all in Gods houſe. They rejoice to be with us whiles we are with God; as contrarily they turn their faces from us
E when we goe about our ſins.

He that had wont to live and ſerve in the preſence of the maſter, was now aſtoniſhed at the preſence of the ſervant. So much difference there is betwixt our faith and our ſenſes, that the apprehenſion of the preſence of the God of ſpirits by faith goes down ſweetly with us, whereas the ſenſible apprehenſion of an Angel diſmayes us. Holy *Zacharie*, that had wont to live by faith, thought he ſhould dye when his ſenſe began to be ſet on work. It was the weakneſſe of him that ſerved at the Altar without horror, to be daunted with the face of his fellow-ſervant. In vain doe we look for ſuch Miniſters of God as are without infirmities, when juſt *Zacharie* was troubled in his
F devotions with that wherewith he ſhould have been comforted. It was partly the ſuddenneſs, and partly the glory of the apparition, that affrighted him. The good Angel was both apprehenſive and compaſſionate of *Zacharie*'s weakneſs, and preſently incourages him with a cheerful excitation, (*Fear not, Zacharias.*). The bleſſed ſpirits, though they doe not often vocally expreſſe it, doe pity our humane frailties, and ſecretly ſuggeſt comfort unto us

when we perceive it not. Good and evil Angels, as they are contrary in estate, so also in disposition. The good desire to take away fear, the evil to bring it. It is a fruit of that deadly enmity which is betwixt Satan and us, that he would, if he might, kill us with terror; whereas the good spirits affecting our relief and happinesse, take no pleasure in terrifying us, but labour altogether for our tranquillity and chearfulnesse. A

There was not more fear in the face then comfort in the speech; *Thy prayer is heard.* No Angel could have told him better newes. Our desires are uttered in our praiers. What can we wish but to have what we would? Many good suits had *Zachary* made, and amongst the rest for a Son. Doubtlesse it was now some space of years since he made that request. For he was now stricken in age, and had ceased to hope: yet had God laid it up all the while; and when he thinks not of it, brings it forth to effect. Thus doth the mercy of our God deale with his patient and faithfull suppliants. In the fervour of their expectation he many times holds them off; and when they least think of it, and have forgotten their own suits, he graciously condescends. Delay of effect may not discourage our faith. It may be God hath long granted ere we shall know of his grant. Many a father repents him of his fruitfulnesse, and hath such sons as he wishes unborn: but to have so gracious and happy a son as the Angel foretold, could not be lesse comfort then honor to the age of *Zacharie.* B

The proof of children makes them either the blessings or crosses of their parents. To heare what his son should be before he was, to heare that he should have such a son, a son whose birth should concern the joy of many, a son that should be great in the sight of the Lord, a son that should be sacred to God, filled with God, beneficial to man, an harbinger to him that was God and man, was news enough to prevent the Angel, and to take away that tongue with amazement, which was after lost with incredulity. C

The speech was so good, that it found not a sudden belief. This good news surprised *Zachary.* If the intelligence had taken leisure, that his thoughts might have had time to debate the matter, he had easily apprehended the infinite power of him that had promised; the pattern of *Abraham* and *Sara*; and would soon have concluded the appearance of the Angel more miraculous then his prediction. Whereas now, like a man masked with the strangenesse of that he saw and heard, he misdoubts the message, and asks, *How shall I know?* Nature was on his side, and alledged the impossibility of the event both from age and barrennesse. Supernaturall tidings at the first hearing astonish the heart, and are entertained with doubts by those which upon further acquaintance give them the best welcome. D

The weak apprehensions of our imperfect faith are not so much to be censured as pitied. It is a sure way for the heart, to be prevented with the assurance of the omnipotent power of God, to whom nothing is impossible: so shall the hardest point of faith goe down easily with us. If the eye of our minde look upward, it shall meet with nothing to avert or interrupt it: but if right forward, or downward, or round about, every thing is a block in our way. E

There is a difference betwixt desire of assurance and unbelief. We cannot be too carefull to raise up our selves arguments to settle our faith; although it should be no faith, if it had no feet to stand upon, but discursive. In matters of faith, if reasons may be brought for the conviction of the gain-sayers, it is well; if they be helps, they cannot be grounds of our belief. In the most faithful heart there are some sparks of infidelity: so to believe, that we should have no doubt at all, is scarce incident unto flesh and blood. It is a great perfection if we have attained to overcome our doubts. What did mislead *Zacharie*, but that which uses to guide others, Reason? *(I am old, and my wife is of great age.)* As if years and drie joines could be any let to him which is able of very stones to raise up children unto *Abraham.* Faith and reason have their limits: F

where

A where reaſon ends, faith begins: and if reaſon will be encroaching upon the bounds of faith, ſhe is ſtraight taken captive by infidelity. We are not fit to follow Chriſt, if we have not denied our ſelves; and the chief piece of our ſelves is our reaſon. We muſt yield God able to doe that which we cannot comprehend, and we muſt comprehend that by our faith which is diſclaimed by reaſon. *Hagar* muſt be driven out of doors, that *Sara* may rule alone.

The authority of the reporter makes way for belief in things which are otherwiſe hard to paſſe; although in the matters of God we ſhould not ſo much care who ſpeaks, as what is ſpoken, and from whom. The Angel tells his name, place, office, unasked, that *Zacharie* might not think any news im-
B poſſible that was brought him by an heavenly meſſenger. Even where there is no uſe of language, the ſpirits are diſtinguiſhed by names, and each knows his own appellation and others. He that gave leave unto man his Image, to give names unto all his viſible and inferiour creatures, did himſelf put names unto the ſpiritual: and as their name is, ſo are they mighty and glorious. But leſt *Zacharie* ſhould no leſſe doubt of the ſtile of the meſſenger, then of the errand it ſelf, he is at once both confirmed, and puniſhed with dumbneſs. That tongue which moved the doubt, muſt be tyed up: He ſhall ask no more queſtions for forty weeks, becauſe he asked this one diſtruſtfully.

Neither did *Zacharie* loſe his tongue for the time, but his ears alſo; he was
C not onely mute, but deaf: For otherwiſe, when they came to ask his allowance for the name of his Son, they needed not to have demanded it by ſigns, but by words. God will not paſſe over ſlight offences, and thoſe which may plead the moſt colourable pretences in his beſt children, without a ſenſible check: it is not our holy entireneſs with God that can bear us out in the leaſt ſin; yea rather the more acquaintance we have with his Majeſty, the more ſure we are of correction when we offend. This may procure us more favour in our well-doing, not leſſe juſtice in evil.

Zacharie ſtaied, and the people waited: whether ſome longer diſcourſe betwixt the Angel and him then needed to be recorded, or whether aſtoniſh-
D ment at the apparition and news, withheld him, I inquire not; the multitude thought him long, yet though they could but ſee afar off, they would not depart till he returned to bleſſe them. Their patient attendance without, ſhames us that are hardly perſwaded to attend within, whiles both our ſenſes are imploied in our divine ſervices, and we are admitted to be co-agents with our Miniſters.

At laſt *Zacharie* comes out ſpeechleſſe, and more amazes them with his preſence then with his delay. The eyes of the multitude that were not worthy to ſee his viſion, yet ſee the ſigns of his viſion, that the world might be put into the exſpectation of ſome extraordinary ſequell. GOD makes way for
E his voice by ſilence. His ſpeech could not have ſaid ſo much as his dumbneſs. *Zacharie* would fain have ſpoken, and could not; with us too many are dumb, and need not. Negligence, Fear, Partiality ſtop the mouthes of many, which ſhall once ſay, Woe to me, becauſe I held my peace. His hand ſpeaks that which he cannot with his tongue, and he makes them by ſigns to underſtand that which they might read in his face. Thoſe powers we have, we muſt uſe. But though he have ceaſed to ſpeak, yet he ceaſed not to miniſter. He takes not this dumbneſs for a diſmiſſion, but ſtayes out the eight daies of his courſe, as one that knew the eyes and hands and heart would be accepted of that God which had bereaved him of his tongue. We may not ſtraight take occa-
F ſions of withdrawing our ſelves from the publick ſervices of our God, much leſſe under the Goſpel. The Law, which ſtood much upon bodily perfection, diſpenſed with age for attendance. The Goſpel, which is all for the Soul, regards thoſe inward powers, which whiles they are vigorous, exclude all excuſes of our miniſtration.

The Annunciation of Christ.

THE Spirit of GOD was never ſo accurate in any deſcription as that which concerns the Incarnation of GOD. It was fit no circumſtance ſhould be omitted in that Story, whereon the faith & ſalvation of all the World dependeth. We cannot ſo much as doubt of this truth, and be ſaved; no not the number of the moneth, not the name of the Angel is concealed: Every particle imports not more certainty then excellence. The time is the ſixth moneth after *John*'s Conception, the prime of the Spring. Chriſt was conceived in the Spring, born in the Solſtice. He in whom the World received a new life, receives life in the ſame ſeaſon wherein the World received his firſt life from him; and he which ſtretches out the dayes of his Church, and lengthens them to Eternitie, appeares after all the ſhort and dimme light of the Law, and enlightens the World with his glory. The Meſſenger is an Angel. A man was too mean to carry the news of the Conception of God. Never any buſineſſe was conceived in Heaven, that did ſo much concerne the earth as the Conception of the GOD of Heaven in Womb of earth: No leſſe then an Arch-Angel was worthy to bear this tydings, and never any Angel received a greater honour then of this Embaſſage.

It was fit our reparation ſhould anſwer our fall. An evil Angel was the firſt motioner of the one to *Eve* a Virgin, then eſpouſed to *Adam*, in the Garden of Eden: a good Angell is the firſt reporter of the other to *Mary*, a Virgin eſpouſed to *Joſeph*, in that place which (as the Garden of *Galilee*,) had a name from flouriſhing. No good Angel could be the Author of our reſtauration, as that evil Angel was of our ruine. But that which thoſe glorious Spirits could not doe themſelves, they are glad to report as done by the God of Spirits. Good news rejoices the bearer. With what joy did this holy Angel bring the news of that Saviour, in whom we are redeemed to life, himſelf eſtabliſhed in life and glory? The firſt Preacher of the Goſpel was an Angel. That office muſt needs be glorious that derives it ſelf from ſuch a Predeceſſor. God appointed his Angel to be the firſt Preacher, and hath ſince called his Preachers Angels. The meſſage is well ſuited. An Angel comes to a Virgin, *Gabriel* to *Mary*; He that was by ſignification the ſtrength of God, to her that was by ſignification exalted by God, to the conceiving of him that was the God of ſtrength: to a Maid, but eſpouſed; a Maid for the honour of Virginity, eſpouſed for the honour of Marriage. The marriage was in a ſort made, not conſummate, through the inſtinct of him that meant to make her not an example, but a miracle of women. In this whole work God would have nothing ordinary. It was fit that ſhe ſhould be a married Virgin, which ſhould be a Virgin-mother. He that meant to take mans nature without mans corruption, would be the Son of man without mans ſeed, would be the ſeed of the woman without man; and amongſt all women, of a pure Virgin; but amongſt Virgins, of one eſpouſed, that there might be at once a Witneſs and a Guardian of her fruitful Virginity. If the ſame God had not been the authour of Virginity and Marriage, he had never countenanced Virginity by Marriage.

Whether doth this glorious Angel come to finde the Mother of him that was GOD, but to obſcure Galilee? A part which even the Jewes themſelves deſpiſed, as forſaken of their priviledges, *(Out of Galilee ariſeth no Prophet.)* Behold, an Angel comes to that *Galilee*, out of which no Prophet comes, and the God of Prophets and Angels deſcends to be conceived in that *Galilee*, out of which no Prophet ariſeth. He that filleth all places, makes no difference of places. It is the perſon which gives honour and priviledge to the place, not the place to the perſon; as the preſence of God makes the Heaven, the

A the Heaven doth not make the honour glorious. No blinde corner of Nazareth can hide the blessed Virgin from the Angel. The favours of God will finde out his children wheresoever they are withdrawn.

It is the fashion of God to seek out the most despised, on whom to bestow his honours. We cannot run away as from the judgements, so not from the mercies of our God. The cottages of Galilee are preferred by God to the famous Palaces of Jerusalem: he cares not how homely he converse with his own. Why should we be transported with the outward glory of places, whiles our God regards it not? We are not of the Angels diet, if we had not rather be with the blessed Virgin at Nazareth, then with the proud Dames in the Court
B of Jerusalem. It is a great vanity to respect any thing above goodness, and to disesteem goodness for any want. The Angel salutes the Virgin, he prayes not to her; he salutes her as a Saint, he prayes not to her as a Goddess. For us to salute her as he did, were grosse presumption; for neither are we as he was, neither is she as she was. If he that was a Spirit saluted her that was flesh and blood here on earth, it is not for us that are flesh and blood to salute her which is a glorious Spirit in Heaven. For us to pray to her in the Angels salutation, were to abuse the Virgin, the Angel, the salutation.

But how gladly doe we second the Angel in the praise of her, which was more ours then his? How justly doe we blesse her, whom the Angel pronoun-
C ceth blessed? How worthily is she honoured of men, whom the Angel proclaimeth beloved of God? O blessed *Mary*, he cannot blesse thee, he cannot honour thee too much, that deifies thee not. That which the Angel said of thee, thou hast propheſied of thy self: we believe the Angel, and thee. All Generations shall call thee blessed, by the fruit of whose womb all Generations are blessed. If *Zachary* were amazed with the sight of this Angel, much more the Virgin: That very Sex had more disadvantage of fear. If it had been but a man that had come to her in that secrecie and suddenness, she could not but have been troubled; how much more, when the shining glory of the person doubled the astonishment?

D The troubles of holy mindes end ever in comfort: Joy was the errand of the Angel, and not terrour. Fear (as all passions) disquiets the heart, and makes it for the time unfit to receive the messages of God. Soon hath the Angel cleared these troublesome mists of passions, and sent out the beams of heavenly consolation in the remotest corner of her soul by the glad news of her Saviour. How can joy but enter into her heart out of whose womb shall come salvation? What room can fear finde in that breast that is assured of favour? *Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God.* Let those fear who know they are in displeasure, or know not they are gracious. Thine happy estate calls for confidence, and that confidence for joy. What should,
E what can they fear, who are favoured of him at whom the Devils tremble? Not the presence of the good Angels, but the temptations of the evil, strike many terrors into our weakness: we could not be dismaied with them, if we did not forget our condition. We have not received the spirit of bondage to fear again, but the spirit of Adoption, whereby we cry, *Abba, Father.* If that Spirit (O God) witnesse with our spirits that we are thine, how can we fear any of those spirituall wickednesses? Give us assurance of thy favour, and let the powers of Hell doe their worst.

It was no ordinary favour that the Virgin found in Heaven: No mortall
F Creature was ever thus graced, that he should take part of her nature that was the God of Nature; that he which made all things, should make his humane body of hers; that her womb should yield that flesh which was personally united to the Godhead; that she should bear him that upholds the world: *Loe, thou shalt conceive and bear a Son, and shalt call his name Jesus.* It is a question, whether there be more wonder in the Conception or in the Fruit; the Conception of the Virgin, or Jesus conceived. Both are marvel-

lous, but the former doth not more exceed all other wonders then the latter exceedeth it. For the childe of a Virgin is the reimprovement of that power which created the world: but that God ſhould be incarnate of a Virgin, was an abaſement of his Majeſtie, and an exaltation of the creature beyond all example. Well was that Child worthy to make the mother bleſſed. Here was a double Conception, one in the wombe of her body, the other of the ſoul. If that were more miraculous, this was more beneficiall; that was her priviledge, this was her happineſſe: If that were ſingular to her, this is common to all his choſen. There is no renewed heart wherein thou, O Saviour, art not formed again. Bleſſed be thou that haſt herein made us bleſſed. For what womb can conceive thee, and not partake of thee? Who can partake of thee, and not be happy? A B

Doubtleſſe the Virgin underſtood the Angel, as he meant, of a preſent Conception, which made her ſo much more inquiſitive into the manner and means of this event: *How ſhall this be, ſince I know not a man?* That ſhe ſhould conceive a Son by the knowledge of man after her Marriage conſummate, could have been no wonder: But how then ſhould that Son of hers be the Son of God? This demand was higher. How her preſent Virginity ſhould be inſtantly fruitfull might be well worthy of admiration, of inquiry. Here was deſire of information, not doubts of infidelitie; yea rather this queſtion argues Faith: it takes for granted that which an unbelieving heart would have ſtuck at. She ſayes not, Who and whence art thou? what Kingdome is this? where and when ſhall it be erected? but ſmoothly ſuppoſing all thoſe ſtrange things would be done, ſhe inſiſts onely on that which did neceſſarily require a further intimation, and doth not diſtruſt, but demand. Neither doth ſhe ſay, This cannot be, nor, How can this be? but, How ſhall this be? So doth the Angel anſwer, as one that knew he needed not to ſatisfie curioſitie, but to informe judgement, and uphold faith. He doth not therefore tell her of the manner, but of the Author of this act; *The Holy Ghoſt ſhall come upon thee, and the power of the moſt High ſhall over-ſhadow thee.* It is enough to know who is the undertaker, and what he wil doe. O God, what doe we ſeek a clear light, where thou wilt have a ſhadow? No Mother knows the manner of her naturall Conception: what preſumption ſhall it be for fleſh and blood, to ſearch how the Son of God took fleſh and blood of his Creature? It is for none but the Almighty to know thoſe works which he doth immediatly concerning himſelf; thoſe that concern us, he hath revealed: Secrets to God, things revealed to us. C D

The anſwer was not ſo full, but that a thouſand difficulties might ariſe out of the particularities of ſo ſtrange a meſſage; yet after the Angels Solution, we hear of no more Objections, no more Interrogations. The faithfull heart, when it once underſtands the good pleaſure of God, argues no more; but ſweetly reſts it ſelf in a quiet expectation: *Behold the Servant of the Lord, be it to me according to thy Word.* There is not a more noble proof of our Faith, then to captivate all the powers of our underſtanding and will to our Creator, and without all ſciſcitations to goe blind-fold whither he will lead us. All diſputations with God (after his will known) ariſe from infidelity. Great is the Myſterie of godlineſſe, and if we will give Nature leave to cavil, we cannot be Chriſtians. O God, thou art faithfull, thou art powerfull: It is enough, that thou haſt ſaid it: In the humilitie of our obedience we reſign our ſelves over to thee. Behold the Servants of the Lord, be it unto us according to thy Word. E F

How fit was her womb to conceive the fleſh of the Son of God by the power of the Spirit of God, whoſe breaſt had ſo ſoon by the power of the ſame Spirit conceived an aſſent to the will of God? and now of an Hand-maid of God, ſhe is advanced to the Mother of God. No ſooner hath ſhe ſaid (*be it done*) then it is done, the Holy Ghoſt over-ſhadows her and forms her Saviour in

A in her own body. This very Angel that talks with the Blessed Virgin; could scarce have been able to express the joy of her heart in the sense of this Divine burden. Never any mortall creature had so much cause of exultation. How could she that was full of God be other then full of joy in that God? Grief grows greater by concealing; Joy by expression. The holy Virgin had understood by the Angel, how her Cousin *Elizabeth* was no lesse of kin to her in condition; the fruitfulnesse of whose age did somewhat suit the fruitfulnesse of her Virginitie. Happinesse communicated doubles it self. Here is no straining of courtesie. The blessed Maid whom vigor of age had more fitted for the way, hastens her journey into the Hill-country to visit that gracios Matron
B whom God had made a sign of her miraculous Conception. Onely the meeting of Saints in Heaven can parallel the meeting of these two Cousins: the two wonders of the World are met under one roof, and congratulate their mutual happinesse. When we have Christ spiritually conceived in us, we cannot be quiet till we have imparted our joy. *Elizabeth* that holy Matron did no sooner welcome her blessed Cousin, then her Babe welcomes his Saviour. Both in the retired Closets of their Mothers Womb are sensible of each others presence; the one by his omniscience, the other by instinct. He did not more forerun Christ then over-run Nature. How should our hearts leap within us, when the Son of God vouchsafes to come into the secret of our Souls, not to
C visit us, but to dwell with us, to dwell in us!

The Birth of Christ.

AS all the actions of men, so especially the publick actions of publick men are ordered by God to other ends then their own. This Edict went not so much out from *Augustus*, as from the Court of Heaven. What, did *Cæsar* know *Joseph* and *Mary*? His charge was universal to
D a world of subjects through all the Roman Empire. God intended this Cension onely for the Blessed Virgin and her Son, that Christ might be born where he should. *Cæsar* meant to fill his Coffers, God meant to fulfil his Propheses; and so to fulfill them, that those whom it concerned might not feel the accomplishment. If God had directly commanded the Virgin to goe up to Bethleem, she had seen the intention, and expected the issue: but that wise Moderatour of all things, that works his will in us, loves so to doe it as may be least with our fore-sight and acquaintance, and would have us fall under his Decrees unawares, that we may so much the more adore the depths of his Providence. Every Creature walkes blind-fold, onely he that dwels in light sees whither
E they goe.

Doubtless, blessed *Mary* meant to have been delivered of her Divine burden at home, and little thought of changing the place of Conception for another of her Birth. That house was honoured by the Angel, yea, by the over-shadowing of the Holy Ghost, none could equally satisfie her hopes or desires: It was fit that he which made choice of the Womb wherein his Son should be conceived, should make choice of the place where his Son should be born. As the work is all his, so will he alone contrive all the circumstances to his own ends. Oh the infinite Wisedom of God in casting all his Designs! There needs no other proof of Christ then *Cæsar* and Bethleem; and of *Cæsars*,
F then *Augustus*; his Government, his Edict pleads the truth of the *Messias*. His Government now was the deep peace of all the world under that quiet Scepter which made way for him who was the Prince of Peace. If Wars be a sign of the time of his second coming, Peace was a signe of his first. His Edict; now was the Scepter departed from *Juda*. It was the time for *Shilo* to come. No power was left in the Jewes, but to obey: *Augustus* is the Emperor of the World,

World, under him *Herod* is the King of *Judæa*, *Cyrenius* is president of *Syria*; *Jurie* hath nothing of her own. For *Herod* if he were a King, yet he was no Jew; and if he had been a Jew, yet he was no otherwise a King, then tributary and titular. The Edict came out from *Augustus*, was executed by *Cyrenius*; *Herod* is no actor in this service. Gain and glory are the ends of this taxation: each man profest himself a subject, and paid for the priviledge of his servitude. Now their very heads were not their own, but must be payed for to the head of a forrein State. They which before ~~stood~~ upon the termes of their immunitie, stoop at the last. The proud suggestions of *Judas* the Galilean might shed their blood and swell their stomacks, but could not ease their yoak; neither was it the meaning of God, that holinesse (if they had been as they pretended) should shelter them from subjection. A Tribute is imposed upon Gods free people. This act of bondage brings them liberty. Now when they seemed most neglected of God, they are blessed with a Redeemer; when they are most pressed with forrein Soveraignty, God sends them a King of their own, to whom *Cæsar* himself must be a subject. The goodnesse of our God picks out the most needfull times of our relief and comfort: Our extremities give him the most glory. Whither must *Joseph* and *Marie* come to be taxed, but unto *Bethleem David*'s Citie? The very place proves their descent: He that succeeded *David* in his Throne, must succeed him in the place of his Birth. So clearly was *Bethleem* designed to this honour by the Prophets, that even the Priests and the Scribes could point *Herod* unto it, and assured him the King of the Jews could be no where else born. *Bethleem* justly *the house of bread*; the bread that came down from Heaven is there given to the world: whence should we have the bread of life, but from the house of bread? O holy *David*, was this the Well of *Bethleem*, whereof thou didst so thirst to drink of old, when thou saidst, *O that one would give me drink of the water of the Well of Bethleem!* Surely that other water, when it was brought thee by thy Worthies, thou pouredst it on the ground, and wouldst not drink of it. This was that living Water for which thy soul longed, whereof thou saidst elsewhere, *As the Hart brayeth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God: My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.*

It was no lesse then four daies journey from *Nazareth* to *Bethleem*: How just an excuse might the Blessed Virgin have pleaded for her absence? What woman did ever undertake such a journey so near her delivery? And doubtlesse *Joseph*, which was now taught of God to love and honour her, was loath to draw forth a dear wife in so unwieldy a case, into so manifest hazard. But the charge was peremptory, the obedience exemplary. The desire of an inoffensive observance even of Heathenish authority, digests all difficulties. We may not take easie occasions to withdraw our obedience to supreme commands. Yea how didst thou (O Saviour) by whom *Augustus* reigned, in the Womb of thy Mother yield this homage to *Augustus*? The first lesson that ever thy example taught us, was Obedience.

After many steps are *Joseph* and *Mary* come to *Bethleem*. The plight wherein she was would not allow any speed, and the forced leisure of the journey causeth disappointment: the end was worse then the way; there was no rest in the way, there was no room in the Inne. It could not be but that there were many of the kindred of *Joseph* and *Mary* at that time in *Bethleem*; for both there were their Ancestors born, if not themselves, and thither came up all the Cousins of their blood; yet there and then doth the holy Virgin want room to lay either her head or her burthen. If the house of *David* had not lost all mercy and good nature, a Daughter of *David* could not so near the time of her travel have been destitute of lodging in the City of *David*. Little did the *Bethleemites* think what a guest they refused: else they would gladly have opened their doors to him, which was able to open the gates of Heaven to them. Now their inhospitality is punishment enough to it self: They have lost

A loſt the honour and happineſſe of being hoſt to their God. Even ſtill, O bleſſed Saviour, thou ſtandeſt at our doors and knockeſt; every motion of thy good Spirit tells us thou art there: Now thou comeſt in thine own name, and there thou ſtandeſt, whiles thy head is full of dew, and thy locks wet with the drops of the night. If we ſuffer carnal deſires and worldly thoughts to take up the lodging of our heart and revel within us whiles thou waiteſt upon our admiſſion, ſurely our judgement ſhall be ſo much the greater, by how much better we know whom we have excluded. What do we cry ſhame on the *Bethleemites*, whileſt we are wilfully more churliſh, more unthankfull? There is no room in my heart for the wonder at this humility. He for whom Heaven is too ſtreight,
B whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain, lies in the ſtreight cabbin of the womb, and when he would inlarge himſelf for the world, is not allowed the room of an Inne. The many manſions of Heaven were at his diſpoſing; the Earth was his and the fulneſſe of it; yet he ſuffers himſelf to be refuſed of a baſe cottage, and complaineth not. What meaſure ſhould diſcontent us wretched men, when thou (O God) fareſt thus from thy creatures? How ſhould we learn both to want and abound, from thee, which abounding with the glory and riches of heaven, wouldſt want a lodging in thy firſt welcome to the earth? Thou cameſt to thine own, and thy own received thee not: How can it trouble us to be rejected of the world, which is not ours? What wonder is it if thy
C ſervants wandred abroad in ſheeps skins and goats skins, deſtitute and afflicted, when their Lord is denyed harbour? How ſhould all the world bluſh at this indignity of *Bethleem*? He that came to ſave men, is ſent for his firſt lodging to the beaſts: the ſtable is become his Inne, the cratch his bed. O ſtrange cradle of that great King, which heaven it ſelf may envy! O Saviour, thou that wert both the Maker and Owner of Heaven, of Earth, couldſt have made thee a Palace without hands, couldſt have commanded thee an empty room in thoſe houſes which thy creatures had made. When thou didſt but bid the Angels avoid their firſt place, they fell down from Heaven like lightning; and when in thy humbled eſtate thou didſt but ſay, *I am he*, who was
D able to ſtand before thee? How eaſie had it been for thee to have made place for thy ſelf in the throngs of the ſtatelieſt Courts? Why wouldſt thou be thus homely, but that by contemning worldly glories, thou mighteſt teach us to contemn them? that thou mighteſt ſanctifie poverty to them, whom thou calledſt unto want? that ſince thou which hadſt the choice of all earthly conditions, wouldſt be born poor and deſpiſed, thoſe which muſt want out of neceſſity might not think their poverty grievous? Here was neither friend to entertain, nor ſervant to attend, nor place wherein to be attended, onely the poor beaſts gave way to the God of all the world. It is the great myſterie of Godlineſſe, that God was manifeſted in the fleſh, and ſeen of Angels; but here, which
E was the top of all wonders, the very beaſts might ſee their Maker. For thoſe ſpirits to ſee God in the fleſh, it was not ſo ſtrange, as for the brute creatures to ſee him which was the God of ſpirits. He that would be led into the wilderneſſe amongſt wilde beaſts to be tempted, would come into the houſe of beaſts to be born, that from the height of his divine glory his humiliation might be the greater. How can we be abaſed low enough for thee (O Saviour) that haſt thus neglected thy ſelf for us? That the viſitation might be anſwerable to the homelineſſe of the place, attendants, proviſion, who ſhall come to congratulate his birth but poor ſhepherds? The [illegible] of the earth reſt at
F home, and have no ſummons to attend him by whom they reign: God hath choſen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. In an obſcure time (the night) unto obſcure men (ſhepherds) doth God manifeſt the light of his Son by glorious Angels. It is not our meanneſſe (O God) that can exclude us from the beſt of thy mercies; yea thus far doſt thou reſpect perſons, that thou haſt put down the mighty, and exalted them of low degree. If theſe ſhepherds had been ſnorting in their beds, they had no more ſeen Angels, nor heard

heard news of their Saviour, then their neighbours; their vigilancy is honoured with this heavenly vision. Those which are industrious in any calling are capable of further blessings, whereas the idle are fit for nothing but temptation. No lesse then a whole Chore of Angels are worthy to sing the hymn of *Glory to God*, for the incarnation of his Son. What joy is enough for us, whose nature he took, and whom he came to restore by his incarnation? If we had the tongues of Angels, we could not raise this note high enough to the praise of our glorious Redeemer. No sooner doe the Shepherds hear the news of a Saviour, then they run to *Bethleem* to seeke him. Those that left their beds to tend their flocks, leave their flocks to enquire after their Saviour. No earthly thing is too dear to be forsaken for Christ. If we suffer any worldly occasion to stay us from *Bethleem*, we care more for our sheep then our souls. It is not possible that a faithfull heart should heare where Christ is, and not labour to the sight, to the fruition of him. Where art thou, O Saviour, but at home in thine own house, in the assembly of thy Saints? where art thou to be found but in thy Word and Sacraments? yea there thou seekest for us: if there we hast not to seek for thee, we are worthy to want thee, worthy that our want of thee here should make us want the presence of thy face for ever.

The Sages and the Star.

THE Shepherds and the Cratch accorded well; yet even they saw nothing which they might not contemn; neither was there any of those shepherds that seemed not more like a King, then that King whom they came to see. But oh the Divine Majesty that shined in this baseness! There lies the Babe in the stable, crying in the manger, whom the Angels came down from heaven to proclaim, whom the Sages come from the East to adore, whom an heavenly Star notifies to the world, that now men might see that Heaven and earth serves him that neglected himself. Those lights that hang low are not far seen, but those which are high placed are equally seen in the remotest distances. Thy light, O Saviour, was no lesse then heavenly. The East saw that which *Bethleem* might have seen: oft-times those which are neerest in place are fartheſt off in affection. Large objects when they are too close to the eye, doe so overfill the sense, that they are not discerned. What a shame is this to *Bethleem?* the Sages came out of the East to worship him whom that village refused. The *Bethleemites* were Jews; the wise-men Gentiles. This first entertainment of Christ was a presage of the sequel: The Gentiles shall come from far to adore Christ, whiles the Jews reject him. Those Easterlings were great searchers of the depths of Nature, professed Philosophers; them hath God singled out to the honour of the manifestation of Christ. Humane Learning well improved makes us capable of Divine. There is no Knowledge whereof God is not the Authour: he would never have bestowed any gift that should lead us away from himself. It is an ignorant conceit, that inquiry into Nature should make men Atheous. No man is so apt to see the Star of Christ as a diligent disciple of Philosophy. Doubtless this light was visible unto more, onely they followed it, which knew it had more then Nature: he [illegible]ne that is wise for his own soul. If these wise men had been acquainted with all the other stars of heaven, and had not seen the Star of Christ, they had had but light enough to lead them into utter darkness. Philosophy without this Star is but the wisp of Errour. These Sages were in a mean between the Angels and the Shepherds. God would in all the ranks of intelligent Creatures have some to be witnesses of his Son. The Angels direct the Shepherds, the Star guides the Sages. The duller capacity hath the more clear and powerful helps: the wisdome of our good God proportions

A portions the means unto the diſpoſition of the perſons. Their Aſtronomy had taught them this Star was not ordinary, whether in ſight, or in brightneſs, or in motion. The eyes of Nature might well ſee that ſome ſtrange news was portended to the world by it; but that this Star deſigned the birth of the *Meſſias*, there needed yet another light. If the Star had not beſides had the commentary of a revelation from God, it could have led the wiſe-men onely into a fruitleſs wonder. Give them to be the offspring of *Balaam*, yet the true prediction of that falſe Prophet was not enough warrant. If he told them the *Meßias* ſhould ariſe as a Star out of *Jacob*, he did not tell them that a Star ſhould ariſe far from the poſterity of *Jacob*, at the birth of the *Meßias*. He that
B did put that Propheſie into the mouth of *Balaam*, did alſo put this illumination into the heart of the Sages. The Spirit of God is free to breathe where he liſteth: *Many ſhall come from the Eaſt and the Weſt* to ſeek Chriſt, when *the Children of the Kingdome ſhall be ſhut out*. Even then God did not ſo confine his election to the pale of the Church, as that he did not ſometimes look out for ſpecial inſtruments of his glory. Whither do theſe Sages come, but to *Hieruſalem?* where ſhould they hope to hear of the new King, but in the mother City of the Kingdome? The conduct of the Star was firſt only general to *Judæa*; the reſt is for a time left to inquiry: they were not brought thither for their own ſakes, but for *Jewrie*'s, for the worlds; that they might help to make
C the Jews inexcuſable, and the world faithful. That their tongues therefore might blazon the birth of Chriſt, they are brought to the head City of *Judæa*, to report and inquire. Their wiſdome could not teach them to imagine that a King could be born to *Judæa* of that note and magnificence, that a Star from heaven ſhould publiſh him to the earth, and that his ſubjects ſhould not know it: and therefore as preſuppoſing a common notice, they ſay, *Where is he that is born King of the Jews?* There is much deceit in probabilities, eſpecially when we meddle with ſpiritual matters. For God uſes ſtill to goe a way by himſelf.

If we judge according to reaſon and appearance, who is ſo likely to underſtand heavenly truths as the profound Doctors of the world? Theſe God
D paſſes over, and reveals his will to babes. Had theſe Sages met with the Shepherds of the villages near *Bethleem*, they had received that intelligence of Chriſt which they did vainly ſeek from the learned Scribes of *Jeruſalem*. The greateſt Clerks are not alwaies the wiſeſt in the affairs of God: theſe things goe not by diſcourſe, but by revelation.

No ſooner hath the Star brought them within the noiſe of *Jeruſalem*, then it is vaniſhed out of ſight. God would have their eyes lead them ſo far, as till their tongues might be ſet on work to win the vocal atteſtation of the chief Prieſts and Scribes to the fore-appointed place of our Saviours nativity. If the Star had caried them directly to *Bethleem*, the learned Jews had never ſearched
E the truth of thoſe propheſies, wherewith they are ſince juſtly convinced. God never withdraws our helps, but for a further advantage. However our hopes ſeem croſſed, where his Name may gain, we cannot complain of loſſe.

Little did the Sages think this queſtion would have troubled *Herod:* they had (I fear) concealed their meſſage, if they had ſuſpected this event. Sure, they thought it might be ſome Son or grandchild of him which then held the Throne, ſo as this might win favour from *Herod*, rather then an unwelcome fear of rivalty. Doubtleſs they went firſt to the Court; where elſe ſhould they ask for a King? The more pleaſing this ne[redacted]n if it had falne
upon *Herod*'s own loyns, the more grievous it was to light upon a ſtranger.
F If *Herod* had not over-much affected greatneſs, he had not upon thoſe indirect terms aſpired to the Crown of *Jewry:* ſo much the more therefore did it trouble him to hear the rumor of a ſucceſſor, and that not of his own. Setled greatneſs cannot abide either change or partnerſhip. If any of his ſubjects had moved this queſtion, I fear his head had anſwered it. It is well that the name of forrainers could excuſe theſe Sages. *Herod* could not be brought up among

the Jews, and not have heard many and confident reports of a *Meſsias* that ſhould ere long ariſe out of *Iſrael*; and now when he hears the fame of a King born, whom a Star from Heaven ſignifies and attends, he is netled with the news. Every thing affrights the guilty. Uſurpation is full of jealouſies and fear; no leſſe full of projects and imaginations: it makes us think every buſh a man, and every man a thief. A

Why art thou troubled (O *Herod?*) A King is born; but ſuch a King, as whoſe Scepter may ever concur with lawfull Soveraignty; yea ſuch a King, as by whom Kings doe hold their Scepters, not loſe them. If the wiſe-men tell thee of a King, the Star tells thee he is heavenly. Here is good cauſe of ſecurity, none of fear. The moſt general enmities and oppoſitions to good ariſe from miſtakings. If men could but know how much ſafety and ſweetneſſe there is in all Divine truth, it could receive nothing from them but welcomes and gratulations. Miſconceits have been ſtill guilty of all wrongs and perſecutions. But if *Herod* were troubled, (as Tyranny is ſtill ſuſpicious) why was all *Hieruſalem* troubled with him? *Hieruſalem*, which now might hope for a relaxation of her bonds, for a recovery of her liberty and right? *Hieruſalem*, which now onely had cauſe to lift up her drooping head in the joy and happineſs of a Redeemer? Yet not *Herod*'s Court, but even *Hieruſalem* was troubled; ſo had this miſerable City been overtoiled with change, that now they were ſetled in a condition quietly evil, they are troubled with the news of better. They had now got a habit of ſervility, and now they are ſo acquainted with the yoke, that the very noiſe of liberty (which they ſuppoſed would not come with eaſe) began to be unwelcome. B C

To turn the cauſes of joy into ſorrow, argues extreme dejectedneſſe, and a diſtemper of judgment no leſſe then deſperate. Fear puts on a viſor of devotion. *Herod* calls his learned counſel, and as not doubting whether the *Meſsiah* ſhould be born, he asks where he ſhall be born. In the diſparition of that other light, there is a perpetually-fixed Star ſhining in the writings of the Prophets, that guides the chief Prieſts and Scribes directly unto *Bethleem*. As yet envy and prejudice had not blinded the eyes and perverted the hearts of the Jewiſh teachers; ſo as now they clearly juſtifie that Chriſt whom they afterwards condemne, and by thus juſtifying him condemn themſelves in rejecting him. The water that is untroubled yields the viſage perfectly. If God had no more witneſſe but from his enemies, we have ground enough of our faith. D

Herod feared, but diſſembled his fear, as thinking it a ſhame that ſtrangers ſhould ſee there could any power ariſe under him worthy of his reſpect or awe. Out of an unwillingneſſe therefore to diſcover the impotency of his paſſion, he makes little adoe of the matter, but onely, after a privy inquiſition into the Time, imployes the informers in the ſearch of the Perſon; *Goe and ſearch diligently for the Babe*, &c. It was no great journy from *Hieruſalem* to *Bethleem*: how eaſily might *Herod*'s cruelty have ſecretly ſuborned ſome of his bloody Courtiers to this inquiry and execution? If God had not meant to mock him before he found himſelf mocked of the wiſe-men, he had rather ſent before their journey, then after their diſappointment. But that God in whoſe hands all hearts are did purpoſely beſot him, that he might not finde the way to ſo horrible a miſchief. E

There is no Villa[illegible]at but it will maſk it ſelf under a ſhew of Piety. *Herod* will alſo worſhip the Babe. The courteſie of a falſe Tyrant is death. A crafty hypocrite never means ſo ill as when he ſpeaketh faireſt. The wiſe-men are upon their way full of exſpectation, full of deſire: I ſee no man either of the City or Court to accompany them. Whether diſtruſt or fear hindred them, I inquire not: but of ſo many thouſand Jews, no one ſtirs his foot to ſee that King of theirs which ſtrangers came ſo far to viſite. Yet were not theſe reſolute Sages diſcouraged with this ſolitarineſſe and ſmall reſpect, nor drawn to repent F

A repent of their journey, as thinking, What do we come ſo farre to honour a King whom no man will acknowledge? what mean we to travell ſo many hundred miles to ſee that which the inhabitants will not look out to behold? but chearfully renew their journey to that place which the ancient light of Propheſie had deſigned. And now behold, God encourages their holy forwardneſſe from Heaven, by ſending them their firſt guide; as if he had ſaid, What need ye care for the neglect of men, when ye ſee Heaven honours the King whom ye ſeek? What joy theſe Sages conceived when their eyes firſt beheld the re-appearance of that happy Starre, they onely can tell, that after a long and ſad night of Tentation have ſeen the loving countenance of God ſhining forth upon their ſouls. If with obedience and courage we can follow the calling of God in difficult enterpriſes, we ſhall not want ſupplies of comfort. Let not us be wanting to God, we ſhall be ſure he cannot be wanting to us.

He that led *Iſrael* by a Pillar of fire into the Land of Promiſe, leads the wiſe-men by a Star to the Promiſed ſeed. All his directions partake of that light which is in him: For God is light. This Star moves both ſlowly and low, as might be fitteſt for the pace, for the purpoſe of theſe Pilgrims. It is the goodneſs of God that in thoſe means wherein we cannot reach him, he deſcends unto us. Surely when the wiſe-men ſaw the Star ſtand ſtill, they C looked about to ſee what Palace there might be near unto that ſtation fit for the birth of a King; neither could they think that ſorry ſhed was it which the Star meant to point out, but finding their guide ſetled over that baſe roof, they goe in to ſee what gueſt it held. They enter, and, O God, what a King doe they finde! how poor! how contemptible! wrapt in clouts, laid in ſtraw, cradled in the manger, attended with beaſts! what a ſight was this, after all the glorious promiſes of that Star, after the predictions of Prophets, after the magnificence of their expectation!

All their way afforded nothing ſo deſpicable as that Babe whom they came to worſhip. But as thoſe which could not have been wiſe-men unleſſe they D had known that the greateſt glories have ariſen from mean beginnings, they fall down and worſhip that hidden Majeſty. This baſeneſs hath bred wonder in them, not contempt: they well knew the Star could not lie. They which ſaw his Star afar off in the Eaſt, when he lay ſwadled in *Bethleem*, do alſo ſee his Roialty further off, in the deſpiſed eſtate of his infancy: A Roialty more then humane. They well knew that Stars did not uſe to attend earthly Kings; and if their aime had not been higher, what was a *Jewiſh* King to *Perſian* ſtrangers? Anſwerable therefore hereunto was their adoration. Neither did they lift up empty hands to him whom they worſhip'd, but preſented him with the moſt precious commodities of their Country, *Gold*, *Incenſe*, *Myrrhe*; not as E thinking to enrich him with theſe, but by way of homage acknowledging him the Lord of theſe. If theſe Sages had been Kings, and had offered a Princely weight of gold, the Bleſſed Virgin had not needed in her Purification to have offered two young pigeons, as the ſign of her penury. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſs by the affection. Let it be Gold, or Incenſe, or Myrrhe, that we offer him, it cannot but pleaſe him, who doth not uſe to ask how much, but how good.

The Purification.

F

THere could be no impurity in the Son of God: and if the beſt ſubſtance of a pure Virgin carried in it any taint of *Adam*, that was ſcowred away by ſanctification in the womb: and yet the Son would be circumciſed, and the Mother purified. He that came to be ſin for us, would in our perſons be legally unclean, that by ſatisfying the Law he

might take away our uncleanneſs. Though he were exempted from the common condition of our birth, yet he would not deliver himſelf from thoſe ordinary rites that implied the weakneſs and blemiſhes of Humanity. He would fulfill one law to abrogate it, another to ſatisfie it. He that was above the Law, would come under the Law, to free us from the Law. Not a day would be changed, either in the Circumciſion of Chriſt or the Purification of *Mary*. Here was neither convenience of place, nor of neceſſaries for ſo painful a work, in the ſtable of *Bethleem*; yet he that made and gave the Law, will rather keep it with difficulty, then tranſgreſs it with eaſe. A

Why wouldſt thou, O bleſſed Saviour, ſuffer that ſacred foreskin to be cut off, but that by the power of thy circumciſion the ſame might be done to our Souls that was done to thy Body? We cannot be therefore thine, if our hearts be uncircumciſed. Doe thou that in us which was done to thee for us; cut off the ſuperfluitie of our maliciouſneſſe, that we may be holy in and by thee, which for us wert content to be Legally impure. B

There was ſhame in thy Birth, there was paine in thy Circumciſion. After a contemptible welcome into the world, that a ſharp raſor ſhould paſſe through thy skin for our ſakes, (which can hardly endure to bleed for our owne) it was the praiſe of thy wonderfull mercy in ſo early humiliation. What pain or contempt ſhould we refuſe for thee, that haſt made no ſpare of thy ſelf for us? Now is *Bethleem* left with too much honour, there is Chriſt born, adored, circumciſed. No ſooner is the Bleſſed Virgin either able or allowed to walk, then ſhe travels to *Jeruſalem*, to perform her holy Rites for her ſelf, for her Son; to purifie her ſelf, to preſent her Son. She goes not to her owne houſe at *Nazareth*, ſhe goes to God's Houſe at *Jeruſalem*. If purifying were a ſhadow, yet thankſgiving is a ſubſtance. Thoſe whom God hath bleſſed with fruit of body and ſafety of deliverance, if they make not their firſt journey to the Temple of God, they partake more of the unthankfulneſſe of *Eve* then *Marie*'s devotion. C

Her forty daies therefore were no ſooner out then *Mary* comes up to the holy City. The rumour of a new King borne at *Bethleem* was yet freſh at *Jeruſalem*, ſince the report of the wiſe-men: and what good newes had this been for any pick-thank to carry to the Court? Here is the Babe whom the Starre ſignified, whom the Sages inquired for, whom the Angels proclaimed, whom the Shepherds talk'd of, whom the Scribes and high Prieſts notified, whom *Herod* ſeeks after. Yet unto that *Jeruſalem* which was troubled at the report of his Birth is Chriſt come, and all tongues are ſo lock'd up, that he which ſent from *Jeruſalem* to *Bethleem* to ſeek him findes him not, who (as to countermine *Herod*) is come from *Bethleem* to *Jeruſalem*. Dangers that are aloof off, and but poſſible, may not hinder us from the duty of our devotion. God ſaw it not yet time to let looſe the fury of his adverſaries, whom he holds up like ſome eager maſtives, & then onely lets goe when they ſhall moſt ſhame themſelves and glorifie him. D E

Well might the Bleſſed Virgin have wrangled with the Law, and challenged an immunity from all ceremonies of purification; What ſhould I need purging, which did not conceive in ſinne? This is for thoſe mothers whoſe births are unclean: mine is from God, which is Purity it ſelf. The Law of *Moſes* reaches onely to thoſe women which have conceived ſeed: I conceived not this ſeed, but the Holy Ghoſt in me. The Law extends to the mothers of thoſe ſons which are under the Law: mine is above it. But as one that cared more for her peace then her priviledge, and more deſired to be free from offence then from labour and charge, ſhe dutifully fulfils the Law of that God whom ſhe carried in her wombe and in her armes: like the mother of him who, though he knew the children of the Kingdome free, yet would pay tribute unto *Cæſar*: like the mother of him whom it behoved to fulfill all righteouſneſſe. And if ſhe were ſo officious in ceremonies, as not to F

admit

A admit of any excuſe in the very circumſtance of her obedience, how much more ſtrict was ſhe in the main duties of morality? That Soul is fit for the Spiritual conception of Chriſt, that is conſcionably ſcrupulous in obſerving all Gods Commandements; whereas he hates all alliance to a negligent or froward heart.

The law of Purification proclaims our uncleanneſſe. The mother is not allowed after her child-birth to come unto the Sanctuary, or to touch any hallowed thing, till her ſet time be expired. What are we whoſe very birth infects the mother that bears us? At laſt ſhe comes to the Temple; but with Sacrifices, either a Lamb and a Pigeon, or Turtle, or (in the meaner eſtate)
B two Turtle-doves, or yong Pigeons: whereof one is for a burnt-offering, the other for a ſin-offering; the one for thankſgiving, the other for expiation: for expiation of a double ſin, of the mother that conceived, of the childe that was conceived. We are all born ſinners, and it is a juſt queſtion, whether we doe more infect the world or the world us. They are groſs flatterersof Nature that tell her ſhe is clean. If our lives had no ſin, we bring enough with us: the very Infant that lives not to ſin as *Adam*, yet he ſinned in *Adam*, and is ſinful in himſelf. But, oh the unſpeakable mercy of our God! we provide the ſin, he provides the remedy. Behold an expiation welnear as early as our ſin; the blood of a young lamb, or dove, yea rather the blood
C of Him whoſe innocence was repreſented by both, cleanſeth us preſently from our filthineſs. Firſt went Circumciſion, then came the Sacrifice; that by two holy acts that which was naturally unholy might be hallowed unto God. Under the Goſpel our Baptiſm hath the force of both: it does away our corruption by the water of the Spirit; it applies to us the ſacrifice of Chriſts blood, whereby we are cleanſed. Oh that we could magnifie this goodneſs of our God, which hath not left our very infancy without redreſſe, but hath provided helps whereby we may be delivered from the danger of our hereditary evils.

Such is the favourable reſpect of our wiſe God, that he would not have us
D undoe our ſelves with devotion: the ſervice he requires of us is ruled by our abilities. Every poor mother was not able to bring a lamb for her offering: there was none ſo poor, but might procure a pair of turtles or pigeons. Theſe doth God both preſcribe and accept from poorer hands, no leſſe then the beaſts of a thouſand mountains. He looks for ſomewhat of every one, not of every one alike. Since it is he that makes differences of abilities, (to whom it were as eaſie to make all rich) his mercy will make no difference in the acceptation. The truth and heartineſs of obedience is that which he will crown in his meaneſt ſervants. A mite from the poor Widow is more worth to him then the talents of the wealthy.

E After all the preſents of thoſe Eaſtern worſhippers (who intended rather homage then ditation) the Bleſſed Virgin comes in the form of poverty with her two doves unto God: ſhe could not without ſome charge lie all this while at *Bethleem*, ſhe could not without charge travel from *Bethleem* to *Jeruſalem*. Her Offering confeſſeth her penury. The beſt are not ever the wealthieſt. Who can deſpiſe any one for want, when the mother of Chriſt was not rich enough to bring a Lamb for her Purification? We may be as happy in ruſſet as in tiſſue.

While the Bleſſed Virgin brought her Son into the Temple with that pair of doves, here were more doves then a pair. They for whoſe ſake that offer-
F ing was brought, were more doves then the doves that were brought for that offering. Her Son, for whom ſhe brought that dove to be ſacrificed, was that ſacrifice which the dove repreſented. There was nothing in him but perfection of innocence: and the oblation of him is that whereby all mothers and ſons are fully purified. Since in our ſelves we cannot be innocent, happy are we if we can have the ſpotleſs Dove ſacrificed for us, to make us innocent in him.

The Bleſſed Virgin had more buſineſs in the Temple then her own; ſhe came, as to purifie her ſelf, ſo to preſent her Son. Every male that firſt opened the womb, was holy unto the Lord. He that was the Son of God by eternal Generation before time, and by miraculous Conception in time, was alſo by common courſe of Nature conſecrate unto God. It is fit the holy Mother ſhould preſent God with his own. Her firſt-born was the firſt-born of all creatures. It was he whoſe Temple it was that he was preſented in, to whom all the firſt-born of all creatures were conſecrated, by whom they were accepted; and now is he brought in his Mothers arms to his own houſe, and as Man is preſented to himſelf as God. If *Moſes* had never written Law of God's ſpecial propriety in the firſt-born, this Son of God's Eſſence and Love had taken poſſeſſion of the Temple. His right had been a perfect Law to himſelf. Now his obedience to that Law which himſelf had given doth no leſſe call him thither then the challenge of his peculiar intereſt.

He that was the Lord of all creatures (ever ſince he ſtruck the firſt-born of the *Egyptians*) requires the firſt male of all creatures, both man and beaſt, to be dedicated to him: wherein God cauſed a miraculous event to ſecond Nature, which ſeems to challenge the firſt and beſt for the Maker. By this Rule God ſhould have had his ſervice done onely by the heirs of *Iſrael*. But ſince God, for the honour and remuneration of *Levi*, had choſen out that Tribe to miniſter unto him, now the firſt-born of all *Iſrael* muſt be preſented to God as his due, but by allowance redeemed to their parents. As for beaſts, the firſt male of the clean beaſts muſt be ſacrificed, of unclean exchanged for a price. So much Morality is there in this conſtitution of God, that the beſt of all kindes is fit to be conſecrated to the Lord of all. Every thing we have is too good for us, if we think any thing we have too good for him.

How glorious did the Temple now ſeem, that the Owner was within the walls of it? Now was the hour and gueſt come, in regard whereof the Second Temple ſhould ſurpaſſe the firſt. This was his Houſe built for him, dedicated to him: there had he dwelt long in his ſpirituall Preſence, in his typical. There was nothing either placed or done within thoſe walls whereby he was not reſembled: and now the Body of thoſe Shadows is come, and preſents himſelf where he had been ever repreſented. *Jeruſalem* is now every where. There is no Church, no Chriſtian heart, which is not a Temple of the living God: there is no Temple of God wherein Chriſt is not preſented to his Father. Look upon him (O God) in whom thou art well pleaſed; and in him and for him be well pleaſed with us.

Under the Goſpel we are all firſt-born, all heirs; every ſoul is to be holy unto the Lord; we are a royal generation, an holy Prieſthood. Our Baptiſm as it is our Circumciſion and our ſacrifice of purification, ſo is it alſo our preſentation unto God. Nothing can become us but holineſſe. O God to whom we are devoted, ſerve thy ſelf of us, glorifie thy ſelf by us, till we ſhall by thee be glorified with thee.

Herod *and the Infants.*

WEll might theſe wiſe-men have ſuſpected *Herod*'s ſecrecy. If he had meant well, what needed that whiſpering? That which they publiſhed in the ſtreets, he asks in his privy chamber: yet they not miſdoubting his intention, purpoſe to fulfill his charge. It could not in their apprehenſion but be much honour to them to make their ſucceſſe known, that now both King and people might ſee it was not fancie that led them, but an aſſured Revelation. That God which brought them thither, diverted them, and cauſed their eies to ſhut, to guide them the beſt way home.

Theſe

A These Sages made a happy voyage: for now they grew into further acquaintance with God. They are honoured with a second messenger from heaven. They saw the Star in the way, the Angel in their bed: The Star guided their journey unto Christ, the Angel directed their return. They saw the Star by day, a vision by night: God spake to their eies by the Star, he speaks to their heart by a dream. No doubt they had left much noise of Christ behinde them: they that did so publish his Birth by their inquiry at *Jerusalem*, could not be silent when they found him at *Bethleem*. If they had returned by *Herod*, I fear they had come short home. He that meant death to the Babe for the name of a King, could mean no other to those B that honoured and proclaimed a new King, and erected a throne besides his. They had done what they came for: and now that God whose businesse they came about, takes order at once for his Sons safety and for theirs. God, which is perfection it self, never begins any businesse but he makes an end, and ends happily. When our waies are his, there is no danger of miscarriage.

Well did these wise-men know the difference, as of Stars, so of dreams: they had learned to distinguish between the natural and Divine; and once apprehending God in their sleep, they follow him waking, and return another way. They were no subjects to *Herod*; his command pressed them so C much the lesse: or if the being within his dominions had been no lesse bond then native subjection, yet where God did countermand *Herod*, there could be no question whom to obey. They say not, We are in a strange country, *Herod* may meet with us, it can be no lesse then death to mock him in his own territories; but chearfully put themselves upon the way, and trust God with the successe. Where men command with God, we must obey men for God, and God in men; when against him, the best obedience is to deny obedience, and to turn our backs upon *Herod*.

The wise-men are safely arrived in the East, and fill the world full of exspectation as themselves are full of wonder. *Joseph* and *Mary* are returned D with the Babe to that *Jerusalem* where the wise-men had inquired for his Birth. The City was doubtlesse still full of that rumor, and little thinks that he whom they talk of was so neare them. From thence they are, at least in their way to *Nazareth*, where they purpose their abode. God prevents them by his Angel; and sends them for safety into *Ægypt*. *Joseph* was not wont to be so full of visions. It was not long since the Angel appeared unto him to justifie the innocency of the Mother, and the Deity of the Son: now he appears for the preservation of both, and a preservation by flight. Could *Joseph* now chuse but think, Is this the King that must save *Israel*, that needs to be saved by me? If he be the Son of God, how E is he subject to the violence of men? How is he Almighty, that must save himself by flight? or, how must he flie, to save himself out of that Land which he comes to save? But faithful *Joseph* having been once tutored by the Angel, and having heard what the wise-men said of the Star, what *Simeon* and *Anna* said in the Temple; labours not so much to reconcile his thoughts, as to subject them; and as one that knew it safer to suppresse doubts then to assoil them, can believe what he understands not, and can wonder where he cannot comprehend.

Oh strange condition of the King of all the word! He could not be born in a baser estate, yet even this he cannot enjoy with safety. There was no F room for him in *Bethleem*; there will be no room for him in *Judæa*. He is no sooner come to his own, then he must flie from them; that he may save them, he must avoid them. Had it not been easie for thee (O Saviour) to have acquit thy self from *Herod* a thousand waies? What could an arm of flesh have done against the God of Spirits? What had it been for thee to have sent *Herod* five years sooner unto his place? what to have

commanded fire from Heaven on thoſe that ſhould have come to apprehend thee? or to have bidden the Earth to receive them alive whom ſhe meant to ſwallow dead? We ſuffer miſery, becauſe we muſt; thou, becauſe thou wouldeſt. The ſame will that brought thee from Heaven into earth, ſends thee from *Jury* to *Egypt*. As thou wouldſt be born mean and miſerable, ſo thou wouldſt live ſubject to humane vexations; that thou, which haſt taught us how good it is to bear the yoak even in our youth, mightſt ſanctifie to us early afflictions. Or whether (O Father) ſince it was the purpoſe of thy wiſdom to manifeſt thy Son by degrees unto the world, was it thy will thus to hide him for a time under our infirmity? And what other is our condition? we are no ſooner born thine then we are perſecuted. If the Church travel and bring forth a male, ſhe is in danger of the Dragons ſtreams. What do the Members complain of the ſame meaſure which was offered to the Head? Both our births are accompanied with tears.

Even of thoſe whoſe mature age is full of trouble, yet the infancie is commonly quiet: but here life and toile began together. O Bleſſed Virgin! even already did the ſword begin to pierce thy ſoul: thou which wert forced to bear thy Son in thy womb from *Nazareth* to *Bethleem*, muſt now bear him in thy arms from *Jury* into *Egypt*: yet couldſt thou not complain of the way whileſt thy Saviour was with thee. His preſence alone was able to make the ſtable a Temple, *Egypt* a Paradiſe, the way more pleaſing then reſt. But whither then? O whither doſt thou carry that bleſſed burthen, by which thy ſelf and the world are upholden? To *Egypt*, the ſlaughter-houſe of God's people, the fornace of *Iſrael*'s ancient affliction, the ſink of the world. *Out of Egypt have I called my Son* (ſaith God.) That thou calledſt thy Son out of *Egypt*, O God, is no marvel: It is a marvel that thou calledſt him into *Egypt*; but that we know all earths are thine, and all places and men are like figures upon a table, ſuch as thy diſpoſition makes them. What a change is here? *Iſrael*, the firſt-born of God, flies out of *Egypt* into the promiſed Land of *Judæa*; Chriſt, the firſt-born of all creatures, flies from *Judæa* into *Egypt*. *Egypt* is become the Sanctuary, *Judæa* the Inquiſition-houſe of the Son of God. He that is everywhere the ſame, makes all places alike to his: He makes the fiery fornace a gallery of pleaſure, the Lions den an houſe of defence, the Whales belly a lodging chamber, *Egypt* an harbour.

He flees that was able to preſerve himſelf from danger; to teach us how lawfully we may flee from thoſe dangers we cannot avoid otherwiſe. It is a thankleſſe fortitude to offer our throat unto the knife. He that came to die for us, fled for his own preſervation, and hath bid us follow him; *When they perſecute you in one City, flee into another.* We have but the uſe of our lives, and we are bound to husband them to the beſt advantage of God and his Church. God hath made us, not as Butts to be perpetually ſhot at, but as the marks of Rovers moveable, as the wind and Sun may beſt ſerve.

It was warrant enough for *Joſeph* and *Mary* that God commands them to flee: yet ſo familiar is God grown with his approved ſervants, that he gives them the reaſon of his commanded flight; *(For Herod will ſeek the young child to deſtroy him.)* What wicked men will do, what they would do, is known unto God before-hand. He that is ſo infinitely wiſe to know the deſigns of his enemies before they are, could as eaſily prevent them that they might not be: but he lets them run on in their own courſes, that he may fetch glory to himſelf out of their wickedneſſe.

Good *Joſeph*, having this charge in the night, ſtaies not till the morning; no ſooner had God ſaid *Ariſe*, then he ſtarts up and ſets forward. It was not diffidence, but obedience that did ſo haſten his departure. The charge was direct, the buſineſs important. He dares not linger for the light, but breaks his

A his reſt for the journey, and taking vantage of the dark, departs towards *Egypt*. How knew he this occaſion would abide any delay? We cannot be too ſpeedy in the execution of God's commands; we may be too late. Here was no treaſure to hide, no hangings to take down, no lands to ſecure: the poor Carpenter needs doe no more but lock the doors and away. He goes lightly that wants a load. If there be more pleaſure in abundance, there is more ſecurity in a mean eſtate. The Buſtard or the Oſtridge, when he is purſued, can hardly get upon his wings; whereas the Lark mounts with eaſe. The rich hath not ſo much advantage of the poor in injoying, as the poor hath of the rich in leaving.

B Now is *Joſeph* come down into *Egypt*. *Egypt* was beholden to the name, as that whereto it did owe no leſſe then their univerſal preſervation. Well might it repay this act of Hoſpitality to that name and blood. The going down into *Egypt* had not ſo much difficulty, as the ſtaying there: their abſence from their Country was little better then a baniſhment. But what was this other then to ſerve a prentiſhip in the houſe of bondage? To be any where ſave at home was irkſome: but to be in *Egypt* ſo many years amongſt idolatrous Pagans, muſt needs be painful to religious hearts. The Command of their God and the Preſence of Chriſt makes amends for all. How long ſhould they have thought it to ſee the Temple of God, if they had C not had the God of the Temple with them? How long to preſent their Sacrifices at the Altar of God, if they had not had him with them which made all Sacrifices accepted, and which did accept the Sacrifice of their hearts?

Herod was ſubtle in mocking the wiſe-men, whiles he promiſed to worſhip him whom he meant to kill: now God makes the wiſe-men to mock him, in diſappointing his expectation. It is juſt with God to puniſh thoſe which would beguile others with illuſion. Great ſpirits are ſo much more impatient of diſgrace. How did *Herod* now rage and fret, and vainely wiſh to have met with thoſe falſe ſpies, and tell with what torments he would revenge their treD chery, and curſe himſelf for truſting Strangers in ſo important a buſineſſe?

The Tyrants ſuſpition would not let him reſt long. Ere many daies he ſends to inquire of them whom he ſent to inquire of Chriſt. The notice of their ſecret departure increaſeth his jealouſie; and now his anger runs mad, and his feare proves deſperate. All the Infants of *Bethleem* ſhall bleed for this one; and (that he may make ſure work) he cuts out to himſelf large meaſures both of time and place. It was but very lately that the Starre appeared, that the wiſe-men re-appeared not. They asked for him that was born, they did not name when he was born. *Herod*, for more ſecuritie, over-reaches their time, and fetches into the ſlaughter all the Children of two years age. The Prieſts and E Scribes had told him, the town of *Bethleem* muſt be the place of the *Meſſia*'s nativity. He fetches in all the Children of the coaſts adjoyning; yea his own ſhall for the time be a *Bethleemite*. A tyrannous guiltineſſe never thinks it ſelf ſafe, but ever ſeeks to aſſure it ſelf in the exceſſe of cruelty. Doubtleſſe he which ſo privily inquired for Chriſt, did as ſecretly brew this maſſacre. The mothers were ſet with their children on their laps, feeding them with the breaſt, or talking to them in the familiar language of their love; when ſuddenly the Executioner ruſhes in, and ſnatches them from their armes, and at once pulling forth his Commiſſion and his knife, without regard to ſhrieks or teares, murthers the innocent Babe, and leaves the paſſionate mother in a mean beF tween madneſſe and death. What curſing of *Herod*? what wringing of hands? what condoling? what exclaiming was now in the ſtreets of *Bethleem*?

O bloody *Herod*, that couldſt ſacrifice ſo many harmleſſe lives to thine ambition! What could thoſe Infants have done? If it were thy perſon whereof thou wert afraid, what likelihood was it thou couldſt live till thoſe ſucklings might endanger thee? This news might affect thy Succeſſors; it could not concern

concern thee, if the heat of an impotent and furious envy had not made thee thirſty of blood. It is not long that thou ſhalt enjoy this cruelty: After a few hateſull years thy ſoul ſhall feel the weight of ſo many Innocents, of ſo many juſt curſes. A

He for whoſe ſake thou killedſt ſo many, ſhall ſtrike thee with death; and then what wouldeſt thou have given to have been as one of thoſe Infants whom thou murtheredſt? In the mean time, when thine executioners returned and told thee of their unpartial diſpatch, thou ſmiledſt to think how thou hadſt defeated thy rivall, and beguiled the Starre, and deluded the Prophecies; whiles God in Heaven and his Son on earth laugh thee to ſcorn, and make thy rage an occaſion of further glory to him whom thou meanteſt to ſuppreſſe. B

He that could take away the lives of other, cannot protract his own. *Herod* is now ſent home. The coaſt is clear for the return of that holy Family: now God calls them from their exile. Chriſt and his Mother had not ſtayed ſo long out of the confines of the reputed viſible Church, but to teach us continuance under the Croſſe. Sometimes God ſees it good for us not to ſip of the cup of affliction, but to make a diet-drink of it, for conſtant and common uſe. If he allow us no other liquor for many yeares, we muſt take it off chearfully, and know that it is but the meaſure of our betters.

Joſeph and *Mary* ſtir not without a command; their departure, ſtay, removall is ordered by the voice of God. If *Egypt* had been more tedious unto them, they durſt not move their foot till they were bidden. It is good in our own buſineſſe to follow reaſon or cuſtome: but in God's buſineſſe, if we have any other guide but himſelf, we preſume, and cannot expect a bleſſing. C

O the wonderful diſpenſation of God in concealing [illegible] himſelf from men! Chriſt was now ſome five years old; he bears himſelf as an infant, and knowing all things, neither takes nor gives notice of ought concerning his removall and diſpoſing, but appoints that to be done by his Angel which the Angel could not have done but by him. Since he would take our nature, he would be a perfect child, ſuppreſſing the manifeſtation and exerciſe of that Godhead whereto that infant-nature was conjoyned. Even ſo, O Saviour, the humility of thine infancy was anſwerable to that of thy birth. The more thou hideſt and abaſeſt thy ſelf for us, the more ſhould we magnifie thee, the more ſhould we deject our ſelves for thee. Unto thee, with the Father and the holy Ghoſt, be all honour and glory now & for ever. *Amen.* D

Con-

Contemplations.

THE SECOND BOOK,

Containing { Christ *among the Doctors.* / Christ *Baptized.* / Christ *Tempted.* / Simon *Called.* / *The Marriage in Cana.* / *The good Centurion.* }

To the Honourable General, Sir EDWARD CECILL Knight,

all Honour and Happineſs.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

THE ſtore of a good Scribe is (according to our Saviour) both old & new. I would (if I durſt) be ambitious of this only honour. Having therefore drawn forth thoſe not frivolous thoughts out of the Old Teſtament, I fetch theſe following from the New. God is the ſame in both; as the body differs not with the age of the ſute, with the change of robes. The old and new wine of holy Truth came both out of one vineyard; yet here may we ſafely ſay to the Word of his Father, as was ſaid to the Bridegroom of Cana, Thou haſt kept the beſt wine till the laſt. *The authority of both is equally ſacred: the uſe admits no leſſe difference then is betwixt a Saviour fore ſhadowed and come. The intermiſſion of thoſe military imployments which have wone you juſt honour, both in forrain nations and at home, is in this onely gainfull, that it yields you leiſure to theſe happy thoughts, which ſhall more fully acquaint you with him that is at once the God of Hoſts and the Prince of Peace. To the furtherance whereof theſe my poor labours ſhall doe no thankleſs offices. In lieu of your noble favours to me both at home and where you have merited command, nothing can be returned but humble acknowledgments, and hearty prayers for the increaſe of your Honour, and all Happineſs to your ſelf and your thrice-worthy and vertuous Lady, by him that is deeply obliged and truly devoted to you both,*

Jos. Hall.

Chriſt *among the Doctors.*

EVen the Spring ſhews us what we may hope for of the tree in Summer. In his nonage therefore would our Saviour give us a taſt of his future proof; leſt if his perfection ſhould have ſhewed it ſelf without warning to the world, it ſhould have been entertained with more wonder then belief. Now this act of his Childhood ſhall prepare the faith of men by fore-exſpectation. Notwithſtanding all this early demonſtration of his Divine graces, the incredulous Jews could afterwards ſay, *Whence hath this man his wiſdome and great works?* What would they have ſaid if he had ſuddenly leapt forth into the clear light of the world? The Sun would dazle all

all eyes, if he ſhould break forth at his firſt riſing into his full ſtrength: now he hath both the day-ſtar to goe before him, and to bid men look for that glorious body, and the lively colours of the day to publiſh his approach, the eye is comforted, not hurt by his appearance. A

The Parents of Chriſt went up yearly to *Jeruſalem* at the Feaſt of the Paſſe-over: the Law was only for the males. I do not finde the Bleſſed Virgin bound to this voiage: the weaker ſex received indulgence from God. Yet ſhe knowing the ſpiritual profit of that journey, takes pains voluntarily to meaſure that long way every year. Piety regards not any diſtinction of ſexes or degrees, neither yet doth God's acceptation: rather doth it pleaſe the mercy of the Higheſt more to reward that ſervice which, though he like in all, yet out of favour he will not impoſe upon all. It could not be but that ſhe whom the holy Ghoſt over-ſhadowed, ſhould be zealous of God's ſervice. Thoſe that will goe no further then they are dragged in their Religious exerciſes, are no whit of kin to her whom all Generations ſhall call bleſſed. B

The childe *Jeſus* in the minority of his age went up with his Parents to the holy ſolemnity, not this year only, but in all likelihood others alſo: He in the power of whoſe Godhead and by the motion of whoſe Spirit all others aſcended thither, would not himſelf ſtay at home. In all his examples he meant our inſtruction. This pious act of his nonage intended to lead our firſt years into timely Devotion. The firſt liquor ſeaſons the veſſel for a long time after. It is every way good for a man to bear God's yoke, even from his infancy: it is the policie of the Devil to diſcourage early holineſſe. He that goes out betimes in the morning, is more like to diſpatch his journey then he that lingers till the day be ſpent. This Bleſſed Family came not to look at the Feaſt, and be gone; but they duly ſtai'd out all the appointed daies of unlevened bread. They and the reſt of *Iſrael* could not want houſhold-buſineſſes at home: thoſe ſecular affairs could not either keep them from repairing to *Jeruſalem*, or ſend them away immaturely. Worldly cares muſt give place to the ſacred. Except we will depart unbleſt, we muſt attend God's ſervices till we may receive his diſmiſſion. C

It was the faſhion of thoſe times and places, that they went up, and ſo returned by troups, to thoſe ſet meetings of their holy Feſtivals. The whole Pariſh of *Nazareth* went and came together. Good fellowſhip doth no way ſo well as in the paſſage to Heaven: much comfort is added by ſociety to that journey which is of it ſelf pleaſant. It is an happy word, *Come, let us goe up to the houſe of the Lord.* Mutual incouragement is none of the leaſt benefits of our holy aſſemblies. Many ſticks laid together make a good fire, which if they lie ſingle loſe both their light and heat. D

The Feaſt ended, what ſhould they do but return to *Nazareth?* God's ſervices may not be ſo attended as that we ſhould neglect our particular callings. Himſelf cals us from his own Houſe to ours, and takes pleaſure to ſee a painful Client. They are foully miſtaken that think God cares for no other trade but devotion. Piety and diligence muſt keep meet changes with each other. Neither doth God leſſe accept of our return to *Nazareth*, then our going up to *Jeruſalem*. E

I cannot think that the Bleſſed Virgin or good *Joſeph* could be ſo negligent of their Divine charge, as not to call the child *Jeſus* to their ſetting forth from *Jeruſalem*. But their back was no ſooner turned upon the Temple, then his face was towards it. He had buſineſſe in that place when theirs was ended: there he was both worſhipped and repreſented. He, in whom the Godhead dwelt bodily, could doe nothing without God: his true Father led him away from his ſuppoſed. Sometimes the affairs of our ordinary vocation may not grudge to yield unto ſpirituall occaſions. The Parents of Chriſt knew him well to be of a diſpoſition not ſtrange, nor ſullen & Stoicall, but ſweet and ſociable: and therefore they ſuppoſed he had ſpent the time and the way in company of their friends and neighbours. They do not ſuſpect him wandered into the ſolitary fields: but when evening came, they go to ſeek him among their kinsfolk and F

acquain-

A acquaintance. If he had not wonted to converſe formerly with them, he had not now been ſought amongſt them. Neither as God nor man doth he take pleaſure in a ſtern froward auſterity and wilde retiredneſs; but in a milde affableneſs and amiable converſation.

But, O Bleſſed Virgin, who can expreſs the ſorrows of thy perplexed Soul, when all that evening ſearch could afford thee no news of thy Son *Jeſus*? Was not this one of thoſe ſwords of *Simeon* which ſhould pierce through thy tender breaſt? How didſt thou chide thy credulous neglect, in not obſerving ſo precious a charge, and blame thine eyes for once looking beſide this object of thy love? How didſt thou, with thy careful Husband, ſpend that reſtleſs night in mutual expoſtulations
B and bemoanings of your loſs? How many ſuſpicious imaginations did that while rack thy grieved ſpirit? Perhaps thou mighteſt doubt, leſt they which laid for him by *Herod*'s command at his birth, had now by the ſecret inſtigation of *Archelaus* ſurpriſed him in his childhood: or it may be thou thoughteſt thy Divine Son had now withdrawn himſelf from the earth, and returned to his heavenly Glory, without warning: or peradventure thou ſtudieſt with thy ſelf whether any careleſneſs on thy behalf had not given occaſion to this abſence.

O dear Saviour, who can miſs, and not mourn for thee? Never any ſoul conceived thee by faith, that was leſs afflicted with the ſenſe of thy deſertion then comforted with the joy of thy preſence. Juſt is that ſorrow, and thoſe tears ſeaſonable, that are
C beſtowed upon thy loſſe. What comfort are we capable of whiles we want thee? What reliſh is there in theſe earthly delights without thee? What is there to mitigate our paſſionate diſcomforts, if not from thee? Let thy ſelf looſe, O my ſoul, to the fulneſs of ſorrow, when thou findeſt thy ſelf bereaved of him in whoſe preſence is the fulneſs of joy; and deny to receive comfort from any thing ſave from his return.

In vain is Chriſt ſought among his kindred according to the fleſh: So far are they ſtill from giving us their aide to finde the true *Meſſias*, that they lead us from him. Back again therefore are *Joſeph* and *Mary* gone to ſeek him at *Jeruſalem*. She goes about in the City, by the ſtreets and by the open places, and *ſeeks him whom her*
D *ſoul loveth: ſhe ſought him* for the time, *and found him not*. Do we think ſhe ſpared her ſearch? The evening of her return ſhe haſtes to the Inne where ſhe had left him: where miſſing him, ſhe inquires of every one ſhe met, *Have you not ſeen him whom my ſoul loveth?* At laſt, the third day, ſhe finds him in the Temple. One day was ſpent in the journey towards *Galilee*; another in the return to *Jeruſalem*; the third day recovers him. He who would riſe again the third day, and be found amongſt the living, now alſo would the third day be found of his Parents, after the ſorrow of his abſence. But where wert thou, O bleſſed *Jeſu*, for the ſpace of theſe three daies? where didſt thou beſtow thy ſelf, or who tended thee whiles thou wert thus alone at *Jeruſalem*? I know, if *Jeruſalem* ſhould have been as unkind to
E thee as *Bethleem*, thou couldſt have commanded the Heavens to harbour thee; and if men did not miniſter to thee, thou couldſt have commanded the ſervice of Angels. But ſince the form of a Servant called thee to a voluntary homelineſs, whether it pleaſed thee to exerciſe thy ſelf thus early with the difficulties of a ſtranger, or to provide miraculouſly for thy ſelf, I inquire not, ſince thou revealeſt not: only this I know, that hereby thou intendedſt to teach thy Parents that thou couldeſt live without them, and that not of any indigency, but out of a gracious diſpenſation, thou wouldeſt ordinarily depend upon their care.

In the mean time thy Divine wiſdome could not but foreknow all theſe corroding thoughts wherewith the heart of thy dear Mother muſt needs bleed through
F this ſudden dereliction; yet wouldſt thou leave her for the time to her ſorrow. Even ſo, O Saviour, thou thoughteſt fit to viſit her that bore thee with this early affliction. Never any loved thee whom thou doeſt not ſometimes exerciſe with the grief of miſſing thee; that both we may be more careful to hold thee, and more joyful in recovering thee. Thou haſt ſaid, and canſt not lie, *I am with you to the end of the world*: but even whiles thou art really preſent, thou thinkeſt good to be ab-

ſent unto our apprehenſions. Yet if thou leave us, thou wilt not forſake us; if A
thou leave us for our humiliation, thou wilt not forſake us to our final diſcomfort.
Thou mayeſt for three daies hide thy ſelf, but then we ſhall finde thee in the
Temple. None ever ſought thee with a ſincere deſire, of whom thou wert not
found. Thou wilt not be either ſo little abſent as not to whet our appetites,
nor ſo long as to fainten the heart. After three daies we ſhall finde thee: and
where ſhould we rather hope to finde thee then in the Temple? There is the ha-
bitation for the God of *Iſrael*, there is thy reſting place for ever. Oh all ye that are
grieved with the want of your Saviour, ſee where you muſt ſeek him. In vain ſhall
ye hope to finde him in the ſtreets, in the Taverns, in the Theaters: ſeek him in
his holy Temple: ſeek him with piety, ſeek him with faith; there ſhall ye meet B
him, there ſhall ye recover him. Whiles children of that age were playing in the
ſtreets, Chriſt was found ſitting in the Temple; not to gaze on the outward glory
of that houſe, or on the golden Candleſticks or Tables, but to hear and appoſe the
Doctors. He who as God gave them all the wiſdome they had, as the Son of man
hearkens to the wiſdome he had given them. He who ſate in their hearts, as the
Author of all learning and knowledge, ſits in the midſt of their ſchool, as an
humble Diſciple: that by learning of them, he might teach all the younger ſort hu-
mility and due attendance upon their Inſtructors. He could at the firſt have taught
the great Rabbins of *Iſrael* the deep myſteries of God, but becauſe he was not yet
called by his Father to the publick function of a Teacher, he contents himſelf to C
hear with diligence, and to ask with modeſty, and to teach only by inſinuation. Let
thoſe conſider this which will needs run as ſoon as they can go: and when they
finde ability, think they need not ſtay for a further vocation of God or men. Open
your eyes, ye rathe ripe invaders of God's Chair, and ſee your Saviour in his
younger years not ſitting in the eminent pulpits of the Doctors, but in the lowly
floors of the Auditors. See him that could have taught the Angels, liſtning in his
minority to the voice of men. Who can think much to learn of the Ancients, when
he looks upon the Son of God ſitting at the feet of the Doctors of *Iſrael?* Firſt he
hears, then he asks. How much more doth it concern us to be hearers ere we offer
to be teachers of others? He gathers that hears; he ſpends that teacheth: if we D
ſpend before we gather, we ſhall ſoon prove bankrupts.

When he hath heard, he asks; and after that he anſwers. Doubtleſs thoſe very
queſtions were inſtructions, and meant to teach more then to learn. Never had
theſe great Rabbins heard the voice of ſuch a Tutor, in whom they might ſee the
wiſdome of God ſo concealing it ſelf, that yet it would be known to be there. No
marvel then if they all wondred at his underſtanding and anſwers. Their eyes ſaw
nothing but humane weakneſs, their ears heard Divine ſublimity of matter: be-
twixt what they ſaw and what they heard, they could not but be diſtracted with a
doubting admiration. And why did ye not (O ye Jewiſh teachers) remember, *That*
to us a Childe is born, and unto us a Son is given, and the government is upon his ſhoul- E
der, and his name ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſellor, the mighty God, the everlaſting
Father, the Prince of peace? Why did ye not now bethink your ſelves what the
Star, the Sages, the Angels, the Shepherds, *Zachary, Simeon, Anna*, had premo-
niſhed you? Fruitleſs is the wonder that endeth not in faith. No light is ſufficient
where the eyes are held through unbelief or prejudice.

The Doctors were not more amazed to hear ſo profound a childhood, then
the Parents of Chriſt were to ſee him among the Doctors: the joy of finding
him did ſtrive with the aſtoniſhment of finding him thus. And now not *Joſeph*,
(he knew how little right he had to that Divine Son) but *Mary* breaks
forth into a loving expoſtulation, *Son, why haſt thou dealt ſo with us?* That ſhe F
might not ſeem to take upon her as an imperious Mother, it is like ſhe reſer-
ved this queſtion till ſhe had him alone: wherein ſhe meant rather to expreſſe
grief then correption. Onely herein the Bleſſed Virgin offended, that her in-
conſideration did not ſuppoſe (as it was) that ſome higher reſpects then could
be due to fleſh and blood called away the Son of God from her that was the

daughter

A daughter of man. She that was but the mother of humanity should not have thought that the business of God must for her sake be neglected. We are all partial to our selves naturally, and prone to the regard of our own rights. Questionlesse this gracious Saint would not for all the world have willingly preferr'd her own attendance to that of her God: through heedlesness she doth so: her Son and Saviour is her monitor, out of his Divine love reforming her natural; *How is it that ye sought me? Know ye not that I must goe about my Fathers businesse?* Immediately before the Blessed Virgin had said, *Thy father and I sought thee with heavy hearts.* Wherein both according to the supposition of the world, she called *Joseph* the Father of Christ, and according to the fashion
B of a dutiful Wife, she names her *Joseph* before her self. She well knew that *Joseph* had nothing but a name in this business, she knew how God had dignified her beyond him; yet she saies, *Thy father and I sought thee.* The Son of God stands not upon contradiction to his Mother, but leading her thoughts from his supposed father to his true, from earth to Heaven, he answers, *Knew ye not that I must go about my Fathers business?* It was honour enough to her, that he had vouchsafed to take flesh of her: it was his eternal honour that he was God of God, the everlasting Son of the heavenly Father. Good reason therefore was it that the respects to flesh should give place to the God of Spirits. How well contented was holy *Mary* with so just an answer? how doth she now again in
C her heart renew her answer to the Angel, *Behold the servant of the Lord, be it according to thy word?*

We are all the Sons of God in another kinde. Nature and the World thinks we should attend them. We are not worthy to say, we have a Father in Heaven, if we cannot steal away from these earthly distractions, and imploy our selves in the services of our God.

Christ's Baptism.

D JOHN did every way forerun Christ, not so much in the time of his Birth, as in his office. Neither was there more unlikelinesse in their Disposition and carriage, then similitude in their Function. Both did preach and baptize: only *John* baptized by himself, our Saviour by his Disciples: our Saviour wrought miracles by himself, by his Disciples; *John* wrought none by either. Wherein Christ meant to shew himself a Lord, and *John* a servant: and *John* meant to approve himself a true servant to him whose harbinger he was. He that leapt in the womb of his mother, when his Saviour (then newly conceived) came in presence, bestir'd himself when he was brought forth into the light of the Church, to the honour and service of his Saviour: he did the same before
E Christ, which Christ charged his Disciples to do after him, *Preach and Baptize.* The Gospel ran alwaies in one tenor, and was never but like it self. So it became the Word of him in whom there is no shadow by turning, and whose Word it is, *I am Jehova, I change not.*

It was fit that he which had the Prophets, the Star, the Angel to foretell his coming into the world, should have his Usher to goe before him, when he would notifie himself to the world. *John* was the voice of a Cryer; Christ was the Word of his Father: it was fit this Voice should make a noise to the world, ere the Word of the Father should speak to it. *John*'s note was still, *Repentance*; the *Axe to the root*, the *Fan to the floor*, the *Chaffe to the fire*:
F as his raiment was rough, so was his tongue; and if his food were *wilde Hony*, his speech was stinging *Locusts*. Thus must the way be made for Christ in every heart. Plausibility is no fit preface to Regeneration. If the heart of man had continued upright, God might have been entertained without contradiction; but now violence must be offered to our corruption, ere we can have room for Grace. If the great Way-maker do not cast down hills and

raiſe up valleys in the boſomes of men, there is no paſſage for Chriſt. Never will Chriſt come into that Soul, where the Herald of Repentance hath not been before him. A

That Saviour of ours who from eternity lay hid in the Counſel of God, who in the fulneſs of time ſo came, that he lay hid in the womb of his mother for the ſpace of forty weeks, after he was come, thought fit to lye hid in *Nazareth* for the ſpace of thirty years, now at laſt begins to ſhew himſelf to the world, and comes from *Galilee* to *Jordan*. He that was God alwaies, and might have been perfect man in an inſtant, would by degrees riſe to the perfection both of his Manhood, and execution of his Mediatorſhip; to teach us the neceſſity of leaſure in ſpiritual proceedings: that many Suns and ſucceſſions of ſeaſons and means muſt be ſtayed for, ere we can attain our maturity; and that when we are ripe for the imployments of God, we ſhould no leſſe willingly leave our obſcurity, then we took the benefit of it for our preparation. He that was formerly circumciſed, would now be baptized. What is Baptiſm but an Evangelical Circumciſion? What was Circumciſion but a Legal Baptiſm? One both ſupplied and ſucceeded the other; yet the Authour of both will undergoe both. He would be circumciſed, to ſanctifie his Church that was; and baptized, to ſanctifie his Church that ſhould be: that ſo in both Teſtaments he might open a way into Heaven. There was in him neither filthineſs nor foreskin of corruption, that ſhould need either knife or water. He came not to be a Saviour for himſelf, but for us: we are all uncleanneſs and uncircumciſion: he would therefore have that done to his moſt pure body, which ſhould be of force to clear our impure Souls: thus making himſelf ſin for us, that we might be made the righteouſneſs of God in him. B C

His Baptiſm gives virtue to ours. His laſt action (or rather paſſion) was his baptizing with blood: his firſt was his baptization with water: both of them waſh the world from their ſins. Yea, this latter did not onely waſh the ſouls of men, but waſheth that very water by which we are waſhed: from hence is that made both clean and holy, and can both cleanſe and hallow us. And if the very handkerchief which touched his Apoſtles had power of cure, how much more that Water which the ſacred body of Chriſt touched? Chriſt comes far to ſeek his baptiſm: to teach us (for whoſe ſake he was baptized) to wait upon the Ordinances of God, and to ſue for the favour of ſpiritual bleſſings. They are worthleſſe commodities that are not worth ſeeking for. It is rarely ſeen, that God is found of any man unſought for: that deſire which only makes us capable of good things, cannot ſtand with neglect. D

John durſt not baptize unbidden: his Maſter ſent him to doe this ſervice; and behold, the Maſter comes to his ſervant, to call for the participation of that priviledge which he himſelf had inſtituted and injoyned. How willingly ſhould we come to our ſpiritual Superiours, for our part in thoſe myſteries which God hath left in their keeping? yea, how gladly ſhould we come to that Chriſt who gives us theſe bleſſings, who is given to us in them? E

This ſeemed too great an honour for the modeſty of *John* to receive. If his mother could ſay, when her bleſſed couſin the Virgin *Mary* came to viſit her, *Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord ſhould come to me?* how much more might he ſay ſo, when the Divine Son of that mother came to call for a favour from him? *I have need to be baptized of thee, and comeſt thou to me?* O holy Baptiſt, if there were not a greater born of woman then thou; yet thou couldeſt not be born of a woman, and not need to be baptized of thy Saviour. He baptized with fire, thou with water. Little would thy water have availed thee without his fire. If he had not baptized thee, how wert thou ſanctified from the womb? There can be no fleſh without filthineſs: neither thy ſupernatural Conception nor thy auſtere life could exempt thee F

from

A from the need of Baptism. Even those that have not lived to sin after the similitude of *Adam*, yet are they so tainted with *Adam*, that unless the second *Adam* cleanse them by his Baptism, they are hopeless. There is no less use of Baptism unto all, then there is certainty of the need of Baptism. *John* baptized withour, Christ within. The more holy a man is, the more sensible he is of his unholiness. No carnal man could have said, *I have need to be baptized of thee*; neither can he finde what he is the better for a little Font-water. The sense of our wretchedness and the valuation of our spiritual helps, is the best tryal of our regeneration. Our Saviour doth not deny that either *John* hath need to be baptized of him, or that it is strange that he should come to be
B baptized of *John*; but he will needs thus far both honour *John* and disparage himself, to be baptized of his Messenger. He that would take flesh of the Virgin, education from his Parents, sustenance from his creatures, will take Baptism from *John*. It is the praise of his Mercy, that he will stoop so low as to be beholden to his creatures, which from him receive their Being, and power both to take and give.

Yet not so much respect to *John*, as obedience to his Father, drew him to this point of humiliation: *Thus it behoves us to fulfill all righteousness*. The Counsels and Appointments of God are Righteousness it self. There needs no other motive, either to the servant or the Son, then the knowledge of those
C righteous purposes. This was enough to lead a faithful man through all difficulties and inconveniencies; neither will it admit of any reply or any demur. *John* yieldeth to this honour which his Saviour puts upon him, in giving Baptism to the Authour of it. He baptized others to the remission of their sins: now he baptizes him, by whom they are remitted both to the Baptizer and to others.

No sooner is Christ baptized, then he comes forth of the water. The element is of force but during the use: it turns common when that is past: Neither is the water sooner powred on his head, then the Heavens are opened, and the Holy Ghost descendeth upon that head which was baptized. The Heavens
D are never shut whiles either of the Sacraments is duly administred and received: neither do the Heavens ever thus open, without the descent of the Holy Ghost. But now that the God of Heaven is baptized, they open unto him, which are opened to all the faithful by him: and that Holy Ghost which proceeded from him, together with the Father, joyns with the Father in a sensible testimony of him; that now the world might see what interest he had in the Heavens, in the Father, in the Holy Spirit, and might expect nothing but Divine from the entrance of such a Mediatour.

E

Christ tempted.

NO sooner is Christ come out of the water of Baptism, then he enters into the fire of Tentation. No sooner is the Holy Spirit descended upon his head in the form of a Dove, then he is led by the Spirit to be tempted. No sooner doth God say, *This is my Son*, then Satan saies, *If thou be the Son of God*. It is not in the power either of the gift or seals of Grace, to deliver us from the assaults of Satan; they may have the force to repell evil suggestions, they have none to prevent them: yea, the more we are ingaged
F unto God by our publick vows and his pledges of favour, so much more busie and violent is the rage of that Evil one to encounter us. We are no sooner stept forth into the field of God, then he labours to wrest our weapons out of our hands, or to turn them against us.

The voice from Heaven acknowledged Christ to be the Son of God. This Divine Testimony did not allay the malice of Satan, but exasperate it:

Now that venomous Serpent ſwels with inward poiſon, and haſts to aſſail him whom God hath honoured from Heaven. O God, how ſhould I look to eſcape the ſuggeſtions of that wicked one, when the Son of thy love cannot be free? when even grace it ſelf draws on enmity? That enmity that ſpared not to ſtrike at the Head, will he forbear the weakeſt and remoteſt limme? Arm thou me therefore with an expectation of that evil I cannot avoid. Make thou me as ſtrong as he is malicious. Say to my Soul alſo, *Thou art my Son*, and let Satan do his worſt. A

All the time of our Saviours obſcurity I do not finde him ſet upon: now that he looks forth to the publick execution of his Divine Office, Satan bends his forces againſt him. Our privacy, perhaps, may ſit down in peace: but never man did endevour a common good without oppoſition. It is a ſign that both the work is holy, and the Agent faithful, when we meet with ſtrong affronts. B

We have reaſon to be comforted with nothing ſo much as with reſiſtance. If we were not in a way to do good, we ſhould finde no rubs: Satan hath no cauſe to moleſt his own, and that whiles they goe about his own ſervice. He deſires nothing more, then to make us ſmooth paths to ſinne; but when we would turn our feet to Holineſſe, he blocks up the way with Tentations.

Who can wonder enough at the ſawcineſſe of that bold ſpirit, that dares to ſet upon the Son of the ever-living God? Who can wonder enough at thy meekneſſe and patience, O Saviour, that wouldſt be tempted? He wanted not Malice and Preſumption to aſſault thee; thou wantedſt not Humility to endure thoſe aſſaults. I ſhould ſtand amazed at this voluntary diſpenſation of thine, but that I ſee the ſuſception of our Humane nature laies thee open to this condition. It is neceſſarily incident to manhood to be liable to Tentations. Thou wouldſt not have put on fleſh, if thou hadſt meant utterly to put off this conſequence of our infirmity. If the ſtate of Innocence could have been any defence againſt evil motions, the firſt *Adam* had not been tempted, much leſſe the ſecond. It is not the preſenting of Tentations that can hurt us, but their entertainment. Ill counſel is the fault of the Giver, not of the Refuſer. We cannot forbid lewd eyes to look in at our windows, we may ſhut our doors againſt their entrance. It is no leſſe our praiſe to have reſiſted, then Satans blame to ſuggeſt evil. Yea, O bleſſed Saviour, how glorious was it for thee, how happy for us, that thou wert tempted? Had not Satan tempted thee, how ſhouldeſt thou have overcome? Without blows there can be no victory, no triumph: How had thy power been manifeſted, if no adverſary had tried thee? The firſt *Adam* was tempted and vanquiſhed: the ſecond *Adam*, to repay and repair that foile, doth vanquiſh in being tempted. Now have we not a Saviour and High Prieſt that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but ſuch an one as was in all things tempted in like ſort, yet without ſin. How boldly therefore may we goe unto the Throne of grace, that we may receive mercy, and finde grace of help in time of need? Yea, this Duell was for us. Now we ſee by this conflict of our Almighty Champion, what manner of Adverſary we have, how he fights, how he is reſiſted, how overcome. Now our very Temptation affords us comfort, in that we ſee, the dearer we are unto God, the more obnoxious we are to this triall: neither can we be diſcouraged by the hainouſneſſe of thoſe evils whereto we are moved, ſince we ſee the Son of God ſolicited to Infidelity, Covetouſneſſe, Idolatry. How glorious therefore was it for thee, O Saviour, how happy for us, that thou wert tempted? C D E F

Where then waſt thou tempted, O Bleſſed Jeſu? or whither wenteſt thou to meet with our great Adverſary? I do not ſee thee led into the market-place, or any other part of the City, or thy home-ſtead of *Nazareth*, but into the

A the vaſt Wilderneſs, the habitation of beaſts; a place that carrieth in it both horror and opportunity. Why wouldſt thou thus retire thy ſelf from men? But as confident Champions are wont to give advantage of ground or weapon to their Antagoniſt, that the glory of their victory may be the greater: ſo wouldeſt thou, O Saviour, in this conflict with our common Enemy, yield him his own terms for circumſtances, that thine honour and his foile may be the more. Solitarineſs is no ſmall help to the ſpeed of a Tentation. *Woe to him that is alone, for if he fall, there is not a ſecond to lift him up.* Thoſe that out of an affectation of Holineſs ſeek for ſolitude in rocks and caves of the deſarts, do no other then run into the mouth of the danger of Tentation, whiles they B think to avoid it. It was enough for thee, to whoſe Divine power the gates of Hell were weakneſs, thus to challenge the Prince of darkneſs. Our care muſt be alwaies to eſchew all occaſions of ſpiritual danger; and (what we may) to get us out of the reach of Tentations.

But, O the depth of the Wiſdome of God! How cameſt thou, O Saviour, to be thus tempted? That Spirit whereby thou waſt conceived as man, and which was one with thee and the Father as God, led thee into the wilderneſs to be tempted of Satan. Whiles thou taughteſt us to pray to thy Father, *Lead us not into temptation*, thou meanteſt to inſtruct us, that if the ſame Spirit led us not into this perilous way, we goe not into it. We have ſtill the ſame C conduct. Let the path be what it will, how can we miſcarry in the hand of a Father? Now may we ſay to Satan, as thou didſt unto *Pilate*, *Thou couldſt have no power over me, except it were given thee from above.* The Spirit led thee; it did not drive thee: here was a ſweet invitation, no compulſion of violence. So abſolutely conformable was thy will to thy Deity, as if both thy Natures had but one volition. In this firſt draught of thy bitter potion, thy Soul ſaid in a reall ſubjection, *Not my will, but thy will be done.* We imitate thee, O Saviour, though we cannot reach to thee. All thine are led by thy Spirit: Oh teach us to forget that we have wills of our own. The Spirit led thee; thine invincible ſtrength did not animate thee into this combat uncalled. D What do we weaklings ſo far preſume upon our abilities or ſucceſs, as that we dare thruſt our ſelves upon Temptations unbidden, unwarranted? Who can pitty the ſhipwrack of thoſe Marriners, which will needs put forth and hoiſe ſails in a Tempeſt?

Forty daies did our Saviour ſpend in the Wilderneſs, faſting and ſolitary, all which time was worn out in Temptation; however the laſt brunt, becauſe it was moſt violent, is only expreſſed. Now could not the adverſary complain of diſadvantage, whiles he had the full ſcope both of time and place to do his worſt. And why did it pleaſe thee, O Saviour, to faſt forty daies and forty nights, unleſs, as *Moſes* faſted forty daies at the delivery of the Law, and *Elias* E at the reſtitution of the Law, ſo thou thoughteſt fit at the accompliſhment of the Law and the promulgation of the Goſpel, to fulfill the time of both theſe Types of thine, wherein thou intendeſt our wonder, not our imitation; not our imitation of the time, though of the act. Here were no faulty deſires of the fleſh in thee to be tamed, no poſſibility of a freer and more eaſie aſſent of the Soul to God that could be affected of thee, who waſt perfectly united unto God; but as for us thou wouldſt ſuffer death, ſo for us thou wouldſt ſuffer hunger, that we might learn by faſting to prepare our ſelves for Tentations. In faſting ſo long, thou intendeſt the manifeſtation of thy power; in faſting no longer, the truth of thy manhood. *Moſes* and *Elias*, through the miraculous F ſuſtentation of God, faſted ſo long, without any queſtion made of the truth of their bodies: So long therefore thou thoughteſt good to faſt, as by the reaſon of theſe precedents might be without prejudice of thine Humanity; which if it ſhould have pleaſed thee to ſupport, as thou couldſt, without means, thy very Power might have opened the mouth of cavils againſt the verity of thy Humane nature. That thou mighteſt therefore well approve, that there was no

difference betwixt thee and us but ſin, thou that couldſt have faſted without hunger, and lived without meat, wouldſt both feed, and faſt, and hunger. A

Who can be diſcouraged with the ſcantneſſe of friends or bodily proviſions, when he ſees his Saviour thus long deſtitute of all earthly comforts, both of ſociety and ſuſtenance? Oh the policie and malice of that old Serpent! when he ſees Chriſt bewray ſome infirmity of nature in being hungry, then he layes ſoreſt at him by temptations. His eye was never off from our Saviour all the time of his ſequeſtration; and now that he thinks he eſpies any one part to lye open, he drives at it with all his might. We have to do with an Adverſary no leſſe vigilant then malicious, who will be ſure to watch all opportunities of our miſchief, and where he ſees any advantage of weakneſſe, will not neglect it. B How ſhould we ſtand upon our guard for prevention, that both we may not give him occaſions of our hurt, nor take hurt by thoſe we have given?

When our Saviour was hungry, Satan tempts him in matter of Food; not then, of Wealth or Glorie: He well knows both what baits to fiſh withall, and when and how to lay them. How ſafe and happy ſhall we be, if we ſhall bend our greateſt care where we diſcern the moſt danger?

In every Temptation there is an appearance of good, whether of the body, of mind, or eſtate. The firſt is the *luſt of the fleſh*, in any carnal deſire; the ſecond, the *pride of* heart and *life*; the third, the *luſt of the eyes*. To all theſe the firſt *Adam* is tempted, and in all miſcarried; the ſecond *Adam* is C tempted to them all, and overcometh. The firſt man was tempted to Carnal appetite by the forbidden fruit; to Pride, by the ſuggeſtion of being as God; to Covetouſneſſe, in the ambitious deſire of knowing good and evil. Satan having found all the motions ſo ſucceſſeful with the firſt *Adam* in his innocent eſtate, will now tread the ſame ſteps in his temptations of the ſecond. The ſtones muſt be made bread; there is the motion to a Carnal appetite. The guard and attendance of Angels muſt be preſumed on; there is a motion to Pride. The Kingdomes of the Earth and the glory of them muſt be offered; there to Covetouſneſſe and Ambition.

Satan could not but have heard God ſay, *This is my welbeloved Son*, he had D heard the Meſſage and the Carol of the Angels, he ſaw the Star and the journey, and Offerings of the Sages, he could not but take notice of the gratulations of *Zachary*, *Simeon*, *Anna*, he well knew the Predictions of the Prophets; yet now that he ſaw Chriſt fainting with hunger, as not comprehending how infirmities could conſiſt with a Godhead, he can ſay, *If thou be the Son of God*. Had not Satan known that the Son of God was to come into the World, he had never ſaid, *If thou be the Son of God*. His very ſuppoſition convinces him: The ground of his Temptation anſwers it ſelf. If therefore Chriſt ſeemed to be a mere man, becauſe after forty daies he was hungry; why was he not confeſſed more then a man, in that for forty daies he hungred not? The mo- E tive of the Temptation is worſe then the motion; *If thou be the Son of God*. Satan could not chuſe another ſuggeſtion of ſo great importance. All the work of our Redemption, of our Salvation, depends upon this one Truth, Chriſt is the Son of God. How ſhould he elſe have ranſomed the World? how ſhould he have done, how ſhould he have ſuffered that which was ſatisfactory to his Fathers wrath? how ſhould his actions or Paſſion have been valuable to the ſin of all the World? What marvel is it if we that are ſons by Adoption be aſſaulted with the doubts of our intereſt in God, when the natural Son, the Son of his Eſſence is thus tempted? Since all our comfort conſiſts in this point, here muſt needs be laid the chief battery; and here muſt be F placed our ſtrongeſt defence.

To turn Stones into Bread, had been no more faulty in it ſelf then to turn Water into Wine: But to do this in a diſtruſt of his Fathers Providence, to abuſe his power and liberty in doing it, to work a Miracle of Satans choice, had been diſagreeable to the Son of God. There is nothing more

A more ordinary with our spiritual enemy, then by occasion of want to move us to unwarrantable courses: Thou art poor, steal; Thou canst not rise by honest means, use indirect. How easie had it been for our Saviour to have confounded Satan by the power of his Godhead? But he rather chuses to vanquish him by the Sword of the Spirit, that he might teach us how to resist & overcome the powers of darkness. If he had subdued Satan by the Almighty power of the Deity, we might have had what to wonder at, not what to imitate: now he useth that weapon which may be familiar unto us, that he may teach our weakness how to be victorious. Nothing in Heaven or earth can beat the forces of Hell, but the word of God. How carefully should we furnish our selves with
B this powerful munition? how should our hearts and mouths be full of it? *Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Statutes: O take not from me the words of Truth. Let them be my Songs in the house of my pilgrimage: So shall I make answer to my Blasphemers.* What needed Christ to have answered Satan at all, if it had not been to teach us that Temptations must not have their way; but must be answered by resistance, and resisted by the Word?

I do not hear our Saviour aver himself to be a God, against the blasphemous insinuation of Satan; neither do I see him working this miraculous Conversion, to prove himself the Son of God: but most wisely he takes away the ground of the Temptation. Satan had taken it for granted, that
C man cannot be sustained without bread; and therefore infers the necessity of making bread of stones. Our Saviour shews him from an infallible Word, that he had mislayed his suggestion; That man *lives* not by usual food only, but *by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.* He can either sustain without bread, as he did *Moses* and *Elias*; or with a miraculous bread, as the *Israelites* with Manna; or send ordinary means miraculously, as food to his Prophet by the Ravens; or miraculously multiply ordinary means, as the Meal and Oyle to the *Sareptan* Widow. All things are sustained by his Almighty Word. Indeed we live by food, but not by any virtue that is without God; without the concurrence of whose Providence, bread would
D rather choak then nourish us. Let him withdraw his hand from his creatures, in their greatest abundance we perish. Why do we therefore bend our eyes on the means, and not look up to the hand that gives the blessing?

What so necessary dependance hath the blessing upon the creature, if our Prayers hold them not together? As we may not neglect the means, so we may not neglect the procurement of a blessing upon the means, nor be unthankful to the hand that hath given the blessing.

In the first assault Satan moves Christ to doubt of his Fathers Providence, and to use unlawful means to help himself: in the next, he moves him to presume upon his Fathers protection, and the service of his blessed
E Angels. He grounds the first upon a conceit of want, the next of abundance. If he be in extremes, it is all to one end, to mislead unto evil: If we cannot be driven down to despair, he labours to lift us up to presumption. It is not one foil than can put this bold spirit out of countenance. Temptations, like waves, break one in the neck of another. Whiles we are in this warfare, we must make account that the repulse of one Temptation doth but invite to another.

That Blessed Saviour of ours that was content to be led from *Jordan* into the Wilderness, for the advantage of the first Temptation, yields to be led from the Wilderness to *Jerusalem*, for the advantage of the second.
F The place doth not a little avail to the act. The Wilderness was fit for a Temptation arising from Want, it was not fit for a Temptation moving to Vain-glory; the populous City was the fittest for such a motion. *Jerusalem* was the glory of the World, the Temple was the glory of *Jerusalem*, the Pinnacles, the highest piece of the Pinnacle, there is Christ content to be set for the opportunity of Tentation. O Saviour of men, how

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can we wonder enough at this Humility of thine, that thou wouldeſt ſo farre abaſe thy ſelf as to ſuffer thy pure and ſacred Body to be tranſported by the preſumptuous and malicious hand of that unclean Spirit? It was not his Power, it was thy Patience that deſerves our admiration. Neither can this ſeem over-ſtrange to us, when we conſider that if Satan be the head of wicked men, wicked men are the members of Satan. What was *Pilate*, or the Jews that perſecuted thine innocence, but limbs of this Devil? And why are we then amazed, to ſee thee touched and locally tranſported by the head, when we ſee thee yielding thy ſelf over to be crucified by the members? If Satan did the worſe and greater mediately by their hands, no marvel if he doe the leſſe and eaſier immediately by his own; yet neither of them without thy voluntary diſpenſation. He could not have looked at thee without thee. And if the Son of God did thus ſuffer his own holy and precious Body to be carried by Satan; what wonder is it if that Enemy have ſometimes power given him over the ſinful bodies of the adopted ſons of God? It is not the ſtrength of Faith that can ſecure us from the outward violences of that Evil one. This difference I finde betwixt his ſpiritual and bodily aſſaults: thoſe are beaten back by the ſhield of Faith, theſe admit not of ſuch repulſe. As the beſt man may be lame, blind, diſeaſed; ſo, through the permiſſion of God, he may be bodily vexed by an old Man-ſlayer. Grace was never given us for a Target againſt externall Afflictions.

Methinks I ſee Chriſt hoiſed upon the higheſt battlements of the Temple, whoſe very roof was an hundred and thirty Cubits high; and Satan ſtanding by him with this ſpeech in his mouth: "Well then, ſince in the matter of "nouriſhment thou wilt needs depend upon thy Father's Providence, that "he can without means ſuſtain thee, take now further tryall of that Provi- "dence in thy miraculous preſervation; Caſt thy ſelf down from this height. "Behold, thou art here in *Jeruſalem*, the famous and holy City of the "World; here thou art, on the top of the pinnacle of that Temple which "is dedicated to thy Father, and, if thou be God, to thy ſelf. The eyes "of all men are now fixt upon thee: there cannot be deviſed a more "ready way to ſpread thy glory and to proclaim thy Deity, then by ca- "ſting thy ſelf headlong to the Earth. All the World will ſay there is "more in thee then a man. And for danger, there can be none. What "can hurt him that is the Son of God? and wherefore ſerves that glorious "Guard of Angels, which have by Divine Commiſſion taken upon them "the charge of thine Humanity? Since therefore in one act thou mayeſt be "both ſafe and celebrated, truſt thy Father and thoſe thy ſerviceable Spirits "with thine aſſured preſervation; *Caſt thy ſelf down.* And why didſt thou not, O thou malignant ſpirit, endeavour to caſt down my Saviour by thoſe ſame preſumptuous hands that brought him up, ſince the deſcent is more eaſie then the raiſing up? Was it for that it had not been ſo great an advantage to thee that he ſhould fall by thy means as by his own? Falling into ſin was more then to fall from the pinnacle. Still thy care and ſuit is, to make us Authours to our ſelves of evil: thou gaineſt nothing by our bodily hurt, if the Soul be ſafe. Or was it rather for that thou couldeſt not? I doubt not but thy Malice could as well have ſerved to have offered this meaſure to himſelf, as to his holy Apoſtle ſoon after. But he that bounded thy power, tethers thee ſhorter. Thou couldeſt not, thou canſt not do what thou wouldſt. He that would permit thee to carry him up, bindes thy hands from caſting him down. And woe were it for us if thou wert not ever ſtinted.

Why did Satan carry up Chriſt ſo high, but on purpoſe that his fall might be the more deadly? So deals he ſtill with us; he exalts us, that we may be dangerouſly abaſed: he puffs them up with ſwelling thoughts of their own worthineſſe, that they may be vile in the eyes of God, and fall into condemnation.

A nation. It is the manner of God, to cast down that he may raise, to abase that he may exalt: Contrarily Satan raises up that he may throw down, and intends nothing but our dejection in our advancement.

Height of place gives opportunity of Tentation. Thus busie is that Wicked one in working against the members of Christ. If any of them be in eminence above others, those he labours most to ruinate. They had need to stand fast, that stand high. There is both more danger of their falling, and more hurt in their fall.

He that had presumed thus far, to tempt the Lord of Life, would fain now dare him also to presume upon his Deity: *If thou be the Son of God, cast*
B *thy self down.* There is not a more tried shaft in all his quiver then this; a perswasion to men, to bear themselves too bold upon the favour of God. Thou art the Elect and Redeemed of God; sin, because Grace hath abounded; sin, that it may abound. Thou art safe enough though thou offend: be not too much an adversary to thine own liberty. False spirit! it is no liberty to sinne, but servitude rather; there is liberty, but in the freedome from sin. Every one of us that hath the hope of Sons, must *purge himself, even as he is pure* that hath redeemed us. *We are bought with a price, therefore must we glorifie God in our body and spirits*; for they are God's. Our Sonship teaches us awe and obedience; and therefore because we are Sons, we will not cast our
C selves down into sin.

How idlely do Satan and wicked men measure God by the crooked line of their own misconceit? Iwis, Christ cannot be the Son of God, unless he cast himself down from the Pinnacle, unless he come down from the Crosse. God is not merciful unless he honour them in all their desires; not just, unless he take speedy vengeance where they require it. But when they have spent their folly upon these vain imaginations, Christ is the Son of God, though he stay on the top of the Temple. God will be merciful, though we miscarry; and just, though sinners seem lawless. Neither will he be any other then he is, or measured by any rule but himself.

D But what is this I see? Satan himself with a Bible under his arm, with a Text in his mouth, *It is written, He shall give his Angels charge over thee?* How still in that Wicked one doth Subtilty strive with Presumption? Who could not but over-wonder at this, if he did not consider, that since the Devil dar'd to touch the sacred Body of Christ with his hand, he may well touch the Scriptures of God with his tongue? Let no man henceforth marvel to hear Hereticks or Hypocrites quote Scriptures, when Satan himself hath not spared to cite them. What are they the worse for this, more then that holy Body wich is transported? Some have been poisoned by their meats and drinks; yet either these nourish us, or nothing. It is not
E the Letter of the Scripture that can carry it, but the Sense; if we divide these two, we prophane and abuse that Word we alledge. And wherefore doth this foul spirit urge a Text, but for imitation, for prevention, and for successe? Christ had alledged a Scripture unto him; he re-alledges Scripture unto Christ. At leastwise he will counterfeit an imitation of the Son of God. Neither is it in this alone: what one act ever passed the hand of God, which Satan did not apishly attempt to second? If we follow Christ in the outward action with contrary intentions, we follow Satan in following Christ. Or, perhaps, Satan meant to make Christ hereby weary of this weapon: As we see fashions, when they are taken up of the unworthy, are cast off
F by the Great. It was, doubtless, one cause why Christ afterward forbad the Devil even to confesse the Truth, because his mouth was a slander. But chiefly doth he this, for a better colour of his Tentation: He gilds over this false metall with Scripture, that it may passe current. Even now is Satan transformed into an Angel of Light, and will seem godly for a mischief. If Hypocrites make a fair shew to deceive with a glorious lustre of Holinesse, we see whence they borrowed

borrowed it. How many thouſand ſouls are betraied by the abuſe of that Word whoſe uſe is ſoveraign and ſaving? No Devil is ſo dangerous as the religious Devil. If good meat turn to the nouriſhment, not of Nature, but of the Diſeaſe, we may not forbear to feed, but endeavour to purge the body of thoſe evil humours which cauſe the ſtomach to work againſt it ſelf. O God, thou that haſt given us light, give us clear and ſound eyes, that we may take comfort of that Light thou haſt given us. Thy Word is holy, make our hearts ſo; and then ſhall they finde that Word not more true then cordial. Let not this Divine Table of thine be made a ſnare to our ſouls. A

What can be a better act then to ſpeak Scripture? It were a wonder if Satan ſhould do a good thing well. He cites Scripture then, but with mutilation and diſtortion; it comes not out of his mouth, but maimed and perverted: One piece is left, all miſapplied. Thoſe that wreſt or mangle Scripture for their own turn, it is eaſie to ſee from what School they come. Let us take the Word from the Author, not from the Uſurper. *David* would not doubt to eat that ſheep which he pulled out of the mouth of the Bear or Lion. *He ſhall give his Angels charge over thee:* Oh comfortable aſſurance of our protection. God's children never goe unattended. Like unto great Princes, we walk ever in the midſt of our guard; though inviſible, yet true, careful, powerful. What creatures are ſo glorious as the Angels of Heaven? yet their Maker hath ſet them to ſerve us. Our Adoption makes us at once great and ſafe. We may be contemptible and ignominious in the eyes of the world; but the Angels of God obſerve us the while, and ſcorn not to wait upon us in our homelieſt occaſions. The Sun or the Light may we keep out of our houſes, the Aire we cannot; much leſſe theſe Spirits that are more ſimple and immaterial. No walls, no bolts can ſever them from our ſides: they accompany us in dungeons, they goe with us into our exile. How can we either fear danger or complain of ſolitarineſſe, whiles we have ſo unſeparable, ſo glorious Companions? B C

Is our Saviour diſtaſted with Scripture, becauſe Satan miſ-laies it in his diſh? Doth he not rather ſnatch this ſword out of that impure hand, & beat Satan with the weapon which he abuſeth? *It is written, Thou ſhalt not tempt the Lord thy God.* The Scripture is one, as that God whoſe it is: Where it carries an appearance of difficulty or inconvenience, it needs no light to clear it but that which it hath in it ſelf. All doubts that may ariſe from it are fully anſwered by collation. It is true that God hath taken this care and given this charge of his own: he will have them kept, not in their ſins: they may truſt him, they may not tempt him: he meant to incourage their Faith, not their Preſumption. To caſt our ſelves upon any immediate Providence when means fail not, is to diſobey, inſtead of believing God. We may challenge God on his Word, we may not ſtrain him beyond it: we may make account of what he promiſed, we may not ſubject his Promiſes to unjuſt examinations; and where no need is, make triall of his Power, Juſtice, Mercy, by devices of our own. All the Devils in Hell could not elude the force of this Divine anſwer: and now Satan ſees how vainly he tempteth Chriſt to tempt God. D E

Yet again, for all this, do I ſee him ſetting upon the Son of God. Satan is not foiled when he is reſiſted. Neither diffidence nor preſumption can faſten upon Chriſt; he ſhall be tried with Honour. As ſome expert Fencer that challenges at all weapons, ſo doth his great Enemy. In vain ſhall we plead our skill in ſome, if we fail in any. It muſt be our wiſedome to be prepared for all kinde of aſſaults: as thoſe that hold Towns and Forts do not only defend themſelves from incurſions, but from the Cannon and the Pionier. Still doth that ſubtil Serpent traverſe his ground for an advantage. The Temple is not high enough for his next Tentation; he therefore carries up Chriſt to the top of an exceeding high Mountain. All enemies in pitcht fields ſtrive for the benefit of the Hill, or River, or Wind, or Sun. That which his ſervant *Balac* did by his inſtigation, himſelf doth now immediately, change places in hope of prevailing. If F

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A the obscure Country will not move us, he tries what the Court can do; if not our home, the Tavern; if not the field, our closet. As no place is left free by his malice, so no place must be made prejudicial by our carelesnesse: and as we should alwaies watch over our selves, so then most when the opportunity carries cause of suspicion.

Wherefore is Christ carried up so high, but for prospect? If the Kingdomes of the earth and their glory were only to be presented to his imagination, the Valley would have served; if to the outward sense, no Hill could suffice. Circular bodies though small, cannot be seen at once. This shew was made to both; divers Kingdomes lying round about *Judæa* were represented to the eye, the
B glory of them to the imagination. Satan meant the eye could tempt the fancy, no less then the fancie could tempt the will. How many thousand souls have died of the wound of the eye? If we do not let in sin at the window of the eye or the door of the eare, it cannot enter into our hearts.

If there be any pomp, majestie, pleasure, bravery in the world, where should it be but in the Courts of Princes, whom God hath made his Images, his Deputies on earth? There is soft rayment, sumptuous feasts, rich jewels, honourable attendance, glorious triumphs, royal state; these Satan laies out to the faireſt shew. But oh the craft of that old Serpent! Many a care attends Greatnesse: No Crown is without thorns: High seats are never but uneasie. All
C those infinite discontentments which are the shadow of earthly Soveraigntie, he hides out of the way; nothing may be seen but what may both please and allure. Satan is still and ever like himself. If Tentations might be but turn'd about and shewn on both sides, the Kingdome of darkness would not be so populous. Now whensoever the Tempter sets upon any poor soul, all sting of conscience, wrath, judgment, torment is concealed, as if they were not: nothing may appear to the eye but pleasure, profit, and a seeming happinesse in the enjoying our desires. Those other woful objects are reserved for the farewell of sin; that our misery may be seen and felt at once. When we are once sure, Satan is a Tyrant; till then, he is a Parasite. There can be no safety, if we do not view
D as well the back as the face of Tentations.

But oh presumption and impudence, that Hell it self may be ashamed of! The Devil dares say to Christ, *All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me*: That beggerly spirit, that hath not an inch of earth, can offer the whole world to the maker, to the owner of it: The slave of God would be adored of his Creator. How can we hope he should be sparing of false boasts and of unreasonable promises unto us, when he dares offer Kingdomes to him by whom Kings reign?

Tentations on the right hand are most dangerous. How many that have been hardned with Fear, have melted with Honour? There is no doubt of that
E soul that will not bite at the golden hook.

False lyars and vain-glorious boasters see the top of their pedigree; if I may not rather say, that Satan doth borrow the use of their tongues for a time: Whereas faithfull is he that hath promised, who will also do it. Fidelity and truth is the issue of Heaven.

If Idolatry were not a dear sin to Satan, he would not be so importunate to compasse it. It is miserable to see how he draws the world insensibly into this sin, which they professe to detest. Those that would rather hazard the fornace then worship Gold in a Statue, yet do adore in it the stamp, and finde no fault with themselves. If our hearts be drawn to stoop unto an over-high respect of
F any creature, we are Idolaters. O God, it is no marvel if thy jealousie be kindled at the admission of any of thine own works into a competition of honour with their Creator.

Never did our Saviour say, *Avoid Satan*, till now. It is a just indignation that is conceived at the motion of a rivaltie with God. Neither yet did Christ exercise his Divine power in this command, but by the necessary force of Scri-

pture drives away that impure Tempter; *It is written, Thou ſhalt worſhip the Lord thy God, and him only ſhalt thou ſerve.* The reſt of our Saviours anſwers were more full and direct then that they could admit of a reply; but this was ſo flat and abſolute, that it utterly daunted the courage of Satan, and put him to a ſhameful flight, and made him for the time weary of his trade.

The way to be rid of the troubleſome ſolicitations of that Wicked one, is continued reſiſtance. He that forcibly drove the Tempter from himſelf, takes him off from us, and will not abide his aſſaults perpetual. It is our exerciſe and Triall that he intends, not our Confuſion.

Simon *called.*

AS the Sun in his firſt riſing draws all eyes to it; ſo did this Sun of Righteouſneſs when he firſt ſhone forth into the world. His miraculous cures drew Patients, his Divine doctrine drew Auditors; both together drew the admiring multitude by troops after him. And why do we not ſtill follow thee, O Saviour, through deſarts and mountains, over land and ſeas, that we may be both healed and taught? It was thy word that when thou wert lift up, thou wouldſt draw all men unto thee: Behold, thou art lift up long ſince, both to the tree of ſhame, and to the throne of heavenly glory; *Draw us, and we ſhall run after thee.* Thy word is ſtill the ſame, though proclaimed by men; thy virtue is ſtill the ſame, though exerciſed upon the ſpirits of men. Oh give us to hunger after both, that by both our ſouls may be ſatisfied.

I ſee the people not onely following Chriſt, but preſſing upon him: even very unmannerlineſs findes here both excuſe and acceptation. They did not keep their diſtances in an awe to the Majeſty of the Speaker, whiles they were raviſhed with the power of the Speech; yet did not our Saviour check their unreverent thronging, but rather incourages their forwardneſs. We cannot offend thee, O God, with the importunity of our deſires. It likes thee well, that the Kingdome of Heaven ſhould ſuffer violence. Our ſlackneſs doth ever diſpleaſe thee, never our vehemency.

The throng of Auditors forced Chriſt to leave the ſhore, and to make *Peter*'s ſhip his pulpit. Never were there ſuch nets caſt out of that fiſher-boat before. Whiles he was upon the Land, he healed the ſick bodies by his touch; now that he was upon the Sea, he cured the ſick Souls by his doctrine; and is purpoſely ſevered from the multitude, that he may unite them to him. He that made both Sea and Land, cauſeth both of them to conſpire to the opportunities of doing good.

Simon was buſie waſhing his nets. Even thoſe nets that caught nothing muſt be waſhed, no leſſe then if they had ſped well. The nights toile doth not excuſe his daies work. Little did *Simon* think of leaving thoſe nets which he ſo carefully waſhed; and now Chriſt interrupts him with the favour and bleſſing of his gracious preſence. Labour in our calling (how homely ſoever) makes us capable of Divine benediction. The honeſt fiſher-man, when he ſaw the people flock after Chriſt, and heard him ſpeak with ſuch power, could not but conceive a general and confuſe apprehenſion of ſome excellent worth in ſuch a Teacher, and therefore is glad to honour his ſhip with ſuch a Gueſt; and is firſt Chriſt's Hoſt by Sea, ere he is his Diſciple by land. An humble and ſerviceable entertainment of a Prophet of God, was a good foundation of his future honour. He that would ſo eaſily lend Chriſt his hand and his ſhip, was likely ſoon after to beſtow himſelf upon his Saviour.

Simon

A *Simon* hath no ſooner done this ſervice to Chriſt, then Chriſt is preparing for his reward: when the Sermon is ended, the ſhip-room ſhall be paid for abundantly: neither ſhall the Hoſt exſpect any other pay-maſter then himſelf. *Lanch forth into the deep, and let down your Nets to make a draught.* That ſhip which lent Chriſt an opportunity of catching men upon the ſhore, ſhall be requited with a plentiful draught of fiſh in the deep. It had been as eaſie for our Saviour to have brought the fiſh to *Peter*'s ſhip, cloſe to the ſhore; yet as chuſing rather to have the ſhip carried to the ſhole of fiſh, he bids *Lanch forth into the deep.* In his Miracles he loves ever to meet Nature in her bounds; and when ſhe hath done her beſt, to ſupply the reſt by his over-
B ruling power. The ſame power therefore that could have cauſed the fiſhes to leap upon drie land, or to leave themſelves forſaken of the waters upon the ſands of the Lake, will rather finde them in a place natural to their abiding. *Lanch out into the deep.*

Rather in a deſire to gratifie and obey his gueſt, then to pleaſure himſelf, will *Simon* beſtow one caſt of his net. Had Chriſt injoyned him an harder task, he had not refuſed; yet not without an allegation of the unlikelihood of ſucceſſe, *Maſter, we have travailed all night, and caught nothing; yet at thy word I will let down the Net.* The night was the fitteſt time for the hopes of their trade; not unjuſtly might *Simon* miſdoubt his ſpeed by day, when he
C had worn out the night in unprofitable labour. Sometimes God croſſeth the faireſt of our exſpectations, and gives a bleſſing to thoſe times and means whereof we deſpair. That pains cannot be caſt away, which we reſolve to loſe for Chriſt. O God, how many do I ſee caſting out their Nets in the great Lake of the World, which in the whole night of their life have caught nothing? *They conceive miſchief, and bring forth iniquity; they hatch Cockatrices egges, and weave the Spiders web: he that eateth of their egges dieth, and that which is trodden upon breaketh out into a Serpent; their webs ſhall be no garment, neither ſhall they cover themſelves with their labours.*

D *O ye ſons of men, how long will ye love vanity, and follow after lies?* Yet if we have thus vainly miſſpent the time of our darkneſs, let us at the command of Chriſt caſt out our new-waſhen nets: our humble and penitent obedience ſhall come home laden with bleſſings. *And when they had ſo done, they incloſed a great multitude of fiſhes, ſo that their Net brake.* What a difference there is betwixt our own voluntary acts and thoſe that are done upon command; not more in the grounds of them, then in the iſſue? thoſe are oft-times fruitleſſe, theſe ever ſucceſsfull. Never man threw out his Net at the word of his Saviour, and drew it back empty. Who would not obey thee, O Chriſt, ſince thou doſt ſo bountifully requite our weakeſt ſervices? It was
E not mere retribution that was intended in this event, but inſtruction alſo: This act was not without a myſterie. He that ſhould be made a fiſher of men, ſhall in this draught foreſee his ſucceſs. *The Kingdome of Heaven is like a draw-net caſt into the Sea, which when it is full, men draw to land.* The very firſt draught that *Peter* made after the complement of his Apoſtleſhip, incloſed no leſſe then three thouſand Souls. O powerful Goſpel, that can fetch ſinful men from out of the depths of natural corruption! O happy ſouls, that from the blinde and muddy cells of our wicked nature, are drawn forth to the glorious liberty of the ſons of God! *Simon*'s Net breaks with the ſtore. Abundance is ſometimes no leſſe troubleſome then want. The Net ſhould
F have held, if Chriſt had not meant to over-charge *Simon* both with bleſſing and admiration. How happily is that Net broken, whoſe rupture draws the fiſher to Chriſt? Though the net brake, yet the fiſh eſcaped not: He that brought them thither to be taken, held them there till they were taken. *They beckned to their partners in the other ſhip, that they ſhould come and help them.* There are other ſhips in partnerſhip with *Peter*, he doth not fiſh all the

Lake alone. There cannot be a better improvement of ſociety then to help us gain, to relieve us in our profitable labours, to draw up the ſpiritual draught into the veſſel of Chriſt and his Church. Wherefore hath God given us partners, but that we ſhould becken to them for their aid in our neceſſary occaſions? Neither doth *Simon* ſlacken his hand, becauſe he had aſſiſtants. What ſhall we ſay to thoſe lazie fiſhers, who can ſet others to the Drag, whiles themſelves look on at eaſe; caring only to feed themſelves with the fiſh, not willing to wet their hands with the Net? What ſhall we ſay to this exceſſe of gain? The Nets break, the ſhips ſink with their burden. Oh happy complaint of too large a capture! O Saviour, if thoſe Apoſtolical veſſels of thy firſt rigging were thus overlaid, ours flote and totter with a ballaſted lightneſs. Thou, who art no leſſe preſent in theſe bottoms of ours, lade them with an equall fraught of converted ſouls, and let us praiſe thee for thus ſinking. A B

Simon was a skilfull Fiſher, and knew well the depth of his trade; and now perceiving more then Art or Nature in this draught, he falls down at the knees of *Jeſus*, ſaying, *Lord, goe from me, for I am a ſinfull man.* Himſelf is caught in this Net. He doth not greedily fall upon ſo unexſpected and profitable a booty, but he turns his eyes from the draught to himſelf, from the Act to the Author, acknowledging vileneſs in the one, in the other Majeſtie: *Goe from me, Lord, for I am a ſinfull man.* C

It had been pity the honeſt Fiſher-man ſhould have been taken at his word. O *Simon*, thy Saviour is come into thine own ſhip to call thee, to call others by thee unto bleſſedneſs, and doſt thou ſay, *Lord, goe from me?* As if the Patient ſhould ſay to the Phyſician, Depart from me, for I am ſick. It was the voice of aſtoniſhment, not of diſlike; the voice of humility, not of diſcontentment: yea, becauſe thou art a ſinfull man, therefore hath thy Saviour need to come to thee, to ſtay with thee; and becauſe thou art humble in the acknowledgment of thy ſinfulneſs, therefore Chriſt delights to abide with thee, and will call thee to abide with him. No man ever fared the worſe for abaſing himſelf to his God. Chriſt hath left many a ſoul for froward and unkinde uſage; never any for the diſparagement of it ſelf, and intreaties of humility. *Simon* could not deviſe how to hold Chriſt faſter, then by thus ſuing to him to be gone, then by thus pleading his unworthineſs. D

O my Soul, be not weary of complaining of thine own wretchedneſs; diſgrace thy ſelf to him that knows thy vileneſſe; be aſtoniſhed at thoſe mercies which have ſhamed thine ill deſervings. Thy Saviour hath no power to goe away from a proſtrate heart. He that reſiſts the proud, heartens the lowly: *Fear not, for I will make thee henceforth a Fiſher of men.* Loe, this Humility is rewarded with an Apoſtleſhip. What had the Earth ever more glorious then a Legacie from Heaven? He that bade Chriſt goe from him, ſhall have the honour to goe firſt on this happy errand. This was a Trade that *Simon* had no skill of: it could not but be enough to him, that Chriſt ſaid, *I will make thee*; the Miracle ſhewed him able to make good his word. He that hath power to command the Fiſhes to be taken, can eaſily inable the hands to take them. E

What is this Divine Trade of ours then but a ſpiritual Piſcation? The World is a Sea; Souls, like fiſhes, ſwim at liberty in this Deep; the Nets of wholſome Doctrine draw up ſome to the ſhore of Grace and Glory. How much skill, and toile, and patience is requiſite in this Art? *Who is ſufficient for theſe things?* This Sea, theſe Nets, the Fiſhers, the Fiſh, the Veſſels are all thine, O God; doe what thou wilt in us and by us. Give us ability and grace to take; give men will and grace to be taken; and take thou glory by that which thou haſt given. F

A

The Marriage in Cana.

WAS this then thy firſt Miracle, O Saviour, that thou wroughteſt in *Cana* of *Galilee*? And could there be a greater Miracle then this, that having been thirty years upon earth, thou didſt no miracle till now? that thy Divinity did hide it ſelf thus long in fleſh? that ſo long thou wouldſt lie obſcure in a corner of *Galilee*, unknown to that world thou cameſt to redeem? that ſo long thou wouldſt ſtrain the patient expectation of thoſe, who ever ſince thy Star waited upon the revelation of a
B *Meſſias*? We ſilly wretches, if we have but a dram of vertue, are ready to ſet it out to the beſt ſhew: thou, who *receivedſt not the Spirit by meaſure*, wouldſt content thy ſelf with a willing obſcurity; and concealedſt that power that made the world, in the roof of an humane breaſt, in a cottage of *Nazareth*. O Saviour, none of thy miracles is more worthy of aſtoniſhment then thy not doing of miracles. What thou didſt in private, thy wiſdome thought fit for ſecrecy: but if thy Bleſſed Mother had not been acquainted with ſome domeſtical wonders, ſhe had not now expected a miracle abroad. The Stars are not ſeen by day; the Sun it ſelf is not ſeen by night. As it is no ſmall art to hide Art, ſo is it no ſmall glory to conceal glory. Thy firſt publick Miracle gra-
C ceth a Marriage. It is an ancient and laudable inſtitution, that the rites of Matrimony ſhould not want a ſolemn celebration. When are Feaſts in ſeaſon, if not at the recovery of our loſt rib; if not at this main change of our eſtate, wherein the joy of obtaining meets with the hope of further comforts? The Son of the Virgin, and the Mother of that Son, are both at a wedding. It was in all likelihood ſome of their kindred, to whoſe nuptial feaſt they were invited ſo far: yet was it more the honour of the Act then of the Perſon that Chriſt intended. He that made the firſt Marriage in Paradiſe, beſtows his firſt Miracle upon a *Galilean* marriage. He that was the Author of Matrimony and ſanctified it, doth by his holy preſence honour the reſemblance of his eter-
D nal union with his Church. How boldly may we ſpit in the faces of all the impure Adverſaries of wedlock, when the Son of God pleaſes to honour it?

The glorious Bridegroom of the Church knew well how ready men would be to place ſhame even in the moſt lawful conjunctions; and therefore his firſt work ſhall be to countenance his own Ordinance. Happy is that Wedding where Chriſt is a gueſt. O Saviour, thoſe that marry in thee, cannot marry without thee. There is no holy Marriage whereat thou art not (however inviſible, yet) truly preſent by thy Spirit, by thy gracious benediction. Thou makeſt marriages in Heaven, thou bleſſeſt them from Heaven. O thou that haſt betrothed us to thy ſelf in Truth & Righteouſneſs, do thou conſummate that happy Mar-
E riage of ours in the higheſt Heavens. It was no rich or ſumptuous Bridal to which Chriſt with his Mother & Diſciples vouchſafed to come from the further parts of *Galilee*. I find him not at the magnificent Feaſts or triumphs of the Great. The proud pomp of the World did not agree with the ſtate of a ſervant. This poor needy Bridegroom wants drink for his gueſts. The Bleſſed Virgin (though a ſtranger to the houſe) out of a charitable compaſſion, and a friendly deſire to maintain the decencie of an hoſpital entertainment, inquires into the wants of her Hoſt, pities them, bemoans them where there was power of redreſſe: *When the wine failed, the mother of Jeſus ſaid unto him, They have no wine*. How well doth it beſeem the eyes of piety and Chriſtian love, to look
F into the neceſſities of others? She that conceived the God of mercies both in her heart and in her womb, doth not fix her eyes upon her own teacher, but ſearcheth into the penurie of a poor *Iſraelite*, and feels thoſe wants whereof he complains not. They are made for themſelves, whoſe thoughts are only taken up with their own ſtore or indigence.

There was wine enough for a meal, though not for a Feaſt; and if there

were not wine enough, there was enough water: yet the Holy Virgin complains of the want of wine, and is troubled with the very lack of superfluitie. The bounty of our God reaches not to our life only, but to our contentment: neither hath he thought good to allow us only the bread of sufficiency, but sometimes of pleasure. One while that is but necessary, which some other time were superfluous. It is a scrupulous injustice to scant our selves where God hath been liberal. A

To whom should we complain of any want, but to the Maker and Giver of all things? The Blessed Virgin knew to whom she sued: She had good reason to know the Divine nature and power of her Son. Perhaps the Bridegroom was not so needy, but if not by his purse, yet by his credit, he might B have supplied that want; or, it were hard if some of the neighbour-guests (had they been duely solicited) might not have furnished him with so much wine as might suffice for the last service of a dinner. But Blessed *Mary* knew a nearer way: she did not think best to lade at the shallow Channel, but runs rather to the Well-head, where she may dip and fill the Firkins at once with ease. It may be she saw that the train of Christ (which unbidden followed unto that Feast, and unexspectedly added to the number of the guests) might help forward that defect, and therefore she justly solicits her Son Jesus for a supply. Whether we want Bread, or Water, or Wine, necessaries or comforts, whither should we run, O Saviour, but to that infinite munificence of C thine, which neither denieth nor upbraideth any thing? We cannot want, we cannot abound, but from thee. Give us what thou wilt, so thou give us contentment with what thou givest.

But what is this I hear? A sharp answer to the suit of a Mother? *Oh woman, what have I to doe with thee?* He whose sweet mildness and mercy never sent away any suppliant discontented, doth he only frown upon her that bare him? He that commands us to honour Father and Mother, doth he disdain her whose flesh he took? God forbid: Love and Duty doth not exempt Parents from due admonition. She sollicited Christ as a Mother, he answers her as a Woman. If she were the Mother of his flesh, his Deity was eternal. She D might not so remember her self to be a Mother, that she should forget she was a Woman; nor so look upon him as a Son, that she should not regard him as a God. He was so obedient to her as a Mother, that withall she must obey him as her God. That part which he took from her shall observe her; she must observe that nature which came from above, and made her both a Woman and a Mother. Matter of miracle concerned the Godhead only; Supernatural things were above the sphere of fleshly relation. If now the Blessed Virgin will be prescribing either time or form unto Divine acts, *O woman, what have I to doe with thee? my hour is not come.* In all bodily actions his style was, *O Mother:* in spirituall and heavenly, *O Woman.* Neither is it for us in the holy E affairs of God to know any faces; yea, *if we have known Christ heretofore according to the flesh, henceforth know we him so no more.*

O Blessed Virgin, if in that heavenly glory wherein thou art thou canst take notice of these earthly things, with what indignation dost thou look upon the presumptuous superstition of vain men, whose suits make thee more then a solicitor of Divine favours? Thy Humanity is not lost in thy Motherhood, nor in thy Glory: The respects of Nature reach not so high as Heaven. It is far from thee to abide that honour which is stolne from thy Redeemer.

There is a Marriage whereto we are invited, yea wherein we are already F interessed, not as the Guests onely, but as the Bride; in which there shall be no want of the wine of gladnesse. It is marvel if in these earthly banquets there be not some lack. *In thy presence,* O Saviour, *there is fulnesse of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore. Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.*

Even

A Even in that rough anſwer doth the Bleſſed Virgin deſcry cauſe of hope. If his hour were not yet come, it was therefore coming: when the exſpectation of the gueſts and the neceſſity of the occaſion had made fit room for the Miracle, it ſhall come forth and challenge their wonder. Faithfully therefore and obſervantly doth ſhe turn her ſpeech from her Son to the Waiters, *Whatſoever he ſaith unto you, doe it.* How well doth it beſeem the Mother of Chriſt to agree with his Father in Heaven, whoſe voice from Heaven ſaid, *This is my well-beloved Son, hear him?* She that ſaid of her ſelf, *Be it unto me according to thy word,* ſaies unto others, *Whatſoever he ſaith to you, doe it.* This is the way to have Miracles wrought in us, obedience to his Word. The power of Chriſt
B did not ſtand upon their officiouſneſſe: he could have wrought wonders in ſpite of them; but their perverſe refuſall of his commands might have made them uncapable of the favour of a miraculous action. He that can (when he will) convince the obſtinate, will not grace the diſobedient. He that could work without us, or againſt us, will not work for us, but by us.

This very poor houſe was furniſhed with many and large veſſels for outward purification; as if ſin had dwelt upon the skin, that ſuperſtitious people ſought Holineſs in frequent waſhings. Even this rinſing fouled them with the uncleanneſſe of a traditional will-worſhip. It is the Soul which needs ſcowring; and nothing can waſh that but the blood which they deſperately wiſhed upon
C themſelves and their children, for guilt, not for expiation. *Purge thou* us, O Lord, *with hyſſop, and* we *ſhall be clean; waſh* us, *and* we *ſhall be whiter then ſnow.*

The Waiters could not but think ſtrange of ſo unſeaſonable a command, *Fill the water pots.* It is wine that we want, what do we goe to fetch water? Doth this Holy man mean thus to quench our Feaſt, and cool our ſtomacks? If there be no remedy, we could have ſought this ſupply unbidden. Yet ſo far hath the charge of Chriſts Mother prevailed, that in ſtead of carrying flagons of wine to the table, they goe to fetch pails-full of water from the Ciſterns. It is no pleading of unlikelihoods againſt the command of an Al-
D mighty power.

He that could have created wine immediately in thoſe veſſels, will rather turn water into wine. In all the courſe of his Miracles, I do never finde him making ought of nothing; all his great works are grounded upon former exiſtences. He multiplied the bread, he changed the water, he reſtored the withered limmes, he raiſed the dead, and ſtill wrought upon that which was, and did not make that which was not. What doth he in the ordinary way of nature, but turn the watery juice that ariſes up from the root into wine? He will only do this now ſuddenly and at once, which he doth uſually by ſenſible degrees. It is ever duly obſerved by the Son of God, not to doe more miracle
E then he needs.

How liberal are the proviſions of Chriſt? If he had turned but one of thoſe veſſels, it had been a juſt proof of his power, and perhaps that quantity had ſerved the preſent neceſſity: now he furniſheth them with ſo much wine as would have ſerved an hundred and fifty gueſts for an intire Feaſt. Even the meaſure magnifies at once both his power and mercy. The munificent hand of God regards not our need only, but our honeſt affluence. It is our ſin and our ſhame, if we turn his favour into wantonneſs. There muſt be firſt a filling, ere there be a drawing out. Thus in our veſſels, the firſt care muſt be of our receit; the next, of our expence. God would have us Ciſterns, not Channels.
F Our Saviour would not be his own taſter, but he ſends the firſt draught to the Governour of the Feaſt. He knew his own power, they did not: Neither would he bear witneſs of himſelf, but fetch it out of others mouths. They that knew not the original of that wine, yet praiſed the taſte; *Every man at the beginning doth ſet forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worſe: but thou haſt kept the good wine untill now.* The ſame bounty

that expreſſed it ſelf in the quantity of the Wine, ſhews it ſelf no leſſe in the excellence. Nothing can fall from that Divine hand not exquiſite: That liberality hated to provide crab-wine for his gueſts. It was fit that the miraculous effects of Chriſt (which came from his immediate hand) ſhould be more perfect then the natural. O Bleſſed Saviour, how delicate is that new Wine which we ſhall one day drink with thee in thy Fathers Kingdome! Thou ſhalt turn this water of our earthly affliction into that Wine of gladneſſe, wherewith our Souls ſhall be ſatiate for ever. *Make haſte, O my Beloved, and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon the Mountain of Spices.*

The good Centurion.

EVen the bloody trade of War yielded worthy Clients to Chriſt. This Roman Captain had learned to believe in that *Jeſus*, whom many Jews deſpiſed. No Nation, no trade can ſhut out a good heart from God. If he were a forreiner for birth, yet he was a domeſtick in heart. He could not change his blood, he could over-rule his affections. He loved that Nation which was choſen of God; and if he were not of the Synagogue, yet he built a Synagogue; where he might not be a partie, he would be a Benefactor. Next to being good, is a favouring of goodneſſe. We could not love Religion, if we utterly want it. How many true Jews were not ſo zealous? Either will or ability lacked in them, whom duty more obliged. Good affections do many times more then ſupply Nature. Neither doth God regard whence, but what we are. I do not ſee this Centurion come to Chriſt as the *Iſraelitiſh* Captain came to *Elias* in *Carmel*, but with his Cap in his hand, with much ſuit, much ſubmiſſion, by others, by himſelf: he ſends firſt the Elders of the Jews, whom he might hope that their Nation and place might make gracious: then, leſt the imployment of others might argue neglect, he ſeconds them in perſon. Cold and fruitleſſe are the motions of friends, where we do wilfully ſhut up our own lips. Importunity cannot but ſpeed well in both. Could we but ſpeak for our ſelves, as this Captain did for his ſervant, what could we poſſibly want? What marvel is it if God be not forward to give, where we care not to ask, or ask as if we cared not to receive? Shall we yet call this a ſuit, or a complaint? I hear no one word of entreaty. The leſſe is ſaid, the more is concealed: it is enough to lay open his want. He knew well that he had to deal with ſo wiſe and merciful a Phyſician, as that the opening of the malady was a craving of cure. If our ſpiritual miſeries be but confeſſed, they cannot fail of redreſs.

Great variety of Suitors reſorted to Chriſt; one comes to him for a Son, another for a Daughter, a third for himſelf: I ſee none come for his Servant, but this one Centurion. Neither was he a better man then a Maſter. His Servant is ſick: he doth not drive him out of doors, but laies him at home; neither doth he ſtand gazing by his beds-ſide, but ſeeks forth: He ſeeks forth, not to Witches or Charmers, but to Chriſt: he ſeeks to Chriſt, not with a faſhionable relation, but with a vehement aggravation of the diſeaſe. Had the Maſter been ſick, the faithfulleſt Servant could have done no more. He is unworthy to be well ſerved, that will not ſometimes wait upon his followers. Conceits of inferiority may not breed in us a neglect of charitable offices. So muſt we look down upon our Servants here on earth, as that we muſt ſtill look up to our Maſter which is in Heaven.

But why didſt thou not, O Centurion, rather bring thy Servant to Chriſt for cure, then ſue for him abſent? There was a Paralytick, whom Faith and Charity brought to our Saviour, & let down through the uncovered roof in his Bed: why was not thine ſo carried, ſo preſented? Was it out of the ſtrength

of

A of thy faith, which assured thee thou neededst not shew thy Servant to him that saw all things? One and the same grace may yield contrary effects. They, because they believed, brought the Patient to Christ; thou broughtest not thine to him, because thou believedst. Their act argued no lesse desire, thine more confidence. Thy labour was lesse, because thy Faith was more. Oh that I could come thus to my Saviour, and make such mone to him for my self, Lord, my soul is sick of unbelief, sick of self-love, sick of inordinate desires; I should not need to say more. Thy mercy, O Saviour, would not then stay by for my suit, but would prevent me (as here) with a gracious ingagement, *I will come and heal thee.* I did not hear the Centurion say either, *Come*, or,

B *Heal him:* The one he meant, though he said not; the other he neither said nor meant. Christ over-gives both his words & intentions. It is the manner of that Divine munificence, where he meets with a faithful Suitor, to give more then is requested; to give when he is not requested. The very insinuations of our necessities are no lesse violent then successefull. We think the measure of humane bountie runs over, when we obtain but what we ask with importunity: that infinite Goodnesse keeps within bounds, when it overflows the desires of our hearts.

As he said, so he did. The Word of Christ either is his act, or concurs with it. He did not stand still when he said, *I will come*, but he went as he spake.

C When the Ruler intreated him for his son, *Come down ere he dye*, our Saviour stir'd not a foot: the Centurion did but complain of the sickenesse of his servant, and Christ unasked sayes, *I will come and heal him.* That he might be farre from so much as seeming to honour wealth and despise meannesse, he that came in the shape of a Servant, would goe down to the sick Servants pallet, would not goe to the Bed of the rich Rulers Son. It is the baseſt motive of respect, that ariseth merely from outward Greatnesse. Either more Grace or more Need may justly challenge our favourable regards, no lesse then private Obligations.

D Even so, O Saviour, that which thou offeredst to doe for the Centurion's Servant, hast thou done for us. We were sick unto death; so farre had the dead palsie of sin overtaken us, that there was no life of Grace left in us: when thou wert not content to sit still in Heaven, and say, *I will cure them*; but addedst also, *I will come and cure them.* Thy self camest down accordingly to this miserable World, and hast personally healed us; so as now we shall not die but live, and declare thy works, O Lord. And oh that we could enough praise that love and mercy which hath so graciously abased thee, and could be but so low dejected before thee, as thou hast stooped low unto us; that we could be but as lowly subjects of thy goodnesse, as we are unworthy.

E O admirable return of Humility! Christ will goe down to visit the sick Servant. The Master of that Servant saies, *Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof:* the Jewish Elders, that went before to mediate for him, could say, *He is worthy that thou shouldest doe this for him*; but the Centurion, when he comes to speak for himself, *I am not worthy.* They said, He was worthy of Christ's Miracle; he sayes he is unworthy of Christ's presence. There is great difference betwixt others valuations and our own. Sometimes the world under-rates him that findes reason to set an high price upon himself. Sometimes again, it overvalues a man that knows just cause of his own humiliation. If others mistake us, this can be no warrant for our errour.

F We cannot be wise, unlesse we receive the knowledge of our selves by direct beams, not by reflection; unlesse we have learned to contemn unjust applauses, and scorning the flattery of the World, to frown upon our own vileneſſe: *Lord, I am not worthy.*

Many a one, if he had been in the Centurion's coate, would have thought well of it; a Captain, a man of good ability and command, a founder of a Synagogue, a Patron of Religion: yet he overlooks all these, and when he casts his

his eye upon the Divine worth of Christ and his own weakneſſe, he ſaies, *I am not worthy: Alas, Lord, I am a Gentile, an Alien, a man of blood; thou art holy, thou art omnipotent.* True Humility will teach us to finde out the beſt of another, and the worſt piece of our ſelves: Pride contrarily ſhews us nothing but matter of admiration in our ſelves, in others of contempt. Whiles he confeſt himſelf unworthy of any favour, he approved himſelf worthy of all. Had not Chriſt been before in his heart, he could not have thought himſelf unworthy to entertain that Gueſt within his houſe. Under the low roof of an humble breaſt doth God ever delight to dwell: The ſtate of his Palace may not be meaſured by the height, but by the depth. Brags and bold faces do oft-times carry it away with men: nothing prevails with God but our voluntary dejections. A B

It is fit the foundations ſhould be layd deep, where the building is high. The Centurion's Humility was not more low then his Faith was lofty: that reaches up into Heaven, and in the face of humane weakneſſe deſcries Omnipotence: *Onely ſay the word, and my Servant ſhall be whole.*

Had the Centurion's roof been Heaven it ſelf, it could not have been worthy to be come under of him whoſe Word was Almighty, and who was the Almighty Word of his Father. Such is Chriſt confeſſed by him that ſaies, *Onely ſay the word.* None but a Divine Power is unlimited: neither hath Faith any other bounds then God himſelf. There needs no footing to remove Mountains or Devils, but a word. Do but ſay the word, O Saviour, my ſin ſhall be remitted, my Soul ſhall be healed, my body ſhall be raiſed from duſt, both Soul and body ſhall be glorious. C

Whereupon then was the ſteddy confidence of the good Centurion? He ſaw how powerful his own word was with thoſe that were under his command, (though himſelf were under the command of another) the force whereof extended even to abſent performances; well therefore might he argue, that a free and unbounded power might give infallible commands, and that the moſt obſtinate Diſeaſe muſt therefore needs yield to the beck of the God of Nature. Weakneſſe may ſhew us what is in ſtrength; by one drop of water we may ſee what is in the main Ocean. I marvell not if the Centurion were kinde to his Servants, for they were dutifull to him; he can but ſay, *Doe this*, and it is done: theſe mutuall reſpects draw on each other; chearfull and diligent ſervice in the one calls for a due and favourable care in the other: they that neglect to pleaſe, cannot complain to be neglected. Oh that I could be but ſuch a Servant to mine heavenly Maſter! Alas! every of his commands ſaies, *Doe this*, and I doe it not: every of his inhibitions ſaies, *Doe it not*, and I doe it. He ſaies, Goe from the World; I run to it: he ſaies, *Come to me*; I run from him. Woe is me! this is not ſervice, but enmity. How can I look for favour, whiles I return Rebellion? It is a gracious Maſter whom we ſerve; there can be no duty of ours that he ſees not, that he acknowledges not, that he crowns not. We could not but be happy, if we could be officious. D E

What can be more marvellous then to ſee Chriſt marvell? All marvelling ſuppoſes an ignorance going before, and a knowledge following ſome accident unexpected: now who wrought this Faith in the Centurion, but he that wondred at it? He knew well what he wrought, becauſe he wrought what he would; yet he wondred at what he both wrought and knew, to teach us, much more to admire that which he at once knows and holds admirable.

He wrought this Faith as God, he wondred at it as man: God wrought, and man admired: he that was both, did both, to teach us where to beſtow our wonder. I never finde Chriſt wondring at gold or ſilver, at the coſtly and curious works of humane skill or induſtry: yea, when the Diſciples wondred at the magnificence of the Temple, he rebuked them rather. I finde him not wondring at the frame of Heaven and earth, nor at the orderly diſpoſition of all creatures and events; the familiarity of theſe things intercepts the admiration. F

A tion. But when he ſees the grace or acts of Faith, he ſo approves them, that he is raviſhed with wonder. He that rejoyced in the view of his Creation, to ſee that of Nothing he had made all things good, rejoyces no leſſe in the reformation of his Creature, to ſee that he had made good of evil. *Behold, thou art faire, my Love, behold, thou art faire, and there is no ſpot in thee. My Siſter, my Spouſe, thou haſt wounded my heart, thou haſt wounded my heart with one of thine eyes.*

Our Wealth, Beauty, Wit, Learning, Honour, may make us accepted of men, but it is our Faith onely that ſhall make God in love with us. And why are we of any other ſave God's Diet, to be more affected with the leaſt meaſure
B of Grace in any man, then with all the outward glories of the World? There are great men whom we juſtly pity; we can admire none but the gracious.

Neither was that plant more worth of wonder in it ſelf, then that it grew in ſuch a ſoile, with ſo little help of Rain and Sun. The weakneſſe of means addes to the praiſe and acceptation of our proficiency. To doe good upon a little is the commendation of thrift: it is ſmall thank to be full-handed in a large eſtate: As contrarily, the ſtrength of means doubles the revenge of our neglect. It is not more the ſhame of *Iſrael* then the glory of the Centurion, that our Saviour ſaies, *I have not found ſo great faith in Iſrael.* Had *Iſrael* yielded any equall Faith, it could not have been uneſpied of theſe All-ſeeing eyes: yet
C were their helps ſo much greater as their Faith was leſſe; and God never gives more then he requires. Where we have laid our Tillage and Compoſt and Seed, who would not look for a Crop? but if the uncultured fallow yield more, how juſtly is that unanſwerable ground near to a curſe?

Our Saviour did not mutter this cenſorious teſtimony to himſelf, nor whiſper it to his Diſciples, but he turned him about to the people, and ſpake it in their eares, that he might at once work their ſhame and emulation. In all other things, except ſpirituall, our ſelf-love makes us impatient of equals; much leſſe can we endure to be out-ſtripped by thoſe who are our profeſſed inferiours. It is well if any thing can kindle in us holy ambitions. Dull and
D baſe are the ſpirits of that man, that can abide to ſee another overtake him in the way and out-run him to Heaven.

He that both wrought this Faith and wondred at it, doth now reward it; *Goe thy waies, and as thou haſt believed, ſo be it unto thee.* Never was any Faith unſeen of Chriſt, never was any ſeen without allowance, never was any allowed without remuneration. The meaſure of our receits in the matter of favour, is the proportion of our belief. The infinite Mercy of God (which is ever like it ſelf) follows but one Rule in his gift to us, the Faith that he gives us. Give us, O God, to believe, and be it to us as thou wilt, it ſhall be to us above that we will.

E The Centurion ſues for his Servant, and Chriſt ſaies, *So be it unto thee.* The Servants health is the benefit of the Maſter, and the Maſters Faith is the health of the Servant. And if the Prayers of an earthly Maſter prevailed ſo much with the Son of God for the recovery of a Servant, how ſhall the interceſſion of the Son of God prevail with his Father in Heaven for us that are his impotent Children & Servants upon Earth? What can we want, O Saviour, whiles thou ſueſt for us? He that hath given thee for us, can deny thee nothing for us, can deny us nothing for thee. In thee we are happy, and ſhall be glorious. To thee, O thou mightie Redeemer of *Iſrael*, with thine eternall Father, together with thy Bleſſed Spirit, one God infinite and incomprehenſible, be
F given all Praiſe, Honour and Glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Con-

Contemplations.

THE THIRD BOOK,

Containing { *The Widows ſon raiſed.* / *The Rulers ſon healed.* / *The dumb Devil ejected.* / Matthew *called.* } { Chriſt *among the Gergeſens; or Legion, and the Gadarene Herd.* }

To my right Worthy and Worſhipful friend,
Mr JOHN GIFFORD of *Lancraſſe* in *Devon*, Eſq.
All Grace and Peace.

SIR,

I Hold it (as I ought) one of the rich mercies of God, that he hath given me favour in ſome eyes which have not ſeen me; but none, that I know, hath ſo much demerited me unknown, as your worthy Familie. Ere therefore you ſee my face, ſee my hand willingly profeſſing my thankfull obligations. Wherewith may it pleaſe you to accept of this parcel of thoughts, not unlike thoſe fellows of theirs, whom you have entertained above their deſert. Theſe ſhall preſent unto you our Bountifull Saviour, *magnifying his mercies to men in a ſweet variety; healing the Diſeaſed, raiſing the Dead, caſting out the Devil, calling in the Publican, and ſhall raiſe your heart to adore that infinite goodneſs. Every help to our Devotion deſerves to be precious; ſo much more, as the decrepit age of the World declines to an heartleſſe coldneſſe of Piety. That* God *to whoſe Honour theſe poor Labours are meant, bleſſe them in your hands, and from them to all Readers. To his Protection I heartily commend you, and the Right vertuous Gentlewoman, your worthy Wife, with all the Pledges of your happy affection, as whom you have deſerved to be*

Your truly thankful
and officious Friend,
JOS. HALL.

The Widows ſon raiſed.

THE favours of our beneficent Saviour were at the leaſt contiguous. No ſooner hath he raiſed the Centurion's Servant from his bed, then he raiſes the Widows Son from his Biere.

The fruitful clouds are not ordained to fall all in one field. *Nain* muſt partake of the bounty of Chriſt as well as *Cana*, or *Capernaum*. And if this Sun were fixed in one Orbe, yet it diffuſeth heat and light to all the world. It is not for any place to ingroſſe the meſſengers of the Goſpel, whoſe errand is univerſal. This immortal ſeed may not fall all in one furrow.

The

A The little City of *Nain* ſtood under the hill of *Hermon*, near unto *Tabor*: but now it is watered with better dews from above, the Doctrine and Miracles of a Saviour.

Not for ſtate, but for the more evidence of the work, is our Saviour attended with a large train; ſo entering into the gate of that walled City, as if he meant to beſiege their Faith by his Power, and to take it. His Providence hath ſo contrived his journey, that he meets with the ſad pomp of a Funeral. A woful Widow attended with her weeping neighbours is following her onely Son to the grave. There was nothing in this ſpectacle that did not command compaſſion.

B A young man in the flower, in the ſtrength of his age, ſwallowed up by death. Our decrepit age both exſpects death and ſolicits it; but vigorous youth looks ſtrangely upon that grim Serjeant of God. Thoſe mellow apples that fall alone from the tree, we gather up with contentment: we chide to have the unripe unſeaſonably beaten down with cudgels.

But more, a young man, the onely Son, the onely childe of his mother. No condition can make it other then grievous for a well-natur'd mother to part with her own bowels: yet ſurely ſtore is ſome mitigation of loſs. Amongſt many children one may be more eaſily miſſed; for ſtill we hope the ſurviving may ſupply the comforts of the dead: But when all our hopes C and joyes muſt either live or dy in one, the loſs of that one admits of no conſolation.

When God would deſcribe the moſt paſſionate expreſſion of ſorrow that can fall into the miſerable, he can but ſay, *Oh daughter of my people, gird thee with ſackcloth, and wallow thy ſelf in the aſhes, make lamentation and bitter mourning as for thine onely Son.* Such was the loſs, ſuch was the ſorrow of this diſconſolate mother; neither words nor tears can ſuffice to diſcover it.

Yet more, had ſhe been aided by the counſel and ſupportation of a loving yoke-fellow, this burden might have ſeemed leſs intolerable. A good Huſband may make amends for the loſs of a Son; had the root been left to her D intire, ſhe might better have ſpared the branch: now both are cut up, all the ſtay of her life is gone; and ſhe ſeems abandoned to a perfect miſery. And now when ſhe gave her ſelf up for a forlorn mourner, paſt all capacity of redreſs, the God of comfort meets her, pities her, relieves her. Here was no ſolicitor but his own compaſſion. In other occaſions he was ſought and ſued to. The Centurion comes to him for a Servant, the Ruler for a Son, *Jairus* for a Daughter, the neighbours for the Paralytick; here he ſeeks up the Patient, and offers the cure unrequeſted. Whiles we have to doe with the Father of Mercies, our afflictions are the moſt powerful ſuitors. No teares, no prayers can move him ſo much as his own commiſeration. O God, none of E our ſecret ſorrows can be either hid from thine eyes or kept from thine heart: and when we are paſt all our hopes, all poſſibilities of help, then art thou neareſt to us for deliverance.

Here was a conſpiration of all parts to mercy. The Heart had compaſſion; the Mouth ſaid, *Weep not*; the Feet went to the Bier; the Hand touched the coffin; the Power of the Deity raiſed the dead. What the Heart felt was ſecret to it ſelf: the Tongue therefore expreſſes it in words of comfort, *Weep not.* Alas! what are words to ſo ſtrong and juſt paſſions? To bid her not to weep that had loſt her only Son, was to perſwade her to be miſerable, and not feel it; to feel, and not regard it; to regard, and yet to ſmother it. Concealment doth not F remedy, but aggravate ſorrow. That with the counſel of not weeping therefore ſhe might ſee cauſe of not weeping, his Hand ſeconds his Tongue. He arreſts the Coffin, and frees the Priſoner; *Young man, I ſay unto thee, Ariſe.* The Lord of life and death ſpeaks with command. No finite power could have ſaid ſo without preſumption, or with ſucceſs. That is the voice that ſhall one day call up our vaniſhed bodies from thoſe Elements into which they are reſol-

ved, and raiſe them out of their duſt. Neither ſea, nor death, nor hell can offer to detain their dead, when he charges them to be delivered. Incredulous nature! what doſt thou ſhrink at the poſſibility of a Reſurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it? It is no more hard for that almighty Word which gave being unto all things, to ſay, *Let them be repaired*, then, *Let them be made.* A

I do not ſee our Saviour ſtretching himſelf upon the dead corps, as *Elias* and *Eliſha* upon the ſons of the *Sunamite* and *Sareptan*, nor kneeling down and praying by the Bier, as *Peter* did to *Dorcas*; but I hear him ſo ſpeaking to the dead as if he were alive, and ſo ſpeaking to the dead, that by the word he makes him alive, *I ſay unto thee, Ariſe.* Death hath no power to bid that man lye ſtill, whom the Son of God bids *Ariſe*. Immediatly he that was dead ſate up. So at the ſound of the laſt Trumpet, by the power of the ſame voice we ſhall ariſe out of the duſt, and ſtand up glorious: *This mortall ſhall put on immortality; this corruptible, incorruption.* This body ſhall not be buried, but ſown; and at our day ſhall therefore ſpring up with a plentiful increaſe of glory. How comfortleſs, how deſperate ſhould be our lying down, if it were not for this aſſurance of riſing? And now, behold, leſt our weak faith ſhould ſtagger at the aſſent to ſo great a difficulty, he hath already, by what he hath done, given us taſtes of what he will do. The power that can raiſe one man, can raiſe a thouſand, a million, a world: no power can raiſe one man, but that which is infinite; and that which is infinite admits of no limitation. Under the Old Teſtament God raiſed one by *Elias*, another by *Eliſha* living, a third by *Eliſha* dead: By the hand of the Mediator of the New Teſtament he raiſed here the ſon of the Widow, the daughter of *Jairus*, *Lazarus*, and, in attendance of his own Reſurrection, he made a gaol-delivery of holy priſoners at *Jeruſalem*. He raiſes the daughter of *Jairus* from her bed, this Widows ſon from his Coffin, *Lazarus* from his grave, the dead Saints of *Jeruſalem* from their rottenneſs; that it might appear no degree of death can hinder the efficacie of his overruling command. He that keeps the keys of Death cannot onely make way for himſelf through the common Hall and outer-rooms, but through the inwardeſt and moſt reſerved cloſets of darkneſs. B C D

Methinks I ſee this young man, who was thus miraculouſly awaked from his deadly ſleep, wiping and rubbing thoſe eyes that had been ſhut up in death; and deſcending from the Bier, wrapping his winding-ſheet about his loyns, caſt himſelf down in a paſſionate thankfulneſs at the feet of his Almighty reſtorer, adoring that Divine power which had commanded his Soul back again to her forſaken lodging: and though I hear not what he ſaid, yet I dare ſay they were words of praiſe and wonder which his returned Soul firſt uttered. It was the mother whom our Saviour pittied in this act, not the ſon; (who now forced from his quiet reſt, muſt twice paſs through the gates of death.) As for her ſake therefore he was raiſed, ſo to her hands was he delivered; that ſhe might acknowledge that ſoul given to her, not to the poſſeſſor. Who cannot feel the amazement and ecſtaſie of joy that was in this revived mother, when her ſon now ſalutes her from out of another world, and both receives and gives gratulations of his new life? How ſuddenly were all the tears of that mournful train dried up with a joyful aſtoniſhment? How ſoon is that funeral banquet turned into a new Birth-day feaſt? What ſtriving was here to ſalute the late carcaſe of their returned neighbour? What awful and admiring looks were caſt upon that Lord of life, who ſeeming homely, was approved Omnipotent? How gladly did every tongue celebrate both the work and the Author? *A great Prophet is raiſed up amongſt us, and God hath viſited his people.* A Prophet was the higheſt name they could find for him, whom they ſaw like themſelves in ſhape, above themſelves in power. They were not yet acquainted with God manifeſted in the fleſh. This Miracle might well have aſſured them of more then a Prophet: but he that raiſed the E F

dead

A dead man from the Bier, would not ſuddenly raiſe theſe dead hearts from the grave of Infidelity. They ſhall ſee reaſon enough to know that the Prophet who was raiſed up to them was the God that now viſited them, and at laſt ſhould doe as much for them as he had done for the young man, raiſe them from death to life, from duſt to glory.

The Rulers Son cured.

B THe bounty of God ſo exceedeth man's, that there is a contrarietie in the exerciſe of it: We ſhut our hands becauſe we opened them; God therefore opens his becauſe he hath opened them. God's mercies are as comfortable in their iſſue as in themſelves. Seldom ever do bleſſings go alone: where our Saviour ſupplied the Bridegroom's wine, there he heals the Rulers ſon. He had not in all theſe coaſts of *Galilee* done any Miracle but here. *To him that hath ſhall be given.*

We do not finde Chriſt oft attended with Nobilitie: here he is. It was ſome great Peer, or ſome noted Courtier that was now a ſuitor to him for his dying ſon. Earthly Greatneſs is no defence againſt Afflictions. We men for-
C bear the Mightie: Diſeaſe and Death know no faces of Lords or Monarchs. Could theſe be bribed, they would be too rich. Why ſhould we grudge not to be privileged, when we ſee there is no ſpare of the greateſt?

This Noble Ruler liſtens after Chriſt's return into *Galilee*. The moſt eminent amongſt men will be glad to hearken after Chriſt in their neceſſity. Happy was it for him that his ſon was ſick; he had not elſe been acquainted with his Saviour, his Soul had continued ſick of ignorance and unbelief. Why elſe doth our good God ſend us pain, loſſes, oppoſition, but that he may be ſought to? Are we afflicted? whither ſhould we goe but to *Cana* to ſeek Chriſt? whither but to the *Cana* of Heaven, where our water
D of ſorrow is turned to the wine of gladneſs, to that omnipotent Phyſician who healeth all our infirmities; that we may once ſay, *It is good for me that I was afflicted?*

It was about a dayes journey from *Capernaum* to *Cana*: Thence hither did this Courtier come for the cure of his ſons Fever. What pains even the greateſt can be content to take for bodily health? No way is long, no labour tedious to the deſirous. Our Souls are ſick of a ſpiritual Fever, labouring under the cold fit of Infidelity, and the hot fit of Self-love; and we ſit ſtill at home, and ſee them languiſh unto death.

This Ruler was neither faithleſs nor faithful. Had he been quite faithleſs,
E he had not taken ſuch pains to come to Chriſt. Had he been faithful, he had not made this ſuit to Chriſt when he was come, *Come down, and heal my ſon ere he die.*

Come down? as if Chriſt could not have cured him abſent. *Ere he die?* as if that power could not have raiſed him being dead. How much difference was here betwixt the Centurion and the Ruler? That came for his Servant, this for his Son. This ſon was not more above the ſervant, then the Faith which ſued for the ſervant ſurpaſſed that which ſued for the ſon. The one can ſay, *Maſter, come not under my roof, for I am not worthy; onely ſpeak the word, and my ſervant ſhall be whole.* The other can ſay, Maſter, either come under my roof,
F or my ſon cannot be whole. *Heal my ſon* had been a good ſuit; for Chriſt is the onely Phyſician for all diſeaſes: but, *Come down and heal him*, was to teach God how to work.

It is good reaſon that he ſhould challenge the right of preſcribing to us, who are every way his own: it is preſumption in us to ſtint him unto our forms. An expert workman cannot abide to be taught by a novice; how much

leſs ſhall the all-wiſe God endure to be directed by his creature? This is more then if the Patient ſhould take upon him to give a *Recipe* to the Phyſician. That God would give us grace is a beſeeming ſuit: but to ſay, Give it me by proſperitie, is a ſawcy motion. A

As there is faithfulneſs in deſiring the End; ſo modeſty and patience in referring the Means to the author. In ſpiritual things God hath acquainted us with the means whereby he will work, even his own Sacred Ordinances. Upon theſe, becauſe they have his own promiſe, we may call abſolutely for a Bleſſing: In all others there is no reaſon that beggers ſhould be chuſers. He who doth whatſoever he will, muſt doe it how he will. It is for us to receive, not to appoint. B

He who came to complain of his ſon's ſickneſs, hears of his own; *Except ye ſee ſignes and wonders, ye will not believe.* This Nobleman was (as is like) of *Capernaum:* There had Chriſt often preached; there was one of his chief reſidencies. Either this man had heard our Saviour oft, or might have done: yet becauſe Chriſt's Miracles came to him onely by hear-ſay (for as yet we finde none at all wrought where he preached moſt) therefore the man believes not enough; but ſo ſpeaks to Chriſt as to ſome ordinary Phyſician, *Come down and heal.* It was the common diſeaſe of the Jews, Incredulity; which no receit could heal but Wonders. *A wicked and adulterous generation ſeeks ſignes.* Had they not been wilfully graceleſs, there was already proof enough of the *Meßias:* the miraculous conception and life of the Fore-runner, *Zacharie*'s dumbneſs, the atteſtation of Angels, the apparition of the Star, the journey of the Sages, the viſion of the Shepherds, the teſtimonies of *Anna* and *Simeon*, the Prophecies fulfilled, the Voice from Heaven at his Baptiſme, the Divine words that he ſpake; and yet they muſt have all made up with Miracles: which though he be not unwilling to give at his own times, yet he thinks much to be tied unto at theirs. Not to believe without ſignes, was a ſigne of ſtubborn hearts. C

It was a foul fault and a dangerous one, *Ye will not believe.* What is it that ſhall condemn the world but unbelief? What can condemn us without it? No ſin can condemn the repentant. Repentance is a fruit of Faith: where true Faith is then, there can be no condemnation; as there can be nothing but condemnation without it. How much more foul in a noble *Capernaite*, that had heard the Sermons of ſo Divine a Teacher? The greater light we have, the more ſhame it is for us to ſtumble. D

Oh what ſhall become of us that reel and fall in the cleareſt Sun-ſhine that ever looked forth upon any Church? Be merciful to our ſins, O God, and ſay any thing of us rather then, *Ye will not believe.*

Our Saviour tels him of his unbelief. He feels not himſelf ſick of that diſeaſe: All his minde is on his dying ſon. As eaſily do we complain of bodily griefs, as we are hardly affected with ſpiritual. Oh the meekneſs and mercy of this Lamb of God! When we would have look'd that he ſhould have puniſhed this ſuitor for not believing, he condeſcends to him that he may believe: *Go thy way, thy ſon liveth.* If we ſhould meaſure our hopes by our own worthineſs, there were no exſpectation of bleſſings: but if we ſhall meaſure them by his bounty and compaſſion, there can be no doubt of prevailing. As ſome tender mother that gives the breaſt to her unquiet childe in ſtead of the rod, ſo deals he with our perverſneſſes. E

How God differences men according to no other conditions then of their Faith! The Centurion's ſervant was ſick, the Ruler's ſon. The Centurion doth not ſue unto Chriſt to come; onely ſayes, *My ſervant is ſick of a Palſie:* Chriſt anſwers him, *I will come and heal him.* The Ruler ſues unto Chriſt that he would come and heal his ſon: Chriſt will not goe; onely ſayes, *Goe thy* F

A *thy way, thy Son lives.* Outward things carrie no reſpect with God. The Image of that Divine Majeſty ſhining inwardly in the Graces of the Soul is that which wins love from him in the meaneſt eſtate. The Centurion's Faith therefore could doe more then the Ruler's Greatneſs; and that faithful mans ſervant hath more regard then this great mans ſon.

The Ruler's requeſt was, *Come and heale*: Chriſt's anſwer was, *Goe thy way, thy Son lives.* Our merciful Saviour meets thoſe in the end whom he croſſes in the way. How ſweetly doth he correct our prayers, and whiles he doth not give us what we ask, gives us better then we asked!

Juſtly doth he forbear to goe down with this Ruler, leſt he ſhould con-
B firm him in an opinion of meaſuring his power by conceits of locality and diſtance: but he doth that in abſence for which his preſence was required with a repulſe, *Thy Son liveth*; giving a greater demonſtration of his Omnipotencie then was craved. How oft doth he not hear to our will, that he may hear us to our advantage? The choſen Veſſel would be rid of Tentations, he heares of a ſupply of Grace: The ſick man asks Releaſe, receives Patience; Life, and receives Glory. Let us ask what we think beſt: let him give what he knows beſt.

With one word doth Chriſt heal two Patients, the ſon and the father; the ſons Fever, the fathers Unbelief. That operative word of our Saviour
C was not without the intention of a tryal. Had not the Ruler gone home ſatisfied with that intimation of his ſons life and recovery, neither of them had been bleſſed with ſucceſs. Now the news of performance meets him one half of the way: and he that believed ſomewhat ere he came, and more when he went, grew to more faith in the way; and when he came home, inlarged his faith to all the skirts of his family. A weak faith may be true; but a true faith is growing. He that boaſts of a full ſtature in the firſt moment of his aſſent, may preſume, but doth not believe.

Great men cannot want Clients; their Example ſwaies ſome, their Autho-
D rity more: they cannot goe to either of the other worlds alone. In vain do they pretend power over others, who labour not to draw their Families unto God.

The Dumb Devil ejected.

THat the Prince of our Peace might approve his victories perfect, whereſoever he met with the Prince of Darkneſs he foiled him, he ejected him. He found him in Heaven; thence did he throw him headlong; and verified his Prophet, *I have caſt thee out of mine holy moun-*
E *tain.* And if the Devils left their firſt habitation, it was becauſe (being Devils) they could not keep it. Their eſtate indeed they might have kept, and did not; their habitation they would have kept, and might not. *How art thou faln from Heaven, O Lucifer?* He found him in the heart of man; (for in that cloſet of God did the evil ſpirit after his exile from Heaven ſhrowd himſelf: Sin gave him poſſeſſion, which he kept with a willing violence) thence he caſts him by his Word and Spirit. He found him tyrannizing in the bodies of ſome poſſeſſed men, and with power commands the unclean ſpirits to depart.

This act is for no hand but his. When a ſtrong man keeps poſſeſſion, none
F but a ſtronger can remove him. In voluntary things the ſtrongeſt may yield to the weakeſt, *Sampſon* to a *Dalilah*; but in violent, ever the mightieſt carries it. A ſpiritual nature muſt needs be in rank above a bodily: neither can any power be above a Spirit, but the God of Spirits.

No otherwiſe is it in the mental poſſeſſion, Whereever ſin is, there Satan is: as on the contrary, *whoſoever is born of God, the ſeed of God*

remains in him. That Evil one not onely is, but rules in the ſons of diſ- A
obedience: in vain ſhall we try to eject him, but by the Divine power of the Redeemer. For this cauſe the Son of God was manifeſted, that he might deſtroy the works of the Devil. Do we finde our ſelves haunted with the familiar Devils of Pride, Self-love, Senſual deſires, Unbelief? None but thou, O Son of the ever-living God, can free our boſoms of theſe helliſh gueſts. *Oh clenſe thou me from my ſecret ſins, and keep me that pre-ſumptuous ſins prevail not over me.* O Saviour, it is no Paradox to ſay, that thou caſteſt out more Devils now then thou didſt whiles thou wert upon earth. It was thy word, *When I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.* Satan weighs down at the feet; thou pulleſt at the head, yea at the B
heart. In every converſion which thou workeſt, there is a diſpoſſeſſion. Convert me, O Lord, and I ſhall be converted. I know thy means are now no other then ordinary. If we exſpect to be diſpoſſeſſed by miracle, it would be a miracle if ever we were diſpoſſeſſed. Oh let thy Goſpel have the perfect work in me; ſo onely ſhall I be delivered from the powers of darkneſs.

Nothing can be ſaid to be dumb, but what naturally ſpeaks: nothing can ſpeak naturally, but what hath the inſtruments of ſpeech; which be-cauſe ſpirits want, they can no otherwiſe ſpeak vocally then as they take voices to themſelves, in taking bodies. This Devil was not therefore dumb C
in his nature, but in his effect. The man was dumb by the operation of that Devil which poſſeſſed him: and now the action is attributed to the ſpirit which was ſubjectively in the man. *It is not you that ſpeak,* ſaith our Saviour, *but the Spirit of your Father that ſpeaketh in you.*

As it is in bodily Diſeaſes, that they do not infect us alike; ſome ſeize upon the humours, others upon the ſpirits; ſome aſſalt the brain, others the heart or lungs: ſo in bodily and ſpiritual poſſeſſions; in ſome the evil ſpirit takes away their ſenſes, in ſome their lims, in ſome their inward faculties; like as ſpiritually they affect to move us unto ſeveral ſins, one to luſt, another to covetouſneſs, or ambition, another to cruelty: and their names have di- D
ſtinguiſhed them according to theſe various effects. This was a dumb Devil: which yet had poſſeſſed not the tongue only of this man, but his ear; not that only, but (as it ſeems) his eyes too.

O ſubtile and tyrannous ſpirit, that obſtructs all wayes to the Soul, that keeps out all means of Grace both from the door and windows of the heart; yea that ſtops up all paſſages whether of ingreſs or egreſs: of ingreſs at the eye or eare, of egreſs at the mouth, that there might be no capacity of redreſs!

What holy uſe is there of our tongue but to praiſe our Maker, to confeſs our ſins, to inform our brethren? How rife is this Dumb Devil every where, E
whiles he ſtops the mouths of Chriſtians from theſe uſeful and neceſſary duties?

For what end hath man thoſe two privileges above his fellow-creatures, Reaſon and Speech, but that as by the one he may conceive of the great works of his Maker, which the reſt cannot, ſo by the other he may expreſs what he conceives to the honour of the Creator both of them and himſelf? And why are all other creatures ſaid to praiſe God, and bidden to praiſe him, but becauſe they do it by the apprehenſion, by the expreſſion of man? If *the Heavens declare the glory of God,* how doe they it but to the eyes, and by the tongue of that man for whom they were made? It is no ſmall honour F
whereof the envious ſpirit ſhall rob his Maker, if he can cloſe up the mouth of his onely rational and vocal creature, and turn the beſt of his work-manſhip into a dumb Idol, that hath a mouth and ſpeaks not. *Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe.*

Praiſe is not more neceſſary then complaint; praiſe of God, then com-

plaint

plaint of our ſelves, whether to God or men. The onely amends we can make to God, when we have not had the grace to avoid ſinne, is to confeſs the ſinne we have not avoided. This is the ſponge that wipes out all the blots and blurs of our lives. *If we confeſs our ſinnes, he is faithful and juſt to forgive us our ſins*, and to cleanſe us from all unrighteouſneſs.

That cunning man-ſlayer knows there is no way to purge the ſick ſoul but upward, by caſting out the vicious humour wherewith it is clogged; and therefore holds the lips cloſe, that the heart may not disburden it ſelf by ſo wholeſome evacuation. *When I kept ſilence, my bones conſumed: For day and night thy hand, O Lord, was heavy upon me; my moiſture is turned into the drought of Summer. O let me confeſs againſt my ſelf my wickedneſs unto thee, that thou maiſt forgive the puniſhment of my ſinne.*

We have a tongue for God, when we praiſe him; for our ſelves, when we pray and confeſs; for our brethren, when we ſpeak the truth for their information; which if we hold back in unrighteouſneſs, we yield unto that dumb Devil. Where do we not ſee that accurſed ſpirit? He is on the Bench, when the mute or partial Judge ſpeaks not for truth and innocence. He is in the Pulpit, when the Prophets of God ſmother, or halve, or adulterate the meſſage of their Maſter. He is at the Barre, when irreligious Jurours dare lend an oath to fear, to hope, to gain. He is in the Market, when godleſs chapmen for their peny ſell the truth and their ſoul. He is in the common converſation of men, when the tongue belies the heart, flatters the guilty, balketh reproofs even in the fouleſt crimes. O thou who onely art ſtronger then that ſtrong one, caſt him out of the hearts and mouths of men. *It is time for thee, Lord, to work, for they have deſtroyed thy Law.*

That it might well appear this impediment was not natural; ſo ſoon as the man is freed from the ſpirit, his tongue is free to his ſpeech. The effects of ſpirits as they are wrought, ſo they ceaſe at once. If the Son of God do but remove our ſpiritual poſſeſſion, we ſhall preſently break forth into the praiſe of God, into the confeſſion of our vileneſs, into the profeſſion of truth.

But what ſtrange variety do I ſee in the ſpectators of his Miracle, ſome wondring, others cenſuring, a third ſort tempting, a fourth applauding? There was never man or action but was ſubject to variety of conſtructions. What man could be ſo holy as he that was God? What act could be more worthy then the diſpoſſeſſing of an evil ſpirit? Yet this man, this act paſſeth theſe differences of interpretation. What can we doe to undergoe but one opinion? If we give almes and faſt, ſome will magnifie our charity and devotion, others will tax our hypocriſie: If we give not, ſome will condemn our hard-heartedneſs, others will allow our care of juſtice. If we preach plainly, to ſome it will ſavour of a careleſs ſlubbering, to others of a mortified ſincerity; elaborately, ſome will tax our affectation, others will applaud our diligence in dreſſing the delicate viands of God. What marvel is it if it be thus with our imperfection, when it fared not otherwiſe with him that was Purity and Righteouſneſs it ſelf? The auſtere forerunner of Chriſt *came neither eating nor drinking*; they ſay, *He hath a Devil:* The Son of man came *eating and drinking*; they ſay, *This man is a glutton, a friend of Publicans and ſinners:* and here one of his holy acts carries away at once wonder, cenſure, doubt, celebration. There is no way ſafe for a man but to ſquare his actions by the right rule of juſtice, of charity; and then let the world have leave to ſpend their gloſſes at pleaſure. It was an heroical reſolution of the choſen veſſel, *I paſs very little to be judged of you, or of mans day.*

I marvel not if the people marvelled; for here were four wonders in one: the blind ſaw, the deaf heard, the dumb ſpake, the Demoniack is delivered. Wonder was due to ſo rare and powerful a work, and if

not this, nothing. We can caſt away admiration upon the poor devices or activities of men; how much more upon the extraordinary works of Omnipotency? Whoſo knows the frame of Heaven and earth, ſhall not much be affected with the imperfect effects of frail Humanity; but ſhall with no leſs Raviſhment of ſoul acknowledge the miraculous works of the ſame Almighty hand. Neither is the ſpiritual ejection worthy of any meaner entertainment. Rarity and difficulty are wont to cauſe wonder. There are many things which have wonder in their worth, and loſe it in their frequence; there are ſome which have it in their ſtrangeneſs, and loſe it in their facilitie: Both meet in this. To ſee men haunted, yea poſſeſſed with a dumb Devil, is ſo frequent, that it is a juſt wonder to finde a man free: but to finde the dumb ſpirit caſt out of a man, and to hear him praiſing God, confeſſing his ſins, teaching others the ſweet experiments of mercy, deſerves juſt admiration. If the Cynick ſought in the market for a man amongſt men, well may we ſeek amongſt men for a Convert. Neither is the difficulty leſs then the rareneſs. The ſtrong man hath the poſſeſſion; all paſſages are block'd up, all helps barred, by the treachery of our nature. If any ſoul be reſcued from theſe ſpiritual wickedneſſes, it is the praiſe of him that doth wonders alone.

But whom do I ſee wondring? The multitude. The unlearned beholders follow that act with wonder, which the learned Scribes entertain with obloquy. God hath revealed thoſe things to babes which he hath hid from the wiſe and prudent. With what ſcorn did thoſe great Rabbins ſpeak of theſe ſons of the earth, *This people that knows not the Law is accurſed?* Yet the Mercy of God makes an advantage of their ſimplicity; in that they are therefore leſs ſubject to cavillation and incredulitie: as contrarily, his Juſtice cauſes the proud knowledge of others to lie as a block in their way to the ready aſſent unto the Divine power of the *Meſſias*. Let the pride of glorious adverſaries diſdain the povertie of the clients of the Goſpel: it ſhall not repent us to go to Heaven with the vulgar, whiles their great ones go in ſtate to perdition.

The multitude wondered. Who cenſured but Scribes, great Doctors of the Law, of the divinitie of the Jews? What Scribes but thoſe of *Jeruſalem*, the moſt eminent Academie of *Judæa?* Theſe were the men who out of their deep reputed judgement caſt theſe foul aſperſions upon Chriſt. Great wits ofttimes miſlead both the owners and followers. How many ſhall once wiſh they had been born dullards, yea idiots, when they ſhall finde their wit to have barred them out of Heaven? *Where is the Scribe? where is the diſputer of this world?* Hath not God *made the wiſdome of the world fooliſhneſs?* Say the world what it will, a dram of holineſs is worth a pound of wit. Let others cenſure with the Scribes: let me wonder with the multitude.

What could malice ſay worſe? *He caſteth out Devils through Beelzebub the Prince of Devils.* The Jewes well knew that the Gods of the heathen were no other then Devils; amongſt whom for that the *Lord of Flies* (ſo called, whether for the concourſe of flies to the abundance of his ſacrifices, or for his aid implored againſt the infeſtation of thoſe ſwarms) was held the chief, therefore they ſtile him *The Prince of Devils.* There is a ſubordination of ſpirits, ſome higher in degree, ſome inferiour to others. Our Saviour himſelf tells us of the Devil and his Angels. Meſſengers are inferiour to thoſe that ſend them. The ſeven Devils that entered into the ſwept and garniſhed houſe, were worſe then the former. Neither can Principalities, and Powers, and Governours, and Princes of the darkneſs of this World, deſign others then ſeveral ranks of evil Angels. There can be no being without ſome kind of order; there can be no order in parity. If we look up into Heaven, there is *The King of Gods, The Lord of Lords*; higher

A higher then the higheſt. If to the earth, there are Monarchs, Kings, Princes, Peeres, people. If we look down to Hell, there is *the Prince of Devils*. They labour for Confuſion that call for Parity. What ſhould the Church doe with ſuch a forme as is not exemplified in Heaven, in Earth, in Hell?

One Devil (according to their ſuppoſition) may be uſed to caſt out another. How far the command of one ſpirit over another may extend, it is a ſecret of infernal ſtate, too deep for the inquiry of men. The thing it ſelf is apparent; upon compact and precontracted compoſition, one gives way to other for the common advantage. As we ſee in the Common-wealth of Cheaters and Cut-purſes, one doth the fact, another is feed to bring it
B out and to procure reſtitution: both are of the trade, both conſpire to the fraud; the actor falls not out with the revealer, but divides with him that cunning ſpoil.

One malicious miſcreant ſets the Devil on work to the inflicting of diſeaſe or death; another upon agreement, for a further ſpiritual gain, takes him off: There is a Devil in both. And if there ſeem more bodily favour, there is no leſs ſpiritual danger in the latter: In the one Satan wins the agent, the ſuitor in the other. It will be no cauſe of diſcord in Hell, that one Devil gives eaſe to the body which another tormented, that both may triumph in the gain of a Soul. Oh God, that any creature which bears thine Image
C ſhould not abhorre to be beholding to the powers of Hell for aid, for advice! *Is is not becauſe there is not a God in Iſrael, that men goe to inquire of the God of Ekron?* Can men be ſo ſottiſh to think that the vowed enemie of their Souls can offer them a bait without an hook? What *evil is there in the City which the Lord hath not done?* what is there which he cannot as eaſily redreſs? He wounds, he heals again. And if he will not, *It is the Lord, let him doe what ſeems good in his eyes.* If he do not deliver us, he will crown our faithfulneſs in a patient perſeverance. The wounds of God are better then the ſalves of Satan.

Was it poſſible that the wit of Envy could deviſe ſo high a ſlander? *Beelzebub*
D was a God of the heathen, therefore herein they accuſe him for an Idolater: *Beelzebub* was a Devil to the Jewes, therefore they accuſe him for a conjurer: *Beelzebub* was the chief of Devils, therefore they accuſe him for on Arch-exorciſt, for the worſt kinde of Magician. Some profeſſors of this black Art, though their work be deviliſh, yet they pretend to doe it in the name of *Jeſus*, and will preſumptuouſly ſeem to doe that by command which is ſecretly tranſacted by agreement. The Scribes accuſe Chriſt of a direct compact with the Devil, and ſuppoſe both a league and familiarity, which by the Law of *Moſes* (in the very hand of a *Saul*) was no other then deadly. Yea ſo deep doth this wound reach, that our Saviour ſearching it
E to the bottome, findes no leſs in it then the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt; inferring hereupon that dreadful ſentence of the irremiſſibleneſs of that ſin unto death. And if this horrible crimination were caſt upon thee, O Saviour, in whom the Prince of this world found nothing, what wonder is it if we thy ſinful ſervants be branded on all ſides with evil tongues?

Yea (which is yet more) how plain is it that theſe men forced their tongue to ſpeak this ſlander againſt their own heart? Elſe this Blaſphemy had been onely againſt the Son of man, not againſt the Holy Ghoſt: but now that the ſearcher of hearts findes it to be no leſs then againſt the Bleſſed Spirit of God, the ſpight muſt needs be obſtinate; their malice doth wilfully croſs
F their conſcience. Envie never regards how true, but how miſchievous: So it may gall or kill, it cares little whether with truth or falſhood. For us, *Bleſſed are we when men revile us, and ſay all manner of evil of us, for the name of Chriſt.* For them, *What reward ſhall be given to thee, thou falſe tongue? Even ſharp arrows with hot burning coales*; yea thoſe very coales of hell from which thou wert inkindled.

There

There was yet a third ſort that went a mid-way betwixt wonder and cenſure. Theſe were not ſo malicious as to impute the miracle to a Satanical operation; they confeſs it good, but not enough; and therefore urge Chriſt to a further proof: *Though thou haſt caſt out this dumb Devil, yet this is no ſufficient argument of thy Divine power. We have yet ſeen nothing from thee like thoſe antient Miracles of the times of our fore-fathers. Joſhuah cauſed the Sun to ſtand ſtill; Elias brought fire down from heaven; Samuel aſtoniſh'd the people with thunder and rain in the midſt of harveſt: If thou wouldſt command our belief, doe ſomewhat like to theſe. The caſting out of a Devil ſhews thee to have ſome power over Hell; ſhew us now that thou haſt no leſs power over Heaven.* There is a kinde of unreaſonableneſs of deſire and inſatiableneſs in infidelity; it never knows when it hath evidence enough. This which the Jews overlooked, was a more irrefragable demonſtration of Divinity then that which they deſired. A Devil was more then a Meteor, or a parcel of an element; to caſt out a Devil by command, more then to command fire from Heaven. Infidelity ever loves to be her own carver.

No ſon can be more like a father then theſe Jews to their progenitours in the deſart: that there might be no fear of degenerating into good, they alſo of old tempted God in the Wilderneſs. Firſt, they are weary of the *Egyptian* bondage, and are ready to fall out with God and *Moſes* for their ſtay in thoſe fornaces. By ten miraculous Plagues they are freed: and going out of thoſe confines, the *Egyptians* follow them; the Sea is before them: now they are more afflicted with their liberty then their ſervitude. The Sea yields way, the *Egyptians* are drowned: and now that they are ſafe on the other ſhore, they tempt the Providence of God for water. The Rock yields it them: then, no leſs for bread and meat. God ſends them Manna and Quailes: they cry out of the food of Angels. Their preſent enemies in the way are vanquiſhed: they whine at the men of meaſures in the heart of *Canaan*. Nothing from God but Mercy; nothing from them but Temptations.

Their true brood both in nature and in ſin had abundant proofs of the *Meſſiah*; if curing the blinde, lame, diſeaſed, deaf, dumb, ejecting Devils, overruling the elements, raiſing the dead, could have been ſufficient: yet ſtill they muſt have a ſigne from Heaven, and ſhut up in the ſtile of the Tempter, *If thou be the Chriſt.* The gracious heart is credulous: Even where it ſees not, it believes; and where it ſees but a little, it believes a great deal. Neither doth it preſume to preſcribe unto God what and how he ſhall work; but takes what it finds, and unmovably reſts in what it takes. Any miracle, no miracle ſerves enough for their aſſent who have built their Faith upon the Goſpel of the Lord *Jeſus*.

Matthew called.

THE number of the Apoſtles was not yet full: One room is left void for a future occupant. Who can but expect that it is reſerved for ſome eminent perſon? and behold *Matthew* the Publican is the man. Oh the ſtrange election of Chriſt! Thoſe other Diſciples whoſe calling is recorded, were from the Fiſher-boat; this from the Toll-booth: They were unlettered, this infamous. The condition was not in it ſelf ſinfull: but as the Taxes which the *Romans* impoſed on God's free people were odious, ſo the Collectors, the Farmers of them abominable. Beſides that it was hard to hold that ſeat without oppreſſion, without exaction. One that beſt knew it branded it with poling and ſycophancy. And now behold a griping Publican called to the Family, to the Apoſtleſhip, to the Secretaryſhip of God. Who

A Who can deſpair in the conſcience of his unworthineſs, when he ſees this pattern of the free bounty of him that calleth us? Merits do not carry it in the gracious election of God, but his mere favour! There ſate *Matthew* the Publican buſie in his Counting-houſe, reckoning up the ſums of his Rentals, taking up his arrerages, and wrangling for denied duties, and did ſo little think of a Saviour, that he did not ſo much as look at his paſſage: but *Jeſus, as he paſſed by, ſaw a man ſitting at the receit of cuſtome, named Matthew.* As if this proſpect had been ſudden and caſual, *Jeſus ſaw him in paſsing by.* O Saviour, before the world was thou ſaweſt that man ſitting there; thou ſaweſt thine own paſſage; thou ſaweſt his call in thy
B paſſage: and now thou goeſt purpoſely that way that thou mighteſt ſee and call. Nothing can be hid from that piercing eye, one glance whereof hath diſcerned a Diſciple in the cloaths of a Publican. That habit, that ſhop of extortion cannot conceal from thee a veſſel of election. In all forms thou knoweſt thine own; and in thine own time ſhalt fetch them out of the diſguiſes of their foul ſins or unfit conditions. What ſaweſt thou, O Saviour, in that Publican that might either allure thine eye, or not offend it? What but an hateful trade, an evil eye, a gripple hand, bloudy tables, heaps of ſpoil? Yet now thou ſaideſt, *Follow me.* Thou that ſaidſt once to *Jeruſalem, Thy birth and nativity is of the land of Canaan: Thy father was an Amo-*
C *rite, thy mother an Hittite: Thy navel was not cut, neither wert thou waſhed in water to ſupple thee; thou waſt not ſalted at all, thou waſt not ſwadled at all: None eye pitied thee, but thou waſt caſt out in the open fields, to the loathing of thy perſon, in the day that thou waſt born. And when I paſſed by thee, and ſaw thee polluted in thine own blood, I ſaid unto thee, Live, yea, I ſaid unto thee when thou waſt in thy blood, Live:* Now alſo, when thou paſſedſt by, and ſaweſt *Matthew ſitting at the receit of cuſtome*, ſaidſt to him, *Follow me.* The life of this Publican was ſo much worſe then the birth of that forlorn *Amorite*, as *Follow me* was more then *Live.* What canſt thou ſee in us, O God, but ugly deformities, horrible ſins, deſpicable miſeries? yet doth it pleaſe thy mercy
D to ſay unto us, both *Live*, and, *Follow me.*

The juſt man is the firſt accuſer of himſelf: whom do we hear to blazon the ſhame of *Matthew* but his own mouth? *Matthew* the Evangeliſt tels us of *Matthew* the Publican. His fellows call him *Levi*, as willing to lay their finger upon the ſpot of his unpleaſing profeſſion: himſelf will not ſmother nor blanch it a whit, but publiſhes it to all the world in a thankful recognition of the mercy that called him; as liking well that his baſeneſs ſhould ſerve for a fit foile to ſet off the glorious luſtre of his Grace by whom he was elected. What matters it how vile we are, O God, ſo thy glory may ariſe in our abaſement?

E That word was enough, *Follow me*; ſpoken by the ſame tongue that ſaid to the corps at *Nain, Young man, I ſay to thee, Ariſe.* He that ſaid at firſt, *Let there be light*, ſayes now, *Follow me.* That power ſweetly inclines which could forcibly command: the force is not more unreſiſtible then the inclination. When the Sun ſhines upon the Ice-icles, can they chuſe but melt and fall? When it looks into a dungeon, can the place chuſe but be enlightned? Do we ſee the Jet drawing up ſtraws to it, the Load-ſtone iron, and do we marvel if the Omnipotent Saviour, by the influence of his Grace, attract the heart of a Publican? *He aroſe and followed him.* We are all naturally averſe from thee, O God: do thou but bid us *Follow thee*, draw us by thy
F powerful word, and we ſhall run after thee. Alas! thou ſpeakeſt, and we ſit ſtill: thou ſpeakeſt by thine outward Word to our eare, and we ſtir not. Speak thou by the ſecret and effectual word of thy Spirit to our heart; the world cannot hold us down, Satan cannot ſtop our way, we ſhall ariſe and follow thee.

It was not a more buſie then gainful trade that *Matthew* abandoned to follow

low Christ into poverty: and now he cast away his Counters, and struck his Tallies, and crossed his books, and contemned his heaps of cash in comparison of that better treasure which he foresaw lye open in that happy attendance. If any commodity be valued of us too dear to be parted with for Christ, we are more fit to be Publicans then Disciples. Our Saviour invites *Matthew* to a Discipleship; *Matthew* invites him to a Feast. The joy of his call makes him begin his abdication of the world in a banquet. A

Here was not a more chearful thankfulness in the inviter, then a gracious humility in the guest. The new servant bids his Master, the Publican his Saviour; and is honoured with so blessed a presence. I do not finde where *Jesus* was ever bidden to any table and refused. If a Pharisee, if a Publican invited him, he made not dainty to goe. Not for the pleasure of the dishes; what was that to him, who began his work in a whole Lent of dayes? But (as it was his meat and drink to doe the will of his Father) for the benefit of so winning a conversation. If he sate with sinners, he converted them; if with converts, he confirmed and instructed them; if with the poor, he fed them; if with the rich in substance, he made them richer in grace. At whose board did he ever sit, and left not his host a gainer? The poor Bridegroom entertains him, and hath his water-pots fill'd with Wine. *Simon* the Pharisee entertains him, and hath his table honoured with the publick remission of a penitent sinner, with the heavenly doctrine of remission. *Zachæus* entertains him; Salvation came that day to his house, with the Author of it. That presence made the Publican a Son of *Abraham*. *Matthew* is recompensed for his feast with an Apostleship. *Martha* and *Mary* entertain him, and besides Divine instruction receive their Brother from the dead. O Saviour, whether thou feast us or we feast thee, in both of them is Blessedness. B C

Where a Publican is the Feast-master, it is no marvel if the guests be Publicans and sinners. Whether they came alone out of the hope of that mercy which they saw their fellow had found; or whether *Matthew* invited them to be partners of that plentiful grace whereof he had tasted, I inquire not. Publicans and sinners will flock together; the one hateful for their trade, the other for their vicious life. Common contempt hath wrought them to an unanimity, and sends them to seek mutual comfort in that society which all others held loathsome and contagious. Moderate correction humbleth and shameth the offender: whereas a cruel severity makes men desperate, and drives them to those courses whereby they are more dangerously infected. How many have gone into the prison faulty, and returned flagitious? If Publicans were not sinners, they were no whit beholden to their neighbours. D

What a table-full was here? The Son of God beset with Publicans and sinners. O happy Publicans and sinners, that had found out their Saviour! O merciful Saviour, that disdained not Publicans and sinners! E

What sinner can fear to kneel before thee, when he sees Publicans and sinners sit with thee? Who can fear to be despised of thy meekness and mercy, which didst not abhorre to converse with the outcasts of men? Thou didst not despise the Thief confessing upon the Cross, nor the sinner weeping upon thy feet, nor the Canaanite crying to thee in the way, nor the blushing Adultéress, nor the odious Publican, nor the forswearing Disciple, nor the persecutor of Disciples, nor thine own executioners: how can we be unwelcome to thee, if we come with tears in our eyes, faith in our hearts, restitution in our hands? O Saviour, our breasts are too oft shut upon thee; thy bosome is ever open to us. We are as great sinners as the consorts of these Publicans; why should we despair of a room at thy Table? F

The squint-eyed Pharisees look a-cross at all the actions of Christ: where they

they should have admired his Mercy, they cavil at his Holinesse; *They said to his Disciples, Why eateth your Master with Publicans and sinners?* They durst not say thus to the Master, whose answer (they knew) would soon have convinced them: This winde (they hoped) might shake the weak faith of the Disciples. They speak where they may be most likely to hurt. All the crue of Satanical instruments have learnt this craft of their old Tutor in Paradise. We cannot reverence that man whom we think unholy. Christ had lost the hearts of his followers, if they had entertained the least suspicion of his impurity; which the murmure of these envious Pharisees would fain insinuate: *He cannot be worthy to be followed that is unclean; He cannot but be unclean that eateth with Publicans and sinners.* Proud and foolish Pharisees! ye fast whiles Christ eateth; ye fast in your houses whiles Christ eateth in other mens; ye fast with your own whiles Christ feasts with sinners: but if ye fast in pride, whiles Christ eats in humility; if ye fast at home for merit or popularity, whiles Christ feasts with sinners for compassion, for edification, for conversion, your fast is unclean, his feast is holy: ye shall have your portion with hypocrites, when those Publicans and sinners shall be glorious.

When these censurers thought the Disciples had offended, they speak not to them but to their Master, *Why doe thy Disciples that which is not lawfull?* now, when they thought Christ offended, they speak not to him, but to the Disciples. Thus, like true make-bates, they goe about to make a breach in the family of Christ, by setting off the one from the other. The quick eye of our Saviour hath soon espied the pack of their fraud, and therefore he takes the words out of the mouthes of his Disciples, into his own. They had spoke of Christ to the Disciples: Christ answers for the Disciples concerning himself, *The whole need not the Physician, but the sick.* According to the two qualities of pride, scorn and over-weening, these insolent Pharisees over-rated their own holinesse, contemned the noted unholinesse of others: As if themselves were not tainted with secret sins, as if others could not be cleansed by repentance. The searcher of hearts meets with their arrogance, and findes those justiciaries sinfull, those sinners just. The spiritual Physician findes the sicknesse of those sinners wholsome, the health of those Pharisees desperate: that wholsome, because it calls for the help of the Physician; this desperate, because it needs not. Every soul is sick; those most that feel it not. Those that feel it, complain; those that complain, have cure: those that feel it not, shall finde themselves dying ere they can wish to recover. O blessed Physician, *by* whose *stripes we are healed*, by whose death we live, happy are they that are under thy hands, sick, as of sin, so of sorrow for sin. It is as unpossible they should die, as it is unpossible for thee to want either skill, or power, or mercy. Sin hath made us sick unto death: make thou us but as sick of our sins, we are as safe as thou art gracious.

Christ among the Gergesens; or Legion, and the Gadarene Herd.

I Do not any where finde so furious a Demoniack as amongst the *Gergesens:* Satan is most tyrannous where he is obeyed most. Christ no sooner sailed over the lake, then he was met with two possessed *Gadarenes:* The extreme rage of the one hath drowned the mention of the other. Yet in the midst of all that cruelty of the evil spirit, there was sometimes a remission, if not an intermission of vexation. If *oft-times* Satan caught him, then sometimes in the same violence he caught him not. It was no thank to that malignant one, who as he was indefatigable in his executions, so unmeasurable in his malice; but to the mercifull over-ruling of God, who in a gracious respect to the weakness of his poor creatures, limits the spightfull attempts of that im-

mortal enemy, and takes off this Maſtive, whiles we may take breath. He who in his juſtice gives way to ſome onſets of Satan, in his mercy reſtrains them: ſo regarding our deſervings, that withall he regards our ſtrength. If way ſhould be given to that malicious ſpirit, we could not ſubſiſt: no violent thing can endure; and if Satan might have his will, we ſhould no moment be free. He can be no more weary of doing evil to us, then God is of doing good. Are we therefore preſerved from the malignity of theſe powers of darkneſs? *Bleſſed be our ſtrong Helper, that hath not given us over to be a prey unto their teeth.* Or if ſome ſcope have been given to that envious one to afflict us, hath it been with favourable limitations, it is thine only mercy, O God, that hath chained and muzled up this band-dog, ſo as that he may ſcratch us with his paws, but cannot pierce us with his fangs. Far, far is this from our deſerts, who had too well merited a juſt abdication from thy favour and protection, and an interminable ſeiſure by Satan both in ſoul and body.

Neither do I here ſee more matter of thanks to our God, for our immunity from the external injuries of Satan, then occaſion of ſerious inquiry into his power over us for the ſpiritual. I ſee ſome that think themſelves ſafe from this ghoſtly tyranny, becauſe they ſometimes finde themſelves in good moods, free from the ſuggeſtions of groſs ſins, much more from the commiſſion. Vain men, that feed themſelves with ſo falſe and frivolous comforts! will they not ſee Satan, through the juſt permiſſion of God, the ſame to the Soul in mental poſſeſſions, that he is to the body in corporal? The worſt Demoniack hath his lightſome reſpites; not ever tortured, not ever furious: betwixt whiles he might look ſoberly, talk ſenſibly, move regularly. It is a woſull comfort that we ſin not alwaies. There is no Maſter ſo barbarous as to require of his Slave a perpetual unintermitted toyle; yet, though he ſometimes eat, ſleep, reſt, he is a vaſſal ſtill. If that Wicked one have drawn us to a cuſtomary perpetration of evil, and have wrought us to a frequent iteration of the ſame ſin, this is gage enough for our ſervitude, matter enough for his tyranny and inſultation. He that would be our Tormenter alwaies, cares onely to be ſometimes our Tempter.

The poſſeſſed is bound, as with the inviſible fetters of Satan, ſo with the material chains of the inhabitants. What can bodily forces prevail againſt a ſpirit? Yet they endeavour this reſtraint of the man, whether out of charity or juſtice: Charity, that he might not hurt himſelf; Juſtice, that he might not hurt others. None do ſo much befriend the Demoniack as thoſe that binde him. Neither may the ſpiritually poſſeſſed be otherwiſe handled: for though this act of the enemy be plauſible, and to appearance pleaſant, yet there is more danger in this dear and ſmiling tyranny. Two ſorts of chains are fit for outragious ſinners; good laws, unpartiall executions: That they may not hurt, that they may not be hurt to eternal death.

Theſe iron chains are no ſooner faſt then broken. There was more then an humane power in this diſruption. It is not hard to conceive the utmoſt of Nature in this kinde of actions. *Sampſon* doth not break the cords and ropes like a threed of towe, but God by *Sampſon*. The man doth not break theſe chains, but the Spirit. How ſtrong is the arm of theſe evil angels! how far tranſcending the ordinary courſe of Nature! They are not called Powers for nothing. What fleſh & blood could but tremble at the palpable inequality of this match! if herein the mercifull protection of our God did not the rather magnifie it ſelf, that ſo much ſtrength met with ſo much malice hath not prevailed againſt us. In ſpight of both we are in ſafe hands. He that ſo eaſily brake the iron fetters, can never break the adamantine chain of our Faith. In vain do the chafing billows of Hell beat upon that Rock whereon we are built. And though theſe brittle chains of earthly metall be eaſily broken by him, yet the ſure-tempered chain of God's eternal Decree he can never break: that Almighty Arbiter of Heaven and Earth and Hell hath chained him up in the bottomleſſe pit, and

A and hath so restrained his malice, that (but for our good) we cannot be tempted; we cannot be foiled, but for a glorious victory.

Alas! it is no otherwise with the spiritually possessed. The chains of restraint are commonly broken by the fury of wickedness. What are the respects of civility, fear of God, fear of men, wholsome laws, carefull executions, to the desperately licentious, but as cobwebs to an hornet? Let these wilde Demoniacks know that God hath provided chains for them that will hold, even *everlasting chains under darkness*. These are such as must hold the Devils themselves (their masters) unto the judgment of the great Day; how much more those impotent vassals? Oh that men would suffer themselves to be bound to
B their good behaviour, by the sweet and easie recognizances of their duty to their God, and the care of their own Souls, that so they might rather be bound up in the bundle of life.

It was not for rest that these chains were torn off, but for more motion. This prisoner runs away from his friends, he cannot run away from his Jaylor. He is now carried into the Wilderness; not by mere external force, but by internal impulsion: carried by the same power that unbound him, for the opportunity of his Tyranny, for the horrour of the place, for the affamishment of his body, for the avoidance of all means of resistance. Solitary Deserts are the delights of Satan. It is an unwise zeal that moves us to doe that to our selves in an opi-
C nion of merit and holiness, which the Devil wishes to doe to us for a punishment, and conveniency of tentation. The evil Spirit is for solitariness: God is for society; *He dwels in the assembly of his Saints, yea there he hath a delight to dwell.* Why should not we account it our happiness that we may have leave to dwell where the Author of all Happiness loves to dwell?

There cannot be any misery incident unto us, whereof our gracious Redeemer is not both conscious and sensible. Without any intreaty therefore of the miserable Demoniack, or suit of any friend, the *God of spirits* takes pity of his distresse; and from no motion but his own, commands the evil Spirit to come out of the man. Oh admirable precedent of mercy, preventing our re-
D quests, exceeding our thoughts, forcing favours upon our impotence, doing that for us which we should, and yet cannot desire! If men upon our instant solicitations would give us their best aide, it were a just praise of their bounty: but it well became thee, O God of mercy, to goe without force, to give without suit. And do we think thy goodness is impaired by thy glory? If thou wert thus commiserative upon earth, art thou lesse in Heaven? How dost thou now take notice of all our complaints, of all our infirmities? How doth thine infinite pity take order to redress them? What evil can befall us which thou knowest not, feelest not, relievest not? How safe are we that have such a Guardian, such a Mediator in Heaven?

E Not long before had our Saviour commanded the windes and waters, and they could not but obey him: now he speaks in the same language to the evil Spirit: he intreats not, he perswades not; he commands. Command argues Superiority. He only is infinitely stronger then the strong one in possession. Else, where powers are matcht, though with some inequality, they tugge for the victory, and without resistance yield nothing. There are no fewer sorts of dealing with Satan then with men. Some have dealt with him by suit, as the old *Satanian* hereticks, and the present *Indian* Savages, sacrificing to him that he hurt not: Others by covenant, conditioning their service upon his assi-
F stance, as Witches and Magicians: Others by insinuation of implicite compact, as Charmers and Figure-casters: Others by adjuration, as the sons of *Scæva* and modern Exorcists, unwarrantably charging him by an higher name then their own. None ever offered to deal with Satan by a direct and primary command but the God of Spirits. The great Archangel, when the strife was about the body of *Moses*, commanded not, but imprecated rather, *The Lord rebuke thee, Satan.* It is only the God that made this Spirit an Angel of light,

that can command him now that he hath made himself the Prince of darkness. If any created power dare to usurp a word of command, he laughs at their presumption; and knows them his vassals, whom he dissembles to fear as his Lords. It is thou only, O Saviour, at whose beck those stubborn Principalities of Hell yield and tremble. No wicked man can be so much a slave to Satan, as Satan is to thee. The interposition of thy grace may defeat that dominion of Satan: thy rule is absolute, and capable of no lett. What need we to fear, whiles we are under so omnipotent a Commander? The waves of the deep rage horribly; yet the Lord is stronger then they. Let those Principalities and Powers doe their worst: Those mighty adversaries are under the command of him who loved us so well as to bleed for us. What can we now doubt of? His power, or his will? How can we professe him a God, and doubt of his power? How can we professe him a Saviour, and doubt of his will? He both can and will command those Infernal powers. We are no lesse safe then they are malicious.

The Devil saw *Jesus* by the eyes of the Demoniack: for the same saw that spake: but it was the ill spirit that said, *I beseech thee torment me not.* It was sore against his will that he saw so dreadfull an object. The over-ruling power of Christ dragged the foul spirit into his presence. Guiltiness would fain keep out of sight. The limmes of so wofull an head shall once call on the Hills and Rocks to hide them from the face of the Lamb: such Lion-like terrour is in that milde face, when it looks upon wickedness. Neither shall it be one day the least part of the torment of the damned, to see the most lovely spectacle that Heaven can afford. He from whom they fled in his offers of Grace, shall be so much more terrible, as he was and is more gracious. I marvel not therefore that the Devil, when he saw *Jesus*, cried out. I could marvell that he fell down, that he worshipped him. That which the proud spirit would have had Christ to have done to him in his great Duell, the same he now doth unto Christ, fearfully, servilely, forcedly. Who shall henceforth brag of the external homage he performs to the Son of God, when he sees Satan himself fall down and worship? What comfort can there be in that which is common to us with Devils; who as they believe and tremble, so they tremble and worship? The outward bowing is the body of the action; the disposition of the Soul is the soul of it: therein lies the difference from the counterfeit stoopings of wicked men and spirits. The religious heart *serves the Lord in fear, and rejoices in him with trembling.* What it doth is in way of service: In service to his Lord, whose Soveraignty is his comfort and protection: in the fear of a son, not of a slave; in fear tempered with joy; in a joy, but allayed with trembling: whereas the prostration of wicked men and Devils is only an act of form, or of force; as to their Judge, as to their tormentor, not as to their Lord; in mere servility, not in reverence; in an uncomfortable dulness, without all delight; in a perfect horror, without capacity of joy. These worship without thanks, because they fall down without the true affections of worship.

Whoso marvels to see the Devil upon his knees, would much more marvel to hear what came from his mouth, *Jesu, the Son of the most high God.* A confession, which if we should hear without the name of the Author, we should ask from what Saint it came. Behold the same name given to Christ by the Devil, which was formerly given him by the Angel, *Thou shalt call his name Jesus.* That awfull name whereat every knee shall bow, in Heaven, in earth and under the earth, is called upon by this prostrate Devil. And lest that should not import enough, (since others have been honoured by this name in Type,) he addes for full distinction, *The Son of the most high God.* The good *Syrophenician* and blind *Bartimæus* could say, *The Son of David.* It was well to acknowledge the true descent of his pedigree according to the flesh: but this infernall Spirit looks aloft, and fetcheth his line out of the highest Heavens, *The Son of the most high God.* The famous confession of the prime Apostle (which

A (which honoured him with a new name to immortality,) was no other then, *Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God:* and what other do I hear from the lips of a fiend? None more Divine words could fall from the highest Saint. Nothing hinders but that the veriest miscreant on earth, yea the foulest Devil in Hell, may speak holily. It is no passing of judgment upon loose sentences. So *Peter* should have been cast for a Satan, in denying, forswearing, cursing; and the Devil should have been set up for a Saint, in confessing *Jesus the Son of the most high God.* Fond hypocrite, that pleasest thy self in talking well, heare this Devil; and when thou canst speak better then he, look to fare better: but in the mean time know, that a smooth tongue and a foul heart carries away
B double judgments.

Let curious heads dispute whether the Devil knew Christ to be God. In this I dare believe himself, though in nothing else: he knew what he believed, what he believed that he confessed, *Jesus the Son of the most high God.* To the confusion of those semi-Christians, that have either held doubtfully, or ignorantly mis-known, or blasphemously denied what the very Devils have professed. How little can a bare speculation avail us in these cases of Divinity? So far this Devil hath attained, to no ease, no comfort. *Knowledge* alone doth but *puffe up*; it is our *love* that *edifies.* If there be not a sense of our sure interest in this *Jesus*, a power to apply his merits and obedience, we are no whit the safer,
C no whit the better; only we are so much the wiser, to understand who shall condemn us.

This piece of the clause was spoken like a Saint, *Jesus, the Son of the most high God:* the other piece like a Devil, *What have I to doe with thee?* If the disclamation were universall, the latter words would impugne the former: for whiles he confesses *Jesus* to be the Son of the most high God, he withall confesses his own inevitable subjection. Wherefore would he beseech, if he were not obnoxious? He cannot, he dare not say, *What hast thou to doe with me?* but, *What have I to doe with thee?* Others indeed I have vexed, thee I fear. In respect then of any violence, of any personal provocation, *What have I to doe with*
D *thee?* And dost thou ask, O thou evil spirit? what hast thou to doe with Christ, whiles thou vexest a servant of Christ? Hast thou thy name from knowledge, and yet so mistakest him whom thou confessest, as if nothing could be done to him but what immediately concerns his own person? Hear that great and just Judge sentencing upon his dreadfull Tribunal; *Inasmuch as thou didst it unto one of these little ones, thou didst it unto me.* It is an idle mispriſion to sever the sense of an injury done to any of the Members from the Head.

He that had humility enough to kneel to the Son of God, hath boldnesse enough to expostulate, *Art thou come to torment us before our time?* Whether it were that Satan, who useth to enjoy the torment of sinners, whose musick
E it is to hear our shrieks and gnashings, held it no small piece of his torment to be restrained in the exercise of his tyranny: or whether the very presence of Christ were his rack; for the guilty spirit projecteth terrible things, and cannot behold the Judge or the executioner without a renovation of horrour: or whether that (as himself professeth) he were now in a fearfull expectation of being commanded down into the deep, for a further degree of actual torment, which he thus deprecates.

There are tortures appointed to the very spiritual natures of evil Angels. Men that are led by Sense, have easily granted the body subject to torment, who yet have not so readily conceived this incident to a spiritual substance.
F The Holy Ghost hath not thought it fit to acquaint us with the particular manner of these invisible acts, rather willing that we should herein fear then enquire. But as all matters of Faith, though they cannot be proved by Reason, (for that they are in a higher sphere) yet afford an answer able to stop the mouth of all Reason that dares bark against them, (since truth cannot be opposite to it self;) so this of the sufferings of Spirits. There is therefore both an

intentional torment incident to Spirits, and a reall. For, as in Bleſſedneſs the good Spirits finde themſelves joyned unto the chief good; and hereupon feel a perfect love of God, and unſpeakable joy in him, and reſt in themſelves: ſo contrarily, the evil Spirits perceive themſelves eternally excluded from the preſence of God, and ſee themſelves ſetled in a wofull darkneſs; and from the ſenſe of this ſeparation ariſes an horrour not to be expreſſed, not to be conceived. How many men have we known to torment themſelves with their own thoughts? There needs no other gibbet then that which their troubled ſpirit hath erected in their own heart. And if ſome pains begin at the Body, and from thence afflict the Soul in a copartnerſhip of grief; yet others ariſe immediately from the Soul, and draw the Body into a participation of miſery. Why may we not therefore conceive mere and ſeparate Spirits capable of ſuch an inward excruciation? A B

Beſides which, I hear the Judge of men and Angels ſay, *Goe ye curſed into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels:* I hear the Prophet ſay, *Tophet is prepared of old.* If with fear and without curioſity we may look upon thoſe flames, why may we not attribute a ſpiritual nature to that more then natural fire? In the end of the world the Elements ſhall be diſſolved by fire: and if the pure quinteſſential matter of the skie, and the element of fire it ſelf ſhall be diſſolved by fire, then that laſt fire ſhall be of another nature then that which it conſumeth. What hinders then but that the Omnipotent God hath from eternity created a fire of another nature proportionable even to Spiritual eſſences? Or why may we not diſtinguiſh of fire, as it is it ſelf, a bodily creature; and as it is an inſtrument of Gods juſtice, ſo working not by any material virtue or power of its own, but by a certain height of ſupernatural efficacy, to which it is exalted by the Omnipotence of that ſupreme and righteous Judge? Or laſtly, why may we not conceive that though Spirits have nothing material in their nature which that fire ſhould work upon, yet by the judgement of the Almighty Arbiter of the world, juſtly willing their torment, they may be made moſt ſenſible of pain, and, by the obedible ſubmiſſion of their created nature, wrought upon immediately by their appointed tortures; beſides the very horrour which ariſeth from the place whereto they are everlaſtingly confined? For if the incorporeal Spirits of living men may be held in a lothed or painful body, and conceive ſorrow to be ſo impriſoned; why may we not as eaſily yield that the evil ſpirits of Angels or men may be held in thoſe direfull flames, and much more abhor therein to continue for ever? Tremble rather, O my Soul, at the thought of this wofull condition of the evil Angels; who, for one onely act of Apoſtaſie from God, are thus perpetually tormented: whereas we ſinfull wretches multiply many and preſumptuous offences againſt the Majeſty of our God. And withall admire and magnifie that infinite Mercy to the miſerable generation of man, which after this holy ſeverity of juſtice to the revolted Angels, ſo graciouſly forbears our hainous iniquities, and both ſuffers us to be free for the time from theſe helliſh torments, and gives us opportunity of a perfect freedome from them for ever. *Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy Name, who forgiveth all thy ſins, and healeth all thine infirmities; who redeemeth thy life from deſtruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and compaſſions.* C D E

There is no time wherein the evil ſpirits are not tormented: there is a time wherein they exſpect to be tormented yet more. *Art thou come to torment us before our time?* They knew that the laſt Aſſiſes are the prefixed terme of their full execution; which they alſo underſtood to be not yet come. For though they knew not when the Day of Judgement ſhould be; (a point concealed from the glorious Angels of Heaven) yet they knew when it ſhould not be: and therefore they ſay, *Before the time.* Even the very evil ſpirits confeſſe, and fearfully attend a ſet day of univerſal Seſſions. They believe leſſe then Devils, that either doubt of or deny that day of finall retribution. F

Oh

A Oh the wonderfull mercy of our God, that both to wicked men and spirits respites the utmost of their torment! He might upon the first instant of the fall of Angels have inflicted on them the highest extremity of his vengeance: He might upon the first sins of our youth (yea of our nature) have swept us away, and given us our portion in that fierie lake. He staies a time for both: though with this difference of mercy to us men, that here not onely is a delay, but may be an utter prevention of punishment, which to the evil spirits is altogether impossible. They do suffer, they must suffer: and though they have now deserved to suffer all they must, yet they must once suffer more then they do.

B Yet so doth this evil spirit expostulate, that he sues, *I beseech thee, torment me not.* The world is well changed since Satan's first onset upon Christ. Then he could say, *If thou be the Son of God*; now, *Jesus, the Son of the most high God:* then, *All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me*; now, *I beseech thee, torment me not.* The same power, when he lists, can change the note of the Tempter to us. How happy are we that have such a Redeemer as can command the Devils to their chains? Oh consider this, ye lawlesse sinners, that have said, *Let us break his bonds, and cast his cords from us.* However the Almighty suffers you for a judgement to have free scope to evil, and ye can now impotently resist the revealed will of your Creator, yet the time shall C come when ye shall see the very masters whom ye have served (the powers of darkness) unable to avoid the revenges of God. How much lesse shall man strive with his Maker? man, whose breath is in his nostrils, whose house is clay, whose foundation is the dust?

Nature teaches every creature to wish a freedome from pain. The foulest spirits cannot but love themselves; and this love must needs produce a deprecation of evil. Yet what a thing is this, to hear the Devil at his prayers? *I beseech thee, torment me not.* Devotion is not guilty of this, but fear. There is no grace in the suit of Devils, but nature; no respect of Glory to their Creator, but their own ease. They cannot pray against sin, but against torment for sin. D What news is it now to hear the profanest mouth in extremity imploring the Sacred Name of God, when the Devils do so? The worst of all creatures hates punishment, and can say, *Lead me not into pain:* onely the good heart can say, *Lead me not into temptation.* If we can as heartily pray against sin, for the avoiding of displeasure, as against punishment, when we have displeased, there is true Grace in the Soul. Indeed, if we could fervently pray against Sin, we should not need to pray against Punishment, which is no other then the inseparable shadow of that body: but if we have not laboured against our Sins, in vain do we pray against Punishment. God must be just; and *the wages of sin is death.*

E It pleased our Holy Saviour, not only to let fall words of command upon this spirit, but to interchange some speeches with him. All Christ's actions are not for example. It was the errour of our Grandmother to hold chat with Satan. That God, who knows the craft of that old Serpent and our weak simplicity, hath charged us not to enquire of an evil spirit. Surely if the Disciples returning to *Jacob's* Well wondred to see Christ talk with a woman, well may we wonder to see him talking with an unclean Spirit. Let it be no presumption, O Saviour, to ask upon what grounds thou didst this wherein we may not follow thee. We know that sin was excepted in thy conformity of thy self to us: we know there was no guile found in thy mouth, no possibility F of taint in thy nature, in thine actions: neither is it hard to conceive how the same thing may be done by thee without sin, which we cannot but sin in doing. There is a vast difference in the intention, in the Agent. For on the one side, thou didst not ask the name of the spirit as one that knew not, and would learn by inquiring; but that by the confession of that mischief which thou pleasedst to suffer, the grace of the Cure might be the more conspicuous, the more glo-

rious: So on the other, God and man might doe that ſafely which mere man cannot doe without danger. Thou mighteſt touch the Leproſie, and not be legally unclean, becauſe thou touchedſt it to heal it, didſt not touch it with poſſibility of infection. So mighteſt thou, who, by reaſon of the perfection of thy Divine nature, wert uncapable of any ſtain by the interlocution with Satan, ſafely conferre with him, whom corrupt man, pre-diſpoſed to the danger of ſuch a parlee, may not meddle with without ſin, becauſe not without perill. It is for none but God to hold diſcourſe with Satan. Our ſureſt way is to have as little to doe with that Evil one as we may; and if he ſhall offer to maintain conference with us by his ſecret Tentations, to turn our ſpeech unto our God, with the Archangel, *The Lord rebuke thee, Satan.*

It was the preſuppoſition of him that knew it, that not onely men but ſpirits have names. This then he asks, not out of an ignorance or curioſity; nothing could be hid from him who calleth the Stars and all the hoaſts of Heaven by their names: but out of a juſt reſpect to the glory of the Miracle he was working, whereto the notice of the name would not a little avail. For if without inquiry or confeſſion our Saviour had ejected this evil ſpirit, it had paſſed for the ſingle diſpoſſeſſion of one onely Devil; whereas now it appears there was a combination and helliſh champertie in theſe powers of darkneſſe, which were all forced to vaile unto that Almighty command.

Before, the Devil had ſpoken ſingularly of himſelf, *What have I to doe with thee?* and, *I beſeech thee torment me not.* Our Saviour yet, knowing that there was a multitude of Devils lurking in that breaſt, who diſſembled their preſence, wreſts it out of the Spirit by this interrogation, *What is thy name?* Now can thoſe wicked ones no longer hide themſelves: He that asked the queſtion, forced the anſwer. *My name is Legion.* The author of diſcord hath borrowed a name of war: from that military order of diſcipline by which the Jews were ſubdued doth the Devil fetch his denomination, They were many, yet they ſay, *My name*, not, *Our name*; though many, they ſpeak as one, they act as one, in this poſſeſſion. There is a marvellous accordance even betwixt evil ſpirits. That Kingdome is not divided, for then it could not ſtand. I wonder not that wicked men do ſo conſpire in evil, that there is ſuch unanimity in the broachers and abettors of errors, when I ſee thoſe Devils, which are many in ſubſtance, are one in name, action, habitation. Who can too much brag of unity, when it is incident unto wicked ſpirits? All the praiſe of concord is in the ſubject: if that be holy, the conſent is Angelical; if ſinfull, deviliſh.

What a fearfull advantage have our ſpiritual enemies againſt us? If armed troops come againſt ſingle ſtraglers, what hope is there of life, of victory? How much doth it concern us to band our hearts together in a communion of Saints? Our enemies come upon us like a torrent: Oh let us not run aſunder like drops in the duſt. All our united forces will be little enough to make head againſt this league of deſtruction.

Legion imports Order, number, conflict. Order, in that there is a diſtinction of regiment, a ſubordination of Officers. Though in Hell there be confuſion of faces, yet not confuſion of degrees. Number: Thoſe that have reckoned a Legion at the loweſt, have counted it ſix thouſand: others have more then doubled it. Though here it is not ſtrict, but figurative, yet the letter of it implies multitude. How fearfull is the conſideration of the number of Apoſtate Angels? And if a Legion can attend one man, how many muſt we needs think are they, who all the world over are at hand to the puniſhment of the wicked, the exerciſe of the good, the tentation of both? It cannot be hoped there can be any place or time wherein we may be ſecure from the onſets of theſe enemies. Be ſure, ye lewd men, ye ſhall want no furtherance to evil, no torment for evil. Be ſure, ye godly, ye ſhall not want combatants to trie your ſtrength and skill. Awaken your courages to reſiſt, and ſtir up your hearts, make ſure the means of your ſafety. There are more with us then againſt us. The God of

of Heaven is with us, if we be with him: and our Angels behold the face of God. If every Devil were a Legion, we are safe. *Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we shall fear no evil.* Thou, O Lord, shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of our enemies, and thy right hand shall save us.

Conflict. All this number is not for sight, for rest; but for motion, for action. Neither was there ever hour since the first blow given to our first Parents, wherein there was so much as a truce betwixt these adversaries. As therefore strong frontier Towns, when there is a peace concluded on both parts, break up their garrison, open their gates, neglect their Bulwarks; but when they hear of the enemy mustering his forces in great and unequal numbers, then they double their guard, keep Sentinell, repair their Sconces: so must we, upon the certain knowledge of our numerous and deadly enemies in continual aray against us, addresse our selves alwaies to a wary and strong resistance. I do not observe the most to think of this ghostly hostility. Either they do not find there are Tentations, or those Tentations hurtful; they see no worse then themselves: and if they feel motions of evil arising in them, they impute it to fancy, or unreasonable appetite, to no power but Nature's; and those motions they follow without sensible hurt, neither see they what harm it is to sin. Is it any marvell that carnal eyes cannot discern spiritual Objects? that the World, who is the friend, the vassal of Satan, is in no war with him? *Elisha*'s servant, when his eyes were opened, saw troops of spiritual souldiers, which before he discerned not. If the eyes of our Souls be once enlightned by supernatural knowledge and the clear beams of Faith, we shall as plainly descry the invisible powers of wickednesse, as now our bodily eyes see Heaven and Earth. They are, though we see them not: we cannot be safe from them, if we do not acknowledge, not oppose them.

The Devils are now become great suitors to Christ; That he would not command them into the deep; that he would permit their entrance into the swine. What is this deep but hell, both for the utter separation from the face of God, and for the impossibility of passage to the region of Rest and Glory? The very evil spirits then fear and expect a further degree of torment; they know themselves reserved in those chains of darknesse for the judgment of the great Day. There is the same wages due to their sins & to ours; neither are the wages paid till the work be done. They tempting men to sin, must needs sin grievously in tempting; as with us men those that mislead into sin offend more then the actors. Not till the upshot therefore of their wickednesse shall they receive the full measure of their condemnation. This *day*, this *deep* they tremble at: what shall I say of those men that fear it not? It is hard for men to believe their own unbelief. If they were perswaded of this fiery dungeon, this bottomlesse deep, wherein every sin shall receive an horrible portion with the damned, durst they stretch forth their hands to wickednesse? No man will put his hand into a fiery Crucible to fetch gold thence, because he knows it will burn him. Did we as truly believe the everlasting burning of that infernal fire, we durst not offer to fetch Pleasures or Profits out of the midst of those flames.

This degree of torment they grant in Christ's power to command; they knew his power unresistible: had he therefore but said, *Back to hell whence ye came*, they could no more have stai'd upon earth, then they can now climbe into Heaven. O the wonderfull dispensation of the Almighty, who though he could command all the evil spirits down to their dungeons in an instant, so as they should have no more opportunity of Temptation, yet thinks fit to retain them upon earth! It is not out of weaknesse, or improvidence of that Divine hand, that wicked spirits tyrannize here upon earth; but out of the most wise and most holy ordination of God, who knows how to turn evil into good, how to fetch good out of evil, and by the worst instruments to bring about his most just decrees. Oh that we could adore that awfull and infinite power, and

chear-

chearfully caſt our ſelves upon that Providence which keeps the Keyes even of Hell it ſelf, and either lets out, or returns the Devils to their places. A

Their other ſuit hath ſome marvell in moving it, more in the grant; *That they might be ſuffered to enter into the Herd of Swine.* It was their ambition of ſome miſchief that brought forth this deſire: that ſince they might not vex the body of man, they might yet afflict men in their goods. The Malice of theſe envious ſpirits reacheth from us to ours: It is ſore againſt their wills if we be not every way miſerable. If the Swine were Legally unclean for the uſe of the table, yet they were naturally good. Had not Satan known them uſefull for man, he had never deſired their ruine. But as Fencers will ſeem to fetch a blow at the leg, when they intend it at the head; ſo doth this Devil, B whiles he drives at the Swine, he aimes at the Souls of theſe *Gadarens*: by this means he hoped well (and his hope was not vain) to work in theſe *Gergeſens* a diſcontentment at Chriſt, an unwillingneſſe to entertain him, a deſire of his abſence; he meant to turn them into Swine by the loſſe of their Swine. It was not the rafters or ſtones of the houſe of *Job*'s children that he bore the grudge to, but to the owners; nor to the lives of the children ſo much, as the Soul of their Father. There is no Affliction wherein he doth not ſtrike at the heart; which whiles it holds free, all other damages are light: but *a wounded ſpirit* (whether with ſin or ſorrow) *who can bear?* Whatever becomes of goods or limmes, happy are we if (like wiſe ſouldiers) we guard the vital C parts. Whiles the Soul is kept ſound from impatience, from diſtruſt, our Enemy may afflict us, he cannot hurt us.

They ſue for a ſufferance; not daring other then to grant that without the permiſſion of Chriſt they could not hurt a very Swine. If it be fearfull to think how great things evil ſpirits can doe with permiſſion; it is comfortable to think how nothing they can doe without permiſſion. We know they want not malice to deſtroy the whole frame of God's work; but of all, man; of all men, Chriſtians: but if without leave they cannot ſet upon an Hog, what can they doe to the living Images of their Creator? They cannot offer us ſo much as a ſuggeſtion without the permiſſion of our Saviour. And can he D that would give his own moſt precious blood for us, to ſave us from evil, wilfully give us over to evil?

It is no news that wicked ſpirits wiſh to do miſchief: it is news that they are allowed it. If the owner of all things ſhould ſtand upon his abſolute command, who can challenge him for what he thinks fit to doe with his creature? The firſt Fole of the Aſſe is commanded under the Law to have his neck broken. What is that to us? The creatures doe that they were made for, if they may ſerve any way to the glory of their Maker. But ſeldome ever doth God leave his actions unfurniſhed with ſuch reaſons as our weakneſſe may reach unto. There were Sects amongſt theſe Jews that denied Spirits. They could E not be more evidently, more powerfully convinced then by this event. Now ſhall the *Gadarens* ſee from what a multitude of Devils they were delivered; and how eaſie it had been for the ſame power to have allowed theſe Spirits to ſeize upon their Perſons as well as their Swine. Neither did God this without a juſt purpoſe of their caſtigation. His Judgements are righteous, where they are moſt ſecret. Though we cannot accuſe theſe inhabitants of ought, yet he could; and thought good thus to mulct them. And if they had not wanted Grace to acknowledge it, it was no ſmall favour of God that he would puniſh them in their Swine, for that which he might have avenged upon their Bodies and Souls. Our Goods are furtheſt off us: If but in theſe we F ſmart, we muſt confeſſe to finde mercy.

Sometimes it pleaſeth God to grant the ſuits of wicked men and ſpirits, in no favour to the ſuitors. He grants an ill ſuit, and withholds a good: He grants an ill ſuit in Judgement, and holds back a good one in Mercy. The *Iſraelites* ask meat; he gives Quailes to their mouths, and leanneſſe to their Souls.

A Souls. The chosen vessel wishes Satan taken off, and hears only, *My grace is sufficient for thee.* We may not evermore measure favours by condescent. These Devils doubtless receive more punishment for that harmfull act wherein they are heard. If we ask what is either unfit to receive or unlawfull to beg, it is a great favour of our God to be denied.

Those spirits which would go into the Swine by permission, go out of the man by command: they had staied long, and are ejected suddenly. The immediate works of God are perfect in an instant, and do not require the aid of time for their maturation.

No sooner are they cast out of the man, then they are in the Swine. They
B will lose no time, but passe without intermission from one mischief to another. If they hold it a pain not to be doing evil; why is it not our delight to be ever doing good? The impetuousnesse was no lesse then the speed. *The Herd was carried with violence from a steep-down place into the lake, and was choaked.* It is no small force that could doe this: but if the Swine had been so many Mountains, these spirits, upon God's permission, had thus transported them. How easily can they carry those Souls which are under their power to destruction? Unclean beasts that wallow in the mire of sensuality, brutish Drunkards transforming themselves by excesse, even they are the Swine whom the Legion carries headlong to the pit of perdition.

C The wicked spirits have their wish; the Swine are choked in the waves. What ease is this to them? Good God, that there should be any creature that seeks contentment in destroying, in tormenting the good creatures of his Maker! This is the diet of Hell. Those Fiends feed upon spight towards man, so much more as he doth more resemble his Creator; towards all other living substances, so much more as they may be more usefull to man. The Swine ran down violently; what marvell is it if their Keepers fled? That miraculous work which should have drawn them to Christ, drives them from him. They run with the news; the Country comes in with clamour: *The whole multitude of the Country about besought him to depart.* The multitude is a beast of many
D heads; every head hath a several mouth, and every mouth a several tongue, and every tongue a several accent; every head hath a several brain, and every brain thoughts of their own: so as it is hard to find a multitude without some division. At least seldome ever hath a good motion found a perfect accordance: it is not so infrequent for a multitude to conspire in evil. Generality of assent is no warrant for any act. Cõmon Errour carries away many, who inquire not into the reason of ought, but the practice. The way to Hell is a beaten road through the many feet that tread it. When Vice grows into fashion, Singularity is a Vertue.

There was not a *Gadarene* found that either dehorted his fellows, or opposed the motion. It is a sign of people given up to judgment, when no man makes
E head against projects of evil. Alas! what can one strong man do against a whole throng of wickednesse? Yet this good comes of an unprevailing resistance, that God forbears to plague, where he findes but a sprinkling of Faith. Happy are they who (like unto the celestial bodies, which being carried about with the sway of the highest sphere, yet creep on their own waies) keep on the courses of their own Holiness, against the swinge of common corruptions: they shall both deliver their own Souls, and help to withhold judgment from others.

The *Gadarenes* sue to Christ for his departure. It is too much favour to attribute this to their modesty, as if they held themselves unworthy of so Divine a Guest. Why then did they fall upon this suit in a time
F of their losse? Why did they not taxe themselves, and intimate a secret desire of that which they durst not beg? It is too much rigour to attribute it to the love of their Hogs, and an anger at their losse: then they had not intreated, but expelled him. It was their fear that moved this harsh suit: a servile fear of danger to their persons, to their goods; lest he that could so absolutely command the Devils, should have set these tormentors upon them; lest

their

their other Demoniacks ſhould be diſpoſſeſſed with like loſſe. I cannot blame theſe *Gadarenes* that they feared. This power was worthy of trembling at. Their fear was unjuſt: They ſhould have argued, *This man hath power over men, beaſts, devils, it is good having him to our friend; his preſence is our ſafety and protection.* Now they contrarily miſ-infer, *Thus powerfull is he, it is good he were further off.* What miſerable and pernicious miſconſtructions do men make of God, of Divine Attributes and actions? God is omnipotent, able to take infinite vengeance of ſin; Oh that he were not: He is provident; I may be careleſſe: He is merciful; I may ſin: He is holy; Let him depart from me, for I am a ſinful man. How witty Sophiſters are natural men to deceive their own Souls, to rob themſelves of a God? O Saviour, how worthy are they to want thee, that wiſh to be rid of thee? Thou haſt juſt cauſe to be weary of us, even whiles we ſue to hold thee: but when once our wretched unthankfulneſſe grows weary of thee, who can pity us to be puniſhed with thy departure? Who can ſay it is other then righteous, that thou ſhouldſt regeſt one day upon us, *Depart from me, ye wicked.*

Contemplations.

THE FOURTH BOOK,

Containing

The faithfull Canaanite.
The deaf and dumb man cured.
Zacheus.
John Baptiſt *beheaded.*
The five loaves and two fiſhes.
The walk upon the waters.
The bloody iſſue healed.
Jairus *and his daughter.*
The motion of the two fiery Diſciples repelled.
The ten Lepers.
The pool of Bethesda.
Chriſt transfigured.
The woman taken in adultery.
The thankfull Penitent.
Martha *and* Mary.
The begger that was born blinde, cured.
The ſtubborn Devil ejected.
The Widows mites.
The ambition of the two ſons of Zebedee.
The tribute-money payd.
Lazarus *dead.*
Lazarus *raiſed.*
Chriſt's proceſſion to the Temple.
Chriſt betrayed.
The Agony.
Peter *and* Malchus; *or, Chriſt apprehended.*
Chriſt before Caiaphas.
Chriſt before Pilate.
The Crucifixion.
The Reſurrection.
The Aſcenſion.

To

To the onely honour and glory of God my Saviour, and to the benefit and behoof of his blessed Spouse, the Church, I do in all humility devote my self and all my Meditations,

The weak and unworthy Servant of both,
J. E.

To the READER.

THose few spare houres which I could either borrow or steale from the many imployments of my busie Dioceſe, I have gladly bestowed upon these, not more recreative then usefull, Contemplations, for which I have been (some years) a debter to the Church of God: now, in a care to satisfie the desires of many and my owne pre-ingagement, I send them forth into the light. My Reader shall finde the discourse in all these passages more large, and in the latter (as the occasion gives) more fervent. And if he shall misse some remarkable stories, let him be pleased to know, that I have purposely omitted those pieces which consist rather of speech then of act, and those that are in respect of the matter coincident to these I have selected. I have so done my task, as fearing, not affecting length; and as carefull to avoid the cloying of my Reader with other mens thoughts. Such as they are, I wish them, as I hope they shall be, beneficiall to God's Church; and in them intend to set up my rest: beseeching my Reader that he will mutually exchange his prayers for and with me, who am the unworthiest of the Servants of Christ,

J. E.

The faithfull Canaanite.

IT was our Saviours trade to doe good: Therefore he came down from Heaven to earth, therefore he changed one station of earth for another. Nothing more commends Goodnesse then generality and diffusion; whereas reservednesse and close-handed restraint blemish the glory of it. The Sun stands not still in one point of Heaven, but walks his daily round, that all the inferiour world may share of his influences both in heat and light. Thy bounty, O Saviour, did not affect the praise of fixednes, but motion: one while I finde thee at *Jerusalem*, then at *Capernaum*, soon after in the utmost verge of *Galilee*; never but doing good.

But as the Sun, though he daily compass the world, yet never walks from under his line, never goes beyond the turning points of the longest and shortest day; so neither didst thou, O Saviour, passe the bounds of thine own peculiar people. Thou wouldest move, but not wildly; not out of thine own sphear: wherein thy glorified estate exceeds thine humbled, as far as Heaven is above earth. Now thou art lift up, thou draweſt all men unto thee; there are now no lists, no limits of thy gracious visitations: but as the whole earth is equidistant from Heaven; so all the motions of the world lie equally open to thy bounty.

Neither yet didst thou want outward occasions of thy removal: perhaps the very importunity of the Scribes and Pharisees, in obtruding their Traditions, drave thee thence; perhaps their unjust offence at thy Doctrine. There is

no readier way to loſe Chriſt then to clog him with humane ordinances, then to ſpurn at his heavenly inſtructions. He doth not alwaies ſubduce his Spirit with his viſible preſence; but his very outward withdrawing is worthy of our ſighs, worthy of our tears. Many a one may ſay, *Lord, if thou hadſt been here, my* Soul *had not died.* Thou art now with us, O Saviour, thou art with us in a free and plentifull faſhion; how long, thou knoweſt: we know our deſervings and fear. Oh teach us how happy we are in ſuch a gueſt; and give us grace to keep thee. Hadſt thou walked within the *Phœnician* borders, we could have told how to have made glad conſtructions of thy mercy in turning to the Gentiles; thou that couldeſt touch the Lepers without uncleanneſſe, couldeſt not be defiled with aliens: but we know the partition wall was not yet broken down; and thou that didſt charge thy Diſciples not to walk into the way of the Gentiles, wouldſt not tranſgreſſe thine own rule. Once we are ſure thou cameſt to the utmoſt point of the bounds of *Galilee*; as not ever confined to the heart of *Jewry*, thou wouldeſt ſometimes bleſſe the outer skirts with thy preſence. No angle is too obſcure for the Goſpel: *the land of Zabulon and the land of Nepthali, by the way of the Sea beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles, the people which ſate in darkneſſe ſaw great light.* The Sun is not ſcornfull, but looks with the ſame face upon every plot of earth; not onely the ſtately palaces and pleaſant gardens are viſited by his beams, but mean cottages, but neglected boggs and mores. God's word is like himſelf, no accepter of perſons; the wilde *Kern*, the rude *Scythian*, the ſavage *Indian* are alike to it. The Mercy of God will be ſure to finde out thoſe that belong to his Election in the moſt ſecret corners of the world, like as his Judgments will fetch his enemies from under the hills and rocks. The good Shepherd walks the wilderneſſe to ſeek one ſheep ſtrayed from many. If there be but one *Syrophœnician* ſoul to be gained to the Church, Chriſt goes to the coaſts of *Tyre* and *Sidon* to fetch her. Why are we weary to doe good, when our Saviour underwent this perpetuall toyle in healing bodies and winning Souls? There is no life happy but that which is ſpent in a continuall drudging for edification.

It is long ſince we heard of the name or nation of *Canaanites*. All the Country was once ſo ſtyled; that people was now forgotten: yet becauſe this woman was of the blood of thoſe *Phœnicians* which were anciently ejected out of *Canaan*, that title is revived to her. God keeps account of pedigrees after our oblivion; that he may magnifie his mercies by continuing them to thouſands of the generations of the juſt, and by renewing favours upon the unjuſt. No Nation carried ſuch brands and ſcars of a Curſe as *Canaan*. To the ſhame of thoſe careleſſe Jews, even a faithfull *Canaanite* is a ſuppliant to Chriſt, whiles they neglect ſo great Salvation. She doth not ſpeak, but cry. Need and deſire have raiſed her voice to an importunate clamour. The God of mercy is light of hearing; yet he loves a loud and vehement ſolicitation; not to make himſelf inclinable to graunt, but to make us capable to receive bleſſings. They are words, and not prayers, which fall from careleſſe lips. If we felt our want, or wanted not deſire, we could ſpeak to God in no tune but cries. If we would prevail with God, we muſt wreſtle; and if we would wreſtle happily with God, we muſt wreſtle firſt with our own dulneſſe. Nothing but cries can pierce Heaven. Neither doth her vehemence ſo much argue her Faith, as doth her compellation, *O Lord, thou Son of David.* What Proſelyte, what Diſciple could have ſaid more? O bleſſed *Syrophœnician*, who taught thee this abſtract of Divinity? What can we Chriſtians confeſſe more then the Deity and the Humanity, the Meſſiaſhip of our glorious Saviour? His Deity as Lord, his Humanity as a Son, his Meſſiaſhip as the Son of *David*. Of all the famous progenitors of Chriſt two are ſingled out by an eminence, *David* and *Abraham*; a King, a Patriarch: and though the Patriarch were firſt in time, yet the King is firſt in place; not ſo much for the dignity of the Perſon, as the excellence of the Promiſe, which as it was both later and freſher in memory, ſo more honourable.

A nourable. To *Abraham* was promiſed multitude and bleſſing of ſeed; to *David* perpetuity of dominion. So as when God promiſeth not to deſtroy his people, it is for *Abraham*'s ſake; when not to extinguiſh the Kingdome, it is for *David*'s ſake. Had ſhe ſaid, *The Son of Abraham*, ſhe had not come home to this acknowledgment. *Abraham* is the Father of the faithfull; *David* of the Kings of *Juda* and *Iſrael*. There are many faithfull; there is but one King: ſo as in this title ſhe doth proclaim him the perpetual King of his Church, the rod or flower which ſhould come from the root of *Jeſſe*, the true and onely Saviour of the world. Whoſo would come unto Chriſt to purpoſe, muſt come in the right ſtyle; apprehending a true God, a true Man, a true God and Man: any of theſe
B ſevered from other, makes Chriſt an Idol, and our prayers ſin. Being thus acknowledged, what ſuit is ſo fit for him as mercy? *Have mercy on me.* It was her daughter that was tormented, yet ſhe ſaies, *Have mercy on me.* Perhaps her poſſeſſed childe was ſenſeleſs of her miſery: the parent feels both her ſorrow and her own. As ſhe was a good woman, ſo a good mother. Grace and good nature have taught her to appropriate the afflictions of this divided part of her own fleſh. It is not in the power of another skin, to ſever the intereſt of our own loyns or womb. We finde ſome fouls that burn themſelves, whiles they endeavour to blow out the fire from their young. And even Serpents can re-
C ceive their brood into their mouth to ſhield them from danger. No creature is ſo unnatural, as the reaſonable that hath put off affection.

On me therefore in mine; *for my Daughter is grievouſly vexed with a Devil.* It was this that ſent her to Chriſt: It was this that muſt incline Chriſt to her. I doubt whether ſhe had inquired after Chriſt, if ſhe had not been vexed with her daughters ſpirit. Our Afflictions are as *Benhadad*'s beſt counſellors, that ſent him with a cord about his neck to the mercifull King of *Iſrael*. Theſe are the files & whetſtones that ſet an edge on our Devotions; without which they grow dull and ineffectual: neither are they ſtronger motives to our ſuit then to Chriſt's mercy. We cannot have a better ſpokes-man unto God then our
D own miſery. That alone ſues and pleads and importunes for us. This which ſets off men, whoſe compaſſion is finite, attracts God to us. Who can plead diſcouragements in his acceſſe to the throne of Grace, when our wants are our forcible advocates? All our worthineſs is in a capable miſery.

All *Iſrael* could not example the Faith of this *Canaanite*; yet ſhe was thus tormented in her daughter. It is not the truth or ſtrength of our Faith that can ſecure us from the outward and bodily vexations of Satan: againſt the inward and ſpiritual that can and will prevail: it is no more antidote againſt the other then againſt feavers and dropſies. How ſhould it, whenas it may fall out that theſe ſufferings may be profitable? and why ſhould we exſpect that the
E love of our God ſhall yield to forelay any benefit to the Soul? He is an ill patient that cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt an affliction and the evil of affliction. When the meſſenger of Satan buffets us, it is enough that God hath ſaid, *My grace is ſufficient for thee.*

Millions were in *Tyre* and *Sidon*, whoſe perſons, whoſe children were untouched with that tormenting hand. I hear none but this faithfull Woman ſay, *My daughter is grievouſly vexed of the Devil.* The worſt of bodily afflictions are an inſufficient proof of Divine diſpleaſure. She that hath moſt Grace, complains of moſt diſcomfort.

Who would now expect any other then a kinde anſwer to ſo pious and faithfull a petition? *And behold, he anſwered her not a word.* O holy Saviour,
F we have oft found cauſe to wonder at thy words, never till now at thy ſilence. A miſerable ſuppliant cries and ſues, whiles the God of mercies is ſpeechleſſe. He that comforts the afflicted, addes affliction to the comfortleſſe by a willing diſreſpect. What ſhall we ſay then? Is the fountain of Mercy dried up? O Saviour, couldſt thou but hear? ſhe did not murmur, not whiſper, but cry out; couldſt thou but pity, but regard her that was as good as ſhe

was miſerable? If thy ears were open, could thy bowels be ſhut? Certainly it was thou that didſt put it into the heart, into the mouth of this woman to ask, and to ask thus of thy ſelf. She could never have ſaid, *O Lord, thou ſon of David*, but from thee, but by thee. *None calleth Jeſus the Lord but by the holy Ghoſt.* Much more therefore didſt thou hear the words of thine own making; and well wert thou pleaſed to hear what thou thoughteſt good to forbear to anſwer. It was thine own grace that ſealed up thy lips.

Whether for the triall of her patience and perſeverance, for, ſilence carried a ſemblance of neglect; and a willing neglect laies ſtrong ſiege to the beſt fort of the Soul. Even calm tempers when they have been ſtirred have bewrayed impetuouſneſs of Paſſion. If there be any dregs in the bottom of the glaſſe, when the water is ſhaken they will be ſoon ſeen. Or whether for the more ſharpning of her deſires, and raiſing of her zealous importunity. Our holy longings are increaſed with delaies: it whets our appetite to be held faſting. Or whether for the more ſweetning of the bleſſing by the difficulty or ſtay of obtaining. The benefit that comes with eaſe is eaſily contemned. Long and eager purſuit endears any favour. Or whether for the ingaging of his Diſciples in ſo charitable a ſuit. Or whether for the wiſe avoidance of exception from the captious Jews: or laſtly, for the drawing on of an holy and imitable pattern of faithfull perſeverance; and to teach us not to meaſure God's hearing of our ſuit by his preſent anſwer, or his preſent anſwer by our own ſenſe. Whiles our weakneſs exſpects thy words, thy wiſdome reſolves upon thy ſilence. Never wert thou better pleaſed to hear the acclamation of Angels, then to hear this woman ſay, *O Lord, thou ſon of David:* yet ſilence is thy anſwer. When we have made our prayers, it is an happy thing to hear the report of them back from Heaven: but if we alwaies do not ſo, it is not for us to be dejected, and to accuſe either our infidelity or thy neglect; ſince we finde here a faithfull ſuitor met with a gracious Saviour, and yet he anſwered her not a word. If we be poor in ſpirit, God is rich in mercy; he cannot ſend us away empty: yet he will not alwaies let us feel his condeſcent, croſſing us in our will, that he may advance our benefit.

It was no ſmall fruit of Chriſt's ſilence that the Diſciples were hereupon moved to pray for her: not for a mere diſmiſſion; it had been no favour to have required this, but a puniſhment; (for if to be held in ſuſpenſe be miſerable, to be ſent away with a repulſe is more) but for a mercifull grant. They ſaw much paſſion in the woman, much cauſe of paſſion: they ſaw great diſcouragement on Chriſt's part, great conſtancy on hers. Upon all theſe, they feel her miſery, and become ſuitors for her unrequeſted. It is our duty in caſe of neceſſity to intercede for each other; and by how much more familiar we are with Chriſt, ſo much more to improve our intereſt for the relief of the diſtreſſed. We are bidden to ſay, *Our Father*, not *mine*: yea, being members of one body, we pray for our ſelves in others. If the foot be prickt, the back bends, the head bows down, the eyes look, the hands ſtir, the tongue calls for aide, the whole man is in pain and labours for redreſſe. He cannot pray or be heard for himſelf, that is no mans friend but his own. No prayer without faith, no faith without charity, no charity without mutual interceſſion.

That which urged them to ſpeak for her, is urged to Chriſt by them for her obtaining; *She cries after us.* Prayer is as an arrow: if it be drawn up but a little, it goes not far; but if it be pull'd up to the head, it flies ſtrongly, and pierces deep. If it be but dribbled forth of careleſſe lips, it falls down at our foot; the ſtrength of our ejaculation ſends it up into Heaven, and fetches down a bleſſing. The childe hath eſcaped many a ſtripe by his loud crying; and the very unjuſt Judge cannot indure the widows clamour. Heartleſs motions do but teach us to deny; fervent ſuits offer violence both to earth and Heaven.

Chriſt would not anſwer the woman, but doth anſwer the Diſciples. Thoſe that have a familiarity with God ſhall receive anſwers, when ſtrangers ſhall ſtand

A ſtand out. Yea even of domeſticks ſome are more intire: He that lay in *Jeſus* his boſome could receive that intelligence which was concealed from the reſt. But who can tell whether that ſilence or this anſwer be more grievous? *I am not ſent but to the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael.* What is this anſwer but a defence of that ſilence and ſeeming neglect? Whiles he ſaid nothing, his forbearance might have been ſuppoſed to proceed from the neceſſity of ſome greater thoughts: but now, his anſwer profeſſeth that ſilence to have proceeded from a willing reſolution not to anſwer: and therefore he doth not vouchſafe ſo much as to give to her the anſwer, but to her ſolicitors; that they might return his deniall from him to her, who had undertaken to derive her ſuit to
B him; *I am not ſent but to the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael.* Like a faithfull Embaſſadour, Chriſt hath an eye to his commiſſion. That may not be violated, though to an apparant advantage: whither he is not ſent, he may not goe. As he, ſo all his have their fixed marks ſet: at theſe they aime, and think it not ſafe to ſhoot at rovers. In matter of morality it is not for us to ſtand onely upon inhibitions, avoiding what is forbidden, but upon commands, endeavouring only what is injoyned. We need no other rule of our life then the intention of our ſeveral ſtations. And if he that was God, would take no further ſcope to himſelf then the limits of his commiſſion, how much doth it concern us frail men to keep within compaſs? or what ſhall become of our lawleſneſs,
C that live in a direct contrariety to the will of him that ſent us?

Iſrael was *Jacob*'s name; from him derived to his poſterity: till the diviſion of the Tribes under *Jeroboam*, all that nation was *Iſrael*: then the Father's name went to the moſt (which were ten Tribes,) the name of the Son *Juda* to the beſt, which were two. Chriſt takes no notice of this unhappy diviſion: he remembers the antient name which he gave to that faithfull wreſtler. It was this Chriſt with whom *Jacob* ſtrove; it was he that wrencht his hip, and changed his name, and diſmiſt him with a bleſſing; and now he cannot forget his old mercy to the houſe of *Iſrael*. To that only doth he profeſs himſelf ſent. Their firſt brood were ſhepherds, now they are ſheep; and thoſe not garded, not em-
D paſtured, but ſtrayed and loſt. O Saviour, we ſee thy charge; the houſe of *Iſrael*, not of *Eſau*; ſheep, not goats, not wolves; loſt ſheep, not ſecurely impaled in the confidence of their ſafe condition. Woe were to us if thou wert not ſent to us. He is not a Jew which is one without. Every *Iſraelite* is not a true one. We are not of thy fold, if we be not ſheep: thou wilt not reduce us to thy fold, if we be not loſt in our own apprehenſions. O Lord, thou haſt put a fleece upon our backs, we have loſt our ſelves enough: make us ſo ſenſible of our own wandrings, that we may finde thee ſent unto us, and may be happily found of thee.

Hath not this poor woman yet done? Can neither the ſilence of Chriſt nor
E his deniall ſilence her? Is it poſſible ſhe ſhould have any glimpſe of hope after ſo reſolute repulſes? yet ſtill, as if ſhe ſaw no argument of diſcouragement, ſhe comes, and worſhips, and cries, *Lord, help me.* She which could not in the houſe get a word of Chriſt, ſhe that ſaw her ſolicitors (though Chriſt's own Diſciples) repelled, yet ſhe comes. Before ſhe followed, now ſhe overtakes him; before ſhe ſued aloof, now ſhe comes cloſe to him: no contempt can caſt her off. Faith is an undaunted Grace; it hath a ſtrong heart, and a bold forehead: even very denials cannot diſmay it, much leſſe delaies. She came not to face, not to expoſtulate, but to proſtrate her ſelf at his feet: Her tongue worſhipt him before, now her knee. The eye of her Faith ſaw that Divinity in
F Chriſt which bowed her to his Earth. There cannot be a fitter geſture of man to God then adoration.

Her firſt ſuit was for mercy, now for help. There is no uſe of mercy but in helpfulneſs. To be pitied without aide, is but an addition to miſery. Who can blame us, if we care not for an unprofitable compaſſion?

The very ſuit was gracious. She ſaith not, *Lord, if thou canſt, help me,*

as the father of the Lunatick; but profeſſes the power whiles ſhe beggs the act, and gives glory where ſhe would have relief. A

Who now can expect other then a faire and yielding anſwer to ſo humble, ſo faithfull, ſo patient a ſuppliant? What can ſpeed well, if a prayer of Faith from the knees of Humility ſucceeds not? And yet behold, the further ſhe goes, the worſe ſhe fares: her diſcouragement is doubled with her ſuit. *It is not good to take the childrens bread and to caſt it to dogs.* Firſt, his ſilence implied a contempt; then his anſwer defended his ſilence; now his ſpeech expreſſes and defends his contempt. Lo, he hath turned her from a woman to a dog, and (as it were) ſpurns her from his feet with an harſh repulſe. What ſhall we ſay? is the Lamb of God turned Lion? Doth that clear fountain of mercy run blood? B O Saviour, did ever ſo hard a word fall from thoſe milde lips? Thou called'ſt *Herod* fox; moſt worthily, he was crafty and wicked: the Scribes and Phariſees a generation of Vipers; they were venemous and cruell: *Judas* a Devil; he was both covetous and treacherous. But here was a woman in diſtreſſe, and diſtreſſe challenges mercy: a good woman, a faithfull ſuppliant, a *Canaanitiſh* Diſciple, a Chriſtian *Canaanite*; yet rated and whipt out for a dog by thee who wert all goodneſſe and mercy? How different are thy wayes from ours? Even thy ſeverity argues favour. The Triall had not been ſo ſharp, if thou hadſt not found the Faith ſo ſtrong, if thou hadſt not meant the iſſue ſo happy. Thou hadſt not driven her away as a dog, if thou hadſt not intended to admit C her for a Saint; and to advance her as much for a pattern of Faith, as thou depreſſedſt her for a ſpectacle of contempt.

The time was when the Jews were children, and the Gentiles dogs: now the caſe is happily altered; the Jews are the dogs, (ſo their dear and Divine country-man calls the Conciſion) we Gentiles are the children. What certainty is there in an external profeſſion, that gives us only to ſeem, not to be; at leaſt the being that it gives is doubtfull and temporary? We may be children to day, and dogs to morrow. The true aſſurance of our condition is in the decree and covenant of God on his part, in our Faith and Obedience on ours. How they of children became dogs, it is not hard to ſay; their preſumption, their D unbelief transformed them; and (to perfect their brutiſhneſſe) they ſet their fangs upon the Lord of life. How we of dogs become children I know no reaſon. But, *O the depth!* That which at the firſt ſingled them out from the nations of the world, hath at laſt ſingled us out from the world and them. *It is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that hath mercy.* Lord, how ſhould we bleſſe thy Goodneſſe, that we of dogs are Children? how ſhould we feare thy Juſtice, ſince they of Children are dogs? Oh let not us be high-minded, but tremble. If they were cut off who crucified thee in thine humbled eſtate, what may we expect who crucifie thee daily in thy glory?

Rom. 11. 33.

Now what ordinary patience would not have been over-ſtrained with ſo contemptuous a repulſe? How few but would have faln into intemperate paſſions, into paſſionate expoſtulations? Art thou the Prophet of God that ſo diſdainfully entertaineſt poor ſuppliants? Is this the comfort that thou dealeſt to the diſtreſſed? Is this the fruit of my humble adoration, of my faithfull profeſſion? Did I ſnarl or bark at thee, when I called thee the *Son of David?* Did I flie upon thee otherwiſe then with my prayers and tears? And if this terme were fit for my vileneſs, yet doth it become thy lips? Is it not ſorrow enough to me that I am afflicted with my daughters miſery, but that thou (of whom I hoped for relief) muſt adde to mine affliction in an unkinde reproach? But here is none of all this. Contrarily, her Humility grants all, her patience overcomes all, F and ſhe meekly anſwers, *Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crums which fall from their maſters Table.* The reply is not more witty then faithfull. O Lord, thou art Truth it ſelf; thy words can be no other then truth: thou haſt call'd me a dog, and a dog I am: give me therefore the favour and priviledge of a dog, that I may gather up ſome crums of mercy from under that table whereat thy

A thy children ſit. This bleſſing (though great to me) yet to the infiniteneſſe of thy power and mercy is but as a crum to a Feaſt. I preſume not to preſſe to the board, but to creep under it. Deny me not thoſe ſmall offalls which elſe would be ſwept away in the duſt. After this ſtripe, give me but a crum, and I ſhall fawn upon thee, and depart ſatisfied. O woman (ſay I) great is thine Humility, great is thy Patience: but, *O woman* (ſaith my Saviour) *great is thy Faith.* He ſees the root, we the ſtock. Nothing but Faith could thus temper the heart, thus ſtrengthen the Soul, thus charm the tongue. O precious Faith! O acceptable perſeverance! It is no marvel if that chiding end in favour: *Be it to thee even as thou wilt.* Never did ſuch Grace goe away uncrowned. The
B beneficence had been ſtreight, if thou hadſt not carried away more then thou ſuedſt for. Lo, thou that cameſt a dog, goeſt away a child; thou that wouldſt but creep under the childrens feet, art ſet at their elbow; thou that wouldſt have taken up a crum, art feaſted with full diſhes. The way to ſpeed well at God's hand is, to be humbled in his eyes and in our own. It is quite otherwiſe with God, and with men. With men we are ſo accounted of as we account of our ſelves. He ſhall be ſure to be vile in the ſight of others, which is vile in his own. With God nothing is got by vain oſtentation, nothing is loſt by abaſement. O God, when we look down to our own weakneſſe, and caſt up our eyes to thine infiniteneſs, thine omnipotence, what poor things we are? but when
C we look down upon our ſins and wickedneſs, how ſhall we expreſſe our ſhame? None of all thy creatures (except Devils) are capable of ſo foul a quality. As we have thus made our ſelves worſe then beaſts, ſo let us in a ſincere humbleneſſe of minde acknowledge it to thee, who canſt pity, forgive, redreſſe it. So ſetting our ſelves down at the lower end of the table of thy creatures, thou the great Maſter of the Feaſt mayſt be pleaſed to advance us to the height of Glory.

The Deaf and Dumb man cured.

D OUR Saviour's entrance into the coaſts of *Tyre* and *Sidon* was not without a Miracle; neither was his regreſſe: as the Sun neither riſes nor ſets without light. In his entrance he delivers the daughter of the faithfull *Syrophœnician*; in his egreſſe he cures the deaf and dumb. He can no more want work, then that work can want ſucceſſe. Whether the Patient were naturally deaf and perfectly dumb, or imperfectly dumb and accidentally deaf, I labour not. Sure I am that he was ſo deaf that he could not hear of Chriſt; ſo dumb that he could not ſpeak for himſelf. Good neighbours ſupply his ears, his tongue; they bring him to Chriſt. Behold a Miracle led in by charity, acted by power, led out by modeſty.

E It was a true office of Love to ſpeak thus in the cauſe of the dumb; to lend ſenſes to him that wanted. Poor man! he had nothing to intreat for him but his impotence: here was neither eare to inform, nor tongue to crave. His friends are ſenſible of his infirmity, and unasked bring him to cure. This ſpiritual ſervice we owe to each other. It is true, we ſhould be quick of hearing to the things of God and of our peace, quick of tongue to call for our helps: but, alas! we are naturally deaf and dumb to good. We have ear and tongue enough for the world: if that do but whiſper, we hear it; if that do but draw back, we crie after it: we have neither for God; ever ſince our eare was lent to the Serpent in Paradiſe, it hath been ſpiritually deaf; ever ſince we ſet our tooth in the for-
F bidden fruit, our tongue hath been ſpeechleſſe to God; and that which was faulty in the Root, is worſe in the Branches. Every Soul is more deafned and bedumbed by increaſing corruptions, by actual ſins. Some ears the infinite mercy of God hath bored, ſome tongues he hath untied by the power of regeneration: theſe are wanting to their holy faculties, if they doe not improve themſelves in bringing the deaf and dumb unto Chriſt.

There are ſome deaf and dumb upon neceſſity, ſome others upon affectation. A
Thoſe, ſuch as live either out of the pale of the Church, or under a ſpiritual tyranny within the Church: we have no help for them but our prayers; our pity can reach further then our aide: Theſe, ſuch as may hear of a Chriſt, and ſue to him, but will not; a condition ſo much more fearfull, as it is more voluntary. This kinde is full of wofull variety: whiles ſome are deaf by an outward obturation, whether by the prejudice of the Teacher, or by ſecular occaſions and diſtractions; others by the inwardly-apoſteming tumors of pride, by the ill vapors of carnal affections, of froward reſolutions. All of them, like the deaf adder, have their ears ſhut to the Divine charmer. Oh miſerable condition of fooliſh men, ſo peeviſhly averſe from their own Salvation; ſo much more worthy of our commiſeration as it is more incapable of their own! Theſe are the men whoſe cure we muſt labour, whom we muſt bring to Chriſt by admonitions, by threats, by authority, and (if need be) by wholſome compulſions. B

They do not onely lend their hand to the deaf and dumb, but their tongue alſo: they ſay for him that which he could not wiſh to ſay for himſelf. Doubtleſſe they had made ſigns to him of what they intended, and finding him forward in his deſires, now they ſpeak to Chriſt for him. Every man lightly hath a tongue to ſpeak for himſelf; happy is he that keeps a tongue for other men. We are charged not with Supplications only, but with Interceſſions. Herein is both the largeſt improvement of our love, and moſt effectual. No diſtance can hinder this fruit of our Devotion. Thus we may oblige thoſe that we ſhall never ſee, thoſe that can never thank us. This beneficence cannot impoveriſh us: the more we give, we have ſtill the more. It is a ſafe and happy ſtore that cannot be impaired by our bounty. What was their ſuit, but that Chriſt would put his hand upon the Patient? Not that they would preſcribe the means, or imply a neceſſity of his touch; but for that they ſaw this was the ordinary courſe both of Chriſt and his Diſciples, by touching to heal. Our prayers muſt be directed to the uſual proceedings of God. His actions muſt be the rule of our prayers; our payers may not preſcribe his actions. C

That gracious Saviour who is wont to exceed our deſires, does more then they ſue for. Not only doth he touch the party, but takes him by the hand, and leads him from the multitude. D

He that would be healed of his ſpiritual infirmities, muſt be ſequeſtred from the throng of the world. There is a good uſe, in due times, of Solitarineſſe. That Soul can never injoy God that is not ſometimes retired. The modeſt Bridegroom of the Church will not impart himſelf to his Spouſe before company. Or perhaps this receſſion was for our example of a willing and carefull avoidance of vain-glory in our actions. Whence alſo it is that our Saviour gives an after-charge of ſecrecy. He that could ſay, *He that doth evil hateth the light*, eſchueth the light even in good. To ſeek our own glory is not glory. Although beſides this baſhfull deſire of obſcurity, here is a meet regard of opportunity in the carriage of our actions. The envy of the Scribes and Phariſees might trouble the paſſage of his Divine miniſtery: their exaſperation is wiſely declined by this retiring. He in whoſe hands time is, knows how to make his beſt choice of ſeaſons. Neither was it our Saviours meaning to have this Miracle buried, but hid. Wiſdome hath no better improvement then in diſtinguiſhing times, and diſcreetly marſhalling the circumſtances of our actions: which whoſoever neglects, ſhall be ſure to ſhame his work, and mar his hopes. E

Is there a ſpiritual Patient to be cured? Aſide with him. To undertake him before the face of the multitude, is to wound, not to heal him. F

Reproof and good counſel muſt be like our Alms, in ſecret, ſo as (if poſſible) one eare or hand might not be conſcious to the other. As in ſome caſes Confeſſion, ſo our Reprehenſion muſt be auricular. The diſcreet Chirurgion that would cure a modeſt Patient, whoſe ſecret complaint hath in it more ſhame then pain, ſhuts out all eyes ſave his own. It is enough for the God of Juſtice to

ſay,

A say, *Thou didst it secretly, but I will doe it before all Israel, and before this Sun.* Our limited and imperfect wisedome must teach us to apply private redresses to private maladies. It is the best remedy that is least seen, and most felt.

What means this variety of ceremony? O Saviour, how many parts of thee are here active? Thy finger is put into the eare, thy spittle toucheth the tongue, thine eyes look up, thy lungs sigh, thy lips move to an *Ephphatha*. Thy word alone, thy beck alone, thy wish alone, yea the least act of velleity from thee might have wrought this cure. Why wouldst thou imploy so much of thy self in this work? Was it to shew thy liberty in not alwaies equally exercising the power of thy Deity? in that one-while thine onely command shall raise
B the dead, and eject Devils; another while thou wouldest accommodate thy self to the mean and homely fashions of natural agents, and condescending to our senses and customes, take those waies which may carry some more near respect to the cure intended? Or was it to teach us how well thou likest that there should be a ceremonious carriage of thy solemn actions, which thou pleasest to produce cloathed with such circumstantial formes?

It did not content thee to put one finger into one eare; but into either eare wouldst thou put a finger: Both ears equally needed cure, thou wouldest apply the means of cure to both. The Spirit of God is the finger of God. Then dost thou, O Saviour, put thy finger into our eare, when thy Spirit inables us to
C hear effectually. If we thrust our own fingers into our eares, using such humane perswasions to our selves as arise from worldly grounds, we labour in vain: yea these stoppels must needs hinder our hearing the voice of God. Hence the great Philosophers of the antient world, the learned Rabbins of the Synagogue, the great Doctors of a false faith are deaf to spiritual things. It is only that finger of thy Spirit, O blessed *Jesu*, that can open our eares, and make passage through our eares into our hearts. Let that finger of thine be put into our eares, so shall our deafnesse be removed, and we shall hear not the loud thunders of the Law, but the gentle whisperings of thy gracious motions to our Souls.

We hear for our selves, but we speak for others. Our Saviour was not con-
D tent to open the eares only, but to untie the tongue. With the eare we hear, with the mouth we confesse. The same hand is applied to the tongue, not with a drie touch, but with spittle: in allusion doubtlesse to the removal of the natural impediment of speech. Moisture, we know, glibs the tongue, and makes it apt to motion; how much more from that Sacred mouth?

There are those whose ears are open, but their mouths are still shut to God: they understand, but do not utter the wonderfull things of God. There is but half a Cure wrought upon these men: their eare is but open to hear their own judgment, except their mouth be open to confesse their Maker and Redeemer. O God, do thou so moisten my tongue with thy Graces, that it may run smooth-
E ly (*as the pen of a ready writer*) to the praise of thy Name. Whiles the finger of our Saviour was on the tongue, in the eare of the Patient, his eye was in Heaven. Never man had so much cause to look up to Heaven as he: there was his home, there was his throne. He onely was *from Heaven, heavenly*. Each of us hath a good minde homeward, though we meet with better sights abroad: how much more when our home is so glorious above the region of our peregrination? But thou, O Saviour, hadst not onely thy dwelling there, but thy seat of Majesty. There the greatest Angels adored thee: it is a wonder that thine eye could be ever any where but there. What doth thine eye in this but teach ours where to be fixed? Every good gift and every perfect gift
F coming down from above, how can we look off from that place whence we receive all good? Thou didst not teach us to say, O infinite God which art every where; but, *O our father which art in Heaven*. There let us look up to thee. Oh let not our eyes or hearts grovell upon this earth; but let us fasten them above *the hills, whence cometh our salvation*. Thence let us acknowledge all the good we receive; thence let us expect all the good we want.

Why

Why our Saviour look'd up to Heaven (though he had Heaven in himself) we can see reason enough. But why did he sigh? Surely not for need: The least motion of a thought was in him impetratory. How could he chuse but be heard of his Father, who was one with the Father? Not for any fear of distrust; but partly for compassion, partly for example. For compassion of those manifold infirmities into which sin had plunged mankinde; a pitiful instance whereof was here presented unto him. For example, to fetch sighs from us for the miseries of others; sighs of sorrow for them, sighs of desire for their redresse. This is not the first time that our Saviour spent sighs, yea tears, upon humane distresses. We are not bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, if we so feel not the smart of our brethren, that the fire of our passion break forth into the smoak of sighs. *Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?*

Christ was not silent whiles he cured the dumb; his *Ephphatha* gave life to all these his other actions. His sighing, his spitting, his looking up to Heaven were the acts of a man: But his command of the eare and mouth to open was the act of God. He could not command that which he made not. His word is imperative, ours supplicatory. He doth what he will with us; we doe by him what he thinks good to impart. In this mouth the word cannot be severed from the succes. Our Saviour's lips are no sooner opened in his *Ephphatha*, then the mouth of the dumb and the ears of the deaf are opened. At once behold here celerity and perfection. Natural agents work by leasure, by degrees; nothing is done in an instant: by many steps is every thing carried from the entrance to the consummation. Omnipotency knows no Rules. No imperfect work can proceed from a cause absolutely perfect. The man hears now more lightly then if he had never been deaf; and speaks more plainly then if he had never been tongue-tyed. And can we blame him if he bestowed the handsel of his speech upon the power that restored it? if the first improvement of his tongue were the praise of the giver, of the maker of it? Or can we expect other then that our Saviour should say, Thy tongue is free, use it to the praise of him that made it so; thy ears are open, hear him that bids thee proclaim thy cure upon the house-top? But now behold contrarily, he that opens this mans mouth by his powerfull word, by the same word shuts it again; charging silence by the same breath wherewith he gave speech; *Tell no man.*

Those tongues which interceded for his cure, are charmed for the concealment of it. O Saviour, thou knowest the grounds of thine own commands. It is not for us to inquire, but to obey: we may not honour thee with a forbidden celebration. Good meanings have oft-times proved injurious. Those men whose charity imployed their tongues to speak for the dumb man, do now imploy the same tongues to speak of his cure, when they should have been dumb. This charge, they imagine, proceeds from an humble modesty in Christ; which the respect to his Honour bids them violate. I know not how we itch after those forbidden acts, which if left to our liberty we willingly neglect. This prohibition increaseth the rumor: every tongue is busied about this one. What can we make of this but a well-meant disobedience? O God, I should more gladly publish thy Name at thy command. I know thou canst not bid me to dishonour thee; there is no danger of such an injunction: but if thou shouldest bid me to hide the profession of thy Name and wondrous works, I should fulfill thy words, and not examine thine intentions. Thou knowest how to win more honour by our silence then by our promulgation. A forbidden good differs little from evil. What makes our actions to be sin but thy prohibitions? Our judgement avails nothing. If thou forbid us that which we think good, it becomes as faulty to thee-ward as that which is originally evil. Take thou charge of thy Glory; give me grace to take charge of thy Precepts.

Zacheus.

Zacheus.

NOW was our Saviour walking towards his Paſſion: his laſt journey had moſt wonders. *Jericho* was in his way from *Galilee* to *Jeruſalem*: he balks it not though it were outwardly curſed; but as the firſt *Joſhua* ſaved a *Rahab* there, ſo there the ſecond ſaves a *Zacheus*; that an Harlot, this a Publican. The traveller was wounded as he was going from *Jeruſalem* to *Jericho*: this man was taken from his *Jericho* to the true *Jeruſalem*, and was healed. Not as a paſſenger did Chriſt walk this way, but as a viſitor; not to puniſh, but to heal. With us, the ſick man is glad to ſend far for the Phyſician; here the Phyſician comes to ſeek patients, and calls at our door for work. Had not this good Shepherd left the ninety nine, and ſearched the deſart, the loſt Sheep had never recovered the fold; had not his gracious frugality ſought the loſt Groat, it had been ſwept up with the ruſhes, and thrown out in the duſt. Still, O Saviour, doſt thou walk through our *Jericho*: what would become of us, if thou ſhouldſt ſtay till we ſeek thee alone? Even when thou haſt found us, how hardly do we follow thee? The work muſt be all thine: we ſhall not ſeek thee, if thou finde us not; we ſhall not follow thee, if thou draw us not.

Never didſt thou, O Saviour, ſet one ſtep in vain: whereſoever thou art walking, there is ſome *Zacheus* to be won. As in a drought, when we ſee ſome weighty cloud hovering over us, we ſay there is rain for ſome grounds, whereſoever it falls. The Ordinances of God bode good to ſome Souls; and happy are they on whom it lights.

How juſtly is *Zacheus* brought in with a note of wonder? It is both great and good news to hear of a Convert. To ſee men perverted from God to the world, from truth to hereſie, from piety to prophaneneſs, is as common as lamentable; every night ſuch ſtars fall: but to ſee a ſinner come home to God, is both happy and wondrous, to men and Angels. I cannot blame that Philoſopher, who undertaking to write of the hidden miracles of Nature, ſpends moſt of his diſcourſe upon the generation and formation of man. Surely we are *fearfully and wonderfully made*. But how much greater is the Miracle of our ſpiritual regeneration; that a ſon of wrath, a childe of Satan, ſhould be tranſformed into the Son and heire of the ever-living God? O God, thou workeſt both; but in the one our ſpirit animates us, in the other thine own.

Yet ſome things which have wonder in them for their worth, loſe it for their frequence; this hath no leſſe rarity in it then excellence. How many painfull *Peters* have complained to fiſh all night, and catch nothing? Many Profeſſors and few Converts hath been ever the lot of the Goſpel. God's houſe, as the ſtreets of *Jericho*, may be thronged, and yet but one *Zacheus*. As therefore in the Lottery, when the great prize comes, the trumpet ſounds before it; ſo the news of a Convert is proclaimed with, *Behold Zacheus*. Any Penitent had been worthy of a ſhout; but this man by an eminence; a Publican, a chief of the Publicans, rich.

No name under Heaven was ſo odious as this of a Publican; eſpecially to this Nation, that ſtood ſo high upon their freedome, that every impeachment of it ſeemed no leſſe then damnable: inſomuch as they ask not, Is it fit, or needfull, but, *Is it lawfull to pay tribute unto Cæſar?* Any office of exaction muſt needs be hainous to a people ſo impatient of the yoke. And yet not ſo much the trade as the extortion drew hatred upon this profeſſion; out of both they are deeply infamous: one while they are matched with Heathens, another while with Harlots, alwaies with Sinners. *And behold, Zacheus a Publican.* We are all naturally ſtrangers from God; the beſt is indiſpoſed to Grace: yet ſome there are whole very Calling gives them better advantages. But this catch-pole-ſhip of *Zacheus* carried extortion in the face, and in a ſort bade defiance to

to his Converſion: yet behold, from this Toll-booth is called both *Zacheus* to be a Diſciple, and *Matthew* to be an Apoſtle. We are in the hand of a cunning workman, that of the knottieſt and crookedſt timber can make rafters and ſeeling for his own houſe; that can ſquare the marble or flint as well as the freeſt ſtone. Who can now plead the diſadvantage of his place, when he ſees a Publican come to Chriſt? No Calling can prejudice God's gracious election. A

To excell in evil muſt needs be worſe. If to be a Publican be ill, ſurely to be an Arch-publican is more. What talk we of the chief of Publicans, when he that profeſſed himſelf the chief of Sinners is now among the chief of Saints? Who can deſpair of mercy, when he ſees one *Jericho* ſend both an Harlot and a Publican to Heaven? B

The trade of *Zacheus* was not a greater rub in his way then his wealth. He that ſent word to *John* for great news, that *the poor receive the Goſpel*, ſaid alſo, *How hard is it for a rich man to enter into Heaven?* This bunch of the Camel keeps him from paſſing the needles eye; although not by any malignity that is in the creature it ſelf (Riches are the gift of God) but by reaſon of thoſe three pernicious hang-byes, Cares, Pleaſures, Pride, which too commonly attend upon Wealth. Separate theſe, Riches are a bleſſing. If we can ſo poſſeſs them that they poſſeſs not us, there can be no danger, much benefit in abundance. All the good or ill of wealth or poverty is in the minde, in the uſe. He that hath a free and lowly heart in riches, is poor; he that hath a proud heart under rags, is rich. If the rich man doe good and diſtribute, and the poor man ſteal, the rich hath put off his woe to the poor. *Zacheus* had never been ſo famous a Convert, if he had been poor; nor ſo liberal a Convert, if he had not been rich. If more difficulty, yet more glory was in the converſion of rich *Zacheus*. C

It is well that wealthy *Zacheus* was deſirous to ſee Chriſt. Little do too many rich men care to ſee that ſight: the face of *Cæſar* in their coin is more pleaſing. This man leaves his bags, to bleſſe his eyes with this proſpect. Yet can I not praiſe him for this too much; it was not (I fear) out of Faith, but Curioſity. He that had heard great fame of the man, of his Miracles, would gladly ſee his face. Even an *Herod* longed for this, and was never the better. Onely this I finde, that this Curioſity of the eye, through the mercy of God, gave occaſion to the Belief of the heart. He that deſires to ſee *Jeſus*, is in the way to enjoy him: there is not ſo much as a remote poſſibility in the man that cares not to behold him. The eye were ill beſtowed, if it were onely to betray our Souls: there are no leſſe beneficial glances of it. We are not worthy of this uſefull caſement of the heart, if we do not thence ſend forth beams of holy deſires, and thereby re-conveigh profitable and ſaving Objects. D

I cannot marvel if *Zacheus* were deſirous to ſee *Jeſus*. All the world was not worth this ſight. Old *Simeon* thought it beſt to have his eyes cloſed up with this ſpectacle, as if he held it pity and diſparagement to ſee ought after it. The Father of the faithfull rejoiced to ſee him, though at nineteen hundred years diſtance; and the great Doctor of the Gentiles ſtands upon this as his higheſt ſtair, *Have I not ſeen the Lord Jeſus?* And yet, O Saviour, many a one ſaw thee here, that ſhall never ſee thy face above; yea, that ſhall call to the hills to hide them from thy ſight. And *if we had once known thee according to the fleſh, henceforth know we thee ſo no more.* What an happineſs ſhall it be ſo to ſee thee glorious, that in ſeeing thee we ſhall partake of thy glory? Oh bleſſed viſion, to which all others are but penal and deſpicable! Let me goe into the mint-houſe, and ſee heaps of gold, I am never the richer; let me goe to the picturers, I ſee goodly faces, and am never the fairer; let me goe to the Court, I ſee ſtate and magnificence, and am never the greater: but, O Saviour, I cannot ſee thee, and not be bleſſed. I can ſee thee here, though in a glaſſe. If the eye of my Faith be dim, yet it is ſure. Oh let me be unquiet till I do now ſee thee through the vaile of Heaven, ere I ſhall ſee thee as I am ſeen. E F

Fain

A Fain would *Zacheus* see *Jesus*, but he could not. It were strange if a man should not finde some lett in good desires: somewhat will be still in the way betwixt us and Christ. Here are two hinderances met; the one internal, the other external; the stature of the man, the prease of the multitude; the greatness of the prease, the smalness of the stature. There was great thronging in the streets of *Jericho* to see *Jesus*; the doors, the windows, the bulks were all full. Here are many beholders, few Disciples. If gazing, if profession were Godliness, Christ could not want clients: now amongst all these wonderers, there is but one *Zacheus*. In vain should we boast of our forwardness to see and hear Christ in our streets, if we receive him not into our hearts.

B This croud hides Christ from *Zacheus*. Alas! how common a thing it is, by the interposition of the throng of the world to be kept from the sight of our *Jesus?* Here a carnal Fashionist sayes, Away with this austere scrupulousness, let me doe as the most. The throng keeps this man from Christ. There a superstitious misbeliever sayes, What tell you me of an handful of reformed? the whole world is ours. This man is kept from Christ by the throng. The covetous Mammonist sayes, Let them that have leasure be devout; my imployments are many, my affairs great. This man cannot see Christ for the throng. There is no perfect view of Christ but in an holy secession. The Spouse found not her Beloved till she was past the company; then she found him whom her

C Soul loved. Whoso never seeks Christ but in the croud, shall never finde comfort in finding him. The benefit of our publick view must be enjoyed in retiredness. If in a prease we see a mans face, that is all; when we have him alone, every limme may be viewed. O Saviour, I would be loath not to see thee in thine Assemblies; but I would be more loath not to see thee in my Closet. Yet had *Zacheus* been but of the common pitch, he might perhaps have seen Christs face over his fellows shoulders: now his stature adds to the disadvantage; his Body did not answer to his Minde; his desires were high, whiles his body was low. The best is, however smalness of stature was disadvantageous in a level, yet it is not so at height. A little man, if his eye be clear, may look as high

D (though not as farre) as the tallest. The least *Pygmee* may from the lowest valley see the Sun or Stars as fully as a Giant upon the highest mountain. O Saviour, thou art now in Heaven: the smalness of our person or of our condition cannot lett us from beholding thee. The Soul hath no stature; neither is Heaven to be had with reaching: onely clear thou the eyes of my Faith, and I am high enough.

I regard not the Body: the Soul is the man. It is to small purpose that the body is a Giant, if the Soul be a dwarf. We have to doe with a God that measures us by our desires, not by our statures. All the streets of *Jericho* (however he seemed to the eye) had not so tall a man as *Zacheus*.

E The witty Publican easily finds both his hindrances, and the waies of their redress. His remedy for the prease, is to run before the multitude; his remedy for his stature, is to climb up into the Sycomore: he imployes his feet in the one, his hands and feet in the other. In vain shall he hope to see Christ, that doth not out-go the common throng of the world. The multitude is clustred together, and moves too close to move fast: we must be nimbler then they, if ever we desire or expect to see Christ. It is the charge of God, *Thou shalt not follow a multitude to doe evil:* we doe evil if we lagge in good. It is held commonly both wit and state for a man to keep his pace: and that man

F escapes not censure, who would be forwarder then his fellows. Indeed for a man to run alone in wayes of indifferency, or to set an hypocritical face of outrunning all others in a zealous profession, when the heart lingers behinde, both these are justly hateful: but in an holy emulation to strive truly and really to out-strip others in degrees of Grace, and a conscionable care of obedience, this is truly Christian, and worthy of him that would hope to be blessed with the sight of a Saviour.

Tell me, ye faſhionable Chriſtians, that ſtand upon terms of equality, and will not go a foot before your neighbours in holy zeal and aidful charity, in conſcionable ſincerity; tell me, who hath made other mens progreſs a meaſure for yours? Which of you ſaies, I will be no richer, no greater, no fairer, no wiſer, no happier then my fellows? Why ſhould you then ſay, I will be no holier? Our life is but a race; every good End that a man propoſes to himſelf is a ſeveral goal. Did ever any man that ran for a prize, ſay, I will keep up with the reſt? Doth he not know that if he be not foremoſt, he loſeth? We had as good to have ſate ſtill, as not *ſo to run that* we *may obtain*. We obtain not, if we out-run not the multitude. A

So farre did *Zacheus* over-run the ſtream of the people, that he might have ſpace to climb the Sycomore ere *Jeſus* could paſs by. I examine not the kinde, the nature, the quality of this Plant; what Tree ſoever it had been, *Zacheus* would have tried to ſcale it, for the advantage of this proſpect. He hath found out this help for his ſtature, and takes pains to uſe it. It is the beſt improvement of our wit, to ſeek out the apteſt furtherances for our Souls. Do you ſee a weak and ſtudious Chriſtian, that being unable to inform himſelf in the matters of God, goes to the cabinet of Heaven, *the Prieſts lips*, which *ſhall preſerve knowledge*? there is *Zacheus* in the Sycomore. It is the trueſt wiſdome that helps forward our Salvation. How witty we are to ſupply all the deficiencies of Nature? If we be low, we can adde cubits to our ſtature; if ill-coloured, we can borrow complexion; if hairleſs, perukes; if dim-ſighted, glaſſes; if lame, crutches: and ſhall we be conſcious of our ſpiritual wants, and be wilfully regardleſs of the remedy? Surely, had *Zacheus* ſtood ſtill on the ground, he had never ſeen Chriſt; had he not climbed the Sycomore, he had never climbed into Heaven. O Saviour, I have not height enough of my own to ſee thee: give me what Sycomore thou wilt; give me grace to uſe it, give me an happy uſe of that grace. B C

The more I look at the mercy of Chriſt, the more cauſe I ſee of aſtoniſhment. *Zacheus* climbs up into the Sycomore to ſee *Jeſus*: *Jeſus* firſt ſees him, preventing his eyes with a former view. Little did *Zacheus* look that *Jeſus* would have caſt up his eyes to him. Well might he think the boys in the ſtreet would ſpy him out, and ſhout at his ſtature, trade, ambition: but that *Jeſus* ſhould throw up his eyes into the Sycomore, and take notice of that ſmall deſpiſed morſel of fleſh, ere *Zacheus* could finde ſpace to diſtinguiſh his face from the reſt, was utterly beyond his thought or exſpectation. All his hope is to ſee, and now he is ſeen. To be ſeen and acknowledged is much more then to ſee. Upon any ſolemn occaſion many thouſands ſee the Prince, whom he ſees not; and if he pleaſe to ſingle out any one whether by his eye or by his tongue, amongſt the preaſe, it paſſes for an high favour. *Zacheus* would have thought it too much boldneſs to have asked what was given him. As *Jonathan* did to *David*, ſo doth God to us, he ſhoots beyond us. Did he not prevent us with mercy, we might climb into the Sycomore in vain. If he give Grace to him that doth his beſt, it is the praiſe of the giver, not the earning of the receiver. How can we doe or will without him? If he ſee us firſt, we live; and if we deſire to ſee him, we ſhall be ſeen of him. Whoever took pains to climb the Sycomore, and came down diſappointed? O Lord, what was there in *Zacheus*, that thou ſhouldſt look up at him? a Publican, a ſinner, an arch-extortioner; a dwarf in ſtature, but a Giant in oppreſſion; a little man, but a great Sycophant; if rich in coin, more rich in ſins and treaſures of wrath. Yet it is enough that he deſires to ſee thee: all theſe diſadvantages cannot hide him from thee. Be we never ſo ſinful, if our deſires towards thee be hearty and fervent, all the broad leaves of the Sycomore cannot keep off thine eye from us. If we look at thee with the eye of Faith, thou wilt look at us with the eye of mercy. *The eye of the Lord is upon the juſt*; and he is juſt that would be ſo; if not in himſelf, yet in thee. O Saviour, when *Zacheus* was above, D E F

A above, and thou wert below, thou didſt look up at him: now thou art above, and we below, thou lookeſt down upon us; thy mercy turns thine eyes every way towards our neceſſities. Look down upon us that are not worthy to look up unto thee; and finde us out, that we may ſeek thee.

It was much to note *Zacheus*, it was more to name him. Methinks I ſee how *Zacheus* ſtartled at this, to hear the ſound of his own name from the mouth of Chriſt: neither can he but think, Doth *Jeſus* know me? Is it his voice, or ſome others in the throng? Lo, this is the firſt blink that ever I had of him. I have heard the fame of his wonderful works, and held it happineſs enough for me to have ſeen his face; and doth he take notice of my perſon, of my name?

B Surely the more that *Zacheus* knew himſelf, the more doth he wonder that Chriſt ſhould know him. It was ſlander enough for a man to be a friend to a Publican; yet Chriſt gives this friendly compellation to the chief of Publicans, and honours him with this argument of a ſudden intireneſs. The favour is great, but not ſingular: Every elect of God is thus graced. The Father knows the childes name: as he calls the ſtars of Heaven by their names, ſo doth he his Saints, the ſtars on earth; and it is his own rule to his *Iſrael, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.* As God's children do not content themſelves with a confuſed knowledge of him, but aſpire to a particular apprehenſion and ſenſible application; ſo doth God again to them: it is not enough that he knows

C them, as in the croud, wherein we ſee many perſons, none diſtinctly; but he takes ſingle and ſeveral knowledge of their qualities, conditions, motions, events. What care we that our names are obſcure or contemned amongſt men, whiles they are regarded by God; that they are raked up in the duſt of earth, whiles they are recorded in Heaven?

Had our Saviour ſaid no more but, *Zacheus, come down*, the poor man would have thought himſelf taxed for his boldneſs and curioſity: it were better to be unknown, then noted for miſcarriage. But now the next words comfort him; *For I muſt this day abide at thine houſe.* What a ſweet familiarity was here? as if Chriſt had been many years acquainted with *Zacheus*, whom

D he now firſt ſaw. Beſides our uſe, the Hoſt is invited by the Gueſt, and called to an inexſpected entertainment. Well did our Saviour hear *Zacheus* his heart inviting him, though his mouth did not. Deſires are the language of the Soul; thoſe are heard by him that is the God of ſpirits.

We dare not doe thus to each other, ſave where we have eaten much ſalt; we ſcarce go where we are invited: though the face be friendly, and the entertainment great, yet the heart may be hollow. But here, he that ſaw the heart, and foreknew his welcome, can boldly ſay, *I muſt this day abide at thine houſe.* What a pleaſant kinde of entire familiarity there is betwixt Chriſt and a good heart? *If any man open, I will come in, and ſup with him.* It is much for the

E King of Glory to come into a cottage, and ſup there; yet thus he may doe, and take ſome ſtate upon him in ſitting alone. No, *I will* ſo *ſup with him*, that *he ſhall ſup with me.* Earthly ſtate conſiſts in ſtrangeneſs, and affects a ſtern kinde of majeſty aloof. Betwixt God and us though there be infinite more diſtance, yet there is a gracious affability and familiar intireneſs of converſation. O Saviour, what doſt thou elſe every day but invite thy ſelf to us in thy Word, in thy Sacraments? who are we that we ſhould entertain thee, or thou us? dwarfs in Grace, great in nothing but unworthineſs. Thy praiſe is worthy to be ſo much the more, as our worth is leſs. Thou that biddeſt thy ſelf to us, bid us be fit to receive thee, and in receiving thee, happy.

F How graciouſly doth *Jeſus* ſtill prevent the Publican, as in his ſight, notice, compellation, ſo in his invitation too? That other Publican, *Levi*, bad Chriſt to his houſe, but it was after Chriſt had bidden him to his Diſcipleſhip: Chriſt had never been called to his feaſt, if *Levi* had not been called into his family. He loved us firſt, he muſt firſt call us; for he calls us out of love. As in the general calling of Chriſtianity, if he did not ſay, *Seek ye my face*, we could ne-

ver say, *Thy face, Lord, will I seek:* so in the specialties of our main benefits or imployments, Christ must begin to us. If we invite our selves to him before he invite himself to us, the undertaking is presumptuous, the success unhappy. A

If *Nathanael*, when Christ named him, and gave him the memorial token of his being under the fig-tree, could say, *Thou art the Son of God*; how could *Zacheus* do less in hearing himself upon this wilde fig-tree named by the same lips? How must he needs think, If he knew not all things, he could not know me; and if he knew not the hearts of men, he could not have known my secret desires to entertain him? He is a God that knows me, and a merciful God that invites himself to me. No marvel therefore, if upon this thought *Zacheus* come down in hast. Our Saviour said not, Take thy leisure, *Zacheus*; but, *I will abide at thine house to day*. Neither did *Zacheus* upon this intimation sit still and say, When the prease is over, when I have done some errands of my office; but he hasts down to receive *Jesus*. The notice of such a guest would have quickned his speed without a command. God loves not slack and lazy executions. The Angels of God are described with wings: and we pray to doe his will with their forwardnes. Yea even to *Judas* Christ saith, *What thou doest, doe quickly*. O Saviour, there is no day wherein thou dost not call us by the voice of thy Gospel: what do we still lingring in the Sycomore? How unkindely must thou needs take the delaies of our Conversion? Certainly, had *Zacheus* staid still in the Tree, thou hadst balked his house as unworthy of thee. What construction canst thou make of our wilful dilations, but as a stubborn contempt? How canst thou but come to us in vengeance, if we come not down to entertain thee in a thankful obedience? B C

Yet do I not hear thee say, *Zacheus*, cast thy self down for hast; this was the counsel of the Tempter to thee; but, *Come down in hast*. And he did accordingly. There must be no more hast then good speed in our performances: we may offend as well in our heady acceleration, as in our delay. *Moses* ran so fast down the hill that he stumbled spiritually, and brake the Tables of God. We may so fast follow after Justice, that we out-run Charity. It is an unsafe obedience that is not discreetly and leisurely speedful. D

The speed of his descent was not more then the alacrity of his entertainment. *He made hast, and came down, and received him joyfully*. The life of hospitality is chearfulnes. Let our chear be never so great, if we do not read our welcome in our friends face as well as in his dishes, we take no pleasure in it.

Can we marvel that *Zacheus* received Christ joyfully? Who would not have been glad to have his house, yea himself, made happy with such a guest? Had we been in the stead of this Publican, how would our hearts have leapt within us for joy of such a presence? How many thousand miles are measured by some devout Christians, onely to see the place where his feet stood? How much happier must he needs think himself that owns the roof that receives him? But oh the incomparable happines then, of that man whose heart receives him, not for a day, not for years of dayes, not for millions of years, but for eternity! This may be our condition, if we be not streightned in our own bowels. O Saviour, do thou welcome thy self to these houses of clay, that we may receive a joyful welcome to thee in those everlasting habitations. E

Zacheus was not more glad of Christ then the Jews were discontented. Four vices met here at once, Envy, Scrupulousnes, Ignorance, Pride. Their eye was evil because Christ's was good. I do not hear any of them invite Christ to his home; yet they snarl at the honour of this unworthy Host: they thought it too much happines for a Sinner, which themselves willingly neglected to sue for. Wretched men! they cannot see the Mercy of Christ, for being bleared with the happines of *Zacheus*: yea that very Mercy which they see, torments them. F

If

A If that viper be the deadlieſt which feeds the ſweeteſt, how poiſonous muſt this diſpoſition needs be that feeds upon Grace?

What a contrariety there is betwixt good Angels and evil men? The Angels rejoyce at that whereat men pout and ſtomack: men are ready to cry and burſt for anger at that which makes muſick in Heaven. Oh wicked and fooliſh elder brother, that feeds on hunger and his own heart without doors, becauſe his younger brother is feaſting on the fat calf within!

Beſides Envy they ſtand ſcrupulouſly upon the terms of Traditions. Theſe ſons of the earth might not be converſed with; their threſhold was unclean; *Touch me not, for I am holier then thou.* That he therefore, who went for a
B Prophet, ſhould go to the houſe of a Publican and Sinner, muſt needs be a great eye-ſore. They that might not go in to a Sinner, cared not what ſins entred into themſelves: the true cozens of thoſe Hypocrites, who held it a pollution to go into the Judgment-hall, no pollution to murder the Lord of life. There cannot be a greater argument of a falſe heart, then to ſtumble at theſe ſtraws, and to leap over the blocks of groſs impiety. Well did our Saviour know how hainouſly offenſive it would be to turn in to this Publican: he knows, and regards it not. A Soul is to be won, what cares he for idle miſconſtruction? Morally good actions muſt not be ſuſpended upon danger of cauſeleſs ſcandal. In things indifferent and arbitrary, it is fit to be overruled by fear of offence: but
C if men will ſtumble in the plain ground of good, let them fall without our regard, not without their own peril. I know not if it were not *David*'s weakneſs to *abſtain from good words whiles the wicked were in place.* Let Juſtice be done in ſpite of the world; and in ſpite of Hell, Mercy.

Ignorance was in part guilty of theſe ſcruples: they thought Chriſt either too holy to go to a Sinner, or in going made unholy. Fooliſh men! to whom came he? To you righteous? Let himſelf ſpeak: *I came not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance.* Whither ſhould the Phyſician go but to the ſick? *the whole need* him *not.* Love is the beſt attractive of us; and *he to whom much is forgiven, loves much.*

D O Saviour, the glittering palaces of proud Juſticiaries are not for thee; thou loveſt the lowly and ragged cottage of a contrite heart. Neither could here be any danger of thy pollution. Thy Sun could caſt his beams upon the impureſt dunghil, and not be tainted. It was free and ſafe for the Leper and Bloody-fluxed to touch thee; thou couldſt heal them, they could not infect thee. Neither is it otherwiſe in this moral contagion. We who are obnoxious to evil, may be inſenſibly defiled: thy Purity was enough to remedy that which might marre a world. Thou canſt help us, we cannot hurt thee. Oh let thy preſence ever bleſs us; and let us ever bleſs thee for thy preſence.

Pride was an attendant of this Ignorance: ſo did they note *Zacheus* for a Sin-
E ner, as if themſelves had been none. His ſins were written in his forehead, theirs in their breaſt. The preſumption of their ſecrecy makes them inſult upon his notoriouſneſs. The ſmoke of pride flies ſtill upward, and in the mounting vaniſheth; Contrition beats it down, and fetcheth tears from the tender eyes. There are ſtage-ſins, and there are cloſet-ſins. Theſe may not upbraid the other: they may be more hainous, though leſs manifeſt. It is a dangerous vanity to look outward at other mens ſins with ſcorn, when we have more need to caſt our eyes inward to ſee our own with humiliation.

Thus they ſtumbled, and fell; but *Zacheus* ſtood. All their malicious murmur could not diſhearten his Piety and Joy in the entertaining of Chriſt. Before
F *Zacheus* lay down as a Sinner, now he ſtands up as a Convert: ſinning is falling, continuance in ſin is lying down, Repentance is riſing and ſtanding up. Yet perhaps this ſtanding was not ſo much the ſite of his Conſtancy or of his Converſion, as of his Reverence. Chriſt's affability hath not made him unmannerly; *Zacheus ſtood.* And what if the deſire of more audibleneſs raiſed him to his feet? In that ſmalneſs of ſtature it was not fit he ſhould loſe ought of his

height. It was meet ſo noble a proclamation ſhould want no advantage of hearing. Never was our Saviour better welcomed. The penitent Publican makes his Will, and makes Chriſt his Superviſor. His Will conſiſts of Legacies given, of Debts paid: gifts to the poor, payments to the injuried. There is Liberality in the former, in the latter Juſtice; in both the proportions are large: *Half to the poor*; *fourfold to the wronged.*

This hand ſowed not ſparingly. Here muſt needs be much of his own that was well gotten, whether left by patrimony, or ſaved by parſimony, or gained by honeſt improvement. For when he had reſtored fourfold to every one whom he had oppreſſed, yet there remained a whole half for pious uſes: and this he ſo diſtributes, that every word commends his bounty. *I give*; and what is more free then gift? In alms we may neither ſell, nor return, nor caſt away. We ſell, if we part with them for importunity, for vain-glory, for retribution: we return them, if we give with reſpect to former offices; this is to pay, not to beſtow: we caſt away, if in our beneficence we neither regard order nor diſcretion. *Zacheus* did neither caſt away, nor return, nor ſell, but give. *I do give*; not, I will. The prorogation of good makes it thankleſs. The alms that ſmell of the hand, loſe the praiſe. It is twice given that is given quickly. Thoſe that deferre their gifts till their death-bed, do as good as ſay, Lord, I will give thee ſomething when I can keep it no longer. Happy is the man that is his own executor. *I give my goods*; not anothers. It is a thankleſs vanity to be liberal of another mans purſe. Whoſo gives of that which he hath taken away from the owner, doth more wrong in giving then in ſtealing. God exſpects our gifts, not our ſpoils. I fear there is too many a School and Hoſpital, every ſtone whereof may be challenged. Had *Zacheus* meant to give of his extortions, he had not been ſo careful of his reſtitution: now he reſtores to others, that he may give of his own; *I give half my goods*. The Publicans heart was as large as his eſtate; he was not more rich in goods then in bounty. Were this example binding, who ſhould be rich to give? who ſhould be poor to receive? In the ſtreight beginnings of the Church thoſe beneficences were requiſite, which afterwards in the larger elbow-room thereof would have cauſed much confuſion. If the firſt Chriſtians laid down all at the Apoſtles feet, yet ere long, it was enough for the believing *Corinthians*, every firſt day of the week to lay aſide ſome pittance for charitable purpoſes. We are no Diſciples, if we do not imitate *Zacheus* ſo far as to give liberally, according to the proportion of our eſtate.

Giving is ſowing: the larger ſeeding, the greater crop. Giving to the poor is fœneration to God: the greater bank, the more intereſt. Who can fear to be too wealthy? Time was when men faulted in exceſs: Proclamations were fain to reſtrain the Jews; Statutes were fain to reſtrain our Anceſtors. Now there needs none of this: Men know how to ſhut their hands alone. Charity is in more danger of freezing then of burning. How happy were it for the Church, if men were onely cloſe-handed to hold, and not lime-fingered to take. *To the poor*; not to rich heirs. God gives to him that hath; we to him that wants. Some want becauſe they would, whether out of prodigality or idleneſs; ſome want becauſe they muſt: theſe are the fit Subjects of our beneficence, not thoſe other. A poverty of our own making deſerves no pity. He that ſuſtains the lewd, feeds not his belly but his vice. So then this living Legacy of *Zacheus* is free, *I give*; preſent, *I do give*; juſt, *my goods*; large, *half my goods*; fit, *to the poor*.

Neither is he more bountiful in his gift, then juſt in his reſtitution: *If I have taken ought from any man by falſe accuſation, I reſtore it fourfold.*

It was proper for a Publican to pill and pole the ſubject, by deviſing complaints, and raiſing cauſleſs vexations, that his mouth might be ſtopt with fees, either for ſilence or compoſition. This had *Zacheus* often done. Neither is this *If* a note of doubt, but of aſſertion. He is ſure of the fact, he is not ſure of the perſons: their challenge muſt help to further his juſtice. The true penitence

A tence of this holy Convert expreſſes it ſelf in Confeſſion, in Satisfaction. His Confeſſion is free, full, open. What cares he to ſhame himſelf, that he may give glory to God? Woe be to that baſhfulneſs that ends in confuſion of face. O God, let me bluſh before men, rather then be confounded before Thee, thy Saints and Angels.

His Satisfaction is no leſs liberal then his gift. Had not *Zacheus* been careful to pay the debts of his fraud, all had gone to the poor. He would have done that voluntarily, which the Young man in the Goſpel was bidden to doe, and refuſing went away ſorrowful. Now he knew that his miſgotten gain was not for God's Corban; therefore he ſpares half, not to keep, but to reſtore.

B This was the beſt diſh in *Zacheus* his good chear. In vain had he feaſted Chriſt, given to the poor, confeſſed his extortions, if he had not made reſtitution. Woe is me for the paucity of true Converts. There is much ſtoln goods; little brought home. Mens hands are like the fiſhers Flew, yea like Hell it ſelf, which admits of no return. O God, we can never ſatisfie thee; our ſcore is too great, our abilities too little: but if we make not even with men, in vain ſhall we look for mercy from thee. To each his own had been well; but four for one was munificent. In our tranſactions of commerce we doe well to beat the bargain to the loweſt; but in caſes of moral or ſpiritual payments to God or men, now there muſt be a meaſure, preſſed, ſhaken, running over. In good

C offices and due retributions we may not be pinching and niggardly. It argues an earthly and ignoble minde, where we have apparently wronged, to higgle and dodge in the amends.

Oh mercy and juſtice well repaid! *This day is Salvation come to thine houſe.* Lo, *Zacheus*, that which thou giveſt to the poor, is nothing to that which thy Saviour gives to thee. If thou reſtoreſt four for one, here is more then thouſands of millions for nothing: were every of thy pence a world, they could hold no compariſon with this bounty. It is but droſs that thou giveſt, it is Salvation that thou receiveſt. Thou gaveſt in preſent, thou doſt not receive in hope; but, *This day is Salvation come to thine houſe.* Thine ill-gotten metalls

D were a ſtrong barre to bolt Heaven gates againſt thee; now that they are diſſolved by a ſeaſonable beneficence and reſtitution, thoſe gates of glory fly open to thy Soul. Where is that man that can challenge God to be in his debt? Who can ever ſay, Lord, this favour I did to the leaſt of thine unrequited? Thrice happy Publican, that haſt climbed from thy Sycomore to Heaven; and by a few worthleſs baggs of unrighteous Mammon, haſt purchaſed to thy ſelf a Kingdome uncorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

E

JOHN BAPTIST *beheaded.*

THree of the Evangeliſts have (with one pen) recorded the death of the great harbinger of Chriſt, as moſt remarkable and uſeful. He was the fore-runner of Chriſt, as into the world, ſo out of it: yea, he that made way for Chriſt into the world, made way for the name of Chriſt into the Court of *Herod.* This *Herod Antipas* was ſon to that *Herod* who was, and is ever infamous for the maſſacre at *Bethleem.* Cruelty runs in a blood. The murderer of *John* the fore-runner of Chriſt is well deſcended of him who would have murdered Chriſt, and, for his ſake, murdered the In-

F fants. It was late ere this *Herod* heard the fame of *Jeſus*; not till he had taken off the head of *John Baptiſt.* The father of this *Herod* inquired for Chriſt too ſoon; this too late. Great men ſhould have the beſt intelligence. If they improve it to all other uſes of either frivolous or civil affaires, with neglect of ſpirituall, their judgment ſhall be ſo much more as their helps and means were greater. Whether this *Herod* were taken up with his *Arabian* warrs

againſt *Arethas* his father in law, or whether he were imployed in his journey to *Rome*, I inquire not: but if he were at home, I muſt wonder how he could be ſo long without the noiſe of Chriſt. Certainly, it was a ſign he had a very irreligious Court, that none of his Followers did ſo much as report to him the Miracles of our Saviour; who doubtleſs told him many a vain tale the while. One tells him of his brother *Philip*'s diſcontentment; another relates the news of the Roman Court; another, the angry threats of *Arethas*; another flatters him with the admiration of his new miſtreſſe, and diſparagement of the old: no man ſo much as ſayes, Sir, there is a Prophet in your Kingdome that doeth wonders. There was not a man in his countrey that had not been aſtoniſhed with the fame of *Jeſus*; yea all *Syria* and the adjoining regions rung of it: only *Herod*'s Court heares nothing. Miſerable is that Greatneſs which keeps men from the notice of Chriſt. How plain is it from hence, that our Saviour kept aloof from the Court? The auſtere and eremitical harbinger of Chriſt, it ſeems, preacht there oft, and was heard gladly, though at laſt, to his coſt; whiles our Saviour, who was more ſociable, came not there. He ſent a meſſage to that Fox, whoſe den he would not approch. Whether it were that he purpoſely forbore, leſt he ſhould give that Tyrant occaſion to revive and peruſe his fathers ſuſpicion; or whether for that he would not ſo much honour a place ſo infamouſly graceleſs and diſorder'd; or whether by his example to teach us the avoidance of outward pomp and glory. Surely *Herod* ſaw him not till his death; heard not of him till the death of *John Baptiſt*. And now his un-intelligence was not more ſtrange then his miſconſtruction; *This is John Baptiſt, whom I beheaded.* Firſt he doubted, then he reſolved: he doubted upon others ſuggeſtions; upon his own apprehenſions he reſolved thus. And though he thought good to ſet a face on it to ſtrangers, unto whom is was not ſafe to bewray his fear; yet to his domeſticks he freely diſcovered his thoughts; *This is John Baptiſt.* The troubled Conſcience will many a time open that to familiars, which it hides from the eyes of others. Shame and fear meet together in guiltineſs. How could he imagine this to be *John*? That common conceit of tranſanimation could have no place here; there could be no tranſmigration of Souls into a grown and well-ſtatur'd body. That received fancy of the Jewes held only in the caſe of conception and birth, not of full age. What need we ſcan this point, when *Herod* himſelf profeſſes, *He is riſen from the dead?* He that was a Jew by profeſſion, and knew the ſtory of *Eliſha*'s bones, of the *Sareptan*'s and *Shunamite*'s ſon, and in all likelihood had now heard of our Saviours miraculous reſuſcitation of others, might think this power reflected upon himſelf. Even *Herod*, as bad as he was, believed a Reſurrection. Leudneſs of life and practice may ſtand with orthodoxy in ſome main points of Religion. Who can doubt of this, when *the Devils believe and tremble?* Where ſhall thoſe men appear whoſe faces are Chriſtian, but their hearts Sadducees?

Oh the terrors and tortures of a guilty heart! *Herod*'s Conſcience told him he had offered an unjuſt and cruel violence to an innocent; and now he thinks that *John*'s ghoſt haunts him. Had it not been for this guilt of his boſome, why might he not as well have thought that the ſame God whoſe hand is not ſhortned, had conferred this power of Miracles upon ſome other? Now it could be no body but *John* that doth theſe wonders: and how can it be (thinks he) but that this revived Prophet, who doth theſe ſtrange things, will be revenged on me for his head? He that could give himſelf life, can more eaſily take mine: how can I eſcape the hands of a now-immortal and impaſſible avenger?

A wicked man needs no other tormentor (eſpecially for the ſins of blood) then his own heart. Revel, O *Herod*, and feaſt, and frolick; and pleaſe thy ſelf with dances, and triumphs, and paſtimes: thy ſin ſhall be as ſome Fury that ſhall inviſibly follow thee, and ſcourge thy guilty heart with ſecret laſhes,

A ſhes, and upon all occaſions ſhall begin thine Hell within thee. He wanted not other ſins, that yet cryed, *Deliver me from blood-guiltineſs, O God.*

What an honour was done to *John* in this miſpriſion? While that man lived, the world was apt to think that *John* was the Chriſt: now that *John* is dead, *Herod* thinks Chriſt to be *John*. God gives to his poor conſcionable ſervants a kinde of reverence and high reſpect, even from thoſe men that malign them moſt; ſo as they cannot but venerate whom they hate. Contrarily, no wit or power can ſhield a leud man from contempt.

John did no Miracle in his life, yet now *Herod* thinks he did miracles in his Reſurrection; as ſuppoſing that a new ſupernatural life brought with it a
B ſupernatural power. Who can but wonder at the ſtupid partiality of *Herod* and theſe Jews? They can imagine and yield *John* riſen from the dead, that never did miracle, and roſe not; whereas Chriſt, who did infinite miracles, and roſe from the dead by his almighty power, is not yielded by them to have riſen. Their over-bountiful miſconceit of the ſervant, is not ſo injurious as their niggardly infidelity to the Maſter. Both of them ſhall convince and confound them before the face of God. But, oh yet more blockiſh *Herod!* Thy conſcience affrights thee with *John*'s reſurrection, and flies in thy face for the cruel murder of ſo great a Saint; yet where is thy repentance for ſo foul a fact? Who would not have exſpected that thou ſhouldeſt hereupon
C have humbled thy ſelf for thy ſin, and have laboured to make thy peace with God and him? The greater the fame and power was of him whom thou ſuppoſedſt recovered from thy ſlaughter, the more ſhould have been thy penitence. Impiety is wont to beſot men, and turn them ſenſeleſs of their own ſafety and welfare. One would have thought that our firſt Grand-ſire *Adam*, when he found his heart to ſtrike him for his diſobedience, ſhould have run to meet God upon his knees, and have ſued for pardon of his offence: In ſtead of that, he runs to hide his head among the buſhes. The caſe is ſtill ours; we inherit both his ſin and his ſenſleſneſs. Beſides the infinite diſpleaſure of God, wickedneſs makes the heart uncapable of Grace, and impregnable of the means of
D Converſion.

Even the very firſt act of *Herod*'s cruelty was hainous. He was foul enough with other ſins; *he added this above all, that he ſhut up John in priſon.* The violence offered to God's meſſengers is branded for notorious. The Sanctity and auſtere carriage of the man won him honour juſtly from the multitude, and aggravated the ſin: but whatever his perſon had been, his miſſion was ſacred *(he ſhall ſend his meſſenger;)* the wrong redounds to the God that ſent him. It is the charge of God, *Touch not mine anointed, nor doe my Prophets any harm.* The precept is perhaps one, for even Prophets were anointed; but at leaſt next to violation of Majeſty, is the wrong to a Prophet. But what? do I not
E hear the Evangeliſt ſay that *Herod heard John gladly?* How is it then? Did *John* take the ear and heart of *Herod*, and doth *Herod* binde the hands and feet of *John?* Doth he wilfully impriſon whom he gladly heard? How inconſtant is a carnal heart to good reſolutions? How little truſt is to be given to the good motions of unregenerate perſons? We have known when even mad dogs have fawned upon their maſter, yet he hath been too wiſe to truſt them but in chains. As a true friend loves alwaies, ſo a gracious heart alwaies affects good: neither can be altered with change of occurrences. But the carnal man, like an hollow Paraſite or a fawning Spaniel, flatters onely for his own turn; if that be once either ſerved or croſſed, like a churliſh curre, he is ready to ſnatch
F us by the fingers. Is there a worldly-minded man that lives in ſome known ſin, yet makes much of the Preacher, frequents the Church, talks godly, looks demurely, carries fair? truſt him not; he will prove, after his pious fits, like ſome reſty horſe, which goes on ſome paces readily and eagerly, but anon either ſtands ſtill, or falls to flinging and plunging, and never leaves till he have caſt his rider.

What

What then might be the cauſe of *John*'s bonds, and *Herod*'s diſpleaſure? *For Herodias ſake his brother Philips wife.* That woman was the ſubject of *Herod*'s luſt, and the exciter of his revenge. This light huſwife ran away with her Husbands brother; and now doting upon her inceſtuous lover, and finding *John* to be a rub in the way of her licentious adultery, is impatient of his liberty, and will not reſt till his reſtraint. Reſolved ſinners are mad upon their leud courſes, and run furiouſly upon their gainſayers. A Bear robbed of her whelps is leſs impetuous. Indeed thoſe that have determined to love their ſins more then their Soules, whom can they care for? Though *Herod* was wicked enough, yet had it not been upon *Herodias*'s inſtigation, he had never impriſoned *John*. A B

Importunity of leud ſolicitors may be of dangerous conſequence, and many times draws greatneſs into thoſe waies which it either would not have thought of, or abhorred. In the remotion of the wicked is the eſtabliſhment of the throne.

Yet ſtill is this Dame called the wife of *Philip*. She had utterly left his bed, and was ſolemnly coupled to *Herod*; but all the ritual ceremonies of her new Nuptials cannot make her other then *Philip*'s wife. It is a ſure rule, That which is originally faulty can never be rectified. The ordination of Marriage is one for one; *They twain ſhall be one fleſh.* There cannot be two heads to one body, nor two bodies to one head. *Herod* was her Adulterer, he was not her Huſband: ſhe was *Herod*'s Harlot, *Philip*'s Wife. Yet how doth *Herod* dote on her, that for her ſake he loads *John* with irons? Whither will not the fury of inordinate Luſt tranſport a man? Certainly *John* was of late in *Herod*'s favour. That rough-hewn Preacher was for a Wilderneſs, not for a Court: *Herod*'s invitation drew him thither, his reverence and reſpects incouraged him there. Now the love of his Luſt hath carried him into an hate of Gods Meſſenger. That man can have no hold of himſelf or care of others, who hath given the rains to his unruly concupiſcence. He that hath once fixed his heart upon the face of an Harlot, and hath beſlaved himſelf to a bewitching Beauty, caſts off at once all fear of God, reſpect to Laws, ſhame of the World, regard of his eſtate, care of wife, children, friends, reputation, patrimony, body, Soul. So violent is this beaſtly paſſion where it takes: neither ever leaves till it have hurried him into the chambers of death. C D

Herodias her ſelf had firſt plotted to kill the *Baptiſt*; her murderers were ſuborned, her ambuſhes laid. The ſucceſs failed, and now ſhe works with *Herod* for his durance. Oh marvellous hand of the Almighty! *John* was a mean man for eſtate, ſolitary, guardleſs, unarmed, impotent: *Herodias* a Queen, ſo great that ſhe ſwayed *Herod* himſelf; and not more great then ſubtile; and not more great or ſubtile then malicious; yet *Herodias* laid to kill *John*, and could not. What an inviſible, and yet ſure, guard there is about the poor ſervants of God that ſeem helpleſs and deſpicable in themſelves? There is over them an hand of Divine protection, which can be no more oppoſed then ſeen. Malice is not ſo ſtrong in the hand as in the heart. The Devil is ſtronger then a world of men, a legion of Devils ſtronger then fewer ſpirits; yet a legion of Devils cannot hurt one ſwine without a permiſſion. What can bands of enemies or gates of Hell doe againſt Gods ſecret ones? *It is better to truſt in the Lord, then to truſt in Princes.* E

It is not more clear who was the Author, then what was the motive of this impriſonment, the free reproof of *Herod*'s Inceſt; *It is not lawful*, &c. Both the offenders were netled with this bold reprehenſion. *Herod* knew the reputation that *John* carried; his Conſcience could not but ſuggeſt the foulneſs of his own fact: neither could he but ſee how odious it would ſeem to perſecute a Prophet for ſo juſt a reproof. For the colour therefore of ſo tyrannical an act, he brands *John* with Sedition: theſe preſumptuous taxations are a diſgrace and diſparagement to Authority. It is no news with wicked Tyrants, to cloak F

their

A their Cruelty with pretences of Justice. Never was it other then the lot of Gods faithful servants, to be loaded with unjust reproaches in the conscionable performance of their duties. They should speed too well in the opinion of men, if they might but appear in their true shape.

The fact of *Herod* was horrible and prodigious; to rob his own Brother of the partner of his bed; to teare away part of his flesh, yea his body from his head. So as here was at once in one act, Adultery, Incest, Violence. Adultery, that he took anothers wife; Incest, that he took his Brother's; Violence, that he thus took her, in spight of her Husband. Justly therefore might *John* say, *It is not lawful for thee.* He balked not one of *Herod*'s sins, but reproved
B him of all the evils that he had done; though more eminently of this, as that which more filled the eye of the world. It was not the Crown or awful Scepter of *Herod* that could daunt the homely, but faithful, messenger of God: as one that came in the spirit of *Elias*, he feares no faces, spares no wickedness. There must meet in Gods ministers Courage and Impartiality. Impartiality, not to make difference of persons; Courage, not to make spare of the sins of the greatest. It is an hard condition that the necessity of our Calling casts upon us, in some cases to run upon the pikes of displeasure. Prophecies were no Burdens, if they did not expose us to these dangers. We must connive at no evil: Every sin unreproved becomes ours.

C Hatred is the daughter of Truth. *Herod* is inwardly vexed with so peremptory a reprehension: and now he seeks to kill the author. And why did he not? *He feared the people.* The time was, when he feared *John* no less then now he hates him: he once reverenced him as a just and holy man, whom now he hart-burns as an enemy; neither was it any counterfeit respect, sure the man was then in earnest. What shall we say then? was it that his inconstant heart was now fetcht off by *Herodias*, and wrought to a disaffection? or was it with *Herod* as with *Salomon*'s Sluggard, that at once would and would not? His thoughts are distracted with a mixt voluntary contradiction of purposes: as an holy man, and honoured of the people, he would not kill *John*; he would
D kill him, as an enemy to his Lust. The worst part prevaileth; Appetite oversways Reason and Conscience: and now, were it not for fear of the people, *John* should be murdered. What a self-conflicting and prodigious creature is a wicked man left over to his own thoughts? whiles on the one side he is urged by his Conscience, on the other by his lustful desires and by the importunity of Satan. *There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked:* and after all his inward broils, he falls upon the worst; so as his yieldance is worse then his fight. When God sees fit, *Herod*'s tyranny shall effect that which the wise Providence of the Almighty hath decreed for his Servants glory. In the mean while, rubs shall be cast in his way; and this for one, *He feared the people.*

E What an absurd and sottish thing is Hypocrisy? *Herod* feares the people, he feares not God. Tell me then, *Herod*, what could the people doe at the worst? Perhaps, mutiny against thee, raise arms and tumults, disturb the Government, it may be, shake it off.

What could God doe? yea, what not? stirre up all his creatures to plague thee, and when he hath done, tumble thee down to Hell, and there torment thee everlastingly. O fond *Herod*, that feareſt where no fear was, and feareſt not where there is nothing but terrour!

How God fits lewd men with restraints? If they be so godless as to regard his creature above himself, he hath external buggs to affright them withall;
F if bashful, he hath shame; if covetous, losses; if proud, disgrace: and by this meanes the most wise Providence keeps the world in order. We cannot better judge of our hearts, then by what we most fear.

No man is so great as to be utterly exempted from fear. The Jews feared *Herod*; *Herod* feared the Jews: the healthful fear sickness; the free servitude: the people fear a Tyrants oppression and cruelty; the Tyrant fears the peo-

ples

ples mutiny and insurrection. If there have been some so great as to be above the reach of the power and machinations of inferiours, yet never any that have been free from their fears and suspicions. Happy is he that fears nothing but what he should, God. A

Why did *Herod* fear the people? *They held John for a Prophet.* And this opinion was both common and constant: even the Scribes and Pharisees durst not say, his Baptisme was from men. It is the wisdome and goodnes of God, ever to give his children favour somewhere. If *Jezebel* hate *Elias*, *Ahab* shall for the time honour him: and if *Herod* hate the *Baptist*, and would kill him, yet the people reverence him. *Herod*'s malice would make him away; the peoples reputation keeps him alive. As wise Princes have been content to maintain a faction in their Court or State for their own purposes; so here did the God of Heaven contrive and order differences of judgment and affection betwixt *Herod* and his subjects for his own holy ends. Else certainly, if all wicked men should conspire in evil, there could be no being upon earth; as contrarily, if evil spirits did not accord, Hell could not stand. Oh the unjust and fond partiality of this people! They all generally applaud *John* for a Prophet, yet they receive not his message. Whose Prophet was *John*, but of the Highest? what was his errand, but to be the way-maker unto Christ? what was he but the Voice of that Eternal Word of his Father? what was the sound of that Voice but, *Behold the Lamb of God: He that comes after me is greater then I, whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unlose?* Yet they honour the servant, and reject the Master: they contemn that Prince whose Embassador they reverence. How could they but argue, *John* is a Prophet; he speaks from God; his words must be true; he tells us this is the Lamb of God, the *Messias* that should come to redeem the World: this must then needs be he; we will look for no other? Yet this perverse people receives *John*, and rejects *Jesus*. There is ever an absurdity in unbelief, whiles it separates those relations and respects which can never in Nature be disjoyned. Thus it readily apprehends God as merciful in pardoning, not as just in punishing; Christ as a Saviour, not as a Judge. Thus we ordinarily (in a contrariety to these Jews) professe to receive the Master, and contemn the servants: whiles he hath said that will make it good, *He that despiseth you, despiseth me.* B C D

That which *Herod* in policie durst not, in wine he dares doe: And that which God had restrained till his own time, now in his own time he permits to be done. The day was, as one of the Evangelists styles it, *convenient:* if for the purpose of *Herodias*, I am sure for God's; who having determined to glorifie himself by *John*'s martyrdom, will cast it upon a time when it may be most notified, *Herod*'s *birth-day.* All the Peers of the Country, perhaps of the neighbour Nations, are now assembled. *Herodias* could not have found out a time more fit to blazon her own shame and cruelty then in such a confluence. The wise Providence of God many times pays us with our own choice; so as when we think to have brought about our own Ends to our best content, we bring about his purposes to our own confusion. E

Herod's birth-day is kept; and so was *Pharaoh*'s: both of them with blood. These personal stains cannot make the practice unlawful. Where the man is good, the Birth is memorable.

What blessing have we, if life be none? and if our life be a blessing, why should it not be celebrated? Excess and disorder may blemish any Solemnity; but that cleaves to the act, not to the institution.

Herod's birth-day was kept with a Feast, and this Feast was a Supper. It was fit to be a night-work: this Festivity was spent in works of darkness, not of the light; it was a childe of darkness that was then born, not of the day. F

Those that are drunken, are drunk in the night. There is a kinde of shame in Sin, even where it is committed with the stiffest resolution, at least there was wont to be: if now Sin be grown impudent, and Justice bashful, woe be to us.

That

A That there might be perfect revels at *Herod*'s Birth-day, besides the Feast, there is musick and dancing, and that by *Salome* the daughter of *Herodias*. A meet Daughter for such a Mother, bred according to the disposition of so immodest a Parent. Dancing in it self, as it is a set, regular, harmonious motion of the body, cannot be unlawful, more then walking or running; Circumstances may make it sinful. The wanton gesticulations of a Virgin in a wild assembly of Gallants warmed with wine, could be no other then riggish and unmaidenly. It is not so frequently seen that the child follows the good Qualities of the Parent; it is seldom seen that it follows not the evil. Nature is the soyle; good and ill Qualities are the herbs and weeds: the soyle bears
B the weeds naturally, the herbs not without culture. What with traduction, what with education, it were strange if we should miss any of our Parents misdispositions.

Herodias and *Salome* have what they desired. The dance pleased *Herod* well: those indecent motions that would have displeased any modest eye, (though what should a modest eye doe at *Herod*'s Feast?) over-pleased *Herod*. Well did *Herodias* know how to fit the tooth of her Paramour, and had therefore purposely so composed the carriage and gesture of her Daughter, as it might take best: although doubtless the same action could not have so pleased from another. *Herod* saw in *Salome*'s face and fashion, the image of her whom he doted
C on; so did she look, so did she move: besides that his lavish cups had predisposed him to wantonness: and now he cannot but like well that which so pleasingly suted his inordinate desire. All humours love to be fed; especially the vicious, so much more, as they are more eager and stirring. There cannot be a better glass wherein to discern the face of our hearts, then our Pleasures: such as they are, such are we, whether vain, or holy.

What a strange transportation was this? *Whatsoever thou shalt ask*: half a Kingdom for a dance? *Herod*, this pastime is over-pay'd for; there is no proportion in this remuneration; this is not bounty, it is prodigence. Neither
D doth this pass under a bare Promise onely, but under an Oath, and that solemn and (as it might be in wine) serious. How largely do sensual men both profer and give for a little momentany and vain contentment? How many censure *Herod*'s gross impotence, and yet second it with a worse giving away their precious Souls for a short pleasure of sin? What is half a Kingdom, yea a whole World, to a Soul? So much therefore is their madness greater, as their loss is more.

So large a boon was worthy of a deliberation. *Salome* consults with her Mother upon so ample and ratified a promise. Yet so much good nature and filial respect was in this wanton Damsel, that she would not carve her self of her option, but takes her Mother with her. If *Herodias* were infamously
E lewd, yet she was her Parent, and must direct her choice. Children should have no will of their own; as their flesh is their Parents, so should their will be. They do justly unchild themselves, that in main elections dispose of themselves without the consent of those which gave them being. It is both unmannerly and unnatural in the Child to run before, without, against the will of the Parent.

Oh that we could be so officious to our good and Heavenly Father, as she was to an earthly and wicked Mother; not to ask, not to undertake ought without his allowance, without his directions: that when the world shall offer us whatsoever our heart desires, we could run to the Oracles of God
F for our resolution; not daring to accept what he doth not both license and warrant.

Oh the wonderful strength of malice! *Salome* was offered no less then half the Kingdom of *Herod*, yet chuses to ask the head of a poor Preacher. Nothing is so sweet to a corrupt heart as revenge; especially when it may bring with it a full scope to a dear sin. All worldlings are of this diet:

they had rather ſin freely for a while and dye, then refrain and live happily, eternally. A

What a ſuit was this? *Give me here in a Charger the head of John Baptiſt.* It is not enough for her to ſay, Let *John*'s head be cut off; but, *Give me it in a Charger.* What a ſervice was here to be brought into a Feaſt, eſpecially to a Woman? a dead mans head ſwimming in blood. How cruel is a wicked heart, that can take pleaſure in thoſe things which have moſt horrour?

Oh the importunity of a galled conſcience! *Herodias* could never think her ſelf ſafe till *John* was dead; ſhe could never think him dead till his head were off; ſhe could not think his head was off, till ſhe had it brought her in a platter: a guilty heart never thinks it hath made ſure enough. Yea, even after the head was thus brought, they thought him alive again. Guiltineſs and Security could never lodge together in one boſome. B

Herod was ſorry, and no doubt in earneſt; in the midſt of his cups and pleaſance. I ſhould rather think his jollity counterfeited then his grief. It is true, *Herod* was a fox; but that ſubtile beaſt diſſembles not always: when he runs away from the dogs, he means as he does. And if he were formerly willing to have killed *John*, yet he was unwillingly willing; and ſo farre as he was unwilling to kill him as a Prophet, as a juſt man, ſo farre was he ſorry that he muſt be killed. Had *Herod* been wiſe, he had not been perplexed. Had he been ſo wiſe as to have ingaged himſelf lawfully and within due limits, he had not now been ſo intangled as to have needed ſorrow. The folly of Sinners is guilty of their pain, and draws upon them a late and unprofitable repentance. C

But here the act was not paſt, though the word were paſt. It was his miſconceived intanglement that cauſed this ſorrow; which might have been remedied by flying off. A threefold cord tyed him to the performance. The conſcience of his Oath, the reſpect to his gueſts, a loathneſs to diſcontent *Herodias* and her daughter. *Herod* had ſo much religion as to make ſcruple of an Oath; not ſo much as to make ſcruple of a Murder. No man caſts off all Juſtice and Piety at once; but whiles he gives himſelf over to ſome ſins, he ſticks at others. It is no thank to lewd men that they are not univerſally vicious. All God's ſeveral laws cannot be violated at once: there are Sins contrary to each other; there are Sins diſagreeing from the lewdeſt diſpoſitions. There are Oppreſſors that hate Drunkenneſs; there are Unclean perſons which abhorre Murder; there are Drunkards which hate Cruelty. One ſin is enough to damn the Soul, one leak to drown the Veſſel. D

But, oh fond *Herod!* what needed this unjuſt ſcrupulouſneſs? Well and ſafely mighteſt thou have ſhifted the bond of thine Oath with a double evaſion. One, that this generality of thy promiſe was onely to be conſtrued of lawful acts and motions: That onely can we doe, which we can juſtly doe; Unlawfulneſs is in the nature of Impoſſibility. The other, that had this ingagement been ſo meant, yet might it be as lawfully reſcinded as it was unlawfully made. A ſinful Promiſe is ill made, worſe performed. Thus thou mighteſt, thou ſhouldeſt have come off fair; where now, holding thy ſelf by an irreligious religion tyed to thy fooliſh and wicked Oath; thou onely goeſt away with this mitigation, that thou art a ſcrupulous Murderer. E

In the mean while, if an *Herod* made ſuch conſcience of keeping an unlawful Oath, how ſhall he in the day of judgement condemn thoſe Chriſtians which make no conſcience of Oaths lawful, juſt, neceſſary? Wo is me, one ſels an oath for a bribe, another lends an oath for favour, another caſts it away for malice. I fear to think it may be a queſtion whether there be more oaths broken, or kept. O God, I marvel not, if being implored as a witneſs, as an avenger of falſhood, thou hold him not guiltleſs that thus dares take thy Name in vain. F

Next to his Oath is the reſpect to his Honour. His gueſts heard his deep engagement,

A gagement, and now he cannot fall off with reputation. It would argue levity and raſhneſs to ſay and not to doe, and what would the world ſay? The miſconceits of the points of Honour have coſt millions of Souls. As many a one doth good onely to be ſeen of men, ſo many a one doth evil onely to ſatisfie the humour and opinion of others. It is a damnable plauſibility ſo to regard the vain approbation or cenſure of the beholders, as in the mean time to neglect the allowance or judgement of God. But how ill gueſts were theſe? how well worthy of an *Herod*'s table? Had they had but common civility, finding *Herod* perplexed, they had acquitted him by their diſſwaſions, and would have diſclaimed the exſpectation of ſo bloody a performance: but they rather
B (to gratifie *Herodias*) make way for ſo ſlight and eaſie a condeſcent. Even godly Princes have complained of the iniquity of their heels: how much more muſt they needs be ill attended, that give incouragements and examples of leudneſs?

Neither was it the leaſt motive that he was loath to diſpleaſe his Miſtreſs. The Damſel had pleaſed him in her dance; he would not diſcontent her in breaking his word. He ſaw *Herodias* in *Salome*: the ſuit, he knew, was the mothers, though in the daughters lips: both would be diſpleaſed in falling off; both would be gratified in yielding. Oh vain and wicked *Herod*! He cares not to offend God, to offend his Conſcience; he cares to offend a wanton Miſtreſs.
C This is one means to fill Hell, loathneſs to diſpleaſe.

A good heart will rather fall out with all the world then with God, then with his Conſcience.

The miſgrounded ſorrow of worldly hearts doth not withhold them from their intended ſins. It is enough to vex, not enough to reſtrain them. *Herod* was ſorry, but he ſends the executioner for *John*'s head. One act hath made *Herod* a Tyrant, and *John* a Martyr. *Herod* a Tyrant, in that without all legal proceedings, without ſo much as falſe witneſſes, he takes off the head of a man, of a Prophet. It was Luſt that carried *Herod* into Murder. The proceedings of ſin are more hardly avoided then the entrance. Whoſo gives himſelf leave to
D be wicked, knows not where he ſhall ſtay.

John a Martyr, in dying for bearing witneſs to the Truth; Truth in Life, in Judgement, in Doctrine. It was the holy purpoſe of God, that he which had baptized with water ſhould now be baptized with blood. Never did God mean that his beſt Children ſhould dwell alwayes upon earth: ſhould they ſtay here, wherefore hath he provided Glory above? Now would God have *John* delivered from a double priſon; of his own, of *Herod*'s; and placed in the glorious liberty of his ſons. His head ſhall be taken off, that it may be crowned with glory. *Precious in the ſight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.*

E Oh happy birth-day (not of *Herod*, but) of the *Baptiſt!* Now doth *John* enter into his joy; and in this name is this day ever celebrated of the Church. This bleſſed Fore-runner of Chriſt ſaid of himſelf, *I muſt decreaſe.* He is decreaſed indeed, and now grown ſhorter by the head; but he is not ſo much decreaſed in ſtature, as increaſed in glory. For one minutes pain he is poſſeſſed of endleſs joy; and as he came before his Saviour into the world, ſo is he gone before him into Heaven.

The head is brought in a Charger. What a diſh was here for a Feaſt? How prodigiouſly inſatiable is the cruelty of a wicked heart! O bleſſed ſervice fit for the table of Heaven! It is not for thee, O wicked *Herod*, nor for thee, mali-
F cious and wanton *Herodias*; it is a diſh precious and pleaſing to the God of Heaven, to the bleſſed Angels, who lookt upon that head with more delight in his conſtant fidelity, then the beholders ſaw it with horror, and *Herodias* with contentment of revenge.

It is brought to *Salome* as the reward of her dance; ſhe preſents it to her Mother as the dainty ſhe had longed for. Methinks I ſee how that chaſt and

holy countenance was toſſed by impure and filthy hands; that true and faithful tongue, thoſe ſacred lips, thoſe pure eyes, thoſe mortified cheeks are now inſultingly handled by an inceſtuous Harlot, and made a ſcorn to the drunken eyes of *Herod*'s gueſts.

Oh the wondrous judgements and incomprehenſible diſpoſitions of the holy, wiſe, Almighty God! He that was ſanctified in the womb, born and conceived with ſo much note and miracle, (*what manner of childe ſhall this be?*) lived with ſo much reverence and obſervation, is now, at midnight, obſcurely murthered in a cloſe priſon, and his head brought forth to the inſultation and irriſion of Harlots and Ruffians. O God, thou knoweſt what thou haſt to doe with thine own. Thus thou ſuffereſt thine to be miſuſed and ſlaughtered here below, that thou maiſt crown them above. It ſhould not be thus, if thou didſt not mean that their glory ſhould be anſwerable to their depreſſion.

The five Loaves and two Fiſhes.

WHat flocking there was after Chriſt which way ſoever he went? How did the Kingdome of Heaven ſuffer an holy violence in theſe his followers? Their importunity drave him from the land to the ſea. When he was upon the ſea of *Tiberias*, they followed him with their eyes; and when they ſaw which way he bent, they followed him ſo faſt on foot, that they prevented his landing. Whether it were that our Saviour ſtai'd ſomewhile upon the water (as that which yielded him more quietneſs, and freedom of reſpiration;) or whether the foot-paſſage (as it oft falls out) were the ſhorter cut, by reaſon of the compaſſes of the water and the many elbows of the land, I enquire not: ſure I am, the wind did not ſo ſwiftly drive on the ſhip, as deſire and zeal drave on theſe eager clients. Well did Chriſt ſee them all the way; well did he know their ſteps, and guided them: and now he purpoſely goes to meet them, whom he ſeemed to flee. Nothing can pleaſe God more then our importunity in ſeeking him: when he withdraws himſelf, it is that he may be more earneſtly inquired for. Now then he comes to finde them whom he made ſhew to decline: and ſeeing a great multitude, he paſſes from the ſhip to the ſhore. That which brought him from Heaven to earth, brought him alſo from the ſea to land; his compaſſion on their Souls, that he might teach them; compaſſion on their Bodies, that he might heal and feed them.

Judæa was not large, but populous: it could not be but there muſt be amongſt ſo many men many diſeaſed: it is no marvel if the report of ſo miraculous and univerſal ſanations drew cuſtomers. They found three advantages of cure above the power and performance of any earthly Phyſician, Certainty, Bounty, Eaſe. Certainty, in that all comers were cured without fail: Bounty, in that they were cured without charge: Eaſe, in that they were cured without pain. Farre be it from us, O Saviour, to think that thy Glory hath abated of thy Mercy: ſtill and ever thou art our aſſured, bountiful, and perfect Phyſician, who healeſt all our diſeaſes, and takeſt away all our infirmities. Oh that we could have our faithful recourſe to thee in all our ſpiritual maladies: it were as impoſſible we ſhould want help, as that thou ſhouldeſt want power and mercy.

That our Saviour might approve himſelf every way beneficent, he that had filled the Souls of his Auditors with ſpiritual repaſt, will now fill their Bodies with temporal: and he that had approved himſelf the univerſal Phyſician of his Church, will now be known to be the great houſholder of the world, by whoſe liberal proviſion mankinde is maintained. He did not more miraculouſly heal, then he feeds miraculouſly.

The

A The Disciples having well noted the diligent and importune attendance of the multitude, now towards evening come to their Master in a care of their repast and discharge. *This is a desart place, and the time is now past: Send the multitude away, that they may goe into the villages and buy themselves victuals.* How well it becomes even spiritual guides to regard the bodily necessities of God's people? This is not directly in our charge, neither may we leave our sacred ministration to serve Tables. But yet, as the bodily father must take care for the Soul of his childe; so must the spiritual have respect to the Body. This is all that the world commonly looks after; measuring their Pastors more by their dishes then by their doctrine or conversation: as if they had the charge
B of their Bellies, not of their Souls: if they have open Cellars, it matters not whether their Mouths be open. If they be sociable in their carriage, favourable and indulgent to their recreations, full in their chear, how easily doth the world dispense with either their negligence or enormities? As if the Souls of these men lay in their weasand, in their gut. But surely they have reason to exspect from their Teachers a due proportion of Hospitality. An unmeet parsimony is here not more odious then sinful: And where ability wants, yet care may not be wanting. Those Preachers which are so intent upon their spiritual work, that in the mean time they over-strain the weaknesses of their people, holding them in their Devotions longer then humane frailty will permit, forget not
C themselves more then their pattern: and must be sent to school to these compassionate Disciples, who when evening was come, sue to Christ for the peoples dismission.

The place was desart; the time, evening. Doubtless our Saviour made choice of both these, that there might be both more use and more note of his Miracle. Had it been in the morning, their stomack had not been up; their feeding had been unnecessary. Had it been in the Village, provision either might have been made, or at least would have seemed made by themselves. But now that it was both desart and evening, there was good ground for the Disciples to move, and for Christ to work their sustentation. Then onely may
D we exspect and crave help from God, when we finde our need. Superfluous aid can neither be heartily desired, nor earnestly lookt for, nor thankfully received from the hands of mercy. *Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.* If it be not a burden, it is no casting it upon God. Hence it is that Divine aid comes ever in the very upshot and exigence of our trials; when we have been exercised, and almost tired with long hopes, yea with despairs of success: that it may be both more longed for ere it come, and when it comes more welcome.

Oh the Faith and Zeal of these clients of Christ! They not only follow him from the City into the Desart, from delicacy to want, from frequence to soli-
E tude; but forget their bodies in pursuit of the food of their Souls.

Nothing is more hard for an healthful man to forget then his belly; within few hours this will be sure to solicit him, and will take no denials. Yet such sweetness did these hearers finde in the spiritual repast, that they thought not on the bodily: the Disciples pitied them, they had no mercy on themselves. By how much more a mans minde is taken up with Heavenly things, so much less shall he care for earthly. What shall earth be to us, when we are all Spirit? And in the mean time, according to the degrees of our intellectual elevations, shall be our neglect of bodily contentments.

The Disciples think they move well: *Send them away, that they may buy*
F *victuals.* Here was a strong Charity, but a weak Faith. A strong Charity, in that they would have the people relieved; a weak Faith, in that they supposed they could not otherwise be so well relieved. As a man when he sees many wayes lie before him, takes that which he thinks both faireſt and neareſt; so doe they: this way of relief lay openest to their view, and promised most. Well might they have thought, It is as easie for our Master to feed them, as to

heal them; there is an equal facility in all things to a ſupernatural power: yet they ſay, *Send them away.* In all our projects and ſuits we are ſtill ready to move for that which is moſt obvious, moſt likely, when ſometimes that is leſs agreeable to the will of God. A

The All-wiſe and Almighty arbiter of all things hath a thouſand ſecret means to honour himſelf in his proceedings with us. It is not for us to carve boldly for our ſelves; but we muſt humbly depend on the diſpoſal of his Wiſdom and Mercy.

Our Saviours anſwer gives a ſtrange check to their motion; *They need not depart.* Not need? They had no victuals; they muſt have; there was none to be had. What more need could be? He knew the ſupply which he intended, though they knew it not. His command was therefore more ſtrange then his aſſertion, *Give ye them to eat.* Nothing gives what it hath not. Had they had victuals, they had not called for a diſmiſſion; and not having, how ſhould they give? It was thy wiſdom, O Saviour, thus to prepare thy Diſciples for the intended Miracle: Thou wouldſt not doe it abruptly, without an intimation both of the purpoſe of it, and the neceſſity. And how modeſtly doſt thou undertake it, without noiſe, without oſtentation? I hear thee not ſay, I will give them to eate; but, *Give ye:* as if it ſhould be their act, not thine. Thus ſometimes it pleaſeth thee to require of us what we are not able to perform; either that thou maieſt ſhew us what we cannot doe, and ſo humble us; or that thou maieſt erect us to a dependence upon thee, which canſt doe it for us. As when the Mother bids the Infant come to her, which hath not yet the ſteddy uſe of his leggs, it is that he may cling the faſter to her hand or coat for ſupportation. B C

Thou bidſt us, impotent wretches, to keep thy royal Law. Alas! what can we Sinners doe? there is not one letter of thoſe thy Ten words that we are able to keep. This charge of thine intends to ſhew us not our ſtrength, but our weakneſs. Thus thou wouldeſt turn our eyes both back to what we might have done, to what we could have done; and upwards to thee in whom we have done it, in whom we can doe it. He wrongs thy Goodneſs and Juſtice that miſconſtrues theſe thy commands, as if they were of the ſame nature with thoſe of the *Egyptian* task-maſters, requiring the brick, and not giving the ſtraw. But in bidding us doe what we cannot, thou inableſt us to doe what thou biddeſt. Thy Precepts under the Goſpel have not onely an intimation of our duty, but an habilitation of thy power: as here, when thou badeſt the Diſciples to give to the multitude, thou meanteſt to ſupply unto them what thou commandedſt to give. D

Our Saviour hath what he would; an acknowledgement of their inſufficiency: *We have here but five loaves and two fiſhes.* A poor proviſion for the family of the Lord of the whole earth: Five loaves, and thoſe barley; two fiſhes, and thoſe little ones. We well know, O Saviour, that the beaſts were thine on a thouſand mountains, all the corn thine that covered the whole ſurface of the earth, all the fouls of the aire thine; it was thou that providedſt thoſe drifts of Quails that fell among the tents of thy rebellious *Iſraelites*, that rainedſt down thoſe ſhowrs of Manna round about their camp: and doſt thou take up (for thy ſelf and thy meiny) with *five barly loaves, and two little fiſhes?* Certainly this was thy will, not thy need: to teach us, that this body muſt be fed, not pampered. Our *belly* may not be our maſter, much leſs our *God*; or if it be, the next word is, *whoſe glory is their ſhame, whoſe end damnation.* It is noted as the crime of the rich glutton, that *he fared deliciouſly every day.* I never finde that Chriſt entertained any gueſts but twice; and that was onely with loaves and fiſhes. I finde him ſometimes feaſted by others more liberally. But his domeſtical fare how ſimple, how homely it is? The end of food is to ſuſtain Nature. Meat was ordained for the belly, the belly for the body, the body for the Soul, the Soul for God: we muſt ſtill look through the ſubordinate E F

A subordinate Ends to the higheſt. To reſt in the pleaſure of the meat, is for thoſe creatures which have no Soules. Oh the extreme delicacy of theſe times! What conquiſition is here of all ſorts of curious diſhes from the furtheſt ſeas and lands, to make up one hours meal? what broken cookery? what deviſed mixtures? what nice ſauces? what feaſting not of the taſt only, but of the ſent? Are we the Diſciples of him that took up with the loaves and fiſhes; or the Scholars of a *Philoxenus*, or an *Apitius*, or *Vitellius*, or thoſe other monſters of the palate? the true ſons of thoſe firſt Parents that killed themſelves with their teeth?

Neither was the quality of theſe victuals more courſe then the quantity
B ſmall. They make a *But* of five loaves and two fiſhes; and well might, in reſpect of ſo many thouſand mouths. A little food to an hungry ſtomack, doth rather ſtir up appetite then ſatisfie it: as a little rain upon a droughty ſoil doth rather help to ſcorch then refreſh it. When we look with the eye of Senſe or Reaſon upon any Object, we ſhall ſee an impoſſibility of thoſe effects which Faith can eaſily apprehend, and Divine power more eaſily produce. Carnal mindes are ready to meaſure all our hopes by humane poſſibilities; and when they fail, to deſpair of ſucceſs: where true Faith meaſures them by Divine power, and therefore can never be diſheartned. This Grace is for things not ſeen, and whether beyond hope, or againſt it.

C The virtue is not in the means, but in the agent. *Bring them hither to me.* How much more eaſie had it been for our Saviour to fetch the loaves to him, then to multiply them? The hands of the Diſciples ſhall bring them, that they might more fully witneſs both the Author, and manner of the inſtant Miracle. Had the loaves and fiſhes been multiplied without this bringing, perhaps they might have ſeemed to have come by the ſecret proviſion of the gueſts; now there can be no queſtion either of the act, or of the agent. As God takes pleaſure in doing wonders for men, ſo he loves to be acknowledged in the great works that he doth. He hath no reaſon to part with his own glory; that is too pretious for him to loſe, or for his creature to embezel. And how juſtly
D didſt thou, O Saviour, in this mean to teach thy Diſciples, that it was thou only who feedeſt the world; and upon whom both themſelves and all their fellow-creatures muſt depend for their nouriſhment and proviſion; and that if it came not through thy hands, it could not come to theirs?

There need no more words. I do not hear the Diſciples ſtand upon the terms of their own neceſſity; Alas! Sir, it is too little for our ſelves; whence ſhall we then relieve our own hunger? Give leave to our Charity to begin at home. But they willingly yield to the command of their Maſter; and put themſelves upon his Providence for the ſequel. When we have a charge from God, it is not for us to ſtand upon ſelf-reſpects; in this caſe there is no ſuch ſure
E liberty as in a ſelf-contempt. O God, when thou calleſt to us for our five loaves, we muſt forget our own intereſt: otherwiſe if we be more thrifty then obedient, our good turns evil; and much better had it been for us to have wanted that which we withhold from the owner.

He that is the Maſter of the Feaſt marſhals the gueſts; *He commanded the multitude to ſit down on the graſs.* They obey, and exſpect. Oh marvelous Faith! So many thouſands ſit down, and addreſs themſelves to a meal, when they ſaw nothing but five poor barly loaves and two ſmall fiſhes. None of them ſay, Sit down? to what? Here are the mouths, but where is the meat? We can ſoon be ſet, but whence ſhall we be ſerved? Ere we draw our knives,
F let us ſee our chear. But they meekly and obediently diſpoſe themſelves to their places, and look up to Chriſt for a miraculous purveyance. It is for all that would be Chriſts followers, to lead the life of Faith; and, even where means appear not, to wait upon that merciful hand. Nothing is more eaſy then to truſt God when our barns and coffers are full; and to ſay, *Give us our daily bread*, when we have it in our cupbord. But when we have nothing,

when we know not how or whence to get any thing, then to depend upon an invisible bounty, this is a true and noble act of Faith. To cast away our own that we may immediately live upon Divine Providence, I know no warrant. But when the necessity is of God's making, we see our refuge; and happy are we if our confidence can fly to it, and rest in it. Yea fulness should be a Curse, if it should debarre us from this dependence: at our best we must look up to this great housholder of the world, and cannot but need his provision. If we have meat, perhaps not appetite; if appetite, it may be not digestion; or if that, not health, and freedome from pain; or if that, (perhaps from other occurrents) not life. A

The guests are set full of expectation. He that could have multiplied the bread in absence, in silence takes it and blesses it; that he might at once shew them the Author and the meanes of this increase. It is thy blessing, O God, that maketh rich. What a difference do we see in mens estates? Some languish under great means, and injoy not either their substance or themselves; others are chearful and happy in a little. Second causes may not be denied their work; but the over-ruling power is above. The subordinateness of the creature doth not take away from the right, from the thank of the first mover. B

He could as well have multiplied the loaves whole; why would he rather do it in the breaking? Was it to teach us that in the distribution of our goods we should exspect his blessing, not in their intireness and reservation? *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth*, saith *Salomon*: Yea there is no man but increaseth by scattering. It is the grain thrown into the severall furrows of the earth, which yields the rich interest unto the Husbandman: that which is tyed up in his sack, or heaped in his granary, decreaseth by keeping. *He that soweth liberally shall reap liberally.* C

Away with our weak distrust. If Wealth came by us, giving were the way to want: now that God gives to the giver, nothing can so sure inrich us as our beneficence. He multiplied the bread not to keep, but to give; *He gave it to the Disciples*. And why not rather by his own hand to the multitude, that so the Miracle and thank might have been more immediate? Wherefore was this, O Saviour, but that thou mightest win respect to thy Disciples from the people? As great Princes, when they would ingratiate a Favorite, pass no suits but through his hands. What an honour was this to thy servants, that as thou wert Mediatour betwixt thy Father and man, so thou wouldest have them in some beneficial occasion mediate betwixt men and thee? How fit a type is this of thy spiritual provision, that thou who couldest have fed the world by thine immediate word, wouldst by the hands of thy Ministers divide the bread of life to all hearers? Like as it was with the Law; well did the *Israelites* see and hear that thou couldst deliver that dreadful message with thine own mouth, yet in favour of their weakness thou wouldst treat with them by a *Moses*. Use of means derogates nothing from the efficacy of the principal Agent, yea adds to it. It is a strange weakness of our spiritual eyes, if we can look but to the next hand. How absurd had these guests been, if they had termined the thanks in the servitours, and had said, We have it from you, whence ye had it is no part of our care: we owe this favour to you; if you owe it to your Master, acknowledge your obligations to him, as we do unto you. But since they well knew that the Disciples might have handled this bread long enough ere any such effect could have followed, they easily finde to whom they are beholden. Our Christian wisdome must teach us, whosoever be the meanes, to reserve our main thanks for the Author of our good. D E F

He gave the bread then to his Disciples, not to eat, not to keep, but to distribute. It was not their particular benefit he regarded in this gift, but the good of many.

In every Feast each servitour takes up his dish, not to carry it aside into a corner

A corner for his own private repaſt; but to ſet it before the gueſts, for the honour of his Maſter: when they have done, his chear begins. What ſhall we ſay to thoſe injurious waiters, who fatten themſelves with thoſe concealed meſſes which are meant to others? Their table is made their ſnare; and theſe ſtoln morſels cannot but end in bitterneſs.

Accordingly the Diſciples ſet this fare before the gueſts. I do not ſee ſo much as *Judas* reſerve a ſhare to himſelf, whether out of hunger or diſtruſt. Had not our Saviour commanded ſo free a diſtribution, their ſelf-love would eaſily have taught them where to begin. Nature ſaies, Firſt thy ſelf, then thy friends: either extremity or particular charge gives Grace occaſion to alter the
B caſe. Far be it from us to think we have any claim in that which the owner gives us merely to beſtow.

I know not now whether more to wonder at the miraculous eating, or the miraculous leaving. Here were a whole hoſt of gueſts, five thouſand men; and in all likelihood no fewer women and children. Perhaps ſome of theſe only look'd on. Nay, *they did all eate.* Perhaps every man a crum, or a bit. Nay, they did eat to ſatiety; *all were ſatisfied.* So many muſt needs make clean work; of ſo little there could be left nothing. Yea, there were *fragments* remaining. Perhaps ſome crums or cruſts, hardly to be diſcerned, much leſs gathered. Nay, *twelve baskets full*: more remained then was firſt ſet down.
C Had they eaten nothing, it was a juſt Miracle that ſo much ſhould be left; had nothing remained, it was no leſs Miracle that ſo many had eaten, and ſo many ſatisfied: but now that ſo many bellies and ſo many baskets were filled, the Miracle was doubled. Oh work of a boundleſs Omnipotency! Whether this were done by creation or by converſion, uſes to be queſtioned; but needs not. Whiles Chriſt multiplies the bread, it is not for us to multiply his Miracles. To make ought of nothing, is more then to adde much unto ſomething. It was therefore rather by turning of a former matter into theſe ſubſtances, then by making theſe ſubſtances of nothing.

Howſoever, here is a marvelous proviſion made, a marvelous bounty of that
D proviſion, a no leſs marvelous extent of that bounty.

Thoſe that depend upon God, and buſy themſelves in his work, ſhall not want a due purveyance in the very deſart. Our ſtreight and confined beneficence reaches ſo farre as to provide for our own: thoſe of our Domeſticks which labour in our ſervice do but juſtly expect and challenge their diet; whereas day-labourers are oft-times at their own finding. How much more will that God who is infinite in mercy and power, take order for the livelihood of thoſe that attend him? We ſee the birds of the aire provided for by him; how rarely have we found any of them dead of hunger? yet what doe they but what they are carried unto by natural inſtinct? How much more
E where, beſides propriety, there is a rational and willing ſervice? Shall the *Iſraelites* be fed with Manna, *Eliah* by the Ravens, the Widow by her multiplied meal and oyle, Chriſts clients in the wilderneſs with loaves and fiſhes? O God, whiles thou doſt thus promerit us by thy Providence, let not us wrong thee by diſtruſt.

God's undertakings cannot but be exquiſite; thoſe whom he profeſſes to feed muſt needs have enough. The meaſure of his bounty cannot but run over. Doth he take upon him to prepare a table for his *Iſrael* in the deſart? the bread ſhall be the food of Angels, the fleſh ſhall be the delicates of Princes, Manna and Quails. Doth he take upon him to make wine for the marriage-feaſt of
F *Cana*? there ſhall be both ſtore and choice; the vintage yields poor ſtuff to this. Will he feaſt his Auditors in the wilderneſs? if they have not dainties, they ſhall have plenty; *They were all ſatisfied.* Neither yet, O Saviour, is thy hand cloſed. What abundance of heavenly doctrine doſt thou ſet before us? how are we feaſted, yea pampered with thy celeſtial delicacies? Not according to our meanneſs, but according to thy ſtate, are we fed. Thrifty and niggardly

ly collations are not for Princes. We are full of thy goodneſs; oh, let our hearts run over with thanks. A

I do gladly wonder at this Miracle of thine, O Saviour, yet ſo as that I forget not mine own condition. Whence is it that we have our continual proviſion? One and the ſame munificent hand doth all. If the *Iſraelites* were fed with Manna in the deſart, and with corn in *Canaan*, both were done by the ſame power and bounty. If the Diſciples were fed by the loaves multiplied, and we by the grain multiplied, both are the act of one Omnipotence. What is this but a perpetual miracle, O God, which thou workeſt for our preſervation? Without thee, there is no more power in the grain to multiply then in the loaf: it is thou that *giveſt it a body at thy pleaſure, even to every ſeed his own body*; it is thou that *giveſt fulneſs of bread and cleanneſs of teeth.* It is no reaſon thy goodneſs ſhould be leſs magnified becauſe it is univerſal. B

One or two baskets could have held the five loaves and two fiſhes; not leſs then twelve can hold the remainders. The Divine munificence provides not for our neceſſity only, but for our abundance, yea ſuperfluity. Envy and ignorance, whiles they make God the author of enough, are ready to impute the ſurpluſſage to another cauſe; as we commonly ſay of wine, that the liquor is God's, the exceſs Satan's.

Thy table, O Saviour, convinces them, which had more taken away then ſet on: thy Bleſſing makes an eſtate not competent only, but rich. I hear of barns full of plenty, and preſſes burſting out with new wine, as the rewards of thoſe that honour thee with their ſubſtance. I hear of heads anointed with oyle, and cups running over. O God, as thou haſt a free hand to give, ſo let us have a free heart to return thee the praiſe of thy Bounty. C

Thoſe fragments were left behind. I do not ſee the people, when they had filled their bellies, cramming their pockets, or ſtuffing their wallets; yet the place was deſart, and ſome of them doubtleſs had farre home.

It becomes true Diſciples to be content with the preſent, not too ſolicitous for the future. O Saviour, thou didſt not bid us beg bread for to morrow, but for to day: not that we ſhould refuſe thy bounty when thou pleaſeſt to give; but that we ſhould not diſtruſt thy Providence for the need we may have. D

Even theſe fragments (though but of barley loaves and fiſh-bones) may not be left in the deſart, for the compoſt of that earth whereon they were increaſed; but by our Saviours holy and juſt command are gathered up. The liberal houſekeeper of the world will not allow the loſs of his orts: the childrens bread may not be given to dogs: and if the crums fall to their ſhare, it is becauſe their ſmalneſs admits not of a collection. If thoſe who out of obedience or due thrift have thought to gather up crums, have found them pearls, I wonder not: Surely both are alike the good creatures of the ſame Maker; and both of them may prove equally coſtly to us in their wilful miſpence. But oh, what ſhall we ſay, that not cruſts and crums, not loaves and diſhes and cups, but whole patrimonies are idly laviſht away; not merely loſt, (this were more eaſie) but ill ſpent in a wicked riot upon dice, drabs, drunkards? Oh the fearful account of theſe unthrifty Bailifs, which ſhall once be given in to our great Lord and Maſter, when he ſhall call us to a ſtrict reckoning of all our talents! He was condemned that increaſed not the ſum concredited to him; what ſhall become of him that lawleſly impairs it? E

Who gathered up theſe fragments but the twelve Apoſtles, every one his basket full? They were the ſervitours that ſet on this banquet at the command of Chriſt, they waited on the Tables, they took away. F

It was our Saviours juſt care that thoſe offals ſhould not periſh: but he well knew that a greater loſs depended upon thoſe ſcraps; a loſs of glory to the omnipotent worker of that Miracle. The feeding of the multitude was but the

A the one half of the work, the other half was in the remnant. Of all other it moſt concerns the ſucceſſors of the Apoſtles to take care that the marvelous works of their God and Saviour may be improved to the beſt; they may not ſuffer a cruſt or crum to be loſt that may yield any glory to that Almighty agent.

Here was not any morſel or bone that was not worthy to be a relick; every the leaſt parcel whereof was no other then miraculous. All the antient monuments of Gods ſupernatural power and mercy were in the keeping of *Aaron* and his ſons. There is no ſervant in the Family but ſhould be thriftily careful for his Maſters profit; but moſt of all the Steward, who is particularly charB ged with this overſight. Wo be to us if we care only to gather up our own ſcraps, with neglect of the pretious morſels of our Maker and Redeemer.

The Walk upon the Waters.

ALL elements are alike to their Maker. He that had well approved his power on the Land, will now ſhew it in the Aire and the Waters; he that had preſerved the multitude from the peril of hunC ger in the Deſart, will now preſerve his Diſciples from the peril of the tempeſt in the Sea.

Where do we ever elſe finde any compulſion offered by Chriſt to his Diſciples? He was like the good Centurion; he *ſaid to one, Go, and he goeth.* When he did but call them from their nets they came; and when he ſent them by paires into the Cities and Country of *Judæa* to preach the Goſpel, they went. There was never errand whereon they went unwillingly: only now he conſtrained them to depart. We may eaſily conceive how loth they were to leave him; whether out of love, or of common civility. *Peter*'s tongue did but (when it was) ſpeak the heart of the reſt; *Maſter, thou knoweſt that I love* D *thee.* Who could chuſe but be in love with ſuch a Maſter? and who can willingly part from what he loves? But had the reſpects been only common and ordinary, how unfit might it ſeem to leave a Maſter now towards night, in a wild place, amongſt ſtrangers, unprovided of the means of his paſſage? Where otherwiſe therefore he needed but to bid, now he conſtrains. O Saviour, it was ever thy manner to call all men unto thee; *Come to me, all that labour and are heavy laden.* When didſt thou ever drive any one from thee? Neither had it been ſo now, but to draw them cloſer unto thee, whom thou ſeemedſt for the time to abdicate. In the mean while, I know not whether more to excuſe their unwillingneſs, or to applaud their obedience. As it ſhall be fulE ly above, ſo it was proportionally here below; *In thy preſence* (O Saviour) *is the fulneſs of joy.* Once, when thou askedſt theſe thy Domeſticks whether they alſo would depart, it was anſwered thee by one tongue for all, *Maſter, whither ſhould we goe from thee? thou haſt the words of eternal life.* What a death was it then to them to be compelled to leave thee? Sometimes it pleaſeth the Divine goodneſs to lay upon his ſervants ſuch commands as ſavour of harſhneſs and diſcomfort; which yet both in his intention and in the event are no other then gracious and ſoveraign. The more difficulty was in the charge, the more praiſe was in the obedience. I do not hear them ſtand upon the terms of capitulation with their Maſter, nor pleading importunately for their ſtay; but inF ſtantly upon the command they yield and goe. We are never perfect Diſciples till we can depart from our reaſon, from our will; yea (O Saviour) when thou biddeſt us, from thy ſelf.

Neither will the multitude be gone without a diſmiſſion. They had followed him whiles they were hungry, they will not leave him now they are fed. Fain would they put that honour upon him, which to avoid he is fain to avoid them:

them: gladly would they pay a Kingdome to him as their ſhot for their late banquet; he ſhuns both it and them. O Saviour, when the hour of thy Paſſion was now come, thou couldſt offer thy ſelf readily to thine apprehenders; and now when the glory of the world preſſes upon thee, thou runneſt away from a Crown. Was it to teach us that there is leſs danger in ſuffering then in outward proſperity? What do we dote upon that worldly honour, which thou heldeſt worthy of avoidance and contempt?

Beſides this reſervedneſs, it was devotion that drew *Jeſus* aſide. He went alone up to the mountain to pray. Lo, thou, to whom the greateſt throng was a ſolitude in reſpect of the fruition of thy Father, thou who wert uncapable of diſtraction from him with whom thou wert one, wouldſt yet ſo much act man as to retire for the opportunity of prayer: to teach us, who are nothing but wilde thoughts and giddy diſtractedneſs, to goe aſide when we would ſpeak with God. How happy is it for us that thou prayedſt? O Saviour, thou prayedſt for us, who have not Grace enough to pray for our ſelves; not worth enough to be accepted when we do pray. Thy prayers which were moſt perfect and impetrative, are they by which our weak and unworthy prayers receive both life and favour. And now how aſſiduous ſhould we be in our ſupplications who are empty of grace, full of wants; when thou, who wert a God of all power, praiedſt for that which thou couldſt command? Therefore do we pray, becauſe thou praiedſt: therefore do we exſpect to be graciouſly anſwered in our prayers, becauſe thou didſt pray for us here on earth, and now intercedeſt for us in Heaven.

The evening was come; the Diſciples look'd long for their Maſter, and loath they were to have ſtirred without him: but his command is more then the ſtrongeſt wind to fill their ſailes, and they are now gone. Their expectation made not the evening ſeem ſo long as our Saviours devotion made it ſeem ſhort to him. He is on the mount, they on the ſea: yet whiles he was in the mount praying, and lifting up his eyes to his Father, he failes not to caſt them about upon his Diſciples toſſed on the waves. Thoſe all-ſeeing eyes admit of no limits. At once he ſees the higheſt Heavens, and the midſt of the ſea; the glory of his Father, and the miſery of his Diſciples. Whatever proſpects preſent themſelves to his view, the diſtreſs of his Followers is ever moſt noted.

How much more doſt thou now, O Saviour, from the height of thy glorious advancement behold us thy wretched ſervants toſſed on the unquiet ſea of this World, and beaten with the troubleſome and threatning billows of Affliction? Thou foreſaweſt their toil and danger ere thou diſmiſſedſt them, and purpoſedly ſendeſt them away that they might be toſſed. Thou that couldeſt prevent our ſufferings by thy power, wilt permit them in thy wiſdome, that thou maiſt glorifie thy mercy in our deliverance, and confirm our Faith by the iſſue of our diſtreſſes.

How do all things now ſeem to conſpire to the vexing of thy poor Diſciples? The night was ſullen and dark, their Maſter was abſent, the ſea was boiſtrous, the windes were high and contrary. Had their Maſter been with them, howſoever the elements had raged, they had been ſecure. Had their Maſter been away, yet if the ſea had been quiet or the winds fair, the paſſage might have been indured. Now both ſeaſon, and ſea, and winde, and their Maſter's deſertion had agreed to render them perfectly miſerable. Sometimes the Providence of God hath thought good ſo to order it, that to his beſt ſervants there appeareth no glimpſe of comfort; but ſo abſolute vexation, as if Heaven and earth had plotted their full affliction. Yea, O Saviour, what a dead night, what a fearful tempeſt, what an aſtoniſhing dereliction was that, wherein thou thy ſelf cryedſt out in the bitterneſs of thine anguiſhed Soul, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* Yet in all theſe extremities of miſery, our gracious God intends nothing but his greater glory and ours; the Triumph of our Faith, the crown of our Victory.

A All that longſome and tempeſtuous night muſt the Diſciples wear out in danger and horror, as given over to the windes and waves; but in the fourth watch of the night, when they were wearied out with toils and fears, comes deliverance.

At their entrance into the ſhip, at the ariſing of the tempeſt, at the ſhutting in of the evening, there was no news of Chriſt: but when they have been all the night long beaten not ſo much with ſtorms and waves as with their own thoughts, now in the fourth watch, (which was near to the morning) *Jeſus* came unto them, and purpoſely not till then; that he might exerciſe their patience; that he might inure them to wait upon Divine Providence in caſes of
B extremity; that their Devotions might be more whetted by delay; that they might give gladder welcome to their deliverance. O God, thus thou thinkeſt fit to doe ſtill. We are by turns in our ſea, the windes bluſter, the billows ſwell, the night and thy abſence heighten our diſcomfort, thy time and ours is ſet; as yet it is but midnight with us; can we but hold out patiently till the fourth watch, thou wilt ſurely come and reſcue us. Oh let us not faint under our ſorrows, but wear out our three watches of tribulation with undaunted patience and holy reſolution.

O Saviour, our extremities are the ſeaſons of thine aide. Thou cameſt at
C laſt; but yet ſo, as that there was more dread then joy in thy preſence. Thy coming was both miraculous and frightfull.

Thou God of Elements paſſedſt through the aire, walkedſt upon the waters. Whether thou meanteſt to terminate this Miracle in thy body, or in the waves which thou trodeſt upon; whether ſo lightning the one, that it ſhould make no impreſſion in the liquid waters, or whether ſo conſolidating the other, that the pavemented waves yielded a firm cauſey to thy ſacred feet to walk on, I neither determine nor inquire: thy ſilence ruleth mine; thy power was in either miraculous; neither know I in whether to adore it more. But withall give me leave to wonder more at thy paſſage then at thy coming. Wherefore cameſt
D thou but to comfort them? and wherefore then wouldeſt thou paſſe by them, as if thou hadſt intended nothing but their diſmay? Thine abſence could not be ſo grievous as thy preterition: that might ſeem juſtly occaſioned, this could not but ſeem willingly neglective. Our laſt conflicts have wont ever to be the foreſt: as when after ſome dreeping rain it powrs down moſt vehemently, we think the weather is changing to ſerenity.

O Saviour, we may not alwaies meaſure thy meaning by thy ſemblance: ſometimes what thou moſt intendeſt, thou ſheweſt leaſt. In our Afflictions thou turneſt thy back upon us, and hideſt thy face from us, when thou moſt mindeſt our diſtreſſes. So *Jonathan* ſhot the arrows beyond *David*, when he
E meant them to him. So *Joſeph* calls for *Benjamin* into bonds, when his heart was bound to him in the ſtrongeſt affection. So the tender mother makes as if ſhe would give away her crying childe, whom ſhe hugs ſo much cloſer in her boſome.

If thou paſſe by us whiles we are ſtrugling with the tempeſt, we know it is not for want of mercy. Thou canſt not neglect us; Oh let not us diſtruſt thee.

What Object ſhould have been ſo pleaſing to the eyes of the Diſciples as their Maſter; and ſo much the more as he ſhewed his Divine power in this miraculous walk? But lo, contrarily, *they are troubled*: not with his preſence, but with this form of preſence.

F The ſupernatural works of God, when we look upon them with our own eyes, are ſubject to a dangerous miſpriſion. The very Sun-beams to whom we are beholden for our ſight, if we eye them directly, blinde us. Miſerable men! we are ready to ſuſpect Truths, to run away from our ſafety, to be afraid of our comforts, to miſ-know our beſt friends.

And why are they thus troubled? *They had thought they had ſeen a Spirit.* That there have been ſuch apparitions of Spirits, both good and evil, hath ever

been a Truth undoubtedly received of Pagans, Jews, Christians; although in the blinde times of Superstition there was much collusion mixed with some verities: Crafty men and lying spirits agreed to abuse the credulous world. But even where there was not Truth, yet there was Horror. The very Good Angels were not seen without much fear; their sight was construed to bode Death: how much more the Evil, which in their very nature are harmfull and pernicious? We see not a Snake or a Toad without some recoiling of blood & sensible reluctation, although those creatures run away from us: how much more must our hairs stand upright and our senses boggle at the sight of a Spirit, whose both nature & will is contrary to ours, and professedly bent to our hurt? A

But say it had been what they mistook it for, a Spirit; why should they fear? Had they well considered, they had soon found that evil spirits are nevertheless present, when they are not seen; and nevertheless harmfull or malicious, when they are present unseen. Visibility addes nothing to their spight or mischief. And could their eyes have been opened, they had, with *Elisha*'s servant, seen *more with* them *then against* them; a sure, though invisible, guard of more powerfull Spirits, and themselves under the protection of the God of Spirits: so as they might have bidden a bold defiance to all the powers of Darkness. But, partly their Faith was yet but in the bud; and partly the presentation of this dreadfull Object was suddain, and without the respite of a recollection and settlement of their thoughts. B

Oh the weakness of our frail Nature, who in the want of Faith, are affrighted with the visible appearance of those adversaries whom we professe daily to resist and vanquish, and with whom we know the Decree of God hath matched us in an everlasting conflict! Are not these they that ejected Devils by their command? Are not these of them that could say, *Master, the evil spirits are subdued to us?* Yet now when they see but an imagined spirit, they fear. What power there is in the eye to betray the heart! C

Whiles *Goliah* was mingled with the rest of the *Philistin* hoast, *Israel* camped boldly against them; but when that Giant stalks out single between the two armies, and fills and amazes their eyes with his hideous stature, now they run away for fear. Behold, we are committed with Legions of Evil spirits, and complain not: Let but one of them give us some visible token of his presence, we shreek and tremble, and are not our selves. D

Neither is our weakness more conspicuous then thy mercy, O God, in restraining these spiritual enemies from these dreadfull and ghastly representations of themselves to our eyes. Might those infernal Spirits have liberty to appear how and when and to whom they would, certainly not many would be left in their wits, or in their lives. It is thy power and goodness to frail mankinde that they are kept in their chains, and reserved in the darkness of their own spiritual being, that we may both oppugn and subdue them unseen. E

But oh the deplorable condition of reprobate souls! If but the imagined sight of one of these Spirits of darkness can so daunt the heart of those which are free from their power, what a terror shall it be to live perpetually in the sight, yea under the torture, of thousands, of legions, of millions of Devils? Oh the madness of wilfull sinners, that will needs run themselves headily into so dreadfull a damnation!

It was high time for our Saviour to speak: What with the Tempest, what with the Apparition, the Disciples were almost lost with fear. How seasonable are his gracious redresses? Till they were thus affrighted, he would not speak; when they were thus affrighted, he would not hold his peace. If his presence were fearfull, yet his word was comfortable; *Be of good chear, it is I:* yea it is his word only which must make his presence both known and comfortable. He was present before; they mistook him, and feared: there needs no other erection of their drooping hearts but, *It is I.* It is cordial enough to us in the worst of our afflictions, to be assured of Christs presence with us. Say but, F

It

A *It is I*, O Saviour, and let evils doe their worſt; thou needeſt not ſay any more. Thy voice was evidence enough; ſo well were thy Diſciples acquainted with the tongue of thee their Maſter, that, *It is I*, was as much as an hundred names. Thou art the good Shepherd; we are not of thy Flock, if we know thee not by thy voice from a thouſand. Even this one is a great word, yea an ample ſtyle, *It is I.* The ſame tongue that ſaid to *Moſes, I am hath ſent thee*, ſaith now to the Diſciples, *It is I*; I your Lord and Maſter, I the commander of windes and waters, I the ſoveraign Lord of Heaven and earth, I the God of Spirits. Let Heaven be but as one ſcroll, and let it be written all over with titles, they cannot expreſſe more then, *It is I.* Oh ſweet and ſeaſonable word of
B a gracious Saviour, able to calm all tempeſts, able to revive all hearts! Say but ſo to my Soul, and, in ſpight of Hell, I am ſafe.

No ſooner hath *Jeſus* ſaid, *I*; then *Peter* anſwers, *Maſter.* He can inſtantly name him that did not name himſelf. Every little hint is enough to Faith. The Church ſees her Beloved as well through the Lattice, as through the open Window. Which of all the Followers of Chriſt gave ſo pregnant teſtimonies upon all occaſions of his Faith, of his Love to his Maſter, as *Peter?* The reſt were ſilent, whiles he both owned his Maſter, and craved acceſſe to him in that liquid way. Yet what a ſenſible mixture is here of Faith & Diſtruſt? It is Faith that ſaid, *Maſter*; it was Diſtruſt (as ſome have conſtrued it) that ſaid, *If it be*
C *thou.* It was Faith that ſaid, *Bid me come to thee*; (implying that his word could as well enable as command) it was Faith that durſt ſtep down upon that watery pavement: it was Diſtruſt that upon the ſight of a mighty winde feared. It was Faith, that he walked; it was Diſtruſt, that he ſunk; it was Faith that ſaid, *Lord, ſave me.* Oh the imperfect compoſition of the beſt Saint upon earth; as far from pure Faith, as from mere Infidelity! If there be pure earth in the center, all upward is mixed with the other elements: contrarily, pure Grace is above in the glorified Spirits; all below is mixed with infirmity, with corruption. Our beſt is but as the Aire; which never was, never can be at once fully enlightned: neither is there in the ſame Region one conſtant ſtate of
D light. It ſhall once be noon with us, when we ſhall have nothing but bright beams of Glory; now it is but the dawning, wherein it is hard to ſay whether there be more light then darkneſs. We are now fair as the Moon, which hath ſome ſpots in her greateſt beauty; we ſhall be pure as the Sun, whoſe face is all bright and glorious. Ever ſince the time that *Adam* ſet his tooth in the Apple, till our mouth be full of mould, it never was, it never can be other with us. Far be it from us to ſettle willingly upon the dregs of our Infidelity; far be it from us to be diſheartened with the ſenſe of our defects and imperfections: *We believe; Lord, help our unbelief.*

Whiles I finde ſome diſputing the lawfulneſs of *Peter*'s ſuit; others quarrel-
E ling his, *If it be thou:* let me be taken up with the wonder at the Faith, the fervour, the Heroical valour of this prime Apoſtle, that durſt ſay, *Bid me come to thee upon the waters.* He might have ſuſpected that the Voice of his Maſter might have been as eaſily imitated by that imagined Spirit as his Perſon; he might have feared the bluſtering tempeſt, the threatning billows, the yielding nature of that devouring element: but as deſpiſing all theſe thoughts of miſdoubt, ſuch is his deſire to be near his Maſter, that he ſaies, *Bid me come to thee upon the waters.* He ſaies not, *Come thou to me*: this had been Chriſt's act, and not his. Neither doth he ſay, *Let me come to thee:* this had been his act, and not Chriſt's. Neither doth he ſay, *Pray that I may come to thee*, as if this act
F had been out of the power of either. But, *Bid me come to thee.* I know thou canſt command both the waves and me: me to be ſo light that I ſhall not bruiſe the moiſt ſurface of the waves; the waves to be ſo ſolid that they ſhall not yield to my weight. *All things obey thee: Bid me come to thee upon the waters.*

It was a bold ſpirit that could wiſh it, more bold that could act it. No ſoo-

ner hath our Saviour ſaid, *Come*, then he ſets his foot upon the unquiet Sea; not fearing either the ſoftneſs or the roughneſs of that uncouth paſſage. We are wont to wonder at the courage of that daring man who firſt committed himſelf to the Sea in a frail Bark, though he had the ſtrength of an oaken planck to ſecure him: how valiant muſt we needs grant him to be, that durſt ſet his foot upon the bare ſea and ſhift his paces? Well did *Peter* know that he who bade him, could uphold him; and therefore he both ſues to be bidden, and ventures to be upholden. True Faith tasks it ſelf with difficulties, neither can be diſmaied with the conceits of ordinary impoſſibilities? It is not the ſcattering of ſtraws or caſting of mole-hills, whereby the virtue of it is deſcribed, but removing of mountains. Like ſome courageous Leader, it deſires the honour of a danger, and ſues for the firſt onſet: whereas the worldly heart freezes in a lazie or cowardly fear, and only caſts for ſafety and eaſe.

Peter ſues, *Jeſus* bids. Rather will he work Miracles, then diſappoint the ſuit of a faithfull man. How eaſily might our Saviour have turned over this ſtrange requeſt of his bold Diſciple, and have ſaid, What my Omnipotence can doe is no rule for thy weakneſs? It is no leſſe then preſumption in a mere man, to hope to imitate the miraculous works of God and man. Stay thou in the ſhip, and wonder; contenting thy ſelf in this, that thou haſt a Maſter to whom the land and water is alike. Yet I hear not a check, but a Call; *Come*. The ſuit of Ambition is ſuddainly quaſhed in the Mother of the *Zebedees*. The ſuits of Revenge prove no better in the mouth of the two fiery Diſciples. But a ſuit of Faith, though high and ſeemingly unfit for us, he hath no power to deny. How much leſſe, O Saviour, wilt thou ſtick at thoſe things which lie in the very road of our Chriſtianity? Never man ſaid, Bid me to come to thee in the way of thy commandements, whom thou didſt not both bid and inable to come.

True Faith reſts not in great and good deſires, but acts and executes accordingly. *Peter* doth not wiſh to goe, and yet ſtand ſtill: but his foot anſwers his tongue, and inſtantly chops down upon the waters. To ſit ſtill and wiſh, is for ſluggiſh and cowardly ſpirits.

Formal volitions, yea velleities of good, whiles we will not ſo much as ſtep out of the ſhip of our Nature to walk unto Chriſt, are but the faint motions of vain Hypocriſie. It will be long enough ere the gale of good wiſhes can carry us to our Haven. *Eaſe ſlayeth the fooliſh.* O Saviour, we have thy command to come to thee out of the ſhip of our natural corruption: Let no Sea affray us, let no tempeſt of Temptation withhold us. No way can be but ſafe, when thou art the End.

Lo, *Peter* is walking upon the waves: two hands uphold him; the hand of Chriſt's Power, the hand of his own Faith; neither of them would doe it alone. The hand of Chriſt's Power laid hold on him; the hand of his Faith laid hold on the Power of Chriſt commanding. Had not Chriſt's hand been powerfull, that Faith had been in vain: Had not that Faith of his ſtrongly fixed upon Chriſt, that Power had not been effectual to his preſervation. Whiles we are here in the world, we walk upon the waters; ſtill the ſame hands bear us up. If he let goe his hold of us, we drown; if we let goe our hold of him, we ſink and ſhreek as *Peter* did here, who when he ſaw the winde boiſtrous, was afraid, and *beginning to ſink, cried, ſaying, Lord, ſave me.*

When he wiſht to be bidden to walk unto Chriſt, he thought of the waters; *Bid me to come to thee on the waters:* he thought not of the windes which raged on thoſe waters; or if he thought of a ſtiffe gale, yet that tempeſtuous and ſudden guſt was out of his account and exſpectation. Thoſe evils that we are prepared for, have not ſuch power over us as thoſe that ſurpriſe us. A good water-man ſees a dangerous billow coming towards him, and cuts it, and mounts over it with eaſe; the unheedy is overwhelmed. O Saviour, let my haſte to thee be zealous, but not improvident; ere I ſet my foot out of the ſhip, let

A let me foreſee the Tempeſt: when I have caſt the worſt, I cannot either miſcarry or complain.

So ſoon as he began to fear, he began to ſink: whiles he believed, the Sea was braſs; when once he began to diſtruſt, thoſe waves were water. He cannot ſink, whiles he truſts the power of his Maſter; he cannot but ſink when he miſdoubts it. Our Faith gives us as courage and boldneſs, ſo ſucceſs too: our infidelity laies us open to all dangers, to all miſchiefs.

It was *Peter's* improvidence not to foreſee, it was his weakneſs to fear, it was the effect of his fear to ſink; it was his Faith that recollects it ſelf, and breaks through his infidelity, and in ſinking could ſay, *Lord, ſave me.* His foot
B could not be ſo ſwift in ſinking, as his heart in imploring: he knew who could uphold him from ſinking, and being ſunk deliver him; and therefore he ſaies, *Lord, ſave me.*

It is a notable both ſign and effect of true Faith, in ſuddain extremities to ejaculate holy deſires; and with the wings of our firſt thoughts to flie up inſtantly to the throne of Grace for preſent ſuccour. Upon deliberation it is poſſible for a man that hath been careleſſe and profane, by good means to be drawn to holy diſpoſitions: but on the ſuddain a man will appear as he is; whatever is moſt rife in the heart will come forth at the mouth. It is good to obſerve how our ſurpriſals finde us: the reſt is but forced; this is natural.
C *Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh.* O Saviour, no evil can be ſwifter then my thought: my thought ſhall be upon thee, ere I can be ſeized upon by the ſpeedieſt miſchief: at leaſt, if I over-run not evils, I ſhall overtake them.

It was Chriſt his Lord whom *Peter* had offended in diſtruſting; it is Chriſt his Lord to whom he ſues for deliverance. His weakneſs doth not diſcourage him from his refuge. O God, when we have diſpleaſed thee, when we have ſunk in thy diſpleaſure, whither ſhould we flie for aide but to thee whom we have provoked? Againſt thee only is our ſin; in thee only is our help. In vain ſhall all the powers of Heaven and earth conſpire to relieve us, if thou
D withhold from our ſuccour. As we offend thy Juſtice daily by our ſins, ſo let us continually relie upon thy Mercy by the ſtrength of our Faith; *Lord, ſave us.*

The Mercy of Chriſt is at once ſought and found; *Immediately Jeſus ſtretched forth his hand, and caught him.* He doth not ſay, Hadſt thou truſted me, I would have ſafely preſerved thee, but ſince thou wilt needs wrong my power and care with a cowardly diffidence, ſink and drown: but rather, as pitying the infirmity of his fearfull Diſciple, he puts out the hand for his relief. That hand hath been ſtretch'd forth for the aide of many a one that hath never ask'd it; never any ask'd it, to whoſe ſuccour it hath not been ſtretched. With what ſpeed, with what confidence ſhould we flie to that ſoveraign bounty, from
E which never any ſuitor was ſent away empty?

Jeſus gave *Peter* his hand; but withall he gave him a check: *O thou of little faith, why doubtedſt thou?* As *Peter's* Faith was not pure, but mixed with ſome diſtruſt; ſo our Saviours help was not clear and abſolute, but mixed with ſome reproof. A reproof, wherein there was both a cenſure and an expoſtulation; a cenſure of his Faith, an expoſtulation for his Doubt: both of them ſore & heavy.

By how much more excellent and uſefull a grace Faith is, by ſo much more ſhamefull is the defect of it; and by how much more reaſon here was of confidence, by ſo much more blame-worthy was the Doubt. Now *Peter* had a double reaſon of his confidence; the command of Chriſt, the power of Chriſt:
F the one in bidding him to come; the other in ſuſtaining him whiles he came. To miſdoubt him whoſe will he knew, whoſe power he felt, was well worth a reprehenſion.

When I ſaw *Peter* ſtepping forth upon the waters, I could not but wonder at his great Faith; yet behold, ere he can have meaſured many paces, the Judge of hearts taxes him for little Faith. Our mountains are but moats to God.

Would my heart have ſerved me to dare the doing of this that *Peter* did? Durſt I have ſet my foot where he did? O Saviour, if thou foundeſt cauſe to cenſure the weakneſſe and poverty of his Faith, what maiſt thou well ſay to mine? They miſtake that think thou wilt take up with any thing. Thou lookeſt for firmitude and vigour in thoſe Graces which thou wilt allow in thy beſt Diſciples, no leſſe then truth. A

The firſt ſteps were confident, there was fear in the next. Oh the ſudden alteration of our affections, of our diſpoſitions! One pace varies our ſpiritual condition. What hold is there of ſo fickle creatures, if we be left never ſo little to our ſelves? As this lower world wherein we are is the region of mutability; ſo are we (the living pieces of it) ſubject to a perpetual change. It is for the bleſſed Saints and Angels above to be fixed in good: Whiles we are here, there can be no conſtancy expected from us, but in variableneſſe. B

As well as our Saviour loves *Peter*, yet he chides him. It is the fruit of his favour and mercy that we eſcape judgment, not that we eſcape reproof. Had not *Peter* found grace with his Maſter, he had been ſuffered to ſink in ſilence; now he is ſaved with a check. There may be more love in frowns then in ſmiles: *whom he loves he chaſtiſes.* What is chiding but a verbal caſtigation? and what is chaſtiſement but a reall chiding? *Correct me, O Lord*, yet *in thy judgment, not in thy fury. Oh let the righteous* God *ſmite me* (when I offend) with his gracious reproofs; theſe *ſhall be a precious oyle that ſhall not break my head.* C

The bloody Iſſue healed.

THE time was, O Saviour, when a worthy woman offered to touch thee, and was forbidden: now a meaner touches thee with approbation and incouragement. Yet as there was much difference in that Body of thine which was the Object of that touch, (being now mortal and paſſible, then impaſſible and immortal) ſo there was in the Agents; this a ſtranger, that a familiar; this obſcure, that famous. D

The ſame actions vary with time and other circumſtances; and accordingly receive their diſlike or allowance.

Doubtleſs thou hadſt herein no ſmall reſpect to the faith of *Jairus*, unto whoſe houſe thou wert going. That good man had but one onely Daughter, which lay ſick in the beginning of his ſuit, ere the end, lay dead. Whiles ſhe lived, his hope lived; her death diſheartned it. It was a great work that thou meanteſt to doe for him; it was a great word that thou ſaidſt to him, *Fear not; believe, and ſhe ſhall be made whole.* To make this good, by the touch of the verge of thy garment thou revivedſt one from the verge of death. How muſt *Jairus* needs now think? He who by the virtue of his garment can pull this woman out of the paws of death which hath been twelve years dying; can as well by the power of his word pull my daughter (who hath been twelve years living) out of the jaws of death which hath newly ſeiſed on her. It was fit the good Ruler ſhould be raiſed up with this handſel of thy Divine power, whom he came to ſolicit. E

That thou mighteſt loſe no time, thou curedſt in thy paſſage. The Sun ſtands not ſtill to give his influences, but diffuſes them in his ordinary motion. How ſhall we imitate thee, if we ſuffer our hands to be out of ure with good? Our life goes away with our time: we loſe that which we improve not. F

The Patient laboured of an Iſſue of blood; a Diſeaſe that had not more pain then ſhame, nor more natural infirmity then Legal impurity. Time added to her grief; twelve long years had ſhe languiſhed under this wofull complaint. Beſides the tediouſneſs, diſeaſes muſt needs get head by continuance; and ſo much more both weaken Nature and ſtrengthen themſelves, by how much longer

A longer they afflict us. So it is in the Soul, so in the State; Vices, which are the Sicknesses of both, when they grow inveterate, have a strong plea for their abode and uncontrollablenesse.

Yet more, to mend the matter, Poverty (which is another disease) was superadded to her sickness: *She had spent all she had upon Physicians.* Whiles she had wherewith to make much of her self, and to procure good tendance, choice diet, and all the succours of a distressed languishment, she could not but finde some mitigation of her sorrow: but now want began to pinch her no lesse then her distemper, and helpt to make her perfectly miserable.

Yet could she have parted from her substance with ease, her complaint had
B been the lesse. Could the Physicians have given her, if not health, yet relaxation and painlesnesse, her means had not been mis-bestowed: but now, *she suffered many things from them*; many an unpleasing potion, many tormenting incisions and divulsions did she endure from their hands: the Remedy was equal in trouble to the Disease.

Yet had the cost and pain been never so great, could she have hereby purchased health, the match had been happy; all the world were no price for this commodity: but alas! her estate was the worse, her body not the better, her money was wasted, not her disease. Art could give her neither cure nor hope. It were injurious to blame that noble Science, for that it alwaies speeds not.
C Notwithstanding all those soveraign remedies, men must (in their times) sicken and die. Even the miraculous Gifts of Healing could not preserve the owners from disease and dissolution.

It were pity but that this woman should have been thus sick; the nature, the durablenesse, cost, pain, incurablenesse of her disease both sent her to seek Christ, and moved Christ to her cure. Our extremities drive us to our Saviour; his love draws him to be most present and helpfull to our extremities. When we are forsaken of all succours and hopes, we are fittest for his redresse. Never are we nearer to help, then when we despair of help. There is no fear, no danger but in our own insensiblenesse.

D This woman was a stranger to Christ; it seems she had never seen him. The report of his Miracles had lifted her up to such a confidence of his power and mercy, as that she said in her self, *If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole.* The shame of her disease stopt her mouth from any verbal suit. Had she been acknown of her infirmity, she had been shunned and abhorred, and disdainfully put back of all the beholders (as doubtlesse where she was known, the Law forced her to live apart.) Now she conceals both her grief, and her desire, and her faith; and only speaks (where she may be bold) within her self, *If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole.*

I seek not mysteries in the virtue of the hem rather then of the garment.
E Indeed it was God's command to *Israel*, that they should be marked, not only in their skin, but in their cloths too: those fringes and ribands upon the borders of their garments were for holy memorials of their duty, and Gods Law. But that hence she supposed to finde more virtue and sanctity in the touch of the hem then of the coat, I neither dispute nor believe. It was the site, not the signification that she intimated; not as of the best part, but the utmost. In all likelihood, if there could have been virtue in the garment, the nearer to the body, the more. Here was then the praise of this womans Faith, that she promiseth her self cure by the touch of the utmost hem. Whosoever would look to receive any benefit from Christ, must come in Faith: It is that only
F which makes us capable of any favour. Satan, the common ape of the Almighty, imitates him also in this point: All his charms and spells are ineffectual without the Faith of the user, of the receiver.

Yea the endeavour and issue of all both humane and spiritual things depends upon our Faith. Who would commit a plant or seed to the earth, if he did not believe to have it nursed in that kindely bosome? What Merchant

would put himſelf upon the guard of an inch-board in a furious Sea, if he did not truſt to the faithfull cuſtody of that planck? Who would trade, or travell, or war, or marry, if he did not therein ſurely truſt he ſhould ſpeed well? What benefit can we look to carry from a Divine exhortation, if we do not believe it will edifie us? from a Sacramental banquet (the food of Angels) if we do not believe it will nouriſh our Souls? from our beſt Devotions, if we do not perſwade our ſelves they will fetch down bleſſings? Oh our vain and heartleſſe ſervices! if we do not ſay, May I drink but one drop of that heavenly Nectar, may I taſte but one crum of that bread of life, may I hear but one word from the mouth of Chriſt, may I ſend up but one hearty ſigh or ejaculation of an holy deſire to my God, I ſhall be whole. A B

According to her reſolution is her practice. She touched, but *ſhe came behind* to *touch*; whether for humility, or her ſecrecy rather, as deſiring to ſteal a cure unſeen, unnoted. She was a Jeweſſe, and therefore well knew that her touch was (in this caſe) no better then a pollution; as hers, perhaps, but not of him. For on the one ſide, Neceſſity is under no poſitive law; on the other, the Son of God was not capable of impurity. Thoſe may be defiled with a touch that cannot heal with a touch: he that was above Law is not compriſed in the Law. Be we never ſo unclean, he may heal us; we cannot infect him. O Saviour, my Soul is ſick and foul enough with the Spiritual impurities of ſin: let me by the hand of Faith lay hold but upon the hem of thy garment, (thy Righteouſneſs is thy garment) it ſhall be both-clean and whole. C

Who would not think but a man might lade up a diſh of water out of the Sea unmiſſed? Yet that water (though much) is finite; thoſe drops are within number: that Art which hath reckoned how many corns of ſand would make up a World, could more eaſily compute how many drops of water would make up an Ocean; whereas the mercies of God are abſolutely infinite, and beyond all poſſibility of proportion: And yet this baſhfull ſoul cannot ſteal one drop of mercy from this endleſſe, boundleſſe, bottomleſſe Sea of Divine bounty, but it is felt and queſtioned; *And Jeſus ſaid, Who touched me?*

Who can now ſay that he is a poor man that reckons his ſtore, when that God, who is rich in mercy, doth ſo? He knows all his own Bleſſings, and keeps juſt tallies of our receits; Delivered ſo much Honour to this man, to that ſo much Wealth; ſo much Knowledge to one, to another ſo much Strength. How carefully frugal ſhould we be in the notice, account, uſage of Gods ſeveral favours, ſince his bounty ſets all his gifts upon the file? Even the worſt ſervant in the Goſpel confeſt his Talents, though he imployed them not. We are worſe then the worſt, if either we miſ-know, or diſſemble, or forget them. D

Who now can forbear the Diſciples reply? Who touched thee, O Lord? the multitude. Doſt thou ask of one, when thou art preaſed by many? In the midſt of a throng, doſt thou ask, *Who touched me?* E

Yea but yet *ſome one touched me:* All thronged me; but one touched me. How riddle-like ſoever it may ſeem to ſound, they that thronged me touch'd me not; ſhe onely touched me that thronged me not, yea that touched me not. Even ſo, O Saviour, others touch'd thy body with theirs; ſhe touched thy hem with her hand, thy Divine power with her Soul.

Thoſe two parts whereof we conſiſt (the bodily, the ſpiritual) do in a ſort partake of each other. The Soul is the man, and hath thoſe parts, ſenſes, actions which are challenged as proper to the Body. This ſpiritual part hath both an hand, and a touch; it is by the hand of Faith that the Soul toucheth: yea this alone both is, and acts all the ſpiritual ſenſes of that immaterial and Divine part; this ſees, hears, taſteth, toucheth God; and without this the Soul doth none of theſe. All the multitude then preaſed Chriſt: he took not that for a touch, ſince Faith was away; onely ſhe touched him that believed to receive virtue by his touch. Outward faſhionableneſſe comes into no account with God; that is onely done which the Soul doth. It is no hoping that virtue F

ſhould

A should goe forth from Christ to us, when no hearty desires go forth from us to him. He that is a Spirit, looks to the deportment of that part which resembleth himself: as without it the body is dead, so without the actions thereof bodily Devotions are but carcasses.

What reason had our Saviour to challenge this touch? *Some body touch'd me.* The multitude (in one extreme) denied any touch at all: *Peter* (in another extreme) affirmed an over-touching of the multitude. Betwixt both, he who felt it can say, *Some body touched me.* Not *all*, as *Peter*; not *none*, as the multitude; but *some body*. How then, O Saviour, how doth it appear that some body touched thee? *For I perceive virtue is gone out from me.* The effect proves
B the act; virtue gone out evinces the touch. These two are in thee convertible: virtue cannot goe out of thee but by a touch; and no touch can be of thee without virtue going out from thee. That which is a Rule in Nature, That every Agent works by a contact, holds spiritually too: Then dost thou, O God, work upon our Souls, when thou toucheſt our hearts by thy Spirit; then do we re-act upon thee, when we touch thee by the hand of our Faith and confidence in thee: and in both these virtue goes out from thee to us. Yet goes not so out, as that there is lesse in thee. In all bodily emanations, whose powers are but finite, it must needs follow, that the more is sent forth the lesse is reserved: but as it is in the Sun, which gives us light, yet loseth none ever the more (the
C luminosity of it being no whit impaired by that perpetual emission of light-some beams;) so much more is it in thee, the Father of lights. Virtue could not goe out of thee without thy knowledge, without thy sending. Neither was it in a dislike, or in a grudging exprobration, that thou saidst, *Virtue is gone out from me.* Nothing could please thee better, then to feel virtue fetch'd out from thee by the Faith of the receiver. It is the nature and praise of good to be communicative: none of us would be other then liberal of our little, if we did not fear it would be lessened by imparting. Thou that knowest thy store so infinite, that participation doth only glorifie and not diminish it, canst not
D but be more willing to give then we to receive. If we take but one drop of water from the Sea, or one corn of sand from the shore, there is so much (though insensibly) lesse: but were we capable of Worlds of virtue and benediction from that munificent hand, our inriching could no whit impoverish thee. Thou which wert wont to hold it much *better to give then to receive*, canst not but give gladly. Fear not, O my Soul, to lade plentifully at this Well, this Ocean of Mercy, which, the more thou takest, overflows the more.

But why then, O Saviour, why didst thou thus inquire, thus expostulate? Was it for thy own sake; that the glory of the Miracle might thus come to light, which otherwise had been smothered in silence? Was it for *Jairus* his sake; that his depressed heart might be raised to a confidence in thee, whose
E mighty Power he saw proved by this Cure, whose Omniscience he saw proved by the knowledge of the Cure? Or was it chiefly for the Womans sake; for the praise of her Faith, for the securing of her Conscience?

It was within her self that she said, *If I may but touch:* none could hear this voice of the heart, but he that made it. It was within her self that the Cure was wrought: none of the beholders knew her complaint, much lesse her recovery; none noted her touch, none knew the occasion of her touch. What a pattern of powerfull Faith had we lost, if our Saviour had not called this act to triall? As her modesty hid her disease, so it would have hid her vertue. Christ will not suffer this secrecy. Oh the marvelous, but free, dispensation of Christ!
F One while he injoyns a silence to his re-cured Patients, and is troubled with their divulgation of his favour; another while (as here) he will not lose the honour of a secret mercy, but fetches it out by his Inquisition, by his profession; *Who hath touched me? for I perceive virtue is gone out from me.* As we see in the great work of his Creation, he hath placed some Stars in the midst of Heaven, where they may be most conspicuous; others he hath set in the Southern obscurity,

ſcurity, obvious to but few eyes: in the Earth, he hath planted ſome flowers and trees in the famous gardens of the World; others, no leſſe beautiful, in untracked Woods or wild Deſarts, where they are either not ſeen, or not regarded. A

O God, if thou have intended to glorifie thy ſelf by thy Graces in us, thou wilt finde means to fetch them forth into the notice of the World; otherwiſe our very privacy ſhall content us, and praiſe thee.

Yet even this great Faith wanted not ſome weakneſſe. It was a poor conceit in this Woman, that ſhe thought ſhe might receive ſo ſoveraign a remedy from Chriſt without his heed, without his knowledge. Now that ſhe might ſee ſhe had truſted to a power which was not more bountifull then ſenſible, and whoſe goodneſſe did not exceed his apprehenſion, but one that knew what he parted with, and willingly parted with that which he knew beneficial to ſo faithfull a receiver, he can ſay, *Some body hath touched me, for I perceive virtue is gone out from me.* As there was an error in her thought, ſo in our Saviours words there was a correction. His mercy will not let her run away with that ſecret offence. It is a great favour of God to take us in the manner, and to ſhame our cloſeneſſe. We ſcour off the ruſt from a Weapon that we eſteem, and prune the Vine we care for. O God, do thou ever finde me out in my Sin; and do not paſſe over my leaſt infirmities without a feeling controlment. B

Neither doubt I but that herein, O Saviour, thou didſt graciouſly forecaſt the ſecuring of the Conſcience of this faithfull (though over-ſeen) Patient; which might well have afterwards raiſed ſome juſt ſcruples, for the filching of a Cure, for Unthankfulneſs to the Author of her Cure; the continuance whereof ſhe might have good reaſon to miſdoubt, being ſurreptitiouſly gotten, ingratefully concealed. For prevention of all theſe dangers, and the full quieting of her troubled heart, how fitly, how mercifully didſt thou bring forth this cloſe buſineſſe to the light, and clear it to the bottome? It is thy great mercy to foreſee our perils, and to remove them ere we can apprehend the fear of them: as ſome skilfull Phyſician, who perceiving a Fever or Phrenſy coming, which the diſtempered Patient little miſdoubts, by ſeaſonable applications anticipates that grievous malady; ſo as the ſick man knows his ſafety ere he can ſuſpect his danger. C

Well might the Woman think, He who can thus cure, and thus know his cure, can as well know my name, and deſcry my perſon, and ſhame and puniſh my ingratitude. With a pale face therefore and a trembling foot ſhe comes, and falls down before him, and humbly acknowledges what ſhe had done, what ſhe had obtained; *But the Woman finding ſhe was not hid*, &c. D

Could ſhe have perceived that ſhe might have ſlily gone away with the Cure, ſhe had not confeſſed it: So had ſhe made God a loſer of Glory, and her ſelf an unthankfull receiver of ſo great a Benefit.

Might we have our own wills, we ſhould be injurious both to God and our ſelves. Nature laies ſuch plots as would be ſure to befool us; and is witty in nothing but deceiving her ſelf. The only way to bring us home, is to finde we are found, and to be convinced of the diſcovery of all our evaſions: As ſome unskilfull Thief that findes the owners eye was upon him in his pilfring, laies down his ſtollen commodity with ſhame. Contrarily, when a man is poſſeſſed with a conceit of ſecrecy and cleanly eſcape, he is emboldened in his leudneſſe. The Adulterer chuſes the twilight, and ſaies, *No eye ſhall ſee me*; and joyes in the ſweetneſſe of his ſtoln waters. O God, in the deepeſt darkneſſe, in my moſt inward retiredneſſe, when none ſees me, when I ſee not my ſelf, yet let me then ſee thine all-ſeeing eye upon me: and if ever mine eyes ſhall be ſhut, or held with a prevailing Temptation, check me with a ſpeedy reproof, that with this abaſhed Patient, I may come in, and confeſſe my errour, and implore thy mercy. E F

It is no unuſall thing for kindneſſe to look ſternly for the time, that it may indear

A indear it self more when it lists to be discovered. With a severe countenance did our Saviour look about him, and ask, *Who touched me?* When the woman comes in trembling, and confessing both her act and successe, he clears up his brows, and speaks comfortably to her; *Daughter, be of good chear, thy faith hath made thee whole; goe in peace.* O sweet and seasonable word, fit for those mercifull and Divine lips; able to secure any heart, to dispell any fears! Still, O Saviour, thou doest thus to us: when we fall down before thee in an awfull dejectednesse, thou rearest us up with a chearfull and compassionate incouragement; when thou findest us bold and presumptuous, thou lovest to take us down; when humbled, it is enough to have prostrated us. Like as
B that Lion of *Bethel* worries the disobedient Prophet, guards the poor Asse that stood quaking before him: Or like some mighty winde, that bears over a tall Elme or Cedar with the same breath that it raiseth a stooping Reed: Or like some good Physician, who finding the body obstructed and surcharged with ill humors, evacuates it, and when it is sufficiently pulled down, raises it up with soveraign Cordials.

And still doe thou so to my Soul; if at any time thou perceivest me stiffe and rebellious, ready to face out my sin against thee, spare me not; let me smart, till I relent. But *a broken and contrite heart, thou wilt not, O Lord,* O Lord, do not *reject.*

C It is only thy Word which gives what it requires, comfort and confidence. Had any other shaken her by the shoulder, and cheared her up against those oppressive passions, it had been but wast winde. No voice but his who hath power to remit sin, can secure the heart from the conscience of sin, from the pangs of Conscience. *In the midst of the sorrows of my heart, thy comforts, O Lord,* thy comforts only have power to *refresh my soul.* Her cure was Christs act, yet he gives the praise of it to her; *Thy faith hath made thee whole.* He had said before, *Virtue is gone out from me*; now he acknowledges a virtue inherent in her. It was his virtue that cured her, yet he graciously casts this work upon her Faith. Not that her Faith did it by way of merit, by way of
D efficiency, but by way of impetration. So much did our Saviour regard that Faith which he had wrought in her, that he will honour it with the successe of her Cure. Such and the same is still the remedy of our spirituall diseases, our sins: *By faith we are justified, by faith we are saved.* Thou only, O Saviour, canst heal us; thou wilt not heal us but by our Faith: not as it issues from us, but as it appropriates thee. The sicknesse is ours, the remedy is ours: the sicknesse is our own by nature, the remedy ours by thy grace, both working and accepting it. Our Faith is no lesse from thee then thy Cure is from our Faith.

Oh happy dismission, *Goe in peace!* How unquiet had this poor soul formerly been? She had no outward peace with her Neighbours; they shunned
E and abhorred her presence in this condition; yea they must doe so. She had no peace in Body; that was pained and vexed with so long and foul a disease. Much lesse had she peace in her Minde, which was grievously disquieted with sorrow for her sicknesse, with anger and discontentment at her torturing Physicians, with fear of the continuance of so bad a gueſt. Her Soul (for the present) had no peace, from the sense of her guiltinesse in the carriage of this businesse; from the conceived displeasure of him to whom she came for comfort and redresse. At once now doth our Saviour calm all these storms; and in one word and act restores to her peace with her Neighbours, peace in her Self; peace in Body, in Minde, in Soul. *Goe in peace.* Even so, Lord, it was for thee
F only, who art the Prince of Peace, to bestow thy peace where thou pleasest. Our body, minde, Soul, estate is thine, whether to afflict, or ease. It is a wonder if all of us doe not aile somewhat. In vain shall we speak peace to our selves, in vain shall the world speak peace to us, except thou say to us, as thou didst to this distressed soul, *Goe in peace.*

Jairus

Jairus *and his Daughter.*

How troubleſome did the peoples importunity ſeem to *Jairus?* That great man came to ſue unto *Jeſus* for his dying Daughter; the throng of the multitude intercepted him. Every man is moſt ſenſible of his own neceſſity. It is no ſtraining courteſie in the challenge of our intereſt in Chriſt: there is no unmannerlineſſe in our ſtrife for the greateſt ſhare in his preſence and benediction.

That only Childe of this Ruler lay a dying when he came to ſolicite Chriſts aide, and was dead whiles he ſolicited it. There was hope in her ſickneſſe; in her extremity there was fear; in her death deſpair and impoſſibility (as they thought) of help. *Thy daughter is dead, trouble not the Maſter.* When we have to doe with a mere finite power, this word were but juſt. He was a Prophet no leſſe then a King, that ſaid, *Whiles the childe was yet alive, I faſted and wept; for I ſaid, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the childe may live? But now he is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt? Can I bring him back again? I ſhall goe to him, but he ſhall not return to me.* But ſince thou haſt to doe with an Omnipotent agent, know now, O thou faithleſſe meſſenger, that death can be no bar to his power. How well would it have become thee to have ſaid, *Thy daughter is dead*; but who can tell whether thy God and Saviour will not be gracious to thee that the childe may revive? Cannot he in whoſe hands are the iſſues of death, bring her back again?

Here were more Manners then Faith; *Trouble not the Maſter.* Infidelity is all for eaſe, and thinks every good work tedious. That which Nature accounts troubleſome, is pleaſing and delightfull to Grace. Is it any pain for an hungry man to eate? O Saviour, it was thy *meat and drink to doe* thy *Fathers will*; and his will was that thou ſhouldeſt bear our griefs and take away our ſorrows. It cannot be thy trouble which is our happineſſe, that we may ſtill ſue to thee.

The meſſenger could not ſo whiſper his ill news, but *Jeſus* heard it. *Jairus* hears that he feared, and was now heartleſſe with ſo ſad tidings. He that reſolved not to trouble the Maſter, meant to take ſo much more trouble to himſelf, and would now yield to a hopeleſſe ſorrow. He whoſe work it is to comfort the afflicted, rouzeth up the dejected heart of that penſive father; *Fear not, believe only, and ſhe ſhall be made whole.* The word was not more chearfull then difficult. *Fear not?* Who can be inſenſible of ſo great an evil? Where death hath once ſeized, who can but doubt he will keep his hold? No leſſe hard was it not to grieve for the loſſe of an only Childe, then not to fear the continuance of the cauſe of that grief.

In a perfect Faith there is no Fear: by how much more we fear, by ſo much leſſe we believe. Well are theſe two then coupled, *Fear not, believe only.* O Saviour, if thou didſt not command us ſomewhat beyond Nature, it were no thank to us to obey thee. While the childe was alive, to believe that it might recover, it was no hard task; but now that ſhe was fully dead, to believe ſhe ſhould live again, was a work not eaſie for *Jairus* to apprehend, though eaſie for thee to effect: yet muſt that be believed, elſe there is no capacity of ſo great a Mercy. As *Love*, ſo Faith *is ſtronger then death*; making thoſe bonds no other then (as *Sampſon* did his withes) like threds of tow. How much naturall impoſſibility is there in the return of theſe Bodies from the duſt of their earth, into which through many degrees of corruption they are at the laſt mouldred? Fear not, O my Soul; believe onely: it muſt, it ſhall be done.

The ſum of *Jairus* his firſt ſuit was for the Health, not for the Reſuſcitation of his Daughter: now that ſhe was dead, he would, if he durſt, have been glad to have asked her Life. And now, behold, our Saviour bids him expect both her

A her Life and her Health; *Thy daughter ſhall be made whole:* alive from her death, whole from her diſeaſe.

Thou didſt not, O *Jairus*, thou daredſt not ask ſo much as thou receiveſt. How glad wouldeſt thou have been, ſince this laſt news, to have had thy Daughter alive, though weak and ſickly? Now thou ſhalt receive her not living only, but ſound and vigorous. Thou doſt not, O Saviour, meaſure thy gifts by our petitions, but by our wants and thine own mercies.

This work might have been as eaſily done by an abſent command; the Power of Chriſt was there whiles himſelf was away: but he will goe perſonally to the place, that he might be confeſſed the Author of ſo great a Miracle.

B O Saviour, thou loveſt to goe to the houſe of mourning; thy chief pleaſure is the comfort of the afflicted. What a confuſion there is in worldly ſorrow? The mother ſhreeks, the ſervants crie out, the people make lamentation, the minſtrels howl and ſtrike dolefully; ſo as the eare might queſtion whether the Ditty or the Inſtrument were more heavy. If ever expreſſions of ſorrow ſound well, it is when Death leads the quire. Soon doth our Saviour charm this noiſe, and turns theſe unſeaſonable mourners (whether formal or ſerious) out of doors. Not that he diſlikes Muſick, whether to condole or comfort; but that he had life in his eye, and would have them know that he held theſe Funeral ceremonies to be too early and long before their time. *Give place, for the*

C *maid is not dead, but ſleepeth.* Had ſhe been dead, ſhe had but ſlept; now ſhe was not dead, but aſleep, becauſe he meant this nap of death ſhould be ſo ſhort, and her awakening ſo ſpeedy. Death and Sleep are alike to him, who can caſt whom he will into the ſleep of Death, and awake when and whom he pleaſeth out of that deadly ſleep.

Before the people and domeſticks of *Jairus* held *Jeſus* for a Prophet; now they took him for a Dreamer. *Not dead, but aſleep?* They that came to mourn cannot now forbear to laugh. Have we piped at ſo many Funerals, and ſeen and lamented ſo many Corpſes, and cannot we diſtinguiſh betwixt Sleep and Death? The eyes are ſet, the breath is gone, the limmes are ſtiffe and cold.

D Who ever died, if ſhe do but ſleep? How eaſily may our Reaſon or Senſe befool us in Divine matters? Thoſe that are competent Judges in natural things, are ready to laugh God to ſcorn when he ſpeaks beyond their compaſſe; and are by him juſtly laughed to ſcorn for their unbelief. Vain and faithleſſe men! as if that unlimited power of the Almighty could not make good his own word; and turn either Sleep into Death, or Death into Sleep, at pleaſure. Ere many minutes they ſhall be aſhamed of their errour and incredulity.

There were witneſſes enough of her death, there ſhall not be many of her reſtoring. Three choice Diſciples and the two Parents are only admitted to the

E view and teſtimony of this miraculous work. The eyes of thoſe incredulous ſcoffers were not worthy of this honour. Our infidelity makes us incapable of the ſecret favours and the higheſt counſels of the Almighty.

What did theſe ſcorners think and ſay, when they ſaw him putting the minſtrels and people out of doors? Doubtleſſe the maid is but aſleep; the man fears leſt the noiſe ſhall awake her; we muſt ſpeak and tread ſoftly that we diſquiet her not: What will he and his Diſciples doe the while? Is it not to be feared they will ſtartle her out of her reſt? Thoſe that are ſhut out from the participation of God's counſels, think all his words and projects no better then fooliſhneſſe. But art thou, O Saviour, ever the more diſcouraged by the deriſion and cenſure of theſe ſcornfull unbelievers? Becauſe fools

F jear thee, doſt thou forbear thy work? Surely I do not perceive that thou heedeſt them, ſave for contempt; or careſt more for their words then their ſilence. It is enough that thine act ſhall ſoon honour thee, and convince them. *He took her by the hand, and called, ſaying, Maid, ariſe: and her ſpirit came again, and ſhe aroſe ſtraightway.*

How could that touch, that Call be other then effectual? He who made that hand, touched it; and he who ſhall once ſay, *Ariſe ye dead*, ſaid now, *Maid, ariſe*. Death cannot but obey him who is the Lord of life. The Soul is ever equally in his hand who is the God of Spirits: it cannot but goe and come at his command. When he ſaies, *Maid, ariſe*, the now-diſſolved ſpirit knows his office, his place, and inſtantly reaſſumes that room which by his appointment it had left.

O Saviour, if thou do but bid my Soul to ariſe from the death of Sin, it cannot lie ſtill; if thou bid my Body to ariſe from the grave, my Soul cannot but glance down from her Heaven, and animate it. In vain ſhall my ſin or my grave offer to withhold me from thee.

The Maid revives: not now to languiſh for a time upon her ſick-bed, and by ſome faint degrees to gather an inſenſible ſtrength; but at once ſhe ariſes from her death and from her couch, at once ſhe puts off her fever with her diſſolution, ſhe findes her life and her feet at once, at once ſhe findes her feet and her ſtomack. *He commanded to give her meat.* Omnipotency doth not uſe to goe the pace of Nature. All God's immediate works are (like himſelf) perfect. He that raiſed her ſupernaturally, could have ſo fed her. It was never the purpoſe of his Power, to put ordinary Means out of office.

The Motion of the two fiery Diſciples repelled.

THE time drew on wherein *Jeſus* muſt be received up. He muſt take death in his way. *Calvary* is in his paſſage to mount *Olivet*. He muſt be lift up to the Croſs, thence to climb into his Heaven. Yet this comes not into mention; as if all the thought of *Death* were *ſwallowed up* in this *Victory* over Death. Neither, O Saviour, is it otherwiſe with us, the weak members of thy myſtical body. We muſt die, we ſhall be glorified. What if Death ſtand before us? we look beyond him at that tranſcendent Glory. How ſhould we be diſmai'd with that pain which is attended with a bleſſed Immortality?

The ſtrongeſt receit againſt Death is the happy eſtate that follows it; next to that is the fore-exſpectation of it and reſolution againſt it. *He ſtedfaſtly ſet his face to goe to Hieruſalem: Hieruſalem* the neſt of his enemies, the Amphitheater of his conflicts, the fatall place of his death. Well did he know the plots and ambuſhes that were there laid for him, and the bloody iſſue of thoſe deſigns: yet he will goe, and goes reſolved for the worſt. It is a ſure and wiſe way to ſend our thoughts before us, to grapple with thoſe evils which we know muſt be incountred. The enemy is half overcome that is well prepared for. The ſtrongeſt miſchief may be outfaced with a ſeaſonable fore-reſolution. There can be no greater diſadvantage then the ſuddenneſſe of a ſurpriſal. O God, what I have not the power to avoid, let me have the wiſdome to exſpect.

The way from *Galilee* to *Judæa* lay through the Region of *Samaria*, if not the City. Chriſt now towards the end of his Preaching could not but be attended with a multitude of followers: It was neceſſary there ſhould be purveyors and harbingers to procure lodgings and proviſion for ſo large a troup. Some of his own retinue are addreſſed to this ſervice: they ſeek not for palaces and delicates, but for houſe-room and victuals. It was he whoſe the earth was and the fulneſſe thereof, whoſe the Heavens are and the manſions therein; yet he, who could have commanded Angels, ſues to *Samaritanes*: He that filled and comprehended Heaven, ſends for ſhelter in a *Samaritane* Cottage. It was thy choice, O Saviour, to take upon thee the ſhape, not of a Prince, but of a Servant. How can we either neglect means, or deſpiſe homelineſſe,

A lineſſe, when thou the God of all the World wouldſt ſtoop to the ſuit of ſo poor a proviſion?

We know well in what terms the *Samaritanes* ſtood with the Jews; ſo much more hoſtile as they did more ſymbolize in matter of Religion: no Nations were mutually ſo hatefull to each other. A *Samaritane*'s bread was no better then Swines-fleſh; their very fire and water was not more grudged then infectious. The looking towards *Jeruſalem* was here cauſe enough of repulſe. No enmity is ſo deſperate as that which ariſes from matter of Religion. Agreement in ſome points, when there are differences in the main, doth but advance hatred the more.

B It is not more ſtrange to hear the Son of God ſue for a lodging, then to hear him repelled. Upon ſo churliſh a denial, the two angry Diſciples return to their Maſter on a fiery errand; *Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven and conſume them, as Elias did?*

The *Sons of Thunder* would be *lightning* ſtraight; their zeal, whether as kinſmen or Diſciples, could not brook ſo harſh a refuſal. As they were naturally more hot then their fellows, ſo now they thought their Piety bade them be impatient.

Yet they dare not but begin with leave, *Maſter, wilt thou?* His will muſt lead theirs; their choler cannot drive their wills before his: all their motion C is from him onely. True Diſciples are like thoſe artificial engines which goe no otherwiſe then they are ſet; or like little Children, that ſpeak nothing but what they are taught. O Saviour, if we have wills of our own, we are not thine. Do thou ſet me as thou wouldſt have me goe; do thou teach me what thou wouldſt have me ſay or doe.

A mannerly preface leads in a faulty ſuit; *Maſter, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven and conſume them?* Faulty, both in preſumption, and in deſire of private revenge. I do not hear them ſay, Maſter, will it pleaſe thee, who art the ſole Lord of the Heavens and the Elements, to command fire from Heaven upon theſe men? but, *Wilt thou that we command?* As if, D becauſe they had power given them over diſeaſes and unclean ſpirits, therefore Heaven and earth were in their managing. How eaſily might they be miſtaken? Their large commiſſion had the juſt limits. Subjects that have munificent grants from their Princes can challenge nothing beyond the words of their Patent. And if the fetching down fire from Heaven were leſſe then the diſpoſſeſſing of Devils, (ſince the Devil ſhall inable the Beaſt to doe thus much) yet how poſſible is it to doe the greater and ſtick at the leſſe, where both depend upon a delegated power? The Magicians of *Egypt* could bring forth Frogs and Blood; they could not bring Lice: ordinary Corruption can doe that which they could not.

E It is the faſhion of our bold Nature, upon an inch given, to challenge an ell; and where we finde our ſelves graced with ſome abilities, to flatter our ſelves with the faculty of more.

I grant, Faith hath done as great things as ever Preſumption undertook; but there is great difference in the enterpriſes of both. The one hath a warrant, either by inſtinct or expreſſe command; the other none at all. Indeed, had theſe two Diſciples either meant, or ſaid, Maſter, if it be thy pleaſure to command us to call down fire from Heaven, we know thy word ſhall enable us to doe what thou requireſt; if the words be ours, the power ſhall be thine; this had been but holy, modeſt, faithfull: but if they ſuppoſed there needed no- F thing ſave a leave only, and that (might they be but let looſe) they could goe alone, they preſumed, they offended.

Yet had they thus overſhot themſelves in ſome pious and charitable motion, the fault had been the leſſe: now the act had in it both cruelty, and private revenge. Their zeal was not worthy of more praiſe, then their fury of cenſure. That fire ſhould fall down from Heaven upon men, is a fearfull thing

to think of, and that which hath not been often done. It was done in the case of *Sodome*, when those five unclean Cities burned with the unnatural fire of hellish Lust: it was done two several times at the suit of *Elijah:* it was done (in an height of triall) to that great pattern of Patience. I finde it no more, and tremble at these I finde.

But besides the dreadfulness of the judgment it self, who can but quake at the thought of the suddainnesse of this destruction, which sweeps away both Body and Soul in a state of unpreparation, of unrepentance; so as this fire should but begin a worse, this Heavenly flame should but kindle that of Hell?

Thus unconceivably heavy was the revenge: but what was the offence? We have learned not to think any indignity light that is offered to the Son of God; but we know these spiritual affronts are capable of degrees. Had these *Samaritans* reviled Christ and his train, had they violently assaulted him, had they followed him with stones in their hands and blasphemies in their mouths, it had been a just provocation of so horrible a vengeance: Now the wrong was only negative, *they received him not:* And that, not out of any particular quarrell or dislike of his Person, but of his Nation onely; the men had been welcome, had not their Country distasted. All the charge that I hear our Saviour give to his Disciples in case of their rejection, is, *If they receive you not, shake off the dust of your feet.* Yet this was amongst their own, and when they went on that sacred errand of publishing the Gospel of Peace. These were strangers from the commonwealth of *Israel.* This measure was not to Preachers, but to Travellers; only a mere inhospitality to misliked guests. Yet no lesse revenge will serve them then fire from Heaven.

I dare say for you, ye holy sons of *Zebedee,* it was not your spleen, but your zeal, that was guilty of so bloody a suggestion: your indignation could not but be stirred to see the great Prophet and Saviour of the world so unkindly repelled: yet all this will not excuse you from a rash Cruelty, from an inordinate Rage.

Even the best heart may easily be miscarried with a well-meant Zeal. No affection is either more necessary or better accepted. Love to any Object cannot be severed from hatred of the contrary: whence it is that all creatures which have the concupiscible part, have also the irascible adjoined unto it. Anger and displeasure is not so much an enemy, as a guardian and champion of Love. Whoever therefore is rightly affected to his Saviour, cannot but finde much regret at his wrongs. O gracious and divine Zeal, the kindely warmth and vitall temper of Piety, whither hast thou withdrawn thy self from the cold hearts of men? Or is this according to the just constitution of the old and decrepit age of the world, into which we are fallen? How many are there that think there is no wisdome but in a dull indifferency; and chuse rather to freeze then burn? How quick and apprehensive are men in cases of their own indignities? how insensible of their Saviour's?

But there is nothing so ill as the corruption of the best. Rectified zeal is not more commendable and usefull, then inordinate and misguided is hatefull and dangerous. Fire is a necessary and beneficial element; but if it be once misplaced, and have caught upon the beams of our houses or stacks of our corn, nothing can be more direfull.

Thus sometimes Zeal turns Murder, *(They that kill you shall think they doe God service)* sometimes Phrensie, sometimes rude Indiscretion. Wholesome and blessed is that zeal that is well grounded and well governed: grounded upon the word of Truth, not upon unstable fancies; governed by wisdome and charity: Wisdome, to avoid rashnesse and excesse; Charity, to avoid just offence.

No motion can want a pretence. *Elias did* so; why not we? He was an holy Prophet: the occasion, the place abludes not much: there wrong was offered to a servant, here to his Master; there to a man, here to a God and man.

If

A If *Elias* then did it, why not we? There is nothing more perillous then to draw all the actions of Holy men into examples: For as the best men have their weaknesses; so they are not priviledged from letting fall unjustifiable actions. Besides that, they may have had perhaps peculiar warrants signed from Heaven, whether by instict, or speciall command, which we shall expect in vain. There must be much caution used in our imitation of the best patterns, (whether in respect of the persons, or things;) else we shall make our selves Apes, and our acts sinfull absurdities.

It is a rare thing for our Saviour to finde fault with the errous of zeal, even where have appeared sensible weaknesses. If *Moses* in a sacred rage and indignation brake the Tables written with Gods own hand, I finde him not checked. B Here our meek Saviour turns back, and frowns upon his furious suitors, and takes them up roundly; *Ye know not of what spirit ye are.* The faults of uncharitableness cannot be swallowed up in zeal. If there were any colour to hide the blemishes of this misdispoſition, it should be this crimson die. But he that needs not our Lie, will let us know he needs not our Injury, and hates to have a good cause supported by the violation of our Charity. We have no reason to disclaim our Passions: Even the Son of God chides sometimes, yea where he loves. It offends not that our Affections are moved: but that they are inordinate.

C It was a sharp word, *Ye know not of what spirit ye are.* Another man would not perhaps have felt it; a Disciple doth. Tender hearts are galled with that which the carnal minde slighteth. The spirit of *Elias* was that which they meant to assume and imitate: they shall now know their mark was mistaken. How would they have hated to think that any other but God's Spirit had stirred them up to this passionate motion? now they shall know it was wrought by that ill spirit whom they professed to hate.

It is far from the good Spirit of God to stir up any man to private revenge or thirst of blood. Not an Eagle, but a Dove, was the shape wherein he chose to appear. Neither wouldst thou, O God, be in the whirlwinde, or in D the fire, but in the soft voice. O Saviour, what do we seek for any precedent but thine, whose name we challenge? Thou *camest to thine own*, thine *own received* thee *not*. Didst thou call for fire from Heaven upon them? didst thou not rather send down water from thy compassionate eyes, and weep for them by whom thou must bleed? Better had it been for us never to have had any spirit, then any but thine. We can be no other then wicked, if our mercies be cruelty.

But is it the name of *Elias* (O ye Zelots) which ye pretend for a colour of your impotent desire? Ye do not consider the difference betwixt his Spirit and yours. His was extraordinary and heroical, besides the instinct or se- E cret command of God for this act of his; far otherwise is it with you, who by a carnal distemper are moved to this furious suggestion. Those that would imitate Gods Saints in singular actions, must see they goe upon the same grounds. Without the same Spirit and the same warrant it is either a mockery or a sin to make them our Copies. *Elias* is no fit pattern for Disciples, but their Master. *The Son of Man came not to destroy mens lives, but to save them.*

Then are our actions and intentions warrantable and praise-worthy, when they accord with his. O Saviour, when we look into those sacred Acts and monuments of thine, we finde many a life which thou preservedst from perishing, some that had perished by thee recalled; never any by thee destroyed. F Only one poor fig-tree (as the reall Emblem of thy severity to the unfruitfull) was blasted and withered by thy curse. But to man, how ever favourable and indulgent wert thou? So repelled as thou wert, so reviled, so persecuted, laid for, sold, betrayed, apprehended, arraigned, condemned, crucified; yet what one man didst thou strike dead for these hainous indignities? Yea when one of thine enemies lost but an eare in that ill quarrell, thou gavest that eare

to him who came to take life from thee. I finde ſome whom thou didſt ſcourge and correct, as the ſacrilegious money-changers; none whom thou killedſt. Not that thou either loveſt not, or requireſt not the duly-ſevere execution of juſtice. Whoſe ſword is it that Princes bear but thine? Offenders muſt ſmart and bleed. This is a juſt ſequel, but not the intention of thy coming; thy will, not thy drift.

Good Princes make wholeſome Laws for the well-ordering of their people: there is no authority without due coercion. The violation of theſe good Laws is followed with death, whoſe end was preſervation, life, order: and this not ſo much for revenge of an offence paſt, as for prevention of future miſchief.

How can we then enough love and praiſe thy mercy, O thou preſerver of men? How ſhould we imitate thy ſaving and beneficent diſpoſition towards mankinde? as knowing, the more we can help to ſave, the nearer we come to thee that cameſt to ſave all; and the more deſtructive we are, the more we reſemble him who is *Abaddon*, a murtherer from the beginning.

The Ten Lepers.

THE *Samaritanes* were tainted, not with Schiſm, but Hereſie, but Paganiſm; our Saviour yet balks them not, but makes uſe of the way as it lies, and beſtows upon them the curteſie of ſome Miracles. Some kind of commerce is lawfull even with thoſe without. Terms of intireneſſe and leagues of inward amity are here unfit, unwarrantable, dangerous; but civil reſpects, and wiſe uſes of them for our convenience or neceſſity, need not, muſt not be forborn.

Ten Lepers are here met: thoſe that are excluded from all other ſociety, ſeek the company of each other. Fellowſhip is that we all naturally affect, though even in Leproſie. Ever Lepers will flock to their fellows: where ſhall we finde one ſpiritual Leper alone? Drunkards, profane perſons, Hereticks will be ſure to conſort with their matches. Why ſhould not Gods Saints delight in an holy communion? Why is it not our chief joy to aſſemble in good?

Jews and *Samaritanes* could not abide one another, yet here in Leproſie they accord; here was one *Samaritane* Leper with the *Jewiſh*: community of paſſion hath made them friends, whom even Religion disjoyned. What virtue there is in miſery, that can unite even the moſt eſtranged hearts!

I ſeek not myſtery in the number. Theſe Ten are met together, and all meet Chriſt: not caſually, but upon due deliberation; they purpoſely waited for this opportunity. No marvell if they thought no attendance long to be delivered from ſo loathſome and miſerable a diſeaſe. Great *Naaman* could be glad to come from *Syria* to *Judæa*, in hope of leaving that hatefull gueſt behinde him. We are all ſenſible enough of our bodily infirmities. Oh that we could be equally weary of the ſickneſſes and deformities of our better part. Surely our ſpiritual maladies are no leſſe then mortal, if they be not healed; neither can they heal alone. Theſe men had died Lepers if they had not met with Chriſt.

Oh Saviour, give us grace to ſeek thee, and patience to wait for thee; and then we know thou wilt finde us, and we remedy.

Where do theſe Lepers attend for Chriſt, but in a village? and that, not in the ſtreet of it, but in the entrance, in the paſſage to it. The Cities, the Towns were not for them; the Law of God had ſhut them out from all frequence, from all converſation. Care of ſafety and fear of infection was motive enough to make their neighbours obſervant of this piece of the Law. It is not the body only that is herein reſpected by the God of Spirits. Thoſe that are ſpiritually contagious muſt be ſtill and ever avoided; they muſt be ſeparated from

A from us, we must be separated from them: they from us, by just censures; or (if that be neglected) we from them, by a voluntary declination of their familiar conversation. Besides the benefit of our safety, wickednesse would soon be ashamed of it self if it were not for the incouragement of companions. Solitarinesse is the fittest antidote for spiritual infection. It were happy for the wicked man, if he could be separated from himself.

These Lepers that came to seek Christ, yet finding him, they stand afar off; whether for reverence, or for security. God had enacted this distance. It was their charge, if they were occasioned to passe through the streets, to cry out, *I am unclean*. It was no lesse then their duty to proclaim their own infectiousB nesse: there was not danger only, but sin in their approach.

How happy were it, if in those wherein there is more peril, there were more remotenesse, lesse silence? O God, we are all Lepers to thee, overspred with the loathsome scurf of our own corruptions: It becomes us well, in the conscience of our shame and vilenes, to stand afar off. We cannot be too awfull of thee, too much ashamed of our selves.

Yet these men, though they be far off in the distance of place, yet they are near in respect of the acceptance of their Prayer. *The Lord is near unto all that call upon him in truth.* O Saviour, whiles we are far off from thee, thou art near unto us. Never dost thou come so close to us, as when in an holy bashfulnesse C we stand furthest off. Justly dost thou expect we should be at once bold and bashfull. How boldly should we come to the throne of Grace, in respect of the grace of that throne? how fearfully, in respect of the awfulnes of the Majesty of that throne, and that unworthines which we bring with us into that dreadfull presence?

He that stands near may whisper; but he that stands afar off must cry aloud: so did these Lepers. Yet not so much distance as passion strained their throats. That which can give voice to the Dumb, can much more give loudnes to the Vocal.

All cried together: these ten voices were united in one sound; that their D conjoined forces might expugn that Gracious eare. Had every man spoken singly for himself, this had made no noise, neither yet any shew of a fervent importunity: Now as they were all affected with one common disease, so they all set out their throats together, and (though *Jews* and *Samaritanes*) agree in one joynt supplication. Even where there are ten tongues, the word is but one; that the condescent may be universal. When we would obtain common favours, we may not content our selves with private and solitary Devotions, but must joyn our spiritual forces together, and set upon God by troups. *Two are better then one; because they have a good reward for their labour.* No faithfull Prayer goes away unrecompensed: but where many good hearts meet, the reE tribution must be needs answerable to the number of the petitioners. Oh holy and happy violence that is thus offered to Heaven! How can we want Blessings, when so many cords draw them down upon our heads?

It was not the sound, but the matter, that carried it with Christ: if the sound were shrill, the matter was faithfull; *Jesu Master, have mercy upon us.* No word can better become the mouth of the miserable. I see not where we can meet with fitter patterns. Surely, they were not verier Lepers then we: why do we not imitate them in their actions, who are too like them in our condition? Whither should we seek but to our *Jesus*? How should we stand aloof in regard of our own wretchednes? how should we lift up our voice in the fervour F of our supplications? what should we rather sue for then mercy? *Jesu Master, have mercy upon us.*

Oh gracious prevention of mercy, both had and given ere it can be asked! *Jesus*, when he saw them, said, *Goe shew your selves to the Priests.* Their disease is cured ere it can be complained of; their shewing to the Priest presupposes them whole; whole in his grant, though not in their own apprehension.

That ſingle Leper that came to Chriſt before, (*Mat.*8. *Luke* 5.) was firſt cured in his own ſenſe; and then was bid to goe to the Prieſt for approbation of the Cure. It was not ſo with theſe; who are ſent to the Judges of Leproſie, with an intention they ſhall in the way finde themſelves healed. There was a different purpoſe in both theſe: In the one, that the perfection of the Cure might be convinced, and ſeconded with a dûe ſacrifice; in the other, that the Faith of the Patients might be tried in the way; which if it had not held as ſtrong in the proſecution of their ſuit as in the beginning, had (I doubt) failed of the effect. How eaſily might theſe Lepers think, "Alas, to what purpoſe is this? Shew our "ſelves to the Prieſts? What can their eyes doe? They can judge whether it be "cured, (which we ſee yet it is not) they cannot cure it. This is not now to doe: "We have been ſeen enough, and loathed. What can their eyes ſee more then "our own? We had well hoped that *Jeſus* would have vouchſafed to call us to "him, and to lay his hands upon us, and to have healed us. Theſe thoughts had kept them Lepers ſtill. Now ſhall their Faith and Obedience be proved by their ſubmiſſion both to this ſuddain command, and that Divine ordination.

That former Leper was charged to ſhew himſelf to the chief Prieſt, theſe to the Prieſts; either would ſerve: the original command runs, either to *Aaron* or to one of his Sons. But why to them? Leproſie was a bodily ſickneſs; what is this to ſpiritual perſons? Wherefore ſerve Phyſicians, if the Prieſts muſt meddle with diſeaſes? We never ſhall finde thoſe Sacred perſons to paſſe their judgment upon Fevers, Dropſies, Palſies, or any other bodily diſtemper: neither ſhould they on this, were it not that this affection of the body is joyned with a Legal uncleanneſs. Not as a ſickneſs, but as an impurity muſt it come under their cogniſance: neither this, without a further implication. Who but the ſucceſſors of the Legal Prieſthood are proper to judge of the uncleanneſſes of the Soul? Whether an act be ſinfull, or in what degree it is ſuch; what grounds are ſufficient for the comfortable aſſurance of Repentance, of forgiveneſſe; what courſes are fitteſt to avoid the danger of relapſes, who is ſo like to know, ſo meet to judge, as our Teachers? Would we in theſe caſes conſult ofter with our ſpiritual Guides, and depend upon their faithfull adviſes and well-grounded abſolutions, it were ſafer, it were happier for us. Oh the dangerous extremity of our wiſdome! Our hood-wink'd Progenitors would have no eyes but in the heads of their ghoſtly Fathers: We think our ſelves ſo quick-ſighted, that we pity the blindneſs of our able Teachers; none but our ſelves are fit to judge of our own Leproſie.

Neither was it onely the peculiar judgment of the Prieſt that was here intended, but the thankfulneſs of the Patient: that by the ſacrifice which he ſhould bring with him, he might give God the glory of his ſanation. O God, whomſoever thou cureſt of this ſpiritual Leproſie, it is reaſon he ſhould preſent thee with the true Evangelical ſacrifices, not of his praiſes onely, but of himſelf, which are *reaſonable* and *living*. We are ſtill leprous if we do not firſt ſee our ſelves foul, and then finde our ſelves thankfully ſerviceable.

The Lepers did not, would not goe of themſelves, but are ſent by Chriſt; *Goe and ſhew your ſelves*. And why ſent by him? Was it in obedience to the Law? was it out of reſpect to the Prieſthood? was it for prevention of cavils? was it for conviction of gainſayers? or was it for confirmation of the Miracle? Chriſt that was above the Law would not tranſgreſſe it; he knew this was his charge by *Moſes*. How juſtly might he have diſpenſed with his own? but he will not: though the Law doth not binde the Maker, he will voluntarily binde himſelf. He was within the ken of his *Conſummatum eſt*; yet would not anticipate that approaching end, but holds the Law on foot till his laſt pace. This was but a branch of the Ceremonial; yet would he not ſlight it, but in his own perſon gives example of a ſtudious obſervation.

How carefully ſhould we ſubmit our ſelves to the Royal laws of our Creator,

A tor, to the wholsome lawes of our Superiours, whiles the Son of God would not but be so punctuall in a Ceremony?

Whiles I look to the Persons of those Priests, I see nothing but corruption, nothing but professed hostility to the true *Messiah*. All this cannot make thee, O Saviour, to remit any point of the observance due to their Places. Their Function was sacred, whatever their Persons were: though they have not the grace to give thee thy due, thou wilt not faile to give them theirs. How justly dost thou expect all due regard to thine Evangelicall Priesthood, who gavest so curious respect to the Legall? It were shame the Synagogue should be above the Church; or that Priesthood which thou meantest speedily to abrogate,
B should have more honour then that which thou meantest to establish and perpetuate.

Had this duty been neglected, what clamours had been raised by his emulous adversaries? what scandalls? though the fault had been the Patients, not the Physicians. But they that watched Christ so narrowly, and were apt to take so poor exceptions at his Sabbath-cures, at the unwashen hands of his Disciples, how much more would they have calumniated him if by his neglect the Law of Leprosie had been palpably transgressed? Not only evil must be avoided, but offence; and that not on our parts, but on others. That offence is ours, which we might have remedied.

C What a noble and irrefragable testimony was this to the power, to the truth of the *Messiah*? How can these Jews but either believe, or be made inexcusable in not believing? When they shall see so many Lepers come at once to the Temple, all cured by a secret will, without word or touch, how can they chuse but say, This work is supernaturall; no limited power could doe this? How is he not God, if his power be infinite? Their own eyes shall be witnesses and Judges of their own conviction.

The Cure is done by Christ more exquisitely then by Art or Nature; yet it is not publickly assured and acknowledged, till according to the *Mosaicall* Law certain subsequent rites be performed. There is no admittance into the
D Congregation, but by sprinkling of blood. O Saviour, we can never be ascertained of our cleansing from that spirituall Leprosie wherewith our Souls are tainted, but by the sprinkling of thy most precious blood: *wash us* with that, *and we shall be whiter then snow*. This act of shewing to the Priest was not more required by the Law then pre-required of these Lepers by our Saviour, for the tryall of their Obedience. Had they now stood upon terms with Christ, and said, "We will first see what cause there will be to shew our selves to the "Priests; they need not see our leprie, we shall be glad they should see our "Cure: do thou work that which we shall shew, and bid us shew what thou "hast wrought: till then excuse us: it is our grief and shame to be seen too
E much; they had been still Lepers.

It hath been ever God's wont by small Precepts to prove mens dispositions. Obedience is as well tried in a trifle, as in the most important charge; yea so much more, as the thing required is lesse: for oft-times those who would be carefull in main affairs, think they may neglect the smallest. What command soever we receive from God or our Superiors, we must not scan the weight of the thing, but the authority of the commander. Either difficulty or slightnesse are vain pretences for Disobedience.

These Lepers are wiser; they obeyed, and went. What was the issue? *As they went, they were healed.* Lo, had they stood still, they had been Lepers;
F now they went, they are whole. What haste the Blessing makes to overtake their Obedience? This walk was required by the very Law, if they should have found themselves healed: what was it to prevent the time a little, and to doe that sooner upon hopes which upon sense they must doe after? The horror of the Disease adds to the grace of the Cure; and that is so much more gracious as the task is easier: It shall cost them but a walk. It is the bounty of that God

whom

whom we ſerve, to reward our worthleſſe endeavours with infinite requitals. He would not have any proportion betwixt our acts and his remunerations.

Yet beſides this recompence of Obedience, O Saviour, thou wouldſt herein have reſpect to thine own juſt Glory. Had not theſe Lepers been cured in the way, but in the end of their walk, upon their ſhewing to the Prieſts, the Miracle had loſt much light: perhaps the Prieſts would have challenged it to themſelves, and have attributed it to their prayers; perhaps the Lepers might have thought it was thy purpoſe to honour the Prieſts as the inſtruments of that marvellous Cure. Now there can be no colour of any others participation, ſince the Leproſie vaniſhes in the way. As thy Power, ſo thy Praiſe admits of no partners.

And now, methinks, I ſee what an amazed joy there was amongſt theſe Lepers, when they ſaw themſelves thus ſuddainly cured: each tells other what a change he feels in himſelf; each comforts other with the aſſurance of his outward clearneſs; each congratulates others happineſſe, and thinks, and ſaies how joyfull this news will be to their friends and families. Their ſociety now ſerves them well to applaud and heighten their new felicity.

The Miracle indifferently wrought upon all, is differently taken. All went forward (according to the appointment) toward the Prieſts, all were obedient; one only was thankfull. All were cured, all ſaw themſelves cured: their ſenſe was alike, their hearts were not alike. What could make the difference but Grace? and who could make the difference of Grace but he that gave it? He that wrought the Cure in all, wrought the Grace not in all, but in one. The ſame act, the ſame motives, are not equally powerfull to all: where the Oxe findes graſſe, the Viper poyſon. We all pray, all hear; one goes away bettered, another cavils. Will makes the difference; but who makes the difference of wills but he that made them? He that creates the new Heart, leaves a ſtone in one boſome, puts fleſh into another. *It is not in him that willeth nor in him that runneth, but in God that hath mercy.* O God, if we look not up to thee, we may come, and not be healed; we may be healed, and not be thankfull.

This one man breaks away from his fellows to ſeek Chriſt. Whiles he was a Leper, he conſorted with Lepers; now that he is healed, he will be free. He ſaith not, I came with theſe men, with them I will goe; if they will return, I will accompany them; if not, what ſhould I goe alone? as I am not wiſer then they, ſo I have no more reaſon to be more thankfull. There are caſes wherein Singularity is not lawfull only, but laudable. *Thou ſhalt not follow a multitude to doe evil. I and my houſe will ſerve the Lord.* It is a baſe and unworthy thing for a man ſo to ſubject himſelf to others examples, as not ſometimes to reſolve to be an example to others. When either evil is to be done or good neglected, how much better is it to goe the right way alone, then to erre with company?

Oh noble pattern of Thankfulneſſe! what ſpeed of retribution is here? No ſoôner doth he ſee his Cure, then he haſts to acknowledge it: the Benefit ſhall not die, not ſleep in his hand. Late profeſſions of our obligations ſavour of dulneſſe and ingratitude. What a laborious and diligent officiouſneſſe is here? He ſtands not ſtill, but puts himſelf to the pains of a return. What an hearty recognition of the bleſſing? His voice was not more loud in his ſuit then in his thanks. What an humble reverence of his Benefactour? He falls down at his feet: as acknowledging at once beneficence and unworthineſſe. It were happy for all *Iſrael*, if they could but learn of this *Samaritane*.

This man is ſent with the reſt to the Prieſts. He well knew this duty a branch of the Law of Ceremonies, which he meant not to neglect: but his heart told him there was a Morall duty of profeſſing thankfulneſſe to his Benefactor, which called for his firſt attendance. Firſt therefore he turns back, ere he will ſtir forward. Reaſon taught this *Samaritane* (and us in him) that ceremony

A must yield to ſubſtance, and that main points of Obedience muſt take place of all Rituall complements.

It is not for nothing that note is made of the Countrey of this thankfull Leper; *He was a Samaritane:* The place is known and branded with the infamy of a Paganiſh miſ-religion. Outward diſadvantage of place or parentage cannot block up the way of God's Grace and free election; as contrarily the priviledges of birth and nature availe us nothing in ſpirituall occaſions.

How ſenſible wert thou, O Saviour, of thine own beneficence? *Were there not ten cleanſed? but where are the nine?* The trouping of theſe Lepers together did not hinder thy reckoning. It is both juſtice and wiſdome in thee to keep
B a ſtrict account of thy favours. There is an wholeſome and uſefull art of forgetfulneſſe in us men, both of Benefits done, and of Wrongs offered. It is not ſo with God. Our injuries indeed he ſoon puts over; making it no ſmall part of his ſtyle, that he *forgives iniquities:* but for his mercies, there is no reaſon he ſhould forget them; they are worthy of more then our memory. His favours are univerſall over all his works; there is no creature that taſts not of his bounty; his Sun and Rain are for others beſides his friends: but none of his good turns eſcapes either his knowledge or record. Why ſhould not we (O God) keep a book of our receits from thee, which agreeing with thine may declare thee bounteous, and us thankfull?

C Our Saviour doth not ask this by way of doubt, but of exprobration? Full well did he count the ſteps of thoſe abſent Lepers; he knew where they were; he upbraids their ingratitude, that they were not where they ſhould have been. It was thy juſt quarrell, O Saviour, that while one *Samaritane* returned, nine *Iſraelites* were healed and returned not. Had they been all *Samaritanes*, this had been faulty; but now they were *Iſraelites*, their ingratitude was more foul then their Leproſie. The more we are bound to God, the more ſhamefull is our unthankfulneſſe. There is ſcarce one in ten that is carefull to give God his own: this neglect is not more generall then diſpleaſing. Chriſt had never miſſed their preſence, if their abſence had not been hatefull and
D injurious.

The Pool of Bethesda,

Meditated on in a Sermon preached at the Court before King *James* of Bleſſed memory.

E

To the Reader.

F *THe Reader may be pleaſed to underſtand, that my manner hath ſtill been, firſt, to paſſe through all theſe Divine Hiſtories by way of Sermons, and then after to gather the quinteſſence of thoſe larger diſcourſes into theſe formes of Meditations which he ſees: Onely I have thought good upon theſe two following heads (for ſome good reaſons) to publiſh the Sermons in their own ſhape as they were delivered, without alteration. It ſeemed not amiſſe that ſome of thoſe metalls ſhould be ſhewn in the oare, whereof ſo great a quantity was preſented in the wedge.*

The Pool of Bethesda.

OTherwhere ye may look long, and see no Miracle; but here behold two Miracles in one view: the former, of the Angel curing Diseases; the later, of the God of Angels, Christ *Jesus*, preventing the Angel in his Cure. Even the first Christ wrought by the Angel; the second immediatly by himself. The first is incomparable, for (as *Montanus* truly observes) there is no one *miraculum perpetuum* but this one, in the whole Book of God. Be content to spend this hour with me in the porches of *Bethesda*, and consider with me the Topography, the Aitiology, the Chronography of this Miracle. These three limit our speech and your patient attention. The Chronography (which is first in place and time) offers us two heads: 1. a Feast of the Jewes; 2. Christ going up to the Feast. The Jews were full of Holy-days, both of God's institution and the Churches. Of God's, both weekly, monthly, anniversary. Weekly, that one of seven, which I would to God we had learned of them to keep better. In this regard it was that *Seneca* said, the Jewes did *Septimam ætatis partem perdere, lose the seventh part of their life.* Monthly, the New moons, *Numb.* 18. Anniversary, Easter, Pentecost, and the September-feasts. The Churches, both the *Purim* by *Mardocheus*; and the *Encænia* by *Judas Maccabæus*, which yet Christ honored by his solemnization, *John* 10. Surely God did this for the chearfulnesse of his people in his service: hence the Church hath laudably imitated this example. To have no Feasts is sullen: to have too many is Paganish and Superstitious. Neither would God have cast the Christian Easter upon the just time of the Jewish Pasch, and their Whitsontide upon the Jewish Pentecost; if he would not have had these Feasts continued. And why should the Christian Church have lesse power then the Jewish Synagogue? Here was not a mere Feriation, but a Feasting; they must appeare before God *cum muneribus with gifts.* The tenth part of their encrease must be spent upon the three solemn Feasts, besides their former tithes to *Levi*, *Deut.* 14. 23. There was no holy-day wherein they feasted above six hours: and in some of them Tradition urged them to their quantities of drink: And *David*, when he would keep holy-day to the Ark, allows every *Israelite* a cake of bread, a piece of flesh, a bottle of wine; not a dry dinner (*prandium caninum*) not a mere drinking, of wine without meat, but to make up a perfect feast, Bread, Flesh, Wine, 2. *Sam.* 6. The true Purims of this Iland are those two Feasts of August and November. He is no true *Israelite* that keeps them not, as the daies which the Lord hath made. When are joy and triumphs seasonable if not at Feasts? but not excesse. Pardon me, I know not how Feasts are kept at the Court: but, as *Job*, when he thought of the banquets of his Sons, sayes, *It may be they have sinned*; so let me speak at peradventures, If sensuall immoderation should have set her foot into these Christian Feasts, let me at least say with indulgent *Ely*, *Non est bona fama, filii, It is no good report, my sons.* Do ye think that S. *Paul*'s rule, *Non in comessationibus & ebrietate, not in surfeiting and drunkennesse*, was for work-days only? The Jewes had a conceit, that on their Sabbath and Feast-days the Devils fled from their Cities *ad montes umbrosos, to the shadie mountains.* Let it not be said, that on our Christian Feasts they should *è montibus aulam petere*: and that he seeks, and finds not, *loca arida*, but *madida.* God forbid that Christians should sacrifice to *Bacchus* in stead of the ever-living God: and that on the day when you should have been blown up by treacherous fire from earth to Heaven, you should fetch down the fire of God's anger from Heaven upon you by swilling and surfeits: God forbid. God's service is *unum necessarium one thing necessary*, saith Christ. *Homo ebrius, superflua creatura, A drunken man is a superfluous creature*, saith *Ambrose.* How ill do those two agree together? This I have been bold to say out of caution, not of reproof.

Thus

A Thus much, that there was a Feast of the Jewes. Now, what Feast it was is questionable: whether the Pasch, as *Irenæus*, and *Beza* with him, thinks, upon the warrant of *John* 4. 35. where our Saviour had said, *Yet four months, and then comes harvest:* or whether Pentecost, which was fifty dayes from the shaking of the sheaf (that was Easter Sunday) as *Cyrill*, *Chrysostome*, *Theophylact*, *Euthymius*, and some later: or whether one of the September Feasts, as some others. The excellencie of the Feast makes for Easter; the Feast κατ' ἐξοχώ· the number of Interpreters for Pentecost; the number of Feasts for September. For as God delighted in the number of seven, the seventh day was holy, the seventh year, the seventh seven year: so he shewed it in the B seventh month, which reserves his number still, *September*; the first day whereof was the Sabbath of Trumpets, the tenth *dies expiationum*, and on the fifteenth began the Feast of Tabernacles for seven dayes. It is an idlenes to seek that which we are never the better when we have found. What if Easter? what if Tabernacles? what if Pentecost? what loss, what gain is this? *Magnâ nos molestiâ Johannes liberasset, si unum adjecisset verbum, John had eased us of much trouble, if he had added but one word*, saith *Maldonat.* But for us, God give them sorrow which love it: this is one of Saint *Paul's* ματαιολογίαι *vain disputations*, that he forbids his *Timothie*; yea, (which is the subject thereof) one of them which he calls μωρὰς καὶ ἀπαιδεύτους C ζητήσεις, *fooliish and unlearned questions*, 2 Tim. 2. 23. *Quantum mali facit nimia subtilitas? how much mischief is done by too much subtilitie?* saith *Seneca.* These are for some idle Cloisterers that have nothing to doe but to pick straws in Divinity: Like to *Appian* the Grammarian, that with long discourse would pick out of *Homer's* first verse of his *Iliads*, and the first word (μῆνιν) the number of the books of *Iliads* and *Odysses*; or like *Didymus* χαλκέντερος, that spent some of his four thousand books about, which was *Homer's* Countrey, who was *Æneas's* true mother, what the age of *Hecuba*, how long it was betwixt *Homer* and *Orpheus*; or those wise Criticks of whom *Seneca* speaks, that spent whole volumes, whether *Homer* or *Hesiod* were the elder. *Non profuturam scientiam* D *tradunt, they vent an unprofitable skill*, as he said. Let us be content with the learned ignorance of what God hath concealed; and know, that what he hath concealed, will not avail us to know.

Rather let us inquire why Christ would go up to the Feast. I find two silken cords that drew him up thither. 1 His Obedience. 2 His desire of manifesting his Glory.

First, It was a general law, All males must appear thrice a year before the Lord. Behold, he was the God whom they went up to worship at the Feast; yet he goes up to worship. He began his life in obedience, when he came in his Mothers belly to *Bethleem* at the taxation of *Augustus*, and so he contiE nues it. He knew his due. *Of whom do the Kings of the earth receive tribute? of their own, or of strangers? Then their Sons are free.* Yet he that would pay tribute to *Cæsar*, will also pay this tribute of Obedience to his Father. He that was above the Law, yields to the Law: *Legi satisfacere voluit, etsi non sub Lege, He would satisfie the Law, though he were not under the Law.* The Spirit of God sayes, *He learned Obedience in that he suffered.* Surely also he taught obedience in that he did. This was his πρέπον ἐστὶ to *John Baptist*, *It becomes us to fulfill all Righteousnes.* He will not abate his Father one Ceremony. It was dangerous to goe up to that *Jerusalem* which he had left before for their malice: yet now he will up again. His Obedience drew him F up to that bloody Feast, wherein himself was sacrificed; how much more now, that he might sacrifice? What can we plead to have learned of Christ, if not his first Lesson, Obedience? The same proclamation that *Gedeon* made to *Israel*, he makes still to us, *As ye see me doe, so doe ye.* Whatsoever therefore God injoyns us, either immediately by himself, or mediately by his Deputies, if we will be Christians, we must so observe, as those that know themselves

bound to tread in his steps that said, *In the volume of thy Book it is written of me, I desired to doe thy will, O God,* Psal. 40.6. *I will have obedience* (saith God) *and not sacrifice.* But where Sacrifice is Obedience, he will have Obedience in sacrificing. Therefore Christ went up to the Feast.

The second motive was the manifestation of his Glory. If we be the light of the world, which are so much snuffe, what is he that is *the Father of lights?* It was not for him to be set under the bushel of *Nazareth,* but upon the table of *Hierusalem.* Thither and then was the confluence of all the Tribes. Many a time had Christ passed by this man before, when the streets were empty; for there he lay many years; yet heales him not till now. He that sometimes modestly steals a Miracle with a *Vide nè cui dixeris, See thou tell no man,* that no man might know it; at other times does Wonders upon the Scaffold of the World, that no man might be ignorant, and bids proclaim it on the house tops. It was fit the world should be thus publickly convinced, and either wone by belief, or lost by inexcusableness. Good the more common it is, the better. *I will praise thee,* saith *David, in Ecclesia magna, in the great Congregation.* Glory is not got in corners. *No man* (say the envious kinsmen of Christ) *keeps close, and would be famous.* No, nor that would have God celebrated. The best opportunities must be taken in glorifying him. He that would be Crucified at the Feast, that his Death and Resurrection might be more famous; will at the Feast doe Miracles, that his Divine power might be approved openly. Christ is *Flos campi, non horti, the flower of the field,* and *not of the garden,* saith *Bernard.* God cannot abide to have his Graces smothered in us. *I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart,* saith the Psalmist. *Absolon* when he would be *insigniter improbus notoriously wicked,* does his villany publickly in the eyes of the Sun, under no curtain but Heaven. He that would doe notable service to God, must doe it conspicuously. *Nicodemus* gain'd well by Christ, but Christ got nothing by him, so long as, like a night-bird, he never came to him but with owles and bats. Then he began to be a profitable Disciple, when he durst oppose the Pharisees in their condemnation of Christ, though indefinitely: but most, when in the night of his death the light of his Faith brought him openly to take down the Sacred Corps before all the gazing multitude, and to embalm it. When we confess God's name, with the Psalmist, before Kings; when Kings, defenders of the Faith, profess their Religion in publick and everlasting monuments to all nations, to all times; this is glorious to God, and in God to them. It is no matter how close evils be, nor how publick good is.

This is enough for the Chronography; the Topography follows. I will not here stand to shew you the ignorance of the Vulgar translation, in joyning *probatica* and *piscina* together, against their own fair *Vatican* copy, with other antient: nor spend time to discuss whether ἀγορὰ or πύλη be here understood for the Substantive of προβατικὴ· it is most likely to be that Sheep-gate spoken of in *Ezra:* nor to shew how ill *piscina* in the Latin answers the Greek κολυμβήθρα· ours turn it a *pool,* better then any Latin word can expresse it: nor to shew you (as I might) how many publick Pools were in *Jerusalem:* nor to discuss the use of this Pool, whether it were for washing the beasts to be sacrificed, or to wash the entrails of the Sacrifice; whence I remember *Hierom* fetches the virtue of the water, and in his time thought he discerned some redness, as if the blood spilt four hundred years before could still retain his first tincture in a liquid substance; besides that it would be a strange swimming pool that were brewed with blood, and this was κολυμβήθρα. This conceit arises from the errour of the construction in mismatching κολυμβήθρα with προβατικὴ. Neither will I argue whether it should be *Bethsida,* or *Bethzida,* or *Bethsheda,* or *Bethesda.* If either you or my self knew not how to be rid of time, we might easily wear out as many hours in this Pool

as

A as this poor impotent man did years. But it is Edification that we affect, and not Curiosity. This Pool had *five Porches*. Neither will I run here with S. *Austin* into Allegories; that this Pool was the people of the Jews, *Aquæ multæ, populus multus*, and these five Porches the Law in the five books of *Moses*: nor stand to confute *Adrichomius*, which out of *Josephus* would perswade us that these five Porches were built by *Solomon*, and that this was *stagnum Solomonis*, for the use of the Temple. The following words shew the use of the Porches; for the receit of *impotent, sick, blinde, halt, withered, that waited for the moving of the water.* It should seem it was walled about to keep it from Cattel, and these five vaulted entrances were made by some Benefa-
B ctors for the more convenience of attendance. Here was the Mercy of God seconded by the Charity of men: if God will give Cure, they will give harbour. Surely it is a good matter to put our hand to Gods; and to further good works with convenience of injoying them.

Jerusalem was grown a City of blood, to the persecution of the Prophets, to a wilful despight of what belonged to her peace, to a profanation of God's Temple, to a mere formality in God's services: and yet here were publick works of Charity in the midst of her streets. We may not alwaies judge of the truth of Piety by charitable actions. *Judas* disbursed the money for Christ; there was no Traitor but he. The poor traveller that was robb'd and woun-
C ded betwixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, was passed over first by the Priest, then the Levite; at last the *Samaritan* came and relieved him: His Religion was naught, yet his act was good; the Priests and Levites Religion good, their uncharity ill. *Novatus* himself was a Martyr, yet a Schismatick. Faith is the soul, and good works are the breath, saith S. *James*: but as you see in a pair of bellows there is a forced breath without life; so in those that are puffed up with the winde of ostentation, there may be charitable works without Faith. The Church of *Rome*, unto her four famous Orders of *Jacobins, Franciscans, Augustines* and *Carmelites*, hath added a fifth of *Jesuites*; and, like another *Jerusalem*, for those five Leprous and lazarly Orders hath built five por-
D ches; that if the water of any State be stirred, they may put in for a share. How many Cells and Convents hath she raised for these miserable Cripples? and now she thinks (though she exalt her self above all that is called God, though she dispence with and against God, though she fall down before every block and wafer, though she kill Kings and equivocate with Magistrates,) she is the onely City of God. *Digna est, nam struxit Synagogam, She is worthy, for she hath built a Synagogue.* Are we more orthodox, and shall not we be as charitable? I am ashamed to think of rich Noblemen and Merchants that dye and give nothing to our five porches of *Bethesda*. What shall we say? Have they made their Mammon their God, in stead of making friends with their
E Mammon to God? Even when they dye will they not (like *Ambrose*'s good Usurers) part with that which they cannot hold, that they may get that which they cannot lose? Can they begin their will, *In Dei nomine, Amen*; and give nothing to God? Is he onely a Witness, and not a Legatee? Can we bequeath our Souls to Christ in Heaven, and give nothing to his Lims on earth? And if they will not give, yet will they not lend to God? He that gives to the poor, *Fœneratur Deo, lends to God.* Will they put out to any but God? and then, when in stead of giving security, he receives with one hand and payes with another, receives our bequest and gives us glory? Oh damnable niggardliness of vain men, that shames the Gospel, and loses Heaven! Let me shew you a *Bethesda*
F that wants porches. What truer house of effusion then the Church of God, which sheds forth waters of comfort, yea of life? Behold some of the porches of this *Bethesda* so farre from building, that they are pulled down. It is a wonder if the demolished stones of God's House have not built some of yours, and if some of you have not your rich Suits garded with Souls. There were wont to be reckoned three wonders of England, *Ecclesia, Fœmina, Lana, The Churches,*

the Women, the Wooll. *Fœmina* may paſs ſtil; who may juſtly challenge wonder for their Vanity, if not their Perſons. As for *Lana*, if it be wonderful alone, I am ſure it is ill joyned with *Eccleſia:* The Church is fleeced, and hath nothing but a bare pelt left upon her back. And as for *Eccleſia*, either men have ſaid with the *Babylonians*, *Down with it, down with it even to the ground*; or elſe in reſpect of the Maintenance, with *Judas*, *ut quid perditio hæc? why was this waſt?* How many remorſeful ſouls have ſent back, with *Jacob*'s ſons, their money in their Sacks mouths? How many great Teſtators have in their laſt Will returned the anathematized *peculium* of Impropriations to the Church, chuſing rather to impair their heire then to burden their Souls? *Dum times ne pro te patrimonium tuum perdas, ipſe pro patrimonio tuo peris*, ſaith *Cyprian*, *Whiles thou feareſt to loſe thy patrimony for thy own good, thou periſheſt with thy patrimony.* Ye great men, ſpend not all your time in building Caſtles in the aire, or houſes on the ſand; but ſet your hands and purſes to the building of the porches of *Bethesda.* It is a ſhame for a rich Chriſtian to be like a Chriſtmas-box, that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces; or like unto a drown'd mans hand, that holds whatſoever it gets. *To doe good and to diſtribute, forget not; for with ſuch Sacrifices God is well pleaſed.*

This was the place, what was the uſe of it? All ſorts of Patients were at the bank of *Bethesda:* where ſhould Cripples be but at the Spittle? *The ſick, blind, lame, withered,* all that did either *morbo laborare* or *vitio corporis*, complain of ſickneſs or impotency, were there. In natural courſe, one receit heales not all diſeaſes, no nor one Agent; one is an Oculiſt, another a Bone-ſetter, another a Chirugion: But all diſeaſes are alike to the ſupernatural power of God.

Hippocrates, though the Prince of Phyſicians, yet ſweares by *Æſculapius* he will never meddle with cutting of the Stone. There is no Diſeaſe that Art will not meddle with: there are many that it cannot cure. The poor *Hæmorrhoiſſa* was eighteen yeares in the Phyſicians hands, and had purged away both her body and her ſubſtance. Yea ſome it kills in ſtead of healing: whence one Hebrew word ſignifies both *Phyſicians* and *dead men.* But behold here all Sickneſſes cured by one hand, and by one water. O all ye that are ſpiritually ſick and diſeaſed, come to the Pool of *Bethesda*, the blood of Chriſt. Do ye complain of the Blindneſs of your Ignorance? here ye ſhall receive clearneſs of Sight: of the diſtemper of Paſſions? here Eaſe: of the ſuperfluity of your ſinful Humors? here Evacuation: of the impotency of your Obedience? here Integrity: of the Dead witheredneſs of good Affections? here Life and Vigor. Whatſoever your infirmity be, come to the Pool of *Bethesda*, and be healed.

All theſe may be cured; yet ſhall be cured at leiſure; all muſt wait, all muſt hope in waiting. Methinks I ſee how enviouſly theſe Cripples look one upon another, each thinking other a lett, each watching to prevent other, each hoping to be next; like emulous Courtiers, that gape and vie for the next preferment, and think it a pain to hope, and a torment to be prevented. But *Bethesda* muſt be waited on. He is worthy of his Crutches that will not ſtay God's leiſure for his Cure. There is no virtue, no ſucceſs without patience. Waiting is a familiar leſſon with Courtiers: and here we have all need of it. One is ſick of an overflowing of the Gall, another of a Tumor of Pride, another of the Tentigo of Luſt, another of the Vertigo of Inconſtancy, another of the choking Squinancy of Curſes and Blaſphemies; one of the Boulimy of Gluttony, another of the Pleuritical ſtitches of Envy; one of the contracting Cramp of Covetouſneſs, another of the Atrophy of Unproficiency; one is hide-bound with Pride, another is conſumed with Emulation, another rotten with Corrupt deſires: and we are ſo much the ſicker, if we feel not theſe diſtempers. Oh that we could wait at the *Bethesda* of God, attend diligently upon his Ordinances: we could

no

no more fail of cure, then now we can hope for cure. We wait hard, and indure much for the Body. *Quantis laboribus agitur ut longiore tempore laboretur! multi cruciatus suscipiuntur certi, ut pauci dies adjiciantur incerti, What toile do we take that we may toile yet longer! we indure many certain paines for the addition of a few uncertain daies*, saith *Austin*. Why will we not doe thus for the Soul? Without waiting it will not be. The Cripple (Act. 3.4.) was bidden, βλέψον εἰς ἡμᾶς, *look up to us*. He look'd up. It was cold comfort that he heard, *Silver and Gold have I none:* but the next clause made amends for all, *Surge & ambula; rise and walk:* and this was, because ἐπεῖχεν προσδοκῶν, *he attended expecting*, verse 5. Would we be cured? It is not for us to snatch at *Bethesda*, as a dog at *Nilus*; nor to draw water and away, as *Rebecca*; nor to set us a while upon the banks, as the *Israelites* by the rivers of *Babylon:* but we must dwell in God's house, wait at *Bethesda*. But what shall I say to you Courtiers, but even as Saint *Paul* to his *Corinthians, Ye are full, ye are rich, ye are strong without us*? Many of you come to this place not as to *Bethel*, the House of God, or *Bethesda*, the house of effusion; but as to *Bethaven*, the house of vanity. If ye have not lost your old wont, there are more words spoken in the outer closet by the hearers, then in the Chappel by the Preacher; as if it were Closet, *quasi* close set, in an Exchange, like communication of News. What, do ye think of Sermons as matters of formality, as very Superfluities, as your own idle Complements, which either ye hear not, or believe not? What do ye think of your selves? Have you only a postern to go to Heaven by your selves, wherethrough ye can go, besides the foolishness of Preaching? or do ye sing that old *Pelagian* note, *Quid nunc mihi opus est Deo? What need have I of God?* What should I say to this but, *Increpa, Domine*. As for our household Sermons, our Auditors are like the fruit of a tree in an unseasonable year; or like a wood new felled, that hath some few spires left for standers some poles distance; or like the tithe sheaves in a field when the corn is gone, εἷς, δύο, τρεῖς, &c. as he said. It is true, ye have more Sermons and more excellent then all the Courts under Heaven put together: but, as *Austin* said well, *Quid mihi proderit bona res non utenti bene? What am I the better for a good thing if I use it not well?* Let me tell you, all these forcible meanes not well used, will set you the further off from Heaven. If the Chappel were the *Bethesda* of promotion, what thronging would there be into it? Yea if it were but some mask-house, wherein a glorious (though momentany) show were to be presented, neither white staves nor halberts could keep you out. Behold here, ye are offered the honour to be (by this seed of Regeneration) the Sons of God. The Kingdome of heaven, the Crown of glory, the Scepter of Majesty, in one word, Eternal life is here offered and performed to you. O let us not so far forget our selves, as in the Ordinances of God to contemn our own Happiness. But let us know the time of our visitation: let us wait reverently and intentively upon this *Bethesda* of God; that when the Angel shall descend and move the Water, our Souls may be cured, and through all the degrees of Grace may be carried to the full height of their Glory.

The first Part of the Meditations upon the *Transfiguration of Christ.*

In a Sermon preacht at *Havering-Bower* before K. *James* of Blessed memory.

THere is not in all Divinity an higher speculation then this of Christ transfigured. Suffer me therefore to lead you up by the hand into Mount *Tabor* (for nearer to Heaven ye cannot come while ye are upon earth) that you may see him glorious upon earth, the Region of his shame and abasement, who is now glorious in Heaven, the throne of his Majestie. He that would not have his Transfiguration spoken of till he were raised, would have it spoken of all the world over now that he is raised and ascended, that by this momentany glory we may judge of the eternal. The circumstances shall be to us as the skirts of the Hill, which we will climb up lightly; the Time, Place, Attendants, Company. The Time, *after six dayes*; the Place, *an high hill apart*; the Attendants, *Peter, James, John*; the Company, *Moses* and *Elias*: which when we have passed, on the top of the hill shall appear to us that sight which shall once make us glorious, and in the mean time happy.

All three Evangelists accord in the *Terminus à quo*, that it was immediately after those words, *There be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death till they have seen the Son of Man come in his Kingdome.* Wherein, methinks, the act comments upon the words. *Peter, James* and *John*, were these *some*: they tasted not of death, till they saw this Heavenly image of the Royalty of Christ glorified. But the *Terminus quò* disagrees a little. *Matthew* and *Mark* say, *after six*; *Luke, post ferè octo*: which as they are easily reconciled by the usual distinction of *inclusivè* and *exclusivè*, necessary for all computations, and *Luke*'s *about eight*; so methinks, seem to intimate God's seventh day, the Sabbath: why should there be else so precise mention of six dayes after, and about eight, but to imply that day which was betwixt the sixth and eighth? God's day was fittest for so Divine a work: and well might that day which imported God's rest and mans glory, be used for the clear representation of the rest and glory of God and man. But in this conjecture (for ought I know) I goe alone: I dare not be too resolute. Certainly it was the seventh, whether it were that seventh, the seventh after the promise of the glory of his Kingdome exhibited: and this perhaps not without a mystery. *God teacheth both by words and acts*, saith *Hilary*, *that after six Ages of the world should be Christs glorious appearance, and our transfiguration with him.* But I know what our Saviours farewel was, οὐχ ὑμῶν γνῶναι, *it is not for* us *to know*. But if we may not know, we may conjecture; yet not *above that we ought*, saith S. *Paul*: we may not *super sapere*, as *Tertullian*'s phrase is.

For the Place, tradition hath taken it still for *Tabor*: I list not to cross it without warrant. This was an high Hill indeed; *thirty furlongs high*, saith *Josephus*; *mirâ rotunditate sublimis*, saith *Hierome*: and so steep, that some of our English travellers, that have desired to climb it of late, have been glad to give it up in the mid-way, and to measure the rest with their eyes. Doubtless this Hill was a Symbol of Heaven, being near it as in situation, in resemblance. Heaven is expressed usually by the name of *God's hill*: and Nature or this appellation taught the Heathens to figure it by their *Olympus*. All Divine affairs of any magnificence were done on Hils. On the hill of *Sinai* was the Law delivered: on the hill of *Moriah* was *Isaac* to be sacrificed; whence *Abraham*'s posie is בהר יראה *in monte providebitur*: on the hill of *Rephidim* stood *Moses* with the rod of God in his stretched hand, and figured him crucified upon the hill, whom *Joshua* figured victorious in the valley: on the hils of *Ebal* and

A and *Gerizim* were the Blessings and Curses: on *Carmel* was *Eliah*'s sacrifice. The *Phrontisteria*, Schools or Universities of the Prophets, were still *Ramah* and *Gibeah*, *excelsa*, High places. Who knows not that on the hill of *Sion* stood the Temple? *I have looked up to the hils*, saith the Psalmist. And Idolatry, in imitation, had their hill-altars. On the Mount of Olives was Christ wont to send up his Prayers, and sent up himself. And here *Luke* saith, *he went up to an high hill to pray*; not for that God makes difference of places, to whose immensity Heaven it self is a valley: (It was an heathenish conceit of those *Aramites*, that God is *Deus montium, the God of the mountains*) but because we are commonly more disposed to good by either the freedom of our scope
B to Heaven, or the awfulness or solitary silence of places, which (as one saith) strikes a kinde of adoration into us, or by our local removal from this attractive body of the earth: howsoever, when the body sees it self above the earth, the eye of the Minde is more easily raised to her Heaven. It is good to take all advantage of place (setting aside superstition) to further our Devotion. *Aaron* and *Hur* were in the mountain with *Moses*, and held up his hands. *Aaron* (say some Allegoristes) is mountainous; *Hur*, fiery: Heavenly Meditation and the fire of Charity must lift up our prayers to God. As Satan carried up Christ to an high hill to tempt him, so he carries up himself to be freed from temptation and distraction. If ever we would be transfigured in our disposition, we
C must leave the earth below, and abandon all worldly thoughts. *Venite, ascendamus*; *Oh come, let us climb up to the hill, where God sees or is seen*, saith devout *Bernard*. *O all ye cares, distractions, thoughtfulness, labours, pains, servitudes, stay me here with this ass, my body, till I with the boy, that is, my Reason and Understanding, shall worship and return*, saith the same Father, wittily alluding to the journey of *Abraham* for his sacrifice.

Wherefore then did Christ climb up this high hill? Not to look about him, but, saith S. *Luke*, προσεύξασθαι *to pray*; not for prospect, but for devotion; that his thoughts might climb up yet nearer to Heaven. Behold how Christ entred upon all his great works with Prayers in his mouth. When he was to
D enter into that great work of his Humiliation in his Passion, he went into the Garden to pray; when he is to enter into this great work of his Exaltation in his Transfiguring, he went up into the mountain to pray: he was taken up from his knees to both. O noble example of Piety and Devotion to us! He was God that prayed: the God that he prayed to, he might have commanded; yet he prayed, that we men might learn of him to pray to him. What should we men dare to doe without prayers, when he that was God would doe nothing without them? The very heathen Poet could say, *A Jove principium*: and which of those verse-mongers ever durst write a ballad without imploring of some Deity? which of the heathens durst attempt any great enterprise, *insalutato numine*,
E without invocation and sacrifice? *Saul* himself would play the Priest, and offer a burnt-offering to the Lord, rather then the *Philistins* should fight with him unsupplicated; as thinking any devotion better then none; and thinking it more safe to sacrifice without a Priest, then to fight without Prayers. *Ungirt, unblest*, was the old word; as not ready till they were girded, so not till they had prayed. And how dare we rush into the affaires of God or the State? how dare we thrust our selves into actions either perilous or important, without ever lifting up our eyes and hearts unto the God of Heaven? Except we would say (as the devilish malice of *Surius* slanders that zealous *Luther*) *Nec propter Deum hæc res cæpta est, nec propter Deum*
F *finietur*, &c. *This business was neither begun for God, nor shall be ended for him.* How can God bless us if we implore him not? how can we prosper if he bless us not? How can we hope ever to be transfigured from a lump of corrupt flesh, if we do not ascend and pray? As the *Samaritane* woman said weakly, we may seriously, *The well* of mercies *is deep*: if thou hast *nothing to draw with*, never look to taste of the waters of life. I fear the worst of men,

Turks, and the worſt *Turks*, the *Moores*, ſhall riſe up in Judgement againſt many Chriſtians, with whom it is a juſt exception againſt any witneſs by their Law, that he hath not prayed ſix times in each natural day. Before the day break, they pray for day; when it is day, they give God thanks for day; at noon they thank God for half the day paſt; after that they pray for a good Sun-ſet; after that they thank God for the day paſſed; and laſtly, pray for a good night after their day. And we Chriſtians ſuffer ſo many Suns and Moons to riſe and ſet upon our heads, and never lift up our hearts to their Creatour and ours, either to ask his bleſſing, or to acknowledg it. Of all men under Heaven, none had ſo much need to pray as Courtiers. That which was done but once to Chriſt, is alwaies done to them. They are ſet upon the hill, and ſee the glory of the Kingdomes of the earth. But I fear it is ſeen of them as it is with ſome of the mariners, the more need, the leſs devotion.

Ye have ſeen the Place, ſee the Attendants. He would not have many, becauſe he would not have it yet known to all: hence was his intermination, and ſealing up their mouths with a *Nemini dicite*, *Tell no man*. Not none, becauſe he would not have it altogether unknown; and afterwards would have it known to all. Three were a legal number; *in ore duorum aut trium*, *in the mouth of two or three witneſſes*. He had eternally poſſeſſed the glory of his Father without any witneſſes: in time the Angels were bleſſed with that ſight; and after that two bodily, yet Heavenly, witneſſes were allowed, *Enoch* and *Elias*. Now in his humanity he was inveſted with glory, he takes but three witneſſes, and thoſe earthly and weak, *Peter*, *James*, *John*. And why theſe? We may be too curious. *Peter*, becauſe the eldeſt; *John*, becauſe the deareſt; *James*, becauſe next *Peter* the zealouſeſt: *Peter*, becauſe he loved Chriſt moſt; *John*, becauſe Chriſt moſt loved him; *James*, becauſe next to both he loved, and was loved moſt. I had rather to have no reaſon, but, *quia complacuit*, *becauſe it ſo pleaſed him*. Why may we not as well ask why he choſe theſe twelve from others, as why he choſe theſe three out of the twelve? If any *Romaniſts* will raiſe from hence any priviledge to *Peter*, (which we could be well content to yield, if that would make them ever the honeſter men) they muſt remember that they muſt take company with them; which theſe *Pompeian* ſpirits cannot abide. As good no privilege as any partners. And withall, they muſt ſee him more taxed for his errour in this act, then honored by his preſence at the act; whereas the Beloved Diſciple ſaw and erred not. Theſe ſame three which were witneſſes of his Transfiguration in the mount, were witneſſes of his Agonie in the garden; all three, and theſe three alone, were preſent at both: but both times ſleeping. Theſe were *arietes gregis*, *the Bell-wethers of the flock*, as *Auſtin* calls them. Oh weak devotion of three great Diſciples! Theſe were *Paul*'s three pillars, οἱ δοκοῦντες, Gal. 2. 9. Chriſt takes them up twice; once to be witneſſes of his greateſt Glory, once of his greateſt extremity: they ſleep both times. The other was in the night, more tolerable; this by day, yea in a light above day. *Chryſoſtome* would fain excuſe it to be an amazedneſs, not a ſleep; not conſidering that they ſlept both at that Glory, and after in the Agonie. To ſee that Maſter praying, one would have thought ſhould have fetcht them on their knees; eſpecially to ſee thoſe Heavenly affections look out at his Eyes; to ſee his Soul lifted up in his Hands in that tranſported faſhion to Heaven. But now the hill hath wearied their limbs, their body clogs their Soul, and they fall aſleep. Whiles Chriſt ſaw Divine viſions, they dreamed dreams; whiles he was in another world, raviſhed with the ſight of his Fathers Glory, yea of his own, they were in another world, a world of fancies, ſurprized with the cozen of death, ſleep. Beſides ſo Gracious an example, their own neceſſity (*quia inceſſanter pecco*, *becauſe I continually ſin*, *Bernard*'s reaſon) might have moved them to pray rather then their Maſter: and behold, in ſtead of fixing their eyes upon Heaven,

A Heaven, they shut them; in stead of lifting up their hearts, their heads fall down upon their shoulders; and shortly, here was snorting in stead of sighs and prayers. This was not *Abraham*'s or *Elihu*'s ecstatical sleep, *Job* 33. not the sleep of the Church, a waking sleep; but the plain sleep of the eyes: and that not תנומה, a slumbring sleep, which *David* denies to himself, *Psal.*132. but שנה, a sound sleep, which *Salomon* forbids *Prov.*6.4. yea rather תרדמה, the dead sleep of *Adam* or *Jonas*, and, as *Bernard* had wont to say when he heard a Monk snort, they did *carnaliter seu seculariter dormire*. Prayer is an ordinary receit for sleep. How prone are we to it, when we should minde Divine things? *Adam* slept in Paradise and lost a Rib: but this sleep was of God's giving, and
B this Rib was of God's taking. The good husband slept, and found tares. *Eutychus* slept, and fell. While Satan lulls us asleep (as he doth always rock the cradle when we sleep in our Devotions) he ever takes some good from us, or puts some evil in us, or indangers us a deadly fall. Away with this spiritual Lethargie. *Bernard* had wont to say that those which sleep are dead to men, those that are dead are asleep to God. But I say, those that sleep at Church are dead to God: so we preach their Funeral Sermons in stead of hortatory. And as he was wont to say, he lost no time so much as that wherein he slept; so let me adde, there is no loss of time so desperate as of holy time. Think that Christ saith to thee at every Sermon, as he did to *Peter*, *Etiam Petre dormis?*
C *Sleepest thou Peter? couldst thou not wake with me one hour?* A slumbring and a drowsie heart do not become the business and presence of him that keepeth *Israel*, and slumbers not.

These were the Attendants; see the Companions of Christ. As our glory is not consummate without Society; no more would Christ have his: therefore his Transfiguration hath two Companions, *Moses*, *Elias*. As S. *Paul* saies of himself, *Whether in the body or out of the body, I know not, God knows:* so say I of these two. Of *Eliah* there may seem less doubt, since we know that his body was assumed to Heaven, and might as well come down for Christs glory as go up for his own; although some grave Authors, as *Calvin*, *Oecolampadius*,
D *Bale*, *Fulk*, have held his body with *Enoch*'s, resolved into their elements: *sed ego non credulus illis. Enoch translatus est in carne, & Elias carneus raptus est in cœlum, &c. Enoch was translated in the flesh, and Elias being yet in the flesh was taken into Heaven*, saith *Hierome* in his Epistle *ad Pammachium*.

And for *Moses*; though it be rare and singular, and *Austin* makes much scruple of it: yet why might not he after death return in his body to the glory of Christ's Transfiguration, as well as afterwards many of the Saints did to the glory of his Resurrection? I cannot therefore with the Glos think, there is any reason why *Moses* should take another, a borrowed body, rather then his own. Heaven could not give two fitter Companions, more admirable to the
E Jews for their Miracles, more gracious with God for their Faith and Holiness: Both of them admitted to the conference with God in *Horeb*; both of them Types of Christ; both of them fasted fourty days; both of them for the glory of God suffered many perils; both divided the waters; both the Messengers of God to Kings; both of them marvellous, as in their life, so in their end. A Chariot of Angels took away *Elias*; he was sought by the Prophets, and not found: *Michael* strove with the Devil for the body of *Moses*; he was sought for by the Jews, and not found: and now both of them are found here together on *Tabor*. This *Elias* shews himself to the Royal Prophet of his Church; this *Moses* shews himself to the true *Michael*: *Moses* the publisher
F of the Law, *Elias* the chief of the Prophets, shew themselves to the God of the Law and Prophets. *Alter populi informator aliquando, alter reformator quandoque, One the informer once of the people, the other the reformer sometimes*, saith *Tertull. in* 4. *adver. Marcionem*. *Alter initiator Veteris Testamenti, alter consummator Novi, One the first Register of the Old Testament, the other the shutter up of the New.* I verily think, with *Hilary*, that these two are pointed

at

at as the Fore-runners of the second coming of Christ, as now they were the Foretellers of his departure: neither doubt I that these are the Two Witnesses which are alluded to in the Apocalyps; howsoever divers of the Fathers have thrust *Enoch* into the place of *Moses*. Look upon the place, *Apoc.* 11.5. Who but *Elias* can be he of whom is said, *If any man will hurt him, fire proceedeth out of his mouth and devoureth his enemies*, alluding to 2 *Kings* 1? Who but *Elias* of whom is said, *He hath power to shut the Heaven, that it rain not in the days of his propheſying*, alluding to 1 *Kings* 18? Who but *Moses* of whom it is said, *He hath power to turn the waters into blood, and smite the earth with all manner of plagues*, alluding to *Exod.* 7, and 8? But take me aright; let me not seem a friend to the Publicans of *Rome*, an abettor of those Alcoran-like Fables of our Popish Doctors, who (not seeing the wood for trees) do *hærere in cortice, stick in the bark*, taking all concerning that Antichrist according to the letter. *Odi, & arceo.* So shall *Moses* and *Elias* come again in those Witnesses, as *Elias* is already come in *John Baptist*: their Spirits shall be in these Witnesses, whose Bodies and Spirits were witnesses both of the present Glory and future Passion of Christ. Doubtless many thousand Angels saw this sight, and were not seen; these two both saw and were seen. O how great an Happiness was it for these two great Prophets, in their glorified flesh to see their glorified Saviour, who before his Incarnation had spoken to them? to speak to that Man God of whom they were glorified, and to become Prophets not to men, but to God? And if *Moses* his face so shone before, when he spoke to him without a body in Mount *Sinai*, in the midst of the flames and clouds; how did it shine now, when himself glorified, speaks to him a man, in *Tabor*, in light and majesty? *Elias* hid his face before with a mantle when he passed by him in the Rock: now with open face he beholds him present, and in his own glory adores his. Let that impudent *Marcion*, who ascribes the Law and Prophets to another God, and devises an hostility betwixt Christ and them, be ashamed to see *Moses* and *Elias* not onely *in colloquio*, but *in consortio claritatis*, not onely *in conference*, but *in a partnership of brightness* (as *Tertull.* speaks) with Christ; whom if he had misliked, he had his choice of all the Quire of Heaven; and now chusing them, why were they not *in sordibus & tenebris, in rags and darkness? Sic inalienos demonstrat illos, dum secum habet; sic relinquendos docet quos sibi jungit; sic destruit quos de radiis suis exstruit. So doth he shew them farre from strangeness to him, whom he hath with him; so doth he teach them to be forsaken, whom he joyns with himself; so doth he destroy those whom he graces with his beams of glory*, saith that Father. His act verifies his word. *Think not that I come to destroy the Law or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill them*, *Mat.* 5. 17. Oh what consolation, what confirmation was this to the Disciples, to see such examples of their future Glory? such witnesses and adorers of the eternal Deity of their Master? They saw in *Moses* and *Elias* what they themselves should be. How could they ever fear to be miserable, that saw such precedents of their insuing glory? how could they fear to die, that saw in others the happiness of their own change? The rich Glutton pleads with *Abraham*, that *if one came to them from the dead, they will amend: Abraham* answers, *they have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them.* Behold, here is both *Moses* and the Prophets; and these too come from the dead: how can we now but be perswaded of the happy state of another world, unless we will make our selves worse then the damned? See and consider that the Saints of God are not lost, but departed; gone into a far countrey with their Master, to return again richer and better then they went. Lest we should think this the condition of *Elias* onely, that was rapt into Heaven, see here *Moses* matched with him, that died and was buried. And is this the state of these two Saints alone? Shall none be seen with him in the *Tabor* of Heaven but those which have seen him in *Horeb* and *Carmel*? O thou weak Christian, was onely one or two lims of Christs body glorious in the Transfiguration,

or

A or the whole? He is the Head, we are the Members. If *Moses* and *Elias* were more excellent parts, Tongue, or Hand; let us be but Heels or Toes, his body is not perfect in glory without ours. *When Christ, which is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory*, Colos. 3. 4. How truely may we say to death, *Rejoyce not mine enemy, though I fall, yet shall I rise*, yea I shall rise in falling? *We shall not all sleep, we shall be changed*, saith Saint *Paul* to his *Thessalonians*. *Elias* was changed, *Moses* slept; both appeared: to teach us, that neither our sleep nor change can keep us from appearing with him. When therefore thou shalt receive the sentence of death on Mount *Nebo*, or when the fiery Chariot shall come and sweep thee from this vale of mor-
B tality, remember thy glorious re-apparition with thy Saviour, and thou canst not but be comforted, and chearfully triumph over that last Enemie; outfacing those terrors with the assurance of a blessed Resurrection to Glory. To the which, &c.

The second Part of the Meditations upon the *Transfiguration of Christ.*

C

In a Sermon preacht at *White-Hall* before K. *James* of Blessed memory.

IT fals out with this Discourse as with Mount *Tabor* it self; that it is more easily climbed with the eye, then with the foot. If we may not rather say of it, as *Josephus* did of *Sinai*, that it doth not onely *ascensus hominum*, but *aspectus fatigare*, *wearie* not onely *the steps* but *the* very *sight of men*. We had thought not to spend many breaths in the skirts of the hill, the Circumstances; and it hath cost us one hours journey already: and we were glad to rest us, ere we can have left them below us. One pause more (I hope) will
D overcome them, and set us on the top. No Circumstance remains undiscussed but this one, What *Moses* and *Elias* did with Christ in their apparition. For they were not, as some sleepie attendants, (like the three Disciples in the beginning) to be there and see nothing; nor, as some silent spectators, mute witnesses, to see and say nothing: but, (as if their Glory had no whit changed their profession) they are Prophets still, and *foretold his departure*, as S. *Luke* tels us. Foretold, not to him which knew it before, yea which told it them; they could not have known it but from him; he was ὁ λόγος, the *Word* of his Father: they told but that which he before had told his Disciples; and now these Heavenly witnesses tell it over again, for confirmation. Like as *John*
E *Baptist* knew Christ before; he was *Vox clamantis*, *the voice of a cryer*, the other *Verbum Patris*, *the Word of his Father*; there is great affinity betwixt *vox* and *verbum*; yea this voice had uttered it self clearly, *Ecce agnus Dei*, *Behold the Lamb of God*: yet he sends his Disciples with an *Art thou he?* that he might confirm to them by him, that which he both knew and had said of him. So our Saviour follows his Fore-runner in this, that what he knew and had told his Disciples, the other *Elias*, the typical *John Baptist*, and *Moses* must make good to their belief.

This ἔξοδος *departure* of Christ was Σκληρὸς λόγος *a word* both *hard* and *harsh*; hard to believe, and harsh in believing. The Disciples thought of no-
F thing but a Kingdom; a Kingdom restored magnificently, interminably: and two of these three witnesses had so swallowed this hope, that they had put in for places in the State, to be his chief Peers. How could they think of a parting? The throne of *David* did so fill their eyes, that they could not see his Cross: and if they must let down this Pill, how bitter must it needs be? His presence was their joy and life; it was their death to think of his loss.

Now

Now therefore that they might ſee that his Sufferings and Death were not of any ſudden impotence, but predetermined in Heaven, and revealed to the Saints, two of the moſt-noted Saints in Heaven ſhall ſecond the news of his departure; and that in the midſt of his Transfiguration: that they could not chuſe but think, He that can be thus happy, needs not be miſerable; that Paſſion which he will undergo, is not out of weakneſs, but out of Love. It is wittily noted by that ſweet *Chryſoſtome*, that Chriſt never lightly ſpake of his Paſſion, but immediately before and after he did ſome great Miracle. And here anſwerably, in the midſt of his miraculous Transfiguration, the two Saints ſpeak of his Paſſion. A ſtrange opportunity: In his higheſt Exaltation to ſpeak of his Sufferings; to talk of *Calvary* in *Tabor*; when his Head ſhone with glory, to tell him how it muſt bleed with thorns; when his Face ſhone like the Sun, to tell him it muſt be blubbered and ſpat upon; when his Garments gliſtered with that celeſtial brightneſs, to tell him they muſt be ſtripped and divided; when he was adored by the Saints of Heaven, to tell him how he muſt be ſcorned by the baſeſt of men; when he was ſeen between two Saints, to tell him how he muſt be ſeen between two Malefactors: in a word, in the midſt of his Divine Majeſty, to tell him of his ſhame; and whilſt he was Tranſfigured in the Mount, to tell him how he muſt be disfigured upon the Croſs. Yet theſe two Heavenly Prophets found this the fitteſt time for this diſcourſe: rather chuſing to ſpeak of his Sufferings in the height of his Glory, then of his Glory after his Sufferings. It is moſt ſeaſonable in our beſt to think of our worſt eſtate: for both that thought will be beſt digeſted when we are well; and that change will be beſt prepared for when we are the furtheſt from it. You would perhaps think it unſeaſonable for me, in the midſt of all your Court-jollity to tell you of the days of mourning, and, with that great King, to ſerve in a Death's head amongſt your Royal diſhes, to ſhew your Coffins in the midſt of your Triumphs: yet theſe precedents above exception ſhew me that no time is ſo fit as this. Let me therefore ſay to you, with the Pſalmiſt, *I have ſaid, ye are Gods:* if ye were transfigured in *Tabor*, could ye be more? *but ye ſhall die like men:* there is your ἔξοδος. It was a worthy and witty note of *Hierome*, that amongſt all trees, the Cedars are bidden to praiſe God, which are the talleſt: and yet *Dies Domini ſuper omnes Cedros Libani*, Eſay 2. Ye gallants, whom a little yellow earth and the webs of that curious worm have made gorgeous without, and perhaps proud within, remember that ere long, as one worm decks you without, ſo another worm ſhall conſume you within; and that both the earth that you pranck up, and that earth wherewith you pranck it, is running back into duſt. Let not your high eſtate hide from you your fatal humiliation; let not your Purples hide from you your Winding-ſheet: But even on the top of *Tabor* think of the depth of the Grave: think of your departure from men, while ye are advanced above men.

We are now aſcended to the top of the Hill. Let us therefore ſtand, and ſee, and wonder at this great ſight: as *Moſes*, to ſee the *buſh flaming, and not conſumed*; ſo we, to ſee the Humanity continuing it ſelf in the midſt of theſe beams of Glory. Chriſt was ἐν μορφῇ δούλου, ſaith S. *Paul, in the form of a ſervant*; now for the time he was truly μεταμορφωθεὶς *transformed:* That there is no cauſe why *Maldonat* ſhould ſo inveigh againſt ſome of ours, yea of his own, as *Janſenius*, who tranſlates it *Transformation:* for what is the external form but the figure? and their own Vulgar (as hotly as he takes it) reads it *Philip.* 2.7. μορφὴν δούλου, *formam ſervi accipiens.* There is no danger in this ambiguity. Not the ſubſtantial form, but the external faſhion of Chriſt was changed: he having three forms (as *Bernard* diſtinguiſhes) *contemptam, ſplendidam, Divinam*, changeth here the firſt into the ſecond. This is one of the rareſt occurrences that ever befel the Saviour of the World. I am wont to reckon up theſe four principal Wonders of his life, Incarnation, Tentation, Transfiguration, and Agonie: the firſt in the Womb of the Virgin, the ſecond in

A in the Wilderneſs, the third in the Mount, the fourth in the Garden: the firſt, that God ſhould become man; the ſecond, that God and man ſhould be tempted and tranſported by Satan; the third, that man ſhould be glorified upon earth; the laſt, that he which was man and God ſhould ſweat blood under the ſenſe of Gods wrath for man. And all theſe either had the Angels for witneſſes, or the immediate voice of God. The firſt had Angels ſinging, the ſecond Angels miniſtring, the third the voice of God thundring, the fourth the Angels comforting: that it may be no wonder, the Earth marvels at thoſe things whereat the Angels of Heaven ſtand amazed. *Bernard* makes three kinds of wonderful changes: *Sublimitas in humilitatem, Height to lowlineſs*, when the Word
B took fleſh; *Contemptibilitas in Majeſtatem*, when Chriſt transformed himſelf before his Diſciples; *Mutabilitas in Æternitatem*, when he roſe again, and aſcended to Heaven to reign for ever. Ye ſee this is one of them: and as *Tabor* did riſe out of the valley of *Galilee*, ſo this Exaltation did riſe out of the midſt of Chriſt's Humiliation. Other marvels do increaſe his dejection, this onely makes for his Glory; and the glory of this is matchable with the humiliation of all the reſt. That Face wherein before (ſaith *Eſay*) *there was no form, nor beautie*, now ſhines as the Sun: That Face which men hid their faces from in contempt, now ſhines ſo, that mortal eyes could not chuſe but hide themſelves from the luſtre of it, and immortal receive their beams from it. He had ever
C *in vultu ſidereum quiddam*, as *Hierome* ſpeaks, *a certain heavenly* Majeſty and port *in his countenance*, which made his Diſciples follow him at firſt ſight; but now here was the perfection of ſuperceleſtial brightneſs. It was a Miracle in the Three Children, that they ſo were delivered from the flames, that their very garments ſmelt not of the fire: it is no leſs Miracle in Chriſt, that his very garments were died Celeſtial, and did ſavour of his Glory: like as *Aaron* was ſo anointed on his head and beard, that his skirts were all perfumed. His clothes therefore ſhined as ſnow, yea (that were but a wateriſh white) as the Light it ſelf, ſaith S. *Mark* and *Matthew*, in the moſt Greek Copies. That ſeamleſs coat, as it had no welt, ſo it had no ſpot. The King's Son is all
D fair, even without. O excellent Glory of his Humanitie! The beſt Diamond or Carbuncle is hid with a caſe: but this brightneſs pierceth through all his garments, and makes them lightſome in him, which uſe to conceal light in others. *Herod* put him on in mockage ἐσθῆτα λαμπρὰν, *Luke* 23. not a white, but *a bright robe* (the ignorance whereof makes a ſhew of diſparity in the Evangeliſts:) but God the Father, to glorifie him, cloaths his very garments with Heavenly ſplendor. *Behold thou art fair (my beloved) behold thou art fair; and there is no ſpot in thee. Thine head is as fine gold, thy mouth is as ſweet things, and thou art wholly delectable. Come forth, ye daughters of Sion, and behold King Salomon, with the Crown wherewith his Father crowned him in the day of the*
E *gladneſs of his heart.* O Saviour, if thou wert ſuch in *Tabor*, what art thou in Heaven? If this were the glory of thy Humanity, what is the preſence of thy Godhead? Let no man yet wrong himſelf ſo much as to magnifie this happineſs as anothers, and to put himſelf out of the participation of this glory. Chriſt is our head, we are his members. As we all were in the Firſt *Adam*, both innocent and ſinning; ſo are we in the Second *Adam*, both ſhining in *Tabor*, and bleeding ſweat in the Garden. And as we are already happy in him, ſo ſhall we be once in our ſelves by and through him. *He ſhall change our vile bodies, that they may be like his glorious body.* Behold our Pattern, and rejoyce; *Like his glorious body.* Theſe very bodies that are now cloddie like
F the earth, ſhall once be bright as the Sun: and we that now ſee clay in one anothers faces, ſhall then ſee nothing but Heaven in our countenances: and we that now ſet forth our bodies with clothes, ſhall then be clothed upon with Immortality, out of the wardrobe of Heaven. And if ever any painted face ſhould be admitted to the ſight of this Glory, (as I much fear it: yea I am ſure God will have none but true faces in Heaven;) they would be aſhamed to

think that ever they had faces to daub with these beastly pigments, in comparison of this Heavenly complexion. Let us therefore look upon this flesh, not so much with contempt of what it was and is, as with a joyfull hope of what it shall be. And when our courage is assaulted with the change of these bodies from healthfull to weak, from living to dead; let us comfort our selves with the assurance of this change from dust to incorruption. We are not so sure of death as of Transfiguration. *All the daies of* our *appointed time* we *will therefore wait, till* our *changing shall come.*

Now from the Glory of the Master, give me leave to turn your eyes to the Error of the Servant, who having slept with the rest, and now suddenly awaking, knoweth not whether he slept still. To see such a light about him, three so glittering persons before him, made him doubt now, as he did after, when he was carried by the Angel through the iron gate, whether it were a pleasing dream, or a real act. All slept, and now all waked; onely *Peter* slept waking, and I know not whether more erred in his speech or in his sleep. It was a shame for a man to sleep in *Tabor*, but it is more a shame for a man to dream with his eyes open. Thus did *Peter*; *Master, it is good for us to be here. Let us make us three Tabernacles.* I could well say with *Optatus* in this or any other occasion, *Ipsius Sancti* Petri *beatitudo veniam tribuat, dubito dicere peccasse tantam sanctitatem, Let blessed Peter pardon me, I fear to say so great Holiness offended.* Yet since our adversaries are so over-partial to this worthy Saint, in whom they have as little as they boast much, that they can be content his praise should blemish the dignity of all the rest, yea that God himself is in danger to be a loser by the advancement of so dear a Servant; give me leave to lay my finger a little upon this blot. God would never have recorded that which it should be uncharitable for us to observe. It was the injurious kindness of *Marcion* in honour of *Peter*, to leave out the story of *Malchus*, as *Epiphanius* notes: It shall be our blame, if we do not so note, that we benefit our selves even by his imperfections. S. *Mark*'s Gospel is said to be *Peter*'s. O blessed Apostle, can it be any wrong to say of thee that which thou hast written of thy self, not for insultation, not for exprobration? God forbid but that men may be ashamed to give that to him which he hath denied to himself. Let me therefore not doubt to say (with reverence to so great a Saint) that as he spake most, so he is noted to have erred most. Not to meddle with his sinking, striking, Judaizing; one while we finde him carnally insinuating, another while carnally presuming; one while weakly denying, another while rashly misconstruing. Carnally insinuating; *Master, favour thy self.* Which though some Parasites of *Rome* would fain smooth up, that he in this shewed his love to Christ, as before his Faith, out of S. *Hierome* and S. *Austin*; yet it must needs be granted, which *Bernard* saith, *diligebat spiritum carnaliter, he loved the spirit in a carnall fashion.* Let them chuse whether they will admit Christ to have chid unjustly, or *Peter* worthy of chiding: Except perhaps, with *Hilary*, they will stop where they should not; *Vade post me*, spoken to *Peter* in approbation; *Satana, non sapis quæ Dei sunt*, spoken to Satan in objurgation. Carnally presuming; *Though all men, yet not I.* If he had not presumed of his strength to stand, he had not fallen. And as one yawning makes many open mouths; so did his vain resolution draw on company: *Likewise said the other Disciples.* For his weak Denial; ye all know his simple negation, lined with an oath, faced with an imprecation. And here, that no man may need to doubt of an error, the Spirit of God saith, *he knew not what he said:* not onely τί λαλήσῃ, as *Mark*, *what he should say*; but ὃ λέγει, saith *Luke*, *what he did speak:* whereof S. *Mark* gives the reason, ἦσαν ἔκφοβοι *they were amazedly affrighted.* Amazedness may abate an errour of speech, it cannot take it away. Besides astonishment, here was a fervour of spirit; a love to Christ's glory, and a delight in it: a fire, but misplaced, on the top of the chimney, not on the hearth; *Præmatura devotio*, as *Ambrose* speaks, *a devotion*, but *rash* and heady.

And

A And if it had not been so, yet it is not in the power of a good intention to make a speech good. In this the matter failed: For what should such Saints doe in earthly Tabernacles, in Tabernacles of his making? And if he could be content to live there without a tent (for he would have but three made) why did he not much more conceive so of those Heavenly guests? And if he spoke this to retain them, how weak was it to think their absence would be for want of house-room? Or how could that at once be which *Moses* and *Elias* had told him, and that which he wished? For how should Christ both depart at *Hierusalem*, and stay in the Mount? Or if he would have their abode there, to avoid the sufferings at *Hierusalem*, how did he yet again sing over that
B song for which he had heard before, *Come behinde me, Satan?* Or if it had been fit for Christ to have staied there, how weakly doth he (which *Chrysostome* observes) equalize the servant with the Master, the Saints with God? In a word, the best and the worst that can be said here of *Peter* is, that which the Psalmist saith of *Moses*, יבטא *effutiit labiis, he spake unadvisedly with his lips, Psal.*106.33.

Yet if any earthly place or condition might have given warrant to *Peter*'s motion, this was it. Here was a Hill, the Emblem of Heaven; here were two Saints, the Epitome of Heaven; here was Christ, the God of Heaven. And if *Peter* might not say so of this, how shall we say of any other place, *Bonum est*
C *esse hic, It is good to be here?* Will ye say of the Countrey, *Bonum est esse hîc?* there is melancholy dulness, privacy, toil. Will you say of the Court, *Bonum est esse hîc?* there dwels ambition, secret undermining, attendance, serving of humors and times. Will ye say of the City, *Bonum est esse hîc?* there you finde continual tumult, usury, couzenage in bargains, excess and disorder. Get you to the Wilderness, and say, It is good to be here. Even there evils will finde us out. *In nemore habitat Lupus*, saith *Bernard*, *In the wood dwels the Wolf*: wearines and sorrow dwell every where. The rich man wallows amongst his heaps, and when he is in his Counting-house, beset with piles of bags, he can say, *Bonum*
D *est esse hîc*: He worships these molten Images; his Gold is his God, his Heaven is his Chest: not thinking of that which *Tertullian* notes, *Aurum ipsum quibusdam gentibus ad vincla servire, That some Countries make their very fetters of gold*: yea so doth he, whilest he admires it, making himself the slave to his servant, *Damnatus ad metalla*, as the old *Roman* punishment was. *Coacta servitus miserabilior, affectata miserior, Forced bondage is more worthy of pity, affected bondage is more miserable.* And if God's hand touch him never so little, can his Gold bribe a disease, can his bags keep his head from aking, or the Gout from his joynts? or doth his loathing stomack make a difference betwixt an earthen and silver dish? O vain desires, and impotent contentments of men, who place happines in that which doth not onely not save them from evils, but help
E to make them miserable! Behold their wealth feeds them with famine, recreates them with toil, chears them with cares, blesses them with torments; and yet they say, *Bonum est esse hîc.* How are their sleeps broken with cares? how are their hearts broken with losses? Either Riches have wings, which in the clipping or pulling flye away, and take them to Heaven: or else their Souls have wings (*Stulte, hac nocte, Thou fool, this night*) and fly from their riches to Hell. *Non Dominus, sed colonus*, saith *Seneca*, *Not the Lord, but the farmer.* So that here are both perishing riches, and a perishing Soul. *Uncertainty of riches* (as S. *Paul* to his *Timothy*) and certainty of misery. And yet these vain men say, *Bonum est esse hîc.*

F The man of Honour, (that I may use *Bernard*'s phrase) that hath *Assuerus* his proclamation made before him, which knows he is not only τὶς μέγας, *a certain great man*, as *Simon* affected, but ὁ αὐτὸς, *the man*, which *Demosthenes* was proud of, that sees all heads bare, and all knees bent to him, that findes himself out of the reach of envy, on the pitch of admiration, saies, *Bonum est esse hîc.* Alas! how little thinks he of that which that good man said to his *Eugenius*, *Non est*

quòd blandiatur celſitudo, ubi ſolicitudo major; what care we for the fawning of that greatneſs, which is attended with more care? King *Henry* the ſeventh's Embleme in all his buildings, (in the windows) was ſtill a Crown in a buſh of Thorns: I know not with what hiſtorical alluſion; but ſure, I think, to imply that great places are not free from great cares. *Saul* knew what he did, when he hid himſelf among the ſtuff. No man knoweth the weight of a Scepter, but he that ſwaieth it. As for ſubordinate greatneſs, it hath ſo much leſs worth as it hath more dependance. How many ſleepleſs nights, and reſtleſs days, and buſie ſhifts doth their ambition coſt them that affect eminence? Certainly, no men are ſo worthy of pity as they whoſe height thinks all other worthy of contempt. High places are ſlippery; and as it is eaſie to fall, ſo the ruine is deep, and the recovery difficult. *Altiorem locum ſortitus es, non tutiorem; ſublimiorem, ſed non ſecuriorem*, ſaith *Bernard*; *Thou haſt got an higher place, but not a ſafer; a loftier, but not more ſecure. Aulæ culmen lubricum, The ſlippery ridge of the Court*, was the old title of Honour. *David*'s curſe was, *fiat via eorum tenebræ & lubricum, Let their way be made dark and ſlippery.* What difference is there betwixt his curſe and the happineſs of the Ambitious, but this, That the way of the one is dark and ſlippery, the way of the other lightſome and ſlippery; that dark, that they may fall, this light, that they may ſee and be ſeen to fall? Pleaſe your ſelves then, ye great ones, and let others pleaſe you in the admiration of your height. But if your goodneſs do not anſwer your greatneſs, *Sera querela eſt, quoniam elevans alliſiſti me, It is a late complaint, Thou haſt lift me up to caſt me down.* Your ambition hath but ſet you up a ſcaffold, that your miſery might be more notorious. And yet theſe clients of Honour ſay, *Bonum eſt eſſe hic.*

The pampered Glutton, when he ſeeth his table ſpread with full bowls, with coſtly diſhes and curious ſawces, the dainties of all three elements, ſays, *Bonum eſt eſſe hic.* And yet eating hath a ſatiety, and ſatiety a wearineſs: his heart is never more empty of contentment, then when his ſtomack is fulleſt of Delicates. When he is empty, he is not well till he be filled; when he is full, he is not well till he have got a ſtomack: *Et momentanea blandimenta gulæ ſtercoris ſine condemnat*, ſaith *Hierome*, *And condemns all the momentany pleaſures of his maw to the dunghill.* And when he ſits at his *feaſts of marrow and fat things*, (as the Prophet ſpeaks) *his table*, according to the Pſalmiſts imprecation, is *made his ſnare*; a true ſnare every way. His Soul is caught in it with exceſs; his eſtate with penury; his Body with diſeaſes. Neither doth he more plainly tear his meat in pieces with his teeth, then he doth himſelf: and yet this vain man ſaies, *Bonum eſt eſſe hic.*

The petulant Wanton thinks it the onely happineſs that he may have his full ſcope to filthy dalliance. Little would he ſo doe, if he could ſee his Strumpet as ſhe is, her eyes the eyes of a Cockatrice, her hairs ſnakes, her painted face the viſor of a fury, her heart ſnares, her hands bands, and her end wormwood, conſumption of the fleſh, deſtruction of the Soul, and the flames of luſt ending in the flames of Hell. Since therefore neither Pleaſures, nor Honour, nor Wealth, can yield any true contentment to their beſt favourites, let us not be ſo unwiſe as to ſpeak of this vale of miſery, as *Peter* did of the hill of *Tabor*, *Bonum eſt eſſe hic.*

And if the beſt of earth cannot doe it, why will ye ſeek it in the worſt? How dare any of you great ones ſeek to purchaſe contentment with Oppreſſion, Sacriledge, Bribery, out-facing innocence and truth with power, damning your own Souls for but the humoring of a few miſerable days? *Filii hominum, uſquequo gravi corde? ad quid diligitis vanitatem, & quæritis mendacium? O ye ſons of men, how long*, &c. But that which moved *Peter*'s deſire (though with imperfection) ſhews what will perfect our deſire and felicity: for if a glimpſe of this Heavenly glory did ſo raviſh this worthy Diſciple, that he thought it happineſs enough to ſtand by and gaze upon it; how ſhall we be affected with

with the contemplation, yea fruition of the Divine Presence? Here was but *Tabor*, there is Heaven; here were but two Saints, there many millions of Saints and Angels; here was Christ transfigured, there he sits at the right hand of Majesty; here was a representation, there a gift and possession of Blessedness. Oh that we could now forget the world, and fixing our eyes upon this better *Tabor*, say, *Bonum est esse hic.* Alas! this life of ours, if it were not short, yet it is miserable; and if it were not miserable, yet it is short. Tell me, ye that have the greatest command on earth, whether this vile world have ever afforded you any sincere contentation. The world is your servant: if it were your Parasite, yet could it make you heartily merry? Ye delicatest Courtiers, tell me, if Pleasure it self have not an unpleasant tediousness hanging upon it, and more sting then honey. And whereas all happiness (even here below) is in the vision of God; how is our spiritual eye hindered, as the body is from his Object, by darkness, by false light, by aversion? Darkness; he that doth sin, is in darkness: False light; whilst we measure eternal things by temporary: Aversion; while, as weak eyes hate the light, we turn our eyes from the true and immutable good, to the fickle and uncertain. We are not on the hill, but the valley; where we have tabernacles, not of our own making, but of clay; and such as wherein we are witnesses of Christ, not transfigured in glory, but blemished with dishonour, dishonoured with oaths and blasphemies, recrucified with our sins; witnesses of God's Saints, not shining in *Tabor*, but mourning in darkness, and in stead of that Heavenly brightness, cloathed with sackcloth and ashes. Then and there we shall have *tabernacles not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*, where we shall see how sweet the Lord is: we shall see the triumphs of Christ; we shall hear and sing the *Hallelujahs* of Saints. *Quæ nunc nos angit vesania, vitiorum sitire absinthium*, &c. saith that devout Father. Oh how hath our corruption bewitched us, to thirst for this wormwood, to affect the shipwracks of this world, to dote upon the misery of this fading life; and not rather to fly up to the felicity of Saints, to the society of Angels, to that blessed contemplation wherein we shall see God in himself, God in us, our selves in him! There shall be no sorrow, no pain, no complaint, no fear, no death. There is no malice to rise against us, no misery to afflict us, no hunger, thirst, weariness, tentation to disquiet us. There, O there, one day is better then a thousand: There is rest from our labours, peace from our enemies, freedome from our sins. How many clouds of discontentment darken the Sunshine of our joy while we are here below? *Væ nobis qui vivimus plangere quæ pertulimus, dolere quæ sentimus, timere quæ exspectamus!* Complaint of evils past, sense of present, fear of future, have shared our lives amongst them. Then shall we be *semper læti, semper satiati, alwaies joyfull, alwaies satisfied* with the vision of that God *in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.* Shall we see that heathen *Cleombrotus* abandoning his life, and casting himself down from the rock, upon an uncertain noise of immortality; and shall not we Christians abandon the wicked superfluities of life, the pleasures of sin, for that life which we know more certainly then this? What stick we at, my beloved? Is there a Heaven, or is there none? have we a Saviour there, or have we none? We know there is a Heaven, as sure as that there is an earth below us; we know we have a Saviour there, as sure as there are men that we converse with upon earth; we know there is happiness, as sure as we know there is misery and mutability upon earth. Oh our miserable sottishness and infidelity, if we do not contemn the best offers of the world, and lifting up our eyes and hearts to Heaven, say, *Bonum est esse hic!*

Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. To him that hath purchased and prepared this Glory for us, together with the Father and Blessed Spirit, one Incomprehensible God, be all praise for ever. Amen.

The Profecution of the Transfiguration.

BEfore, the Diſciples eyes were dazled with Glory; now the brightneſs of that glory is ſhaded with a *Cloud*. Frail and feeble eyes of mortality cannot look upon an Heavenly luſtre. That Cloud imports both Majeſty and Obſcuration. Majeſty; for it was the teſtimony of God's preſence of old: the Cloud covered the Mountain, the Tabernacle, the Oracle. He that makes the clouds his Chariot, was in a cloud carried up into Heaven. Where have we mention of any Divine repreſentation, but a Cloud is one part of it? What comes nearer to Heaven, either in place or reſemblance? Obſcuration; for as it ſhew'd there was a Majeſty, and that Divine; ſo it ſhew'd them that the view of that Majeſty was not for bodily eyes. Like as when ſome great Prince walks under a Canopy, that veile ſhews there is a Great perſon under it, but withall reſtrains the eye from a free ſight of his perſon. And if the cloud were clear, yet it ſhaded them. Why then was this cloud interpoſed betwixt that glorious Viſion and them, but for a check of their bold eyes?

Had they too long gazed upon this reſplendent ſpectacle, as their eyes had been blinded, ſo their hearts had perhaps grown to an over-bold familiarity with that Heavenly Object. How ſeaſonably doth the cloud intercept it? The wiſe God knows our need of theſe viciſſitudes and allayes. If we have a light, we muſt have a cloud; if a light to chear us, we muſt have a cloud to humble us. It was ſo in *Sinai*, it was ſo in *Sion*, it was ſo in *Olivet*; it ſhall never be but ſo. The natural day and night do not more duely interchange, then this light and cloud. Above we ſhall have the light without the cloud, a clear viſion and fruition of God without all dim and ſad interpoſitions: below we cannot be free from theſe miſts and clouds of ſorrow and miſapprehenſion.

But this was a *bright cloud*. There is difference betwixt the cloud in *Tabor*, and that in *Sinai*: This was clear, that darkſome. There is darkneſs in the Law, there is light in the Grace of the Goſpel. *Moſes* was there ſpoken to in darkneſs; here he was ſpoken with in light. In that dark cloud there was terrour; in this there was comfort. Though it were a Cloud then, yet it was bright; and though it were bright, yet it was a Cloud. With much light there was ſome ſhade. God would not ſpeak to them concerning Chriſt out of darkneſs: neither yet would he manifeſt himſelf to them in an abſolute brightneſs. All his appearances have this mixture. What need I other inſtance then in theſe two Saints? *Moſes* ſpake oft to God mouth to mouth: yet not ſo immediately, but that there was ever ſomewhat drawn as a curtain betwixt God and him; either fire in *Horeb*, or ſmoak in *Sinai*: ſo as his face was not more veiled from the people, then God's from him. *Elias* ſhall be ſpoken to by God, but in the Rock, and under a Mantle. In vain ſhall we hope for any revelation from God, but in a cloud. Worldly hearts are in utter darkneſs, they ſee not ſo much as the leaſt glimpſe of theſe Divine beams, not a beam of that inacceſſible light: The beſt of his Saints ſee him here but in a cloud, or in a glaſs. Happy are we, if God have honoured us with theſe Divine repreſentations of himſelf. Once, *in his light we ſhall ſee light.*

I can eaſily think with what amazedneſs theſe three Diſciples ſtood compaſſed in that bright Cloud, exſpecting ſome miraculous event of ſo Heavenly a Viſion; when ſuddenly they might hear a voice ſounding out of that Cloud, ſaying, *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleaſed, hear him.* They need not be told whoſe that voice was; the place, the matter evinced it. No Angel in Heaven could, or durſt have ſaid ſo. How gladly doth *Peter* afterwards recount it? *For he received from God the Father honour and glory, when there*

A *there came ſuch a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son,* &c.

It was onely the eare that was here taught, not the eye. As of *Horeb*, ſo of *Sinai*, ſo of *Tabor* might God ſay, *Ye ſaw no ſhape nor image in that day that the Lord ſpake unto you.* He that knows our proneneſs to idolatry, avoids thoſe occaſions which we might take to abuſe our own fanſies.

Twice hath God ſpoken theſe words to his own Son from Heaven; once in his Baptiſme, and now again in his Transfiguration. Here not without ſome oppoſitive compariſon; not *Moſes*, not *Elias*, but *This*. *Moſes* and
B *Elias* were Servants, this a *Son*: *Moſes* and *Elias* were ſons, but of grace and choice; this is *that Son*, the Son by nature. Other ſons are *beloved* as of favour, and free election; this is *The Beloved*, as in the unitie of his eſſence. Others are ſo beloved, that he is pleaſed with themſelves; this ſo beloved, that *in* and for *him* he is *pleaſed* with mankinde. As the relation betwixt the Father and the Son is infinite, ſo is the Love. We meaſure the intention of Love by the extention: the love that reſts in the perſon affected alone, is but ſtreight: true Love deſcends (like *Aaron*'s Ointment) from the head to the skirts; to children, friends allyes. O incomprehenſible large love of God the Father to the Son, that for his ſake he is pleaſed with
C the World! O perfect and happy complacence! Out of Chriſt there is nothing but enmity betwixt God and the Soul: in him there can be nothing but peace. When the beams are met in one center, they do not only heat, but burn. Our weak love is diffuſed to many; God hath ſome, the world more; and therein wives, children, friends: but this infinite love of God hath all the beams of it united in one onely Object, the Son of his Love. Neither doth he love any thing but in the participation of his Love, in the derivation from it. O God, let me be found in Chriſt, and how canſt thou but be pleaſed with me?

D This one voice proclaimes Chriſt at once the Son of God, the Reconciler of the world, the Doctor and Law-giver of his Church. As the Son of God, he is eſſentially intereſſed in his Love: as he is the Reconciler of the world in whom God is well pleaſed, he doth moſt juſtly challenge our love and adherence: as he is the Doctor and Law-giver, he doth juſtly challenge our audience, our obedience. Even ſo, Lord, teach us to hear and obey thee as our Teacher; to love thee and believe in thee as our Reconciler; and as the eternal Son of thy Father to adore thee.

The light cauſed wonder in the Diſciples; but the voice aſtoniſhment: They are all falne down upon their faces. Who can blame a mortal man to be thus affected with the voice of his Maker? Yet this word was but plauſible and hortatory. O God, how ſhall fleſh and blood be other then ſwallowed up with the horror of thy dreadful ſentence of death? *The Lion ſhall roar, who ſhall not be afraid?* How ſhall thoſe that have ſlighted the ſweet voice of thine invitations, call to the rocks to hide them from the terror of thy Judgments?

The God of mercies pities our infirmities. I do not hear our Saviour ſay, Ye lay ſleeping one while upon the earth, now ye lye aſtoniſhed: Ye could neither wake to ſee, nor ſtand to hear; now lye ſtill and tremble. But he graciouſly touches and comforts them, *Ariſe, fear not.* That voice which ſhall once raiſe them up out of the earth, might well raiſe them up from it. That
F hand which by the leaſt touch reſtored ſight, lims, life, might well reſtore the ſpirits of the diſmaied. O Saviour, let that ſoveraign hand of thine touch us when we lye in the trances of our griefs, in the bed of our ſecurities, in the grave of our ſins, and we ſhall ariſe.

They looking up, ſaw no man ſave Jeſus alone: and that doubtleſs in his wonted form. All was now gone, *Moſes*, *Elias*, the Cloud, the Voice, the Glory:

Tabor it ſelf cannot be long bleſſed with that Divine light and thoſe ſhining gueſts. Heaven will not allow to earth any long continuance of Glory. Only above is conſtant happineſs to be look'd for and injoyed, where we ſhall ever ſee our Saviour in his unchangeable brightneſs; where the light ſhall never be either clouded or varied.

Moſes and *Elias* are gone, only Chriſt is left. The glory of the Law and the Prophets was but temporary, yea momentany; that onely Chriſt may remain to us intire and conſpicuous. They came but to give teſtimony to Chriſt; when that is done, they are vaniſhed.

Neither could theſe raiſed Diſciples finde any miſs of *Moſes* and *Elias*, when they had Chriſt ſtill with them. Had *Jeſus* been gone, and left either *Moſes* or *Elias*, or both, in the Mount with his Diſciples, that preſence (though glorious) could not have comforted them. Now that they are gone, and he is left, they cannot be capable of diſcomfort. O Saviour, it matters not who is away, whiles thou art with us. Thou art God all-ſufficient; what can we want when we want not thee? Thy preſence ſhall make *Tabor* it ſelf an Heaven; yea, Hell it ſelf cannot make us miſerable with the fruition of thee.

The Woman taken in Adultery.

WHat a buſie life was this of Chriſts? He ſpent the night in the mount of Olives, the day in the Temple: whereas the night is for a retired repoſe, the day for company; His retiredneſs was for prayer, his companableneſs was for preaching. All night he watches in the Mount; all the morning he preaches in the Temple. It was not for pleaſure that he was here upon earth; his whole time was penal and toilſome. How do we reſemble him, if his life were all pain and labour, ours all paſtime?

He found no ſuch fair ſucceſs the day before. *The multitude was divided in their opinion of him*; meſſengers were ſent and ſuborned to apprehend him: yet he returns to the Temple. It is for the ſluggard or the coward to plead *a Lion in the way*: upon the calling of God, we muſt overlook and contemn all the ſpight and oppoſition of men. Even after an ill harveſt we muſt ſow; and after denials we muſt woe for God.

This Sun of Righteouſneſs prevents that other, and ſhines early with wholeſome doctrines upon the Soules of his hearers. The Auditory is both thronged, and attentive. Yet not all with the ſame intentions: If the people came to learn, the Scribes and Phariſees came to cavil and carp at his teaching. With what a pretence of zeal and juſtice yet do they put themſelves into Chriſts preſence? As lovers of Chaſtity and Sanctimony, and haters of Uncleanneſs, *they bring to him a woman taken in* the flagrance of her *Adultery*.

And why the Woman rather? ſince the Mans offence was equal, if not more; becauſe he ſhould have had more ſtrength of reſiſtance, more grace not to tempt. Was it out of neceſſity? Perhaps, the man knowing his danger, made uſe of his ſtrength to ſhift away, and violently brake from his apprehenders. Or was it out of cunning? in that they hoped for more likely matter to accuſe Chriſt in the caſe of the woman, then of the man: for that they ſuppoſed his merciful diſpoſition might more probably incline to compaſſionate her weakneſs, rather then the ſtronger veſſel.

Or was it rather out of partiality? Was it not then, as now, that the weakeſt ſooneſt ſuffers; and impotency layes us open to the malice of an enemy? Small flies hang in the webs, whiles waſps break through without control.

The

A The wand and the ſheet are for poor offenders; the great either out-face or out-buy their ſhame. A beggarly drunkard is haled to the Stocks, whiles the rich is chambered up to ſleep out his ſurfeit.

Out of theſe grounds is the woman brought to Chriſt: Not to the mount of Olives, not to the way, not to his private lodging; but to the Temple: and that not to ſome obſcure angle; but into the face of the aſſembly.

They pleaded for her death; the puniſhment which they would onwards inflict was her ſhame: which muſt needs be ſo much more, as there were more eyes to be witneſſes of her guiltineſs. All the brood of ſin affects darkneſs and ſecrecy, but this more properly; the twilight, the night is for the adulterer.
B It cannot be better fitted then to be dragged out into the light of the Sun, and to be proclamed with hootings and baſons. Oh the impudence of thoſe men who can make merry profeſſions of their own beaſtlineſs, and boaſt of the ſhameful trophees of their Luſt!

Methinks I ſee this miſerable Adultereſs how ſhe ſtands confounded amidſt that gazing and diſdainful multitude; how ſhe hides her head, how ſhe wipes her blubbered face and weeping eyes. In the mean time it is no dumb ſhow that is here acted by theſe Scribes and Phariſees; they ſtep forth boldly to her accuſation; *Maſter, this Woman was taken in adultery in the very act.* How plauſibly do they begin? Had I ſtood by and heard them, ſhould
C I not have ſaid, What holy, honeſt, conſcionable men are theſe? what devout clients of Chriſt? with what reverence they come to him? with what zeal of juſtice? When he that made and ranſacks their boſome tells me, *All this is done but to tempt him.* Even the falſeſt hearts will have the plauſibleſt mouths: like to *Solomon*'s Curtezan, *their lips drop as an hony-comb, and their mouth is ſmoother then oyl; but their end is bitter as wormwood.*

Falſe and hollow Phariſees! he is your Maſter whom ye ſerve, not he whom ye tempt: only in this ſhall he be approved your Maſter, that he ſhall pay your wages, and give you your portion with hypocrites.

The act of Adultery was her crime: to be taken in the very act, was no
D part of her ſin, but the proof of her juſt conviction: yet her deprehenſion is made an aggravation of her ſhame. Such is the corrupt judgement of the world. To doe ill troubles not men, but to be taken in doing it: unknown filthineſs paſſes away with eaſe; it is the notice that perplexes them, not the guilt. But, O fooliſh ſinners, all your packing and ſecrecy cannot ſo contrive it, but that ye ſhall be taken in the manner; your Conſcience takes you ſo; the God of Heaven takes you ſo: and ye ſhall once finde that your Conſcience is more then a thouſand witneſſes, and God more then a thouſand Conſciences.

They that complain of the act, urge the puniſhment; *Now Moſes in the Law*
E *commanded us that ſuch ſhould be ſtoned.* Where did *Moſes* bid ſo? Surely the particularity of this execution was without the book: Tradition and Cuſtome enacted it, not the Law.

Indeed *Moſes* commanded death to both the offenders, not the manner of death to either. By analogie it holds thus: It is flatly commanded in the caſe of a Damſel betrothed to an Husband, and found not to be a Virgin; in the caſe of a Damſel betrothed, who being defiled in the city, cryed not: Tradition and cuſtome made up the reſt; obtaining out of this ground, that all Adulterers ſhould be executed by lapidation. The antienter puniſhment was burning; death alwaies, though in divers forms. I ſhame to think that
F Chriſtians ſhould ſlight that ſin which both Jewes and Pagans held ever deadly.

What a miſ-citation is this? *Moſes commanded.* The Law was God's, not *Moſes*'s. If *Moſes* were imployed to mediate betwixt God and *Iſrael*, the Law is never the more his: He was the hand of God to reach the Law to *Iſrael*, the hand of *Iſrael* to take it from God. We do not name the water from the

the pipes, but from the ſpring. It is not for a true *Iſraelite* to reſt in the ſecond meanes, but to mount up to the ſupreme original of Juſtice. How reverent ſoever an opinion was had of *Moſes*, he cannot be thus named without a ſhameful undervaluing of the royal Law of his Maker. There is no mortal man whoſe autority may not grow into contempt: that of the ever-living God cannot but be ever ſacred and inviolable. It is now with the Goſpel, as it was then with the Law: the word is no other then Chriſts, though delivered by our weakneſs; whoſoever be the Cryer, the Proclamation is the King's of Heaven. Whiles it goes for ours, it is no marvel if it lye open to deſpight. A

How captious a word is this, *Moſes* ſaid thus, *what ſaieſt thou?* If they be not ſure that *Moſes* ſaid ſo, why do they affirm it? and if they be ſure, why do they queſtion that which they know decided? They would not have deſired a better advantage, then a contradiction to that received Law-giver. It is their profeſſion, *We are Moſes's diſciples*; and, *We know that God ſpake to Moſes.* It had been quarrel enough to oppoſe ſo known a Prophet. Still I finde it the drift of the enemies of truth to ſet Chriſt and *Moſes* together by the eares; in the matter of the Sabbath, of Circumciſion, of Marriage and Divorce, of the uſe of the Law, of Juſtification by the Law, of the ſenſe and extent of the Law, and where not? But they ſhall never be able to effect it: they two are faſt and indiſſoluble friends on both parts for ever; each ſpeaks for other, each eſtabliſhes other; they are ſubordinate, they cannot be oppoſite; *Moſes* faithful as a Servant, Chriſt as a Son. A faithful ſervant cannot be but officious to the Son. The true uſe we make of *Moſes* is, to be our Schoolmaſter to teach us, to whip us unto Chriſt; the true uſe we make of Chriſt is, to ſupply *Moſes*. *By him all that believe are juſtified from all things from which they could not be juſtified by the Law of Moſes.* Thus muſt we hold in with both, if we will have our part in either: ſo ſhall *Moſes* bring us to Chriſt, and Chriſt to glory. B C

Had theſe Phariſees out of ſimplicity and deſire of reſolution in a caſe of doubt, moved this queſtion to our Saviour, it had been no leſs commendable then now it is blame-worthy. D

O Saviour, whither ſhould we have recourſe but to thine Oracle? Thou art the Word of the Father, the Doctor of the Church. Whiles we hear from others, What ſay Fathers? what ſay Councils? let them hear from us, *What ſaieſt thou?*

But here it was far otherwiſe: they came not to learn, but to tempt; and to tempt that they might accuſe. Like their Father the Devil, who ſolicits to ſin that he may plead againſt us for yieldance. Fain would theſe colloguing adverſaries draw Chriſt to contradict *Moſes*, that they might take advantage of his contradiction. E

On the one ſide they ſaw his readineſs to tax the falſe gloſſes which their preſumptuous Doctors had put upon the Law, with an, *I ſay unto you*: on the other, they ſaw his inclination to mercy and commiſeration in all his courſes, ſo far as to neglect even ſome circumſtances of the Law, as to touch the Leper, to heal on the Sabbath, to eat with known ſinners, to diſmiſs an infamous (but penitent) offender, to ſelect and countenance two noted Publicans: and hereupon they might perhaps think that his compaſſion might draw him to croſs this Moſaical inſtitution.

What a crafty bait is here laid for our Saviour? Such as he cannot bite at, and not be taken. It ſeems to them impoſſible he ſhonld avoid a deep prejudice either to his juſtice or mercy. For thus they imagine; Either Chriſt will ſecond *Moſes* in ſentencing this woman to Death; or elſe he will croſs *Moſes* in diſmiſſing her unpuniſhed. If he command her to be ſtoned, he loſes the honour of his clemency and Mercy; if he appoint her diſmiſſion, he loſes the honour of his Juſtice. Indeed ſtrip him of either of theſe, and he can be no Saviour. F

A O the cunning folly of vain men, that hope to beguile wiſdome it ſelf!

Silence and neglect ſhall firſt confound thoſe men, whom after his anſwer will ſend away convicted. In ſtead of opening his mouth, our Saviour bowes his body; and in ſtead of returning words from his lips, writes characters on the ground with his finger. O Saviour, I had rather ſilently wonder at thy geſture, then inquire curiouſly into the words thou wroteſt, or the myſteries of thus writing: only herein I ſee thou meanteſt to ſhew a diſregard to theſe malicious and buſy cavillers. Sometimes taciturnity and contempt are the beſt anſwers. Thou that haſt bidden us *Be wiſe as*
B *ſerpents*, giveſt us this noble example of thy prudence. It was moſt ſafe that theſe tempters ſhould be thus kept faſting with a ſilent diſreſpect, that their eagerneſs might juſtly draw upon them an inſuing ſhame.

The more unwillingneſs they ſaw in Chriſt to give his anſwer, the more preſſive and importunate they were to draw it from him. Now, as forced by their ſo zealous irritation, our Saviour rouzeth up himſelf, and gives it them home, with a reprehenſory and ſtinging ſatisfaction; *He that is without ſin among you, let him firſt caſt a ſtone at her.* As if his very action had ſaid, "I was loath to have ſhamed you; and therefore could have
" been willing not to have heard your ill-meant motion: but ſince you will
C " needs have it, and by your vehemence force my juſtice, I muſt tell you,
" there is not one of you but is as faulty as ſhe whom ye accuſe; there is
" no difference, but that your ſin is ſmothered in ſecrecy, hers is brought
" forth into the light. Ye had more need to make your own peace by an
" humble repentance, then to urge ſeverity againſt another. I deny not but
" *Moſes* hath juſtly from God impoſed the penalty of death upon ſuch hainous
" offences, but what then would become of you? If death be her due, yet
" not by thoſe your unclean hands: your hearts know you are not honeſt
" enough to accuſe.

Lo, not the bird, but the fouler is taken. He ſaies not, Let her be ſtoned;
D this had been againſt the courſe of his Mercy: he ſaies not, Let her not be ſtoned; this had been againſt the Law of *Moſes*. Now he ſo anſwers, that both his Juſtice and Mercy are entire; ſhe diſmiſſed, they ſhamed.

It was the manner of the Jewes, in thoſe hainous crimes that were puniſhed with Lapidation, that the witneſſes and accuſers ſhould be the firſt that ſhould lay hands upon the guilty: well doth our Saviour therefore choak theſe accuſers with the conſcience of their ſo foul incompetency. With what face, with what heart could they ſtone their own ſin in another perſon?

Honeſty is too mean a term. Theſe Scribes and Phariſees were noted for
E extraordinary and admired Holineſs: the outſide of their lives was not only inoffenſive, but Saint-like and exemplary. Yet that all-ſeeing eye of the Son of God, which *found folly in the Angels*, hath much more found wickedneſs in theſe glorious Profeſſors. It is not for nothing that *his eyes are like a flame of fire*. What ſecret is there which he ſearches not? Retire your ſelves, O ye fooliſh ſinners, into your inmoſt cloſets, yea (if you can) into the center of the earth; his eye follows you, and obſerves all your carriages: no bolt, no barre, no darkneſs can keep him out. No thief was ever ſo impudent as to ſteal in the very face of the Judge. O God, let me ſee my ſelf ſeen by thee, and I ſhall not dare to offend.

F Beſides notice, here is exprobration. Theſe mens ſins, as they had been ſecret, ſo they were forgotten. It is long ſince they were done; neither did they think to have heard any more news of them. And now when time and ſecurity had quite worn them out of thought, he that ſhall once be their Judge, calls them to a back-reckoning.

One time or other ſhall that juſt God lay our ſins in our diſh, and make

us poſſeſs the ſins of our youth. *Theſe things thou didſt, and I kept ſilence; and thou thoughteſt I was like unto thy ſelf: but I will reprove thee, and ſet them in order before thee.* The penitent mans ſin lies before him for his humiliation; the impenitents, for his ſhame and confuſion. A

The act of ſin is tranſient, not ſo the guilt; that will ſtick by us, and return upon us, either in the height of our ſecurity, or the depth of our miſery, when we ſhall be leaſt able to bear it. How juſt may it be with God to take us at advantages, and then to lay his arreſt upon us when we are laid up upon a former ſuit?

It is but juſt there ſhould be a requiſition of innocence in them that proſecute the vices of others. The offender is worthy of ſtoning, but who ſhall caſt them? How ill would they become hands as guilty as her own? What doe they but ſmite themſelves, who puniſh their own offences in other men? Nothing is more unjuſt or abſurd, then for the beam to cenſure the moat, the oven to upbraid the kiln. It is a falſe and vagrant zeal that begins not firſt at home. B

Well did our Saviour know how bitter and ſtrong a pill he had given to theſe falſe Juſticiaries; and now he will take leiſure to ſee how it wrought. Whiles therefore he gives time to them to ſwallow it, and put it over, he returns to his old geſture of a ſeeming inadvertencie. How ſped the receit? C

I do no ſee any one of them ſtand out with Chriſt, and plead his own innocency; and yet theſe men (which is very remarkable) placed the fulfilling or violation of the Law only in the outward act. Their hearts miſgave them, that if they ſhould have ſtood out in conteſtation with Chriſt, he would have utterly ſhamed them, by diſplaying their old and ſecret ſins; and have ſo convinced them by undeniable circumſtances, that they ſhould never have clawed of the reproach: *And* therefore *when they heard it, being convicted by their own conſcience, they went out one by one, beginning at the eldeſt, even unto the laſt.*

There might ſeem to be ſome kinde of mannerly order in this guilty departure: not all at once; leſt they ſhould ſeem violently chaſed away by this charge of Chriſt; now their ſlinking away *one by one* may ſeem to carry a ſhew of a deliberate and voluntary diſceſſion. *The eldeſt* firſt: The ancienter is fitter to give then take example; and the yonger could think it no ſhame to follow the ſteps of a grave fore-man. D

O wonderful power of Conſcience! Man can no more ſtand out againſt it, then it can ſtand out againſt God. The Almighty, whoſe ſubſtitute is ſet in our boſome, ſets it on work to accuſe. It is no denying when that ſayes we are guilty; when that condemns us, in vain are we acquitted by the world. With what bravery did theſe Hypocrites come to ſet upon Chriſt? with what triumph did they inſult upon that guilty ſoul? Now they are thunder-ſtruck with their own Conſcience, and drop away confounded; and well is he that can run away furtheſt from his own ſhame. No wicked man needs to ſeek out of himſelf for a Judge, Accuſer, Witneſs, Tormentor. E

No ſooner do theſe Hypocrites hear of their ſins from the mouth of Chriſt, then they are gone. Had they been ſincerely touched with a true remorſe, they would have rather come to him upon their knees, and have ſaid, "Lord, "we know and finde that thou knoweſt our ſecret ſins; this argues thy "Divine Omniſcience. Thou that art able to know our ſins, art able to re- F "mit them. O pardon the iniquities of thy ſervants. Thou that accuſeſt us, "do thou alſo acquit us. But now in ſtead hereof, they turn their back upon their Saviour, and haſte away.

An impenitent man cares not how little he hath either of the preſence of God, or of the mention of his ſins. O fools! if ye could run away from God,

A God, it were ſomewhat; but whiles ye move in him, what doe ye? whither goe ye? Ye may run from his Mercy, ye cannot but run upon his Judgment.

Chriſt is *left alone*. Alone in reſpect of theſe complainants; not alone in reſpect of the multitude: there yet ſtands the mournfull Adultereſſe. She might have gone forth with them; no body conſtrained her to ſtay: but that which ſent them away, ſtayed her, Conſcience. She knew her guiltineſſe was publickly accuſed, and durſt not be by her ſelf denied: as one that was therefore faſtened there by her own guilty heart, ſhe ſtirs not till ſhe may receive a diſmiſſion.

Our Saviour was not ſo buſie in writing, but that he read the while the guilt
B and abſence of thoſe accuſers; he that knew what they had done, knew no leſs what they did, what they would doe. Yet, as if the matter had been ſtrange to him, *he lifts up himſelf, and ſaies, Woman, where are thy accuſers?*

How well was this ſinner to be left there? Could ſhe be in a ſafer place then before the Tribunal of a Saviour? Might ſhe have choſen her refuge, whither ſhould ſhe rather have fled? O happy we, if when we are convinced in our ſelves of our ſins, we can ſet our ſelves before that Judge who is our ſurety, our Advocate, our Redeemer, our ranſome, our peace.

Doubtleſſe, ſhe ſtood doubtfull betwixt hope and fear; Hope, in that ſhe ſaw her accuſers gone; Fear, in that ſhe knew what ſhe had deſerved: and now
C whiles ſhe trembles in exſpectation of a ſentence, ſhe hears, *Woman, where are thy accuſers?*

Wherein our Saviour intends the ſatisfaction of all the hearers, of all the beholders: that they might apprehend the guiltineſs, and therefore the unfitneſs, of the accuſers; and might well ſee there was no warrantable ground of his further proceeding againſt her.

Two things are neceſſary for the execution of a Malefactor, Evidence, Sentence; the one from Witneſſes, the other from the Judge. Our Saviour asks for both. The accuſation and proof muſt draw on the ſentence; the ſentence muſt proceed upon the evidence of the proof; *Where are thy accuſers? hath*
D *no man condemned thee?* Had ſentence paſſed legally upon the Adultereſſe, doubtleſſe our Saviour would not have acquitted her: For as he would not intrude upon others offices, ſo he would not croſſe or violate the juſtice done by others. But now, finding the coaſt clear, he ſaies, *Neither do I condemn thee.*

What, Lord? Doſt thou then ſhew favour to foul offenders? Art thou rather pleaſed that groſſe ſins ſhould be blanched, and ſent away with a gentle connivency? Far, far be this from the perfection of thy Juſtice. He that hence argues Adulteries not puniſhable by death, let him argue the unlawfulneſs of dividing of inheritances, becauſe in the caſe of the two wrangling brethren
E thou ſaidſt, *Who made me a divider of inheritances?* Thou declinedſt the office, thou didſt not diſlike the act, either of parting lands, or puniſhing offenders. Neither was here any abſolution of the woman from a ſentence of death, but a diſmiſſion of her from thy ſentence; which thou kneweſt not proper for thee to pronounce. Herein hadſt thou reſpect to thy calling, and to the main purpoſe of thy coming into the world; which was neither to be an arbiter of Civil Cauſes, nor a judge of Criminal, but a Saviour of mankinde; not to deſtroy the Body, but to ſave the Soul. And this was thy care in this miſerable Offender; *Goe, and ſin no more.* How much more doth it concern us to keep within the bounds of our vocation, and not to dare to trench upon the functions
F of others? How can we ever enough magnifie thy Mercy, who takeſt no pleaſure in the death of a ſinner? who ſo cameſt to ſave, that thou challengeſt us of unkindneſs for being miſerable, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?*

But, O Son of God, though thou wouldſt not then be a Judge, yet thou wilt once be: Thou wouldſt not in thy firſt coming judge the ſins of men, thou wilt come to judge them in thy ſecond. The time ſhall come when upon that

juſt and glorious Tribunal thou ſhalt judge every man according to his works. That we may not one day hear thee ſay, *Goe ye curſed*, let us now hear thee ſay, *Goe, ſin no more.*

The thankfull Penitent.

ONE while I finde Chriſt invited by a Publican, now by a Phariſee. Whereever he went, he made better chear then he found, in an happy exchange of ſpiritual repaſt for bodily.

Who knows not the Phariſees to have been the proud enemies of Chriſt; men over-conceited of themſelves, contemptuous of others; ſevere in ſhow, Hypocrites in deed; ſtrict Sectaries, inſolent Juſticiaries? Yet here one of them invites Chriſt; and that in good earneſt. The man was not (like his fellows) captious, not ceremonious: had he been of their ſtamp, the omiſſion of waſhing the feet had been mortall. No profeſſion hath not yielded ſome good: *Nicodemus* and *Gamaliel* were of the ſame ſtrain. Neither is it for nothing, that the Evangeliſt having branded this Sect for deſpiſing the counſell of God againſt themſelves, preſently ſubjoyns this hiſtory of *Simon* the Phariſee, as an exempt man. O Saviour, thou canſt finde out good Phariſees, good Publicans, yea a good Thief upon the Croſſe; and that thou maieſt finde, thou canſt make them ſo.

At the beſt, yet he was a Phariſee, whoſe table thou here refuſedſt not. So didſt thou in wiſdome and mercy attemper thy ſelf, as to *become all things to all men, that thou mighteſt win ſome.* Thy harbenger was rough, as in cloaths, ſo in diſpoſition; profeſſedly harſh and auſtere: thy ſelf wert milde and ſociable. So it was fit for both. He was a preacher of Penance; thou the author of comfort and Salvation: He made way for Grace; thou gaveſt it. Thou haſt bidden us to follow thy ſelf, not thy fore-runner. That then which Politicks and time-ſervers doe for earthly advantages, we will doe for ſpiritual; frame our ſelves to all companies, not in evil, but in good, yea in indifferent things. What wonder is it that thou, who cam'ſt down from Heaven to frame thy ſelf to our nature, ſhouldſt, whiles thou wert on earth, frame thy ſelf to the ſeveral diſpoſitions of men? Catch not at this, O ye licentious Hypocrites, men of all hours, that can eat with gluttons, drink with drunkards, ſing with ribalds, ſcoffe with profane ſcorners, and yet talk holily with the religious, as if ye had hence any colour of your changeable conformity to all faſhions. Our Saviour never ſinn'd for any man's ſake, though for our ſakes he was ſociable, that he might keep us from ſinning. Can ye ſo converſe with leud good fellows, as that ye repreſſe their ſins, redreſſe their exorbitances, win them to God? now ye walk in the ſteps of him that ſtuck not to ſit down in the Phariſees houſe.

There ſate the Saviour, and, *Behold, a woman in the City that was a ſinner.* I marvell not that ſhe is led in with a note of wonder; wonder, both on her part, and on Chriſts. That any ſinner, that a ſenſual ſinner obdured in a notorious trade of evil, ſhould voluntarily, out of a true remorſe for her leudneſs, ſeek to a Saviour, it is worthy of an accent of admiration. The noiſe of the Goſpel is common; but where is the power of it? it hath ſtore of hearers, but few Converts. Yet were there no wonder in her, if it were not with reference to the power and mercy of Chriſt; his power that thus drew the ſinner, his mercy that received her. O Saviour, I wonder at her, but I bleſſe thee for her; by whoſe only Grace ſhe was both moved, and accepted.

A ſinner? Alas, who was not? who is not ſo? Not only *in many things we ſin all*; but in all things we all let fall many ſins. Had there been a woman not a ſinner, it had been beyond wonder. One man there was that was not a ſinner; even

A even he that was more then man, that God and Man, who was the refuge of this ſinner: but never woman that ſinned not. Yet he ſaid not, a Woman that had ſinned, but, *that was a ſinner.* An action doth not give denomination, but a trade. Even the wiſe Charity of Chriſtians (much more the mercy of God) can diſtinguiſh between ſins of infirmity, and practice of ſin; and eſteem us not by a tranſient act, but by a permanent condition.

The woman was noted for a luxurious and incontinent life. What a deal of variety there is of ſins? That which faileth cannot be numbred. Every ſin continued deſerves to brand the Soul with this ſtyle. Here one is pickt out from the reſt: ſhe is not noted for Murder, for Theft, for Idolatry: only her Luſt
B makes her a woman that was a ſinner. Other Vices uſe not to give the owner this title, although they ſhould be more hainous then it.

Wantons may flatter themſelves in the indifferency or ſlightneſs of this offence; their Souls ſhall need no other conveiance to Hell then this: which cannot be ſo pleaſing to Nature as it is hatefull to God, who ſo ſpeaks of it as if there were no ſins but it, *a Woman that was a ſinner.*

She was a ſinner, now ſhe is not; her very preſence argues her change. Had ſhe been ſtill in her old trade, ſhe would no more have indured the ſight of Chriſt, then that Devil did which cried out, *Art thou come to torment me?* Her eyes had been lamps and fires of Luſt, not fountains of tears; her hairs had
C been nets to catch fooliſh lovers, not a towell for her Saviour's feet: yet ſtill ſhe carries the name of what ſhe was: a ſcar ſtill remains after the wound healed. *Simon* will be ever the Leper, and *Matthew* the Publican. How carefully ſhould we avoid thoſe actions which may ever ſtain us?

What a difference there is betwixt the carriage and proceedings of God and men? The mercy of God, as it *calleth thoſe things that are not as if they were,* ſo it calleth thoſe things that were as if they were not; *I will remember your iniquities no more.* As ſome skilfull Chirurgion ſo ſets the bone, or heals the ſore, that it cannot be ſeen where the complaint was. Man's word is, that which is done cannot be undone: but the omnipotent goodneſs of God doth (as it
D were) undoe our once-committed ſins. *Take away my iniquity, and thou ſhalt finde none.* What we were in our ſelves, we are not to him; ſince he hath changed us from our ſelves.

O God, why ſhould we be niggardly, where thou art liberal? why ſhould we be reading thoſe lines which thou haſt not onely croſſed, but quite blotted, yea wiped out?

It is a good word, *ſhe was a ſinner.* To be wicked is odious to God, Angels, Saints, men; to have been ſo, is bleſſed and glorious. I rejoice to look back, and ſee my *Egyptians* lying dead upon the ſhore, that I may praiſe the Author of my deliverance and victory. Elſe, it matters not what they were, what I was.
E O God, thou whoſe title is, *I am*, regardeſt the preſent. He befriends and honours us that ſaies, *Such ye were, but ye are waſhed.*

The place addes to the hainouſneſs of the ſin; *In the City.* The more publick the fact is, the greater is the ſcandall. Sin is ſin, though in a deſart. Others eyes do not make the act more vile in it ſelf; but the offence is multiplied by the number of beholders.

I hear no Name of either the City or the Woman; ſhe was too well known in her time. How much better is it to be obſcure, then infamous? Herein, I doubt not, God meant to ſpare the reputation of a penitent Convert. He who hates not the perſon, but the ſin, cares only to mention the ſin, not the perſon.
F It is juſtice to proſecute the Vice, it is mercy to ſpare the Offender. How injurious a preſumption is it for any man to name her whom God would have concealed? and to caſt this aſperſion on thoſe whom God hath noted for holineſs?

The worſt of this woman is paſt, *She was a ſinner*; the beſt is to come, *She ſought out Jeſus*: where? In the houſe of a Phariſee. It was the moſt inconvenient place in the world for a noted ſinner to ſeek Chriſt in.

No men ſtood ſo much upon the terms of their own Righteouſneſs; no men ſo ſcornfully diſdained an infamous perſon. The touch of an ordinary (though honeſt) Jew was their pollution; how much more the preſence of a Strumpet? What a ſight was a known ſinner to him, to whom his holieſt neighbour was a ſinner? How doth he (though a better Phariſee) look awrie to ſee ſuch a piece in his houſe, whiles he dares think, *If this man were a Prophet, he would ſurely know what manner of woman this is?* Neither could ſhe fore-imagine leſſe, when ſhe ventured to preſſe over the threſhold of a Phariſee. Yet not the known auſterity of the man, and her miſ-welcome to the place, could affright her from ſeeking her Saviour even there. No diſadvantage can defer the Penitent Soul from a ſpeedy recourſe to Chriſt. She ſaies not, "If "*Jeſus* were in the ſtreet, or in the field, or in the houſe of ſome humble Pub- "lican, or any where ſave with a Phariſee, I would come to him; now I will "rather defer my acceſſe, then ſeek him where I ſhall finde ſcorn and cenſure: but, as not fearing the frowns of that overlie Hoſt, ſhe thruſts her ſelf into *Simon*'s houſe to finde *Jeſus*. It is not for the diſtreſſed to be baſhfull; it is not for a believer to be timorous. O Saviour, if thy Spouſe miſſe thee, ſhe will ſeek thee through the ſtreets; the blows of the watch ſhall not daunt her. If thou be on the other ſide of the water, a *Peter* will leap into the Sea, and ſwim to thee: if on the other ſide of the fire, thy bleſſed Martyrs will run through thoſe flames to thee. We are not worthy of the comfort of thy preſence, if whereſoever we know thou art, whether in priſon, or in exile, or at the ſtake, we do not haſten thither to injoy thee.

The Place was not more unfit then the Time: a Phariſees houſe was not more unproper for a ſinner, then a Feaſt was for humiliation. Tears at a Banquet are as Jigs at a Funeral. There is a ſeaſon for all things. Muſick had been more apt for a Feaſt then mourning.

The heart that hath once felt the ſting of ſin and the ſweetneſs of remiſſion, hath no power to delay the expreſſions of what it feels, and cannot be confined to terms of circumſtance.

Whence then was this zeal of her acceſſe? Doubtleſſe ſhe had heard from the mouth of Chriſt, in thoſe heavenly Sermons of his, many gracious invitations of all troubled and labouring ſouls; ſhe had obſerved how he vouchſafed to come under the roofs of deſpiſed Publicans, of profeſſed enemies; ſhe had noted all the paſſages of his power and mercy; and now deep remorſe wrought upon her heart for her former viciouſneſs. The pool of her Conſcience was troubled by the deſcending Angel, and now ſhe ſteps in for a cure. The arrow ſtuck faſt in her Soul, which ſhe could not ſhake out; and now ſhe comes to this ſoveraign Dittanie, to expell it. Had not the Spirit of God wrought upon her ere ſhe came, and wrought her to come, ſhe had never either ſought or found Chriſt. Now ſhe comes in, and findes that Saviour whom ſhe ſought: ſhe comes in, but not empty-handed: though debauched, ſhe was a Jeweſſe. She could not but have heard that ſhe ought *not* to *appear before the Lord empty*. What then brings ſhe? It was not poſſible ſhe could bring to Chriſt a better preſent then her own Penitent Soul; yet, to teſtifie that, ſhe brings another, delicate both for the veſſel and the contents, *A box of Alabaſter*; a ſolid, hard, pure, clear marble, fit for the receit of ſo precious an ointment: the ointment pleaſant and coſtly; a compoſition of many fragrant Odors, not for medicine but delight.

The Soul that is truly touched with the ſenſe of its own ſin, can think nothing too good, too dear for Chriſt. The remorſed ſinner begins firſt with the tender of *burnt-offerings, and calves of a year old*; thence he aſcends to Hecatombs, *thouſands of rams*; and above that yet, to *ten thouſand rivers of oyle*; and, yet higher, could be content to *give the firſt-fruit of his body* to expiate *the ſin of his Soul*. Any thing, every thing is too ſmall a price for peace. O Saviour, ſince we have taſted how ſweet thou art, lo, we bring thee the daintieſt

A daintieſt and coſtlieſt perfumes of our humble Obediences: yea, if ſo much of our blood, as this woman brought ointment, may be uſefull or pleaſing to thy Name, we do moſt chearfully conſecrate it unto thee. If we would not have thee think Heaven too good for us, why ſhould we ſtick at any earthly retribution to thee in lieu of thy great mercies?

Yet here I ſee more then the price. This odoriferous perfume was that wherewith ſhe had wont to make her ſelf pleaſing to her wanton Lovers; and now ſhe comes purpoſely to offer it up to her Saviour.

As her love was turned another way from ſenſual to Divine, ſo ſhall her Ointment alſo be altered in the uſe: that which was abuſed to Luxury, ſhall
B now be conſecrated to Devotion. There is no other effect in whatſoever true Converſion; *As we have given our members ſervants to iniquity to commit iniquity, ſo ſhall we now give our members ſervants unto righteouſneſſe in holineſſe.* If the dames of *Iſrael*, that thought nothing more worth looking on then their own faces, have ſpent too much time in their glaſſes; now they ſhall caſt in thoſe metalls to make a Laver for the waſhing off their uncleanneſſes. If I have ſpent the prime of my ſtrength, the ſtrength of my wit, upon my ſelf and vanity; I have beſtowed my Alabaſter-box amiſſe: Oh now teach me, my God and Saviour, to improve all my time, all my abilities to thy glory. This is all the poor recompence can be made thee for thoſe ſhamefull diſhonors thou haſt
C received from me.

The Woman is come in; and now ſhe doth not boldly face Chriſt, but, as unworthy of his preſence, ſhe *ſtands behinde*. How could ſhe in that ſite waſh his feet with her tears? Was it that our Saviour did not ſit at the Feaſt (after our faſhion) but, according to the then-Jewiſh and *Roman* faſhion, lay on the one ſide? Or was it that this phraſe doth not ſo much import poſture as preſence? Doubtleſſe, it was baſhfulneſſe and ſhame ariſing from the conſcience of her own former wickedneſs that placed her thus. How well is the caſe altered? She had wont to look boldly in the face of her Lovers: now ſhe dares not behold the awfull countenance of her Saviour. She had wont to ſend her alluring
D beams forth into the eyes of her wanton paramours: now ſhe caſts her dejected eyes to the earth, and dares not ſo much as raiſe them up to ſee thoſe eyes from which ſhe deſired commiſeration. It was a true inference of the Prophet, *Thou haſt an whores forehead, thou canſt not bluſh*: there cannot be a greater ſign of whoriſhneſs then impudence. This woman can now bluſh; ſhe hath put off the Harlot, and is turned true Penitent. Baſhfulneſs is both a ſign, and effect of Grace. O God, could we but bethink how wretched we are in Nature, how vile through our ſins, how glorious, holy and powerfull a God thou art, (before whom the brighteſt Angels hide their faces) we could not come but with a trembling awfulneſs into thy preſence.

E Together with ſhame, here is ſorrow: a ſorrow teſtified by tears; and tears in ſuch abundance, that ſhe waſhes the feet of our Saviour with thoſe ſtreams of penitence; *She began to waſh his feet with tears*. We hear when ſhe began, we hear not when ſhe ended. When the grapes are preſſed, the juice runs forth: ſo when the minde is preſſed, tears diſtill; the true juice of penitence and ſorrow. Theſe eyes were not uſed to ſuch clouds, or to ſuch ſhowrs; there was nothing in them formerly but ſun-ſhine of pleaſure, beams of Luſt: Now they are reſolved into the drops of grief and contrition. Whence was this change, but from the ſecret working of God's Spirit? *He cauſed his winde to blow, and the waters flowed; he ſmote the rock, and the waters guſhed out.* O God, ſmite
F thou this rocky Heart of mine, and the waters of Repentance ſhall burſt forth in abundance.

Never were thy feet, O Saviour, bedewed with more precious liquor then this of remorſefull tears. Theſe cannot be ſo ſpent, but that thou keepeſt them in thy bottle; yea thou returneſt them back with intereſt of true comfort: *They that ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy. Bleſſed are they that mourn.* Lo

this wet ſeed-time ſhall be followed with an harveſt of happineſſe and glory. A

That this ſervice might be complete, as her eyes were the Ewre, ſo her hair was the Towell for the feet of Chriſt. Doubtleſſe at a Feaſt there was no want of the moſt curious linen for this purpoſe. All this was nothing to her: to approve her ſincere Humility, and hearty devotion to Chriſt, her hair ſhall be put to this glorious office. The hair is the chief ornament of womanhood: the feet, as they are the loweſt part of the body, ſo the meaneſt for account, and homelieſt for imployment: and lo, this Penitent beſtows the chief ornament of her head, on the meaneſt office to the feet of her Saviour. That hair which ſhe was wont to ſpred as a net to catch her amorous companions, is honoured with the imployment of wiping the beautifull feet of him that brought B the glad tidings of peace and ſalvation: and, might it have been any ſervice to him to have licked the duſt under thoſe feet of his, how gladly would ſhe have done it? Nothing can be mean that is done to the honour of a Saviour.

Never was any hair ſo preferred as this. How I envy thoſe locks that were graced with the touch of thoſe Sacred feet; but much more thoſe lips that kiſſed them? Thoſe lips that had been formerly inured to the wanton touches of her laſcivious Lovers, now ſanctifie themſelves with the teſtimony of her humble homage and dear reſpects to the Son of God. Thus her oyntment, hands, eyes, hair, lips are now conſecrated to the ſervice of Chriſt her Saviour, whom ſhe had offended. If our ſatisfaction be not in ſome kinde pro- C portionable to our offence, we are no true Penitents.

All this while I hear not one word fall from the mouth of this woman. What need her tongue ſpeak, when her eyes ſpake, her hands ſpake, her geſture, her countenance, her whole carriage was vocall? I like this ſilent ſpeaking well, when our actions talk, and our tongues hold their peace. The common practice is contrary; Mens tongues are buſie, but their hands are ſtill. All their Religion lies in their tongue; their hands either doe nothing, or ill: ſo as their profeſſion is but winde, as their words. Wherefore are words but for expreſſion of the minde? If that could be known by the eye or by the hand, the language of both were alike. There are no words amongſt ſpirits; D yet they perfectly underſtand each other. *The Heavens declare the glory of God.* All tongues cannot ſpeak ſo loud as they that have none. Give me the Chriſtian that is ſeen, and not heard. The noiſe that our tongue makes in a formality of profeſſion, ſhall (in the ſilence of our hands) condemn us for Hypocrites.

The Phariſee ſaw all this, but with an evil eye. Had he not had ſome Grace, he had never invited ſuch a gueſt as *Jeſus*; and if he had had Grace enough, he had never entertained ſuch a thought as this of the gueſt he invited: *If this man were a Prophet, he would have known what manner of woman it is that toucheth him; for ſhe is a ſinner.* E

How many errors in one breath? Juſtly (O *Simon*) hath this one thought loſt thee the thank of thy Feaſt. Belike, at the higheſt, thou judgedſt thy gueſt but a Prophet; and now thou doubteſt whether he were ſo much. Beſides this undervaluation, how unjuſt is the ground of this doubt? Every Prophet knew not every thing; yea no Prophet ever knew all things. *Eliſha* knew the very ſecrets of the *Aſſyrian* privy-chamber: yet he knew not the calamity of his worthy Hoſteſſe. The finite knowledge of the ableſt Seer reaches but ſo far as it will pleaſe God to extend it. Well might he therefore have been a Prophet, and in the knowledge of greater matters not have known this.

Unto this, how weakly didſt thou, becauſe of Chriſt's ſilent admiſſion of the F woman, ſuppoſe him ignorant of her quality? As if knowledge ſhould be meaſured alwaies by the noiſe of expreſſion. Stay but a while, and thou ſhalt finde that he well knew both her life and thy heart. Beſides, how injuriouſly doſt thou take this woman for what ſhe was? not conceiving (as well thou mighteſt) were not this woman a Convert, ſhe would never have offered her ſelf

into

A into this presence. Her modesty and her tears bewray her change: and if she be changed, why is she censured for what she is not?

Lastly, how strong did it savour of the leven of thy profession, that thou supposest (were she what she was) that it could not stand with the knowledge and holinesse of a Prophet to admit of her least touch, yea of her presence? Whereas on the one side, outward conversation in it self makes no man unclean or holy, but according to the disposition of the patient; on the other, such was the purity and perfection of this thy glorious guest, that it was not possibly infectible, nor any way obnoxious to the danger of others sin. He that said once, *Who touched me?* in regard of virtue issuing from him, never said,
B Whom have I touched? in regard of any contagion incident to him. We sinfull creatures, in whom the Prince of this world findes too much, may easily be tainted with other mens sins. He, who came to take away the sins of the world, was uncapable of pollution by sin. Had the woman then been still a sinner, thy censure of Christ was proud and unjust.

The Pharisee spake; but it was within himself: and now, behold, *Jesus answering, said.*

What we think, we speak to our hearts, and we speak to God; and he equally hears, as if it came out of our mouths. Thoughts are not free. Could men know and convince them, they would be no lesse liable to censure then if
C they came forth clothed with words. God, who hears them, judges of them accordingly. So here, the heart of *Simon* speaks, *Jesus answers.*

Jesus answers him, but with a Parable. He answers many a thought with Judgment; the blasphemy of the heart, the murder of the heart, the adultery of the heart are answered by him with reall vengeance. For *Simon*, our Saviour saw his errour was either out of simple ignorance or weak mistaking: where he saw no malice then, it is enough to answer with a gentle conviction. The convictive answer of Christ is by way of Parable. The wisdome of God knows how to circumvent us for our gain; and can speak that pleasingly by a prudent circumlocution, which right-down would not be digested. Had our Saviour said in plain terms, *Simon*, whether dost thou or this sinner love me
D more? the Pharisee could not for shame but have stood upon his reputation, and in a scorn of the comparison have protested his exceeding respects to Christ. Now, ere he is aware, he is fetcht in to give sentence against himself for her whom he condemned. O Saviour, thou hast made us fishers of men; how should we learn of thee, so to bait our hooks, that they may be most likely to take? Thou the great housholder of thy Church hast provided victuals for thy family, thou hast appointed us to dresse them: if we do not so cook them as that they may fit the palats to which they are intended, we do both lose our labour and thy cost. The Parable is of two Debtors to one Creditor;
E the one owed a lesser sum, the other a greater; both are forgiven. It was not the purpose of him that propounded it, that we should stick in the bark. God is our Creditor, our sins our Debts; we are all Debtors, but one more deep then another. No man can pay this Debt alone; satisfaction is not possible: only remission can discharge us. God doth in mercy forgive as well the greatest as the least sins. Our love to God is proportionable to the sense of our remission. So then the Pharisee cannot chuse but confesse, that the more and greater the sin is, the greater mercy in the forgivenesse; and the more mercy in the forgiver, the greater obligation and more love in the forgiven.

Truth, from whose mouth soever it falls, is worth taking up. Our Saviour
F praises the true judgment of a Pharisee. It is an injurious indiscretion in those who are so prejudiced against the persons, that they reject the truth. He that would not quench the smoaking flax, incourages even the least good. As the carefull Chirurgion strokes the arme ere he strikes the vein; so did Christ here, ere he convinces the Pharisee of his want of love, he graceth him with a fair approbation of his judgment. Yet the while turning both his

face and his ſpeech to the poor Penitent; as one that cared more for a true humiliation for ſin, then for a falſe pretence of reſpect and innocence. A

With what a dejected and abaſhed countenance, with what earth-fixed eyes, do we imagine the poor woman ſtood, when ſhe ſaw her Saviour direct his face and words to her?

She that durſt but ſtand behinde him, and ſteal the falling of ſome teares upon his feet, with what a bluſhing aſtoniſhment doth ſhe behold his ſidereall countenance caſt upon her? Whiles his eye was turned towards this Penitent, his ſpeech was turned to the Phariſee concerning that Penitent, by him miſtaken: *Seeſt thou this Woman?* He who before had ſaid, *If this man were a Prophet, he would have known what manner of Woman this is*; now heares, *Seeſt thou this Woman? Simon* ſaw but her outſide: *Jeſus* lets him ſee that he ſaw her heart; and will thus convince the Phariſee that he is more then a Prophet, who knew not her converſation only, but her Soul. The Phariſee that went all by appearance, ſhall by her deportment ſee the proof of her good diſpoſition: it ſhall happily ſhame him to hear the compariſon of the wants of his own entertainments with the abundance of hers. B

It is ſtrange that any of this formall Sect ſhould be defective in their Lotions. *Simon* had not given water to ſo great a gueſt; ſhe waſhes his feet with her teares. By how much the water of the eye was more precious then the water of the earth, ſo much was the reſpect and courteſie of this Penitent above the neglected office of the Phariſee. What uſe was there of a Towell, where was no water? She that made a fountain of her eyes, made precious napary of her hair: that better flax ſhamed the linen in the Phariſees cheſt. C

A kiſſe of the cheek had wont to be pledge of the welcome of their gueſts. *Simon* neglects to make himſelf thus happy: ſhe redoubles the kiſſes of her humble thankfulneſſe upon the bleſſed feet of her Saviour. The Phariſee omits ordinary oyle for the head: ſhe ſupplies the moſt precious and fragrant oyle to his feet.

Now the Phariſee reades his own taxation in her praiſe; and begins to envy where he had ſcorned. D

It is our fault, O Saviour, if we miſtake thee. We are ready to think, ſo thou have the ſubſtance of good uſage, thou regardeſt not the complements and ceremonies; whereas now we ſee thee to have both meat and welcome in the Phariſees houſe, and yet hear thee glance at his neglect of waſhing, kiſſing, anointing. Doubtleſſe, omiſſion of due circumſtances in thy entertainment may deſerve to loſe our thanks. Do we pray to thee? do we hear thee preach to us? now we make thee good chear in our houſe: but if we perform not theſe things with the fit decency of our outward carriages, we give thee not thy water, thy kiſſes, thy oyle. Even meet rituall obſervances are requiſite for thy full welcome. E

Yet how little had theſe things been regarded, if they had not argued the womans thankfull love to thee, and the ground of that love, ſenſe of her remiſſion, and the Phariſees default in both?

Love and action do neceſſarily evince each other. True love cannot lurk long unexpreſſed: it will be looking out at the eyes, creeping out of the mouth, breaking out at the fingers ends, in ſome actions of dearneſſe; eſpecially thoſe wherein there is pain and difficulty to the agent, profit or pleaſure to the affected. O Lord, in vain ſhall we profeſſe to love thee, if we doe nothing for thee. Since our goodneſſe cannot reach up unto thee, who art our glorious head; O let us beſtow upon thy feet (thy poor Members here below) our teares, our hands, our oyntment, and whatever our gifts or endevours may teſtifie our thankfulneſſe and love to thee in them. F

O happy word! *Her ſins, which are many, are forgiven her.* Methinks I ſee how this poor Penitent revived with this breath; how new life comes into her eyes, new blood into her cheeks, new ſpirits into her countenance: like

A like unto our Mother Earth; when in that firſt confuſion, *God ſaid, Let the earth bring forth graſſe, the herb that beareth ſeed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit*; all runs out into flowers, and bloſſomes, and leaves, and fruit. Her former teares ſaid, *Who ſhall deliver me from this body of death?* Now her chearfull ſmiles ſay, *I thank God through Jeſus Chriſt my Lord.*

Seldomeever do we meet with ſo perfect a Penitent; ſeldome do we finde ſo gracious a diſmiſſion. What can be wiſhed of any mortall creature but Remiſſion, Safety, Faith, Peace? All theſe are here met to make a contrite Soul happy. Remiſſion, the ground of her Safety; Faith, the ground of her Peace; Safety and Salvation, the iſſue of her Remiſſion; Peace, the bleſſed fruit of her
B Faith.

O Woman, the perfume that thou broughteſt is poor and baſe in compariſon of thoſe ſweet ſavours of reſt and happineſſe that are returned to thee. Well was that ointment beſtowed, wherewith thy Soul is ſweetned to all Eternity.

Martha *and* Mary.

C WE may read long enough ere we find Chriſt in an houſe of his own. *The foxes have holes, and the birds have neſts:* he that had all, poſſeſſed nothing. One while I ſee him in a Publican's houſe, then in a Phariſee's; now I finde him at *Martha's*. His laſt entertainment was with ſome neglect, this with too much ſolicitude. Our Saviour was now in his way; the Sun might as ſoon ſtand ſtil as he.

The more we move, the liker we are to Heaven, and to this God that made it. His progreſſe was to *Hieruſalem*, for ſome holy Feaſt. He whoſe Devotion neglected not any of thoſe ſacred Solemnities, will not neglect the due opportunities of his bodily refreſhing: as not thinking it meet to travell and preach
D harbourleſſe, he diverts (where he knew his welcome) to the village of *Bethanie*. There dwelt the two devout Siſters, with their Brother his Friend *Lazarus*; their roof receives him. O happy houſe into which the Son of God vouchſafed to ſet his foot! O bleſſed women, that had the grace to be the Hoſteſſes to the God of Heaven! How ſhould I envy your felicity herein, if I did not ſee the ſame favour (if I be not wanting to my ſelf) lying open to me? I have two waies to entertain my Saviour, in his Members, and in himſelf. In his Members, by Charity and Hoſpitableneſſe; *what I doe to one of thoſe his little ones, I doe to him:* In himſelf, by Faith; *If any man open, he will come in and ſup with him.*

E O Saviour, thou ſtandſt at the door of our hearts, and knockſt by the ſolicitations of thy Meſſengers, by the ſenſe of thy Chaſtiſements, by the motions of thy Spirit: if we open to thee by a willing admiſſion and faithfull welcome, thou wilt be ſure to take up our Souls with thy gracious preſence; and not to ſit with us for a momentany meal, but to dwell with us for ever. Lo, thou didſt but call in at *Bethany*; but here ſhall be thy reſt for everlaſting.

Martha (it ſeems) as being the elder Siſter, bore the name of the Houſekeeper; *Mary* was her aſſiſtant in the charge. A Bleſſed pair; Siſters not more in Nature then Grace, in Spirit no leſſe then in fleſh. How happy a thing is it when all the parties in a family are joyntly agreed to entertain Chriſt?

F No ſooner is *Jeſus* entred into the houſe then he falls to preaching: that no time may be loſt, he ſtaies not ſo much as till his meat be made ready; but whiles his bodily repaſt was in hand, provides ſpiritual food for his Hoſts. It was his *meat and drink to doe the will of* his *Father:* he fed more upon his own diet then he could poſſibly upon theirs; his beſt chear was to ſee them ſpiritually fed. How ſhould we, whom he hath called to this ſacred Function, *be inſtant*

ſtant in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon? We are, by his ſacred ordination, the Lights of the world. No ſooner is the candle lighted, then it gives that light which it hath, and never intermits till it be waſted to the ſnuff. A

Both the Siſters for a time ſate attentively liſtening to the words of Chriſt. Houſhold occaſions call *Martha* away: *Mary* ſits ſtill at his feet, and hears. Whether ſhall we more praiſe her Humility, or her Docility? I do not ſee her take a ſtool and ſit by him, or a chair and ſit above him; but, as deſiring to ſhew her heart was as low as her knees, ſhe ſits at his feet. She was lowly ſet, richly warmed with thoſe Heavenly beams. The greater ſubmiſſion, the more Grace. If there be one hollow in the valley lower then another, thither the waters gather. B

Martha's houſe is become a Divinity-ſchool: *Jeſus*, as the Doctor, ſits in the chair; *Martha*, *Mary*, and the reſt, ſit as Diſciples at his feet. Standing implies a readineſſe of motion; Sitting, a ſetled compoſedneſſe to this holy attendance.

Had theſe two Siſters provided our Saviour never ſuch delicates, and waited on his trencher never ſo officiouſly, yet had they not liſtened to his inſtruction, they had not bidden him welcome; neither had he ſo well liked his Entertainment.

This was the way to feaſt him; to feed their ears by his Heavenly Doctrine: his beſt chear is our proficiency; our beſt chear is his Word. O Saviour, let my Soul be thus feaſted by thee, do thou thus feaſt thy ſelf by feeding me; this mutual diet ſhall be thy praiſe and my happineſſe. C

Though *Martha* was for the time an attentive hearer, yet now her care of Chriſt's entertainment carries her into the Kitchin; *Mary* ſits ſtill. Neither was *Mary* more devout then *Martha* buſie: *Martha* cares to feaſt *Jeſus*, *Mary*, to be feaſted of him. There was more ſolicitude in *Martha*'s active part; more piety in *Mary*'s ſedentary attendance: I know not in whether more zeal. Good *Martha* was deſirous to expreſſe her joy and thankfulneſſe for the preſence of ſo bleſſed a Gueſt, by the actions of her carefull and plenteous entertainment. I know not how to cenſure the Holy woman for her exceſſe of care to welcome her Saviour. Sure ſhe her ſelf thought ſhe did well; and out of that confidence fears not to complain to Chriſt of her Siſter. D

I do not ſee her come to her Siſter, and whiſper in her eare the gread need of her aide; but ſhe comes to *Jeſus*, and in a kinde of unkinde expoſtulation of her neglect, makes her moan to him, *Lord, doſt thou not care that my ſiſter hath left me to ſerve alone?* Why did ſhe not rather make her firſt addreſſe to her Siſter? Was it for that ſhe knew *Mary* was ſo tied by the ears with thoſe adamantine chains that came from the mouth of Chriſt, that untill his ſilence and diſmiſſion ſhe had no power to ſtir? Or was it out of an honour and reſpect to Chriſt, that in his preſence ſhe would not preſume to call off her Siſter without his leave. E

Howſoever, I cannot excuſe the holy Woman from ſome weakneſſes. It was a fault to meaſure her Siſter by her ſelf, and apprehending her own act to be good, to think her Siſter could not doe well if ſhe did not ſo too. Whereas Goodneſſe hath much latitude. Ill is oppoſed to Good, not Good to Good. Neither in things lawfull or indifferent are others bound to our examples. *Mary* might hear, *Martha* might ſerve, and both doe well. *Mary* did not cenſure *Martha* for her riſing from the feet of Chriſt, to prepare his meal: neither ſhould *Martha* have cenſured *Mary* for ſitting at Chriſts feet, to feed her Soul. It was a fault, that ſhe thought an exceſſive care of a liberal outward entertainment of Chriſt was to be preferred to a diligent attention to Chriſts ſpirituall entertainment of them. It was a fault, that ſhe durſt preſume to queſtion our Saviour of ſome kinde of unreſpect to her toile, *Lord, doſt thou not care?* What ſaieſt thou, *Martha?* doſt thou challenge the Lord of Heaven and earth of incogitancy and neglect? Doſt thou take upon thee to preſcribe unto F

that

A that infinite Wiſdome, in ſtead of receiving directions from him? It is well thou metteſt with a Saviour, whoſe gracious mildneſſe knows how to pardon and pity the errours of our zeal.

Yet I muſt needs ſay here wanted not fair pretences for the ground of this thy expoſtulation. Thou, the elder Siſter, workeſt; *Mary*, the yonger, ſits ſtill. And what work was thine but the hoſpital receit of thy Saviour and his train? Had it been for thine own paunch, or for ſome carnal friends, it had been leſſe excuſable; now it was for Chriſt himſelf, to whom thou couldſt never be too obſequious.

But all this cannot deliver thee from the juſt blame of this bold ſubincuſa-
B tion; *Lord, doſt thou not care?* How ready is our weakneſſe upon every ſlight diſcontentment to quarrell with our beſt friend, yea with our good God; and the more we are put to it, to think our ſelves the more neglected, and to challenge God for our neglect? Do we groan on the bed of our ſickneſſe, and languiſhing in pain complain of long hours and weary ſides? ſtraight we think, Lord, doſt thou not care that we ſuffer? Doth God's poor Church goe to wrack, whiles *the ploughers ploughing on* her *back, make long furrows?* Lord, doſt thou not care? But know thou, O thou feeble and diſtruſtfull Soul, the more thou doeſt, the more thou ſuffereſt, the more thou art cared for: neither is God ever ſo tender over his Church as when it is moſt exerciſed. Every
C pang and ſtitch and gird is firſt felt of him that ſends it. O God, thou knoweſt our works, and our labour, and our patience: we may be ignorant and diffident; thou canſt not but be gracious.

It could not but trouble devout *Mary* to hear her Siſters impatient complaint; a complaint of her ſelf to Chriſt, with ſuch vehemence of paſſion, as if there had been ſuch ſtrangeneſſe betwixt the two Siſters, that the one would doe nothing for the other without an external compulſion from a Superior. How can ſhe chuſe but think, "If I have offended, why was I not ſecretly taxed "for it in a ſiſterly familiarity? What if there have been ſome little omiſſion? "muſt the whole houſe ring of it before my Lord and all his Diſciples?
D "Is this carriage beſeeming a Siſter? Is my Devotion worthy of a quarrell? "Lord, doſt thou not care that I am injuriouſly cenſured? Yet I hear not a word of reply from that modeſt mouth. O holy *Mary*, I admire thy patient ſilence: thy Siſter blames thee for thy Piety; the Diſciples (afterwards) blame thee for thy Bounty and coſt: not a word falls from thee in a juſt vindication of thine honour and innocence, but in an humble taciturnity thou leaveſt thine anſwer to thy Saviour.

How ſhould we learn of thee, when we are complained of for well-doing to ſeal up our lips, and to expect our righting from above?

And how ſure, how ready art thou, O Saviour, to ſpeak in the cauſe of the
E dumb? *Martha, Martha, thou art carefull and troubled about many things; but one thing is needfull, and Mary hath choſen the better part.*

What needed *Mary* to ſpeak for her ſelf, when ſhe had ſuch an Advocate? Doubtleſſe *Martha* was, as it were, divided from her ſelf with the multiplicity of her carefull thoughts: our Saviour therefore doubles her name in his compellation; that in ſuch diſtraction he may both finde and fix her heart. The good woman made full account that Chriſt would have ſent away her Siſter with a check, and her ſelf with thanks: but now her hopes fail her; and though ſhe be not directly reproved, yet ſhe hears her Siſter more approved then ſhe; *Martha, Martha, thou art carefull and troubled about many things.* Our Saviour
F received courteſie from her in her diligent and coſtly entertainment; yet he would not blanch her errour, and ſmooth her up in her weak miſpriſion. No obligations may ſo enthrall us, as that our tongues ſhould not be free to reprove faults where we finde them. They are baſe and ſervile ſpirits that will have their tongue tied to their teeth.

This glance towards a reproof implies an oppoſition of the condition of the

the two Sisters. Themselves were not more near in Nature, then their present humour and estate differed. *One* is opposed to many, *necessary* to superfluous, *solicitude* to quietnesse: *Thou art carefull and troubled about many things, one thing is necessary.* How far then may our care reach to these earthly things? On the one side, O Saviour, thou hast charged us to *take no thought what to eat, drink, put on*; on the other, thy chosen Vessel hath told us, that *he that provides not for his family hath denied the faith, and is worse then an Infidel.* We may, we must care for many things; so that our care be for good, and well. For good, both in kinde and measure; well, so as our care be free from distraction, from distrust. From distraction, that it hinder us not from the necessary duties of our general Calling; from distrust, that we misdoubt not Gods providence whiles we imploy our own. We cannot care for thee, unlesse we thus care for our selves, for ours.

Alas! how much care do I see every where, but how few *Martha's*? Her care was for her Saviours entertainment, ours for our selves. One findes perplexities in his Estate, which he desires to extricate; another beats his brains for the raising of his House: One busies his thoughts about the doubtfull condition (as he thinks) of the Times, and casts in his anxious head the imaginary events of all things, opposing his hopes to his fears; another studies how to avoid the cross blows of an Adversary. *Martha, Martha, thou art carefull and troubled about many things.* Foolish men! why do we set our hearts upon the rack, and need not? why will we indure to bend under that burden, which more able shoulders have offered to undertake for our ease?

Thou hast bidden us, O God, to cast our cares upon thee, with promise to care for us. We do gladly unload our selves upon thee: O let our care be to depend on thee, as thine is to provide for us.

Whether *Martha* be pitied or taxed for her sedulity, I am sure *Mary* is praised for her devotion: *One thing is necessary.* Not by way of negation, as if nothing were necessary but this: but by way of comparison, as that nothing is so necessary as this. Earthly occasions must vaile to spiritual. Of those three main grounds of all our actions, Necessity, Convenience, Pleasure, each transcends other: Convenience carries it away from Pleasure, Necessity from Convenience, and one degree of Necessity from another. The degrees are according to the conditions of the things necessary. The condition of these earthly necessaries is, that without them we cannot live temporally; the condition of the spiritual, that without them we cannot live eternally. So much difference then as there is betwixt temporary and eternal, so much there must needs be betwixt the necessity of these bodily actions and those spiritual: Both are necessary in their kindes; neither must here be an opposition, but a subordination. The body and Soul must be friends, not rivals: we may not so ply the Christian, that we neglect the man.

Oh the vanity of those men who neglecting that one thing necessary, affect many things superfluous! Nothing is needlesse with worldly mindes but this one which is onely necessary, the care of their Souls. How justly do they lose that they cared not for, whiles they over-care for that which is neither worthy nor possible to be kept?

Neither is *Marie's* businesse more allowed then her self: *She hath chosen the good part.* It was not forced upon her, but taken up by her election. *Martha* might have sate still as well as she: She might have stir'd about as well as *Martha*. *Marie's* will made this choice, not without the inclination of him who both gave this will and commends it. That will was before renewed; no marvell if it chose the good: though this were not in a case of good and evil, but of good and better. We have still this holy freedome, through the inoperation of him that hath freed us. Happy are we if we can improve this liberty to the best advantage of our Souls.

The stability or perpetuity of good addes much to the praise of it. *Martha's*

part

A part was ſoon gone; the thank and uſe of a little outward Hoſpitality cannot long laſt: but *Mary*'s *ſhall not be taken away from her.* The act of her hearing was tranſient, the fruit permanent; ſhe now hears that which ſhall ſtick by her for ever.

What couldſt thou hear, O Holy *Mary*, from thoſe Sacred lips, which we hear not ſtill? That Heavenly Doctrine is never but the ſame, not more ſubject to change then the Author of it. It is not impoſſible that the exerciſe of the Goſpel ſhould be taken from us; but the benefit and virtue of it is as inſeparable from our Souls as their Being. In the hardeſt times that ſhall ſtick cloſeſt to us; and till death, in death, after death ſhall make us happy.

B

The Begger that was born blinde, cured.

THE man was *born blinde.* This Cure requires not Art, but Power; a power no leſſe then infinite and Divine. Nature preſuppoſeth a matter, though formleſſe; Art looks for matter formed to our hands: God ſtands not upon either. Where there was not an Eye to be healed, what could an Oculiſt doe? It is only a God that can create. Such are we,
C O God, to all ſpiritual things: we want not ſight, but eyes: it muſt be thou only that canſt make us capable of illumination.

The blinde man *ſate begging.* Thoſe that have eyes and hands and feet of their own may be able to help themſelves; thoſe that want theſe helps muſt be beholden to the eyes, hands, feet of others. The impotent are caſt upon our mercy: Happy are we, if we can lend lims and ſenſes to the needy. Affected beggery is odious: that which is of God's making juſtly challengeth relief.

Where ſhould this blinde man ſit begging, but near the Temple? At one gate ſits a cripple, a blinde man at another. Well might theſe miſerable ſouls ſuppoſe that Piety and Charity dwelt cloſe together: the two Tables were
D both of one quarry. Then are we beſt diſpoſed to mercy towards our brethren, when we have either craved or acknowledged God's mercy towards our ſelves. If we goe thither to beg of God; how can we deny mites, when we hope for talents?

Never did *Jeſus* move one foot but to purpoſe. He paſſed by; but ſo as that his Virtue ſtayed: ſo did he paſſe by, that his eye was fixed. The blinde man could not ſee him; he ſees the blinde man. His goodneſs prevents us, and yields better ſupplies to our wants. He ſaw compaſſionately; not ſhutting his eyes, not turning them aſide, but bending them upon that dark and diſconſolate Object. That which was ſaid of the Sun, is much more true of him that
E made it, *Nothing is hid from his light:* but of all other things Miſeries (eſpecially of his own) are moſt intentively eyed of him. Could we be miſerable unſeen, we had reaſon to be heartleſſe. O Saviour, why ſhould we not imitate thee in this mercifull improvement of our Senſes? Wo be to thoſe eyes that care onely to gaze upon their own beauty, bravery, wealth; not abiding to glance upon the ſores of *Lazarus*, the ſorrows of *Joſeph*, the dungeon of *Jeremy*, the blinde Begger at the gate of the Temple.

The Diſciples ſee the blinde man too, but with different eyes: our Saviour for pity and cure, they for expoſtulation; *Maſter, who did ſin? this man or his Parents, that he is born blinde?* I like well that whatſoever doubt troubled
F them, they ſtraight vent it into the eare of their Maſter. O Saviour, whiles thou art in Heaven, thy ſchool is upon earth. Wherefore ſerve thy *Prieſts lips* but to *preſerve knowledge?* What uſe is there of the tongue of the learned, but to ſpeak a word in ſeaſon? Thou teacheſt us ſtill; and ſtill we doubt, and ask, and learn.

In one ſhort queſtion I finde two Truths and two Falſhoods; the Truths implied,

plied, the Falſhoods expreſſed. It is true, that commonly man's ſuffering is for ſin; that we may juſtly, and do often, ſuffer even for the ſins of our Parents. It is falſe, that there is no other reaſon of our ſuffering but ſin; that a man could ſin actually before he was, or was before his being; or could beforehand ſuffer for his after-ſins. In all likelihood that abſurd conceit of the Tranſmigration of Souls poſſeſſed the very Diſciples. How eaſily and how far may the beſt be miſcarried with a common errour? We are not thankfull for our own illumination, if we do not look with charity and pity upon the groſſe miſopinions of our brethren. A

Our Saviour ſees, and yet will wink at ſo foul a miſpriſion of his Diſciples. I hear neither chiding nor conviction. He that could have inlightned their mindes (as he did the world) at once, will doe it by due leiſure; and only contents himſelf here with a milde ſolution; *Neither this man, nor his Parents.* We learn nothing of thee, O Saviour, if not meekneſs. What a ſweet temper ſhould be in our carriage towards the weakneſſes of others judgment? how ſhould we inſtruct them without bitterneſs, and without violence of Paſſion exſpect the meet ſeaſons of their better information? The tender Mother or Nurſe doth not rate her little one for that he goes not well; but gives him her hand, that he may goe better. It is the ſpirit of lenity that muſt reſtore and confirm the lapſed. B

The anſwer is direct and punctual; neither the ſin of the man nor of his Parents bereaved him of his eyes: there was an higher cauſe of this privation; the glory that God meant to win unto himſelf by redreſſing it. The Parents had ſinned in themſelves; the man had ſinned in his firſt Parents: it is not the guilt of either that is guilty of this blindneſs. All God's afflictive acts are not puniſhments; ſome are for the benefit of the creature, whether for probation, or prevention, or reformation; all are for the praiſe, whether of his Divine Power, or Juſtice, or Mercy. C

It was fit ſo great a work ſhould be uſher'd in with a preface. A ſuddain and abrupt appearance would not have beſeemed ſo glorious a demonſtration of Omnipotence. The way is made; our Saviour addreſſes himſelf to the Miracle: a Miracle not more in the thing done, then in the form of doing it. D

The matter uſed was clay. Could there be a meaner? could there be ought more unfit? O Saviour, how oft hadſt thou cured blindneſſes by thy word alone? how oft by thy touch? How eaſily couldſt thou have done ſo here? Was this to ſhew thy liberty, or thy power? Liberty, in that thou canſt at pleaſure uſe variety of means, not being tied to any; Power, in that thou couldſt make uſe of contraries? Hadſt thou pull'd out a box and applied ſome medicinal ointment to the eyes, ſomething had been aſcribed to thy skill, more to the natural power of thy receit: now thou madeſt uſe of clay, which had been enough to ſtop up the eyes of the ſeeing, the virtue muſt be all in thee, none in the means. The utter diſproportion of this help to the Cure addes glory to the worker. E

How clearly didſt thou hence evince to the world, that thou who of clay couldſt make eyes, wert the ſame who of clay hadſt made man? ſince there is no part of the body that hath ſo little analogie to clay as the eye; this clearneſs is contrary to that opacity. Had not the Jews been more blinde then the man whom thou curedſt, and more hard and ſtiffe then the clay which thou mollifiedſt, they had, in this one work, both ſeen and acknowledged thy Deity.

What could the clay have done without thy tempering? It was thy ſpittle that made the clay effectual; it was that Sacred mouth of thine that made the ſpittle medicinal: the water of *Siloe* ſhall but waſh off that clay which this inward moiſture made powerfull. The clay thus tempered, muſt be applied by the hand that made it, elſe it avails nothing. F

What muſt the blinde man needs think, when he felt the cold clay upon the holes

A holes of his eyes? or (ſince he could not conceive what an eye was) what muſt the beholders needs think, to ſee that hollowneſs thus filled up? Is this the way to give either eyes or ſight? Why did not the earth ſee with this clay as well as the man? What is there to hinder the ſight, if this make it?

Yet with theſe contrarieties muſt the Faith be exerciſed, where God intends the bleſſing of a Cure.

It was never meant that this clay ſhould dwell upon thoſe pits of the eyes: it is onely put on to be waſhed off; and that not by every water; none ſhall doe it but that of *Siloam*, which ſignifies *Sent*; and if the man had not been ſent to *Siloam*, he had been ſtill blinde. All things receive their virtue from Di-
B vine inſtitution. How elſe ſhould a piece of wheaten bread nouriſh the Soul? How ſhould ſpring-water waſh off ſpiritual filthineſs? How ſhould the fooliſhneſs of preaching ſave Souls? How ſhould the abſolution of God's Miniſter be more effectual then the breath of an ordinary Chriſtian? Thou, O God, haſt ſet apart theſe Ordinances; thy Bleſſing is annexed to them; hence is the ground of all our uſe, and their efficacy. Hadſt thou ſo inſtituted, *Jordan* would as well have healed Blindneſs, and *Siloam* Leproſie.

That the man might be capable of ſuch a Miracle, his Faith is ſet on work; he muſt be led with his eyes daubed up to the pool of *Siloam*. He waſhes and ſees. Lord, what did this man think when his eyes were now firſt given him?
C what a new world did he finde himſelf now come into? how did he wonder at Heaven and earth, and the faces and ſhapes of all creatures, the goodly varieties of colours, the chearfulneſs of the light, the lively beams of the Sun, the vaſt expanſion of the aire, the pleaſant tranſparence of the water; at the glorious piles of the Temple, and ſtately palaces of *Jeruſalem*? Every thing did not more pleaſe then aſtoniſh him. Lo, thus ſhall we be affected, and more, when the ſcales of our mortality being done away, we ſhall ſee as we are ſeen; when we ſhall behold the bleſſedneſs of that other world, the glory of the Saints and Angels, the infinite Majeſty of the Son of God, the incomprehenſible brightneſs of the all-glorious Deity. O my Soul, that thou couldſt be taken
D up before-hand with the admiration of that which thou canſt not as yet be capable of foreſeeing.

It could not be but that many eyes had been witneſſes of this man's want of eyes. He ſate begging at one of the Temple gates: not only all the City, but all the Country muſt needs know him; thrice a year did they come up to *Jeruſalem*; neither could they come to the Temple and not ſee him. His very blindneſs made him noted. Deformities and infirmities of body do more eaſily both draw and fix the eye then an ordinary ſymmetry of parts.

Beſides his Blindneſs, his Trade made him remarkable; the importunity of his begging drew the eyes of the paſſengers. But of all other, the Place moſt
E notified him. Had he ſate in ſome obſcure village of *Judæa*, or in ſome blinde lane of *Jeruſalem*, perhaps he had not been heeded of many; but now that he took up his ſeat in the heart, in the head of the chief City, whither all reſorted from all parts, what Jew can there be that knows not the blinde begger at the Temple gate? Purpoſely did our Saviour make choice of ſuch a Subject for his Miracle; a man ſo poor, ſo publick: the glory of the work could not have reach'd ſo far, if it had been done to the wealthieſt Citizen of *Jeruſalem*. Neither was it for nothing that the act and the man is doubted of and inquired into by the beholders; *Is not this he that ſat begging? Some ſaid, It is he; others ſaid, It is like him.* No truths have received ſo full proofs as
F thoſe that have been queſtioned. The want or the ſuddain preſence of an eye (much more of both) muſt needs make a great change in the face; thoſe little balls of light (which no doubt were more clear then Nature could have made them) could not but give a new life to the countenance. I marvell not if the neighbours, which had wont to ſee this dark viſage led by a guide, and guided by a ſtaffe, ſeeing him now walking confidently alone out of his own

inward light, and looking them chearfully in the face, doubted whether this were he. The miraculous cures of God work a ſenſible alteration in men, not more in their own apprehenſion, then in the judgment of others. Thus in the redreſſe of the Spiritual blindneſſe, the whole habit of the man is changed. Where before his Face looked dull and earthly; now there is a ſprightful chearfulneſs in it, through the comfortable knowledge of God and Heavenly things: Whereas before his Heart was ſet upon worldly things; now he uſes them, but injoyes them not: and that uſe is becauſe he muſt, not becauſe he would: Where before his fears and griefs were only for pains of body, or loſſe of eſtate or reputation; now they are only ſpent upon the diſpleaſure of his God, and the peril of his Soul. So as now the neighbours can ſay, *Is this the man? others, It is like him, it is not he.*

The late-blinde man hears, and now ſees himſelf queſtioned; and ſoon reſolves the doubt, *I am he.* He that now ſaw the light of the Sun, would not hide the light of Truth from others. It is an unthankfull ſilence, to ſmother the works of God in an affected ſecrecy. To make God a loſer by his bounty to us, were a ſhamefull injuſtice. We our ſelves abide not thoſe ſponges that ſuck up good turns unknown. O God, we are not worthy of our ſpiritual eye-ſight, if we do not publiſh thy mercies on the houſe top, and praiſe thee in the great congregation.

Man is naturally inquiſitive: we ſearch ſtudiouſly into the ſecret works of Nature; we pry into the reaſons of the witty inventions of Art; but if there be any thing that tranſcends Art and Nature, the more high and abſtruſe it is, the more buſie we are to ſeek into it. This thirſt after hidden, yea forbidden, Knowledge did once coſt us dear: but where it is good and lawful to know, inquiry is commendable; as here in theſe Jews, *How were thine eyes opened?* The firſt improvement of humane Reaſon is inquiſition, the next is information and reſolution: and if the meaneſt events paſſe us not without a queſtion, how much leſſe thoſe that carry in them wonder and advantage?

He that was ſo ready to profeſſe himſelf the Subject of the Cure, is no niggard of proclaiming the Author of it; *A man that is called Jeſus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and ſent me to Siloam to waſh, and now I ſee.* The blinde man knew no more then he ſaid, and he ſaid what he apprehended, *A man.* He heard *Jeſus* ſpeak, he felt his hand; as yet he could look no further: upon his next meeting he ſaw God in this man. In matter of Knowledge, we muſt be content to creep ere we can goe. As that other recovered blinde man ſaw firſt men walk like trees, after like men; ſo no marvel if this man ſaw firſt this God only as man, after this man as God alſo. Onwards he thinks him a wonderfull man, a mighty Prophet. In vain ſhall we either exſpect a ſuddain perfection in the underſtanding of Divine matters, or cenſure thoſe that want it.

How did this man know what *Jeſus* did? He was then ſtone-blinde; what diſtinction could he yet make of perſons, of actions? True, but yet the blinde man never wanted the aſſiſtance of others eyes; their relation hath aſſured him of the manner of his Cure: beſides the contribution of his other Senſes, his Eare might perceive the ſpittle to fall, and hear the injoined command; his Feeling perceived the cold & moiſt clay upon his lids. All theſe conjoined gave ſufficient warrant thus to believe, thus to report. Our eare is our beſt guide to a full apprehenſion of the works of Chriſt. The works of God the Father, his Creation and Government, are beſt known by the Eye: The works of God the Son, his Redemption and Mediation, are beſt known by the Eare. O Saviour, we cannot perſonally ſee what thou haſt done here. What are the monuments of thine Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, but the relations of the blinde man's guide, what and how thou haſt wrought for us? On theſe we ſtrongly relie, theſe we do no leſſe confidently believe then if our very eyes had been witneſſes of what thou didſt and ſufferedſt upon earth. There were no place for Faith, if the Eare were not worthy of as much credit as the Eye.

How

How could the neighbours doe leſſe then ask where he was that had done ſo ſtrange a cure? I doubt yet with what minde; I fear, not out of favour. Had they been but indifferent, they could not but have been full of ſilent wonder, and inclined to believe in ſo Omnipotent an Agent. Now, as prejudiced to Chriſt, and partial to the Phariſees, they bring the late-blinde man before thoſe profeſſed enemies unto Chriſt.

It is the prepoſterous Religion of the Vulgar ſort to claw and adore thoſe which have tyrannically uſurped upon their Souls, though with neglect, yea with contempt, of God in his word, in his works. Even unjuſt authority will never want ſoothing up in whatſoever courſes, though with diſgrace and oppoſition to the Truth. Baſe mindes where they finde poſſeſſion, never look after right.

Our Saviour had pick'd out the Sabbath for this Cure. It is hard to finde out any time wherein Charity is unſeaſonable. As Mercy is an excellent Grace, ſo the works of it are fitteſt for the beſt day. We are all born blinde: the Font is our *Siloam*: no day can come amiſſe, but yet God's day is the propereſt for our waſhing and recovery.

This alone is quarrel enough to theſe ſcrupulous wranglers, that an act of Mercy was done on that day wherein their envie was but ſeaſonable.

I do not ſee the man beg any more when he once had his eyes; no Burger in *Jeruſalem* was richer then he. I hear him ſtoutly defending that gracious author of his Cure againſt the cavils of the malicious Phariſees: I ſee him as a reſolute Confeſſour ſuffering excommunication for the name of Chriſt, and maintaining the innocence and honour of ſo Bleſſed a benefactor: I hear him read a Divinity Lecture to them that ſate in *Moſes* his chair, and convincing them of blindneſs, who puniſh'd him for ſeeing.

How can I but envie thee, O happy man, who of a Patient, proveſt an Advocate for thy Saviour; whoſe gain of bodily ſight made way for thy Spiritual eyes; who haſt loſt a Synagogue, and haſt found Heaven; who being abandoned of Sinners, art received of the Lord of Glory?

The ſtubborn Devil ejected.

HOW different, how contrary are our conditions here upon earth? Whiles our Saviour is transfigured on the Mount, his Diſciples are perplexed in the valley. Three of his choice Followers were with him above, raviſhed with the miraculous proofs of his Godhead: nine other were troubled with the buſineſs of a ſtubborn Devil below. Matth. 17. 14. compared with Mar. 9. 14.

Much people was met to attend Chriſt, and there they will ſtay till he come down from *Tabor*. Their zeal and devotion brought them thither; their patient perſeverance held them there. We are not worthy the name of his clients, if we cannot painfully ſeek him, and ſubmiſſely wait his leiſure.

He that was now awhile retired into the Mount, to confer with his Father, and to receive the attendance of *Moſes* and *Elias*, returns into the valley to the multitude. He was ſingled out awhile for prayer and contemplation; now he was joyned with the multitude for their miraculous cure and Heavenly inſtruction. We that are his ſpiritual agents muſt be either preparing in the mount, or exerciſing in the valley; one while in the mount of Meditation, in the valley of Action another; alone to ſtudy, in the aſſembly to preach: here is much variety, but all is work.

Moſes when he came down from the hill, heard Muſick in the valley; Chriſt when he came down from the hill, heard diſcord. The Scribes (it ſeems) were ſetting hard upon the Diſciples: they ſaw Chriſt abſent, nine of his train left in the valley, thoſe they flie upon. As the Devil, ſo his Imps, watch cloſe for all

advantages. No ſubtile enemy but will be ſure to attempt that part where is likelihood of leaſt defence, moſt weakneſs. When the Spouſe miſſes him whom her Soul loveth, every watchman hath a buffet for her. O Saviour, if thou be never ſo little ſtept aſide, we are ſure to be aſſaulted with powerful Temptations. A

They that durſt ſay nothing to the Maſter, ſo ſoon as his back is turned fall foul upon his weakeſt Diſciples. Even at the firſt hatching the Serpent was thus crafty, to begin at the weaker veſſell: experience and time hath not abated his wit. If he ſtill work upon *ſilly Women laden with divers luſts*, upon rude and ungrounded Ignorants, it is no other then his old wont.

Our Saviour upon the skirts of the hill knew well what was done in the plain; and therefore haſts down to the reſcue of his Diſciples. The clouds and vapors do not ſooner ſcatter upon the Sun's breaking forth, then theſe cavils vaniſh at the preſence of Chriſt: in ſtead of oppoſition they are ſtraight upon their knees; here are now no quarrells, but humble ſalutations; and if Chriſt's queſtion did not force theirs, the Scribes had found no tongue. B

Doubtleſſe there were many eager Patients in this throng; none made ſo much noiſe as the father of the Demoniack. Belike upon his occaſion it was that the Scribes held conteſtation with the Diſciples. If they wrangled, he ſues, and that from his knees. Whom wil not need make both humble and eloquent? The caſe was wofull, and accordingly expreſſed. A ſon is a dear name; but this was his only ſon. Were his grief ordinary yet, the ſorrow were the leſſe; but he is a fearfull ſpectacle of judgment, for he is Lunatick. Were this Lunacy yet merely from a natural diſtemper, it were more tolerable; but this is aggravated by the poſſeſſion of a cruell ſpirit, that handles him in a moſt grievous manner. Yet were he but in the rank of other Demoniacks, the diſcomfort were more eaſie; but lo, this ſpirit is worſe then all other his fellows; others are uſually diſpoſſeſſed by the Diſciples, this is beyond their power. *I beſought thy Diſciples to caſt him out, but they could not: therefore, Lord, have thou mercy on my Son.* The deſpair of all other helps ſends us importunately to the God of power. Here was his refuge; the ſtrong man had gotten poſſeſſion, it was only the ſtronger then he that can eject him. O God, ſpiritual wickedneſſes have naturally ſeized upon our Souls: all humane helps are too weak; only thy Mercy ſhall improve thy Power to our deliverance. C D

What bowels could chuſe but yearn at the diſtreſſe of this poor young man? Phrenſy had taken his brain: that Diſeaſe was but health in compariſon of the tyrannical poſſeſſion of that evil ſpirit, wherewith it was ſeconded. Out of Hell there could not be a greater miſery: his Senſes are either bereft, or elſe left to torment him; he is torn and racked, ſo as he foams and gnaſhes, he pines and languiſhes; he is caſt ſometimes into the fire, ſometimes into the water. How that malitious Tyrant rejoices in the miſchief done to the creature of God? Had earth had any thing more pernicious then fire and water, thither had he been thrown; though rather for torture, then diſpatch. It was too much favour to die at once. O God, with how deadly enemies haſt thou matched us? Abate thou their power, ſince their malice will not be abated. E

How many think of this caſe with pity and horror, and in the mean time are inſenſible of their own fearfuller condition?

It is but oftentimes that the Devil would caſt this young man into a temporary fire; he would caſt the ſinner into an eternal fire, whoſe everlaſting burnings have no intermiſſions. No fire comes amiſſe to him; the fire of Affliction, the fire of Luſt, the fire of Hell. O God, make us apprehenſive of the danger of our ſin, and ſecure from the fearfull iſſue of ſin. F

All theſe very ſame effects follow his ſpiritual poſſeſſion. How doth he tear and rack them whom he vexes and diſtracts with inordinate cares and ſorrows? How do they foam and gnaſh whom he hath drawn to an impatient repining at God's afflictive hand? How do they pine away who hourly decay and languiſh in Grace?

Oh

A Oh the lamentable condition of ſinfull Souls, ſo much more dangerous, by how much leſſe felt!

But all this while what part hath the Moon in this mans miſery? How comes the name of that goodly Planet in queſtion? Certainly theſe diſeaſes of the brain follow much the courſe of this queen of moiſture. That power which ſhe hath in humors is drawn to the advantage of the malicious ſpirit; her predominancy is abuſed to his deſpight: whether it were for the better opportunity of his vexation, or whether for the drawing of envy and diſcredit upon ſo noble a creature. It is no news with that ſubtle enemie to faſten his effects upon thoſe ſecondary cauſes which he uſurps to his own purpoſes.
B Whatever be the means, he is the tormentor. Much wiſdome needs to diſtinguiſh betwixt the evil ſpirit abuſing the good creature, and the good creature abuſed by the evil ſpirit.

He that knew all things, asks queſtions; *How long hath he been ſo?* Not to inform himſelf; (That Devil could have done nothing without the knowledge, without the leave of the God of Spirits) but that by the confeſſion of the Parent he might lay forth the wofull condition of the childe; that the thank and glory of the Cure might be ſo much greater, as the complaint was more grievous. *He anſwered, From a childe.*

O God, how I adore the depth of thy wiſe and juſt and powerfull diſpenſa-
C tion? Thou that couldſt ſay, *I have loved Jacob, and Eſau have I hated, ere the children had done good or evil*, thoughteſt alſo good, ere this Childe could be capable ofgood or evil, to yield him over to the power of that Evil one. What need I ask for any other reaſon then that which is the rule of all Juſtice, thy Will? Yet even theſe weak eyes can ſee the juſt grounds of thine actions. That childe, though an *Iſraelite*, was conceived and born in that ſin which both could and did give Satan an intereſt in him. Beſides, the actual ſins of the Parents deſerved this revenge upon that piece of themſelves. Rather, O God, let me magnifie this Mercy, that we and our s eſcape this Judgment, then queſtion thy Juſtice, that ſome eſcape not. How juſt might it have been with thee,
D that we, who have given way to Satan in our ſins, ſhould have way and ſcope given to Satan over us in our puniſhments? It is thy praiſe that any of us are free; it is no quarrell that ſome ſuffer.

Do I wonder to ſee Satans bodily poſſeſſion of this yong man from a childe, when I ſee his ſpiritual poſſeſſion of every ſon of *Adam* from a longer date; not from a childe, but from the womb, yea in it? Why ſhould not Satan poſſeſſe his own? we are all by nature the ſons of wrath. It is time for us to renounce him in Baptiſm, whoſe we are till we be regenerate. He hath right to us in our firſt birth; our new birth acquits us from him, and cuts off all his claim. How miſerable are they that have nothing but Nature? Better had it been to
E have been unborn, then not to be born again.

And if this poor ſoul from an infant were thus miſerably handled, having done none actual evil; how juſt cauſe have we to fear the like Judgments, who by many foul offences have deſerved to draw this executioner upon us? O my Soul, thou haſt not room enough for thankfulneſſe to that good God, who hath not delivered thee up to that malignant Spirit.

The diſtreſſed Father ſits not ſtill, neglects not means; *I brought him to thy Diſciples.* Doubtleſſe the man came firſt to ſeek for Chriſt himſelf; finding him abſent, he makes ſuit to the Diſciples. To whom ſhould we have recourſe in all our ſpirituall complaints but to the agents and meſſengers of God? The
F noiſe of the like cures had ſurely brought this man with much confidence to crave their ſuccour; and now how cold was he at the heart, when he found that his hopes were fruſtrate? *They could not caſt him out.* No doubt the Diſciples tried their beſt, they laid their wonted charge upon this dumb ſpirit; but all in vain. They that could come with joy and triumph to their Maſter, and ſay, *The Devils are ſubject to us*, finde now themſelves matched with a

ſtubborn and refractory ſpirit. Their way was hitherto ſmooth and fair; they met with no rub till now. And now ſurely the father of the Demoniack was not more troubled at this event then themſelves. How could they chuſe but fear leſt their Maſter had with himſelf withdrawn that ſpiritual power which they had formerly exerciſed? Needs muſt their heart fail them with their ſucceſſe. A

The man complained not of their impotence: it were fondly injurious to accuſe them for that which they could not doe: had the want been in their will, they had well deſerved a querulous language; it was no fault to want power. Only he complains of the ſtubbornneſſe, and laments the invincibleneſſe of that evil ſpirit. B

I ſhould wrong you, O ye bleſſed Followers of Chriſt, if I ſhould ſay that, as *Iſrael*, when *Moſes* was gone up into the Mount, loſt their belief with their guide; ſo that ye, miſſing your Maſter (who was now aſcended up to his *Tabor*) were to ſeek for your Faith. Rather the Wiſdome of God ſaw reaſon to check your over-aſſured forwardneſſe; and both to pull down your hearts by a juſt humiliation in the ſenſe of your own weakneſſe, and to raiſe up your hearts to new acts of dependance upon that ſoveraign power from which your limited virtue was derived.

What was more familiar to the Diſciples then ejecting of Devils? In this only it is denied them. Our good God ſometimes findes it requiſite to hold us ſhort in thoſe abilities whereof we make leaſt doubt, that we may feel whence we had them. God will be no leſſe glorified in what we cannot doe, then in what we can doe. If his Graces were alwaies at our command, and ever alike, they would ſeem natural, and ſoon run into contempt: now we are juſtly held in an awfull dependance upon that gracious hand, which ſo gives as not to cloy us, and ſo denies as not to diſcourage us. C

Who could now but expect that our Saviour ſhould have pitied and bemoned the condition of this ſad father and miſerable ſon, and have let fall ſome words of comfort upon them? In ſtead whereof I hear him chiding and complaining, *O faithleſſe and perverſe generation, how long ſhall I be with you? how long ſhall I ſuffer you?* Complaining, not of that wofull father and more wofull ſon; it was not his faſhion to adde affliction to the diſtreſſed, to break ſuch bruiſed reeds; but of thoſe Scribes, who upon the failing of the ſucceſſe of this ſuit, had inſulted upon the diſability of the Followers of Chriſt, and depraved his power: although perhaps this impatient father, ſeduced by their ſuggeſtion, might ſlip into ſome thoughts of diſtruſt. D

There could not be a greater crimination then *faithleſſe and perverſe*: faithleſſe, in not believing; perverſe, in being obſtinately ſet in their unbelief. Doubtleſſe theſe men were not free from other notorious crimes: all were drowned in their Infidelity. Morall uncleanneſſes or violences may ſeem more hainous to men; none are ſo odious to God as theſe Intellectual wickedneſſes. E

What an happy change is here in one breath of Chriſt? *How long ſhall I ſuffer you? Bring him hither to me.* The one is a word of anger, the other of favour. His juſt indignation doth not exceed or impeach his Goodneſſe. What a ſweet mixture there is in the perfect ſimplicity of the Divine Nature? *In the midſt of judgement he remembers mercy*, yea he acts it. His Sun ſhines in the midſt of this ſtorm. Whether he frown or whether he ſmile, it is all to one purpoſe, that he may win the incredulous and diſobedient. Whither ſhould the rigour of all our cenſures tend but to edification, and not to deſtruction? We are Phyſicians, we are not executioners; we give purges to cure, and not poiſons to kill. It is for the juſt Judge to ſay one day to reprobate Souls, *Depart from me*; in the mean time it is for us to invite all that are ſpiritually poſſeſſed to the participation of mercy, *Bring him hither to me.* F

O Saviour, diſtance was no hindrance to thy work: why ſhould the Demoniack

A niack be brought to thee? Was it that this deliverance might be the better evicted, and that the beholders might see it was not for nothing that the Disciples were opposed with so refractory a spirit? or was it that the Scribes might be witnesses of that strong hostility that was betwixt thee and that foul spirit, and be ashamed of their blasphemous slander? or was it that the father of the Demoniack might be quickened in that Faith which now, through the suggestion of the Scribes, begun to droup; when he should hear and see Christ so chearfully to undertake and perform that whereof they had bidden him despair?

The possessed is brought; the Devil is rebuked and ejected. That stiff spirit
B which stood out boldly against the commands of the Disciples, cannot but stoop to the voice of the Master: that power which did at first cast him out of Heaven, easily dispossesses him of an house of clay. *The Lord rebuke thee, Satan*, and then thou canst not but flee.

The Disciples, who were not used to these affronts, cannot but be troubled at their mis-successe: *Master, why could not we cast him out?* Had they been conscious of any defect in themselves, they had never ask'd the question. Little did they think to hear of their Unbelief. Had they not had great Faith, they could not have cast out any Devils; had they not had some want of Faith, they had cast out this. It is possible for us to be defective in some Graces, and not to
C feel it.

Although not so much their weakness is guilty of this unprevailing, as the strength of that evil spirit; *This kind goes not out but by prayer and fasting.* Weaker spirits were wont to be ejected by a command; this Devil was more sturdy and boisterous. As there are degrees of statures in men, so there are degrees of strength and rebellion in spirituall wickednesses. Here bidding will not serve, they must pray; and praying will not serve without fasting. They must pray to God that they may prevail; they must fast to make their prayer more fervent, more effectuall. We cannot now command, we can fast and pray. How good is our God to us, that whiles he hath not thought fit to continue to
D us those means which are lesse powerfull for the dispossessing of the powers of darkness, yet hath he given us the greater? Whiles we can fast and pray, God will command for us; Satan cannot prevail against us.

The Widow's mites.

THe sacred wealth of the Temple was either in stuffe, or in coin. For the one the Jews had an house, for the other a chest. At the concourse of all the males to the Temple thrice a year upon occasion of the so-
E lemn Feasts, the oblations of both kinds were liberall. Our Saviour, as taking pleasure in the prospect, sets himself to view those Offerings, whether for holy uses or charitable.

Those things we delight in, we love to behold: The eye and the heart will go together. And can we think, O Saviour, that thy Glory hath diminished ought of thy gracious respects to our beneficence? or that thine acceptance of our Charity was confined to the earth? Even now that thou sitteſt at the right hand of thy Fathers glory, thou seest every hand that is stretched out to the relief of thy poor Saints here below. And if vanity have power to stir up our Liberality out of a conceit to be seen of men, how shall Faith incourage our
F Bounty in knowing that we are seen of thee, and accepted by thee? Alas, what are we the better for the notice of those perishing and impotent eyes, which can onely view the outside of our actions; or for that wast winde of applause which vanisheth in the lips of the speaker? Thine eye, O Lord, is piercing and retributive. As to see thee is perfect Happiness, so to be seen of thee is true contentment and glory.

And

And doſt thou, O God, ſee what we give thee, and not ſee what we take away from thee? Are our Offerings more noted then our Sacriledges? Surely thy Mercy is not more quick-ſighted then thy Juſtice. In both kindes our actions are viewed, our account is kept; and we are ſure to receive Rewards for what we have given, and Vengeance for what we have defalked. With thine eye of Knowledge thou ſeeſt all we doe; but what we doe well, thou ſeeſt with thine eye of Approbation. So didſt thou now behold theſe pious and charitable Oblations. How well wert thou pleaſed with this variety? Thou ſaweſt many rich men give much; and one poor Widow give more then they in leſſer room.

The Jews were now under the *Romane* preſſure; they were all tributaries, yet many of them rich; and thoſe rich men were liberal to the common cheſt. Hadſt thou ſeen thoſe many rich give little, we had heard of thy cenſure: thou expecteſt a proportion betwixt the giver and the gift, betwixt the gift and the receit: where that fails, the blame is juſt. That Nation (though otherwiſe faulty enough) was in this commendable. How bounteouſly open were their hands to the houſe of God? Time was, when their liberality was fain to be reſtrained by Proclamation; and now it needed no incitement: the rich gave much, the pooreſt gave more. *He ſaw a poor widow caſting in two mites.* It was miſery enough that ſhe was a Widow. The married woman is under the careſull proviſion of an Husband; if ſhe ſpend, he earns: in that eſtate four hands work for her; in her viduity but two. Poverty added to the ſorrow of her widowhood. The loſſe of ſome Husbands is ſupplied by a rich joynture; it is ſome allay to the grief that the hand is left full, though the bed be empty. This woman was not more deſolate then needy. Yet this poor widow gives. And what gives ſhe? An offering like her ſelf, *two mites*; or, in our language, two half-farthing-tokens. Alas, good woman, who was poorer then thy ſelf? wherefore was that Corban, but for the relief of ſuch as thou? who ſhould receive, if ſuch give? Thy mites were ſomething to thee, nothing to the Treaſury. How ill is that gift beſtowed, which diſ-furniſheth thee, and addes nothing to the common ſtock? Some thrifty neighbour might perhaps have ſuggeſted this probable diſcouragement. *Jeſus* publiſhes and applauds her bounty: *He called his Diſciples, and ſaid unto them, Verily I ſay unto you, this woman hath caſt in more then they all.* Whiles the rich put in their offering, I ſee no Diſciples called; it was enough that Chriſt noted their gifts alone: but when the Widow comes with her two mites, now the domeſticks of Chriſt are ſummoned to aſſemble, and taught to admire this munificence; a ſolemn preface makes way to her praiſe, and her Mites are made more precious then the others Talents. *She gave more then they all.* More, not only in reſpect of the Minde of the giver, but of the proportion of the gift, as hers. A mite to her was more then pounds to them: Pounds were little to them, two mites were all to her: They gave out of their abundance, ſhe out of her neceſſity. That which they gave, left the heap leſſe, yet an heap ſtill; ſhe gives all at once, and leaves her ſelf nothing. So as ſhe gave, not more then any, but *more then they all.* God doth not ſo much regard what is taken out, as what is left. O Father of mercies, thou lookeſt at once into the bottome of her heart and the bottome of her purſe; and eſteemeſt her gift according to both. As thou ſeeſt not as man, ſo thou valueſt not as man: Man judgeth by the worth of the gift, thou judgeſt by the minde of the giver and the proportion of the remainder. It were wide with us if thou ſhouldſt goe by quantities. Alas, what have we but mites, and thoſe of thine own lending? It is the comfort of our meanneſſe, that our affections are valued and not our preſents: neither haſt thou ſaid, *God loves a* liberal *giver*, but a *chearfull*. If I had more, O God, thou ſhouldſt have it; had I leſſe, thou wouldſt not deſpiſe it, who *accepteſt the gift according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.*

Yea, Lord, what have I but two mites, a Soul, and a Body? mere mites, yea, not

A not ſo much, to thine Infiniteneſs. Oh that I could perfectly offer them up unto thee, according to thine own right in them, and not according to mine. How graciouſly wouldſt thou be ſure to accept them? how happy ſhall I be in thine acceptation?

The ambition of the two Sons of Zebedee.

B HE who had his own time and ours in his hand, foreknew and foretold the approach of his diſſolution. When men are near their end, and ready to make their Will, then is it ſeaſonable to ſue for Legacies. Thus did the Mother of the two *Zebedees*; therein well approving both her Wiſedome and her Faith: Wiſedome, in the fit choice of her opportunity; Faith, in taking ſuch an opportunity.

The ſuit is half obtained that is ſeaſonably made. To have made this motion at the entry into their attendance, had been abſurd, and had juſtly ſeemed to challenge a denial. It was at the parting of the Angel, that *Jacob* would be bleſſed. The double ſpirit of *Elijah* is not ſued for till his aſcending.

But, oh the admirable Faith of this good woman! When ſhe heard the diſ-
C courſe of Chriſts Sufferings and Death, ſhe talks of his Glory; when ſhe hears of his Croſſe, ſhe ſpeaks of his Crown. If ſhe had ſeen *Herod* come and tender his Scepter unto Chriſt, or the Elders of the Jews come upon their knees with a ſubmiſſive profer of their allegeance, ſhe might have had ſome reaſon to entertain the thoughts of a Kingdome: but now whiles the ſound of betraying, ſuffering, dying, was in her eare, to make account of and ſuit for a room in his Kingdome, it argues a belief able to triumph over all diſcouragements.

It was nothing for the Diſciples, when they ſaw him after his conqueſt of
D death and riſing from the grave, to ask him, *Maſter, wilt thou now reſtore the kingdome unto Iſrael?* but for a ſilly woman to look through his future Death and Paſſion, at his Reſurrection and Glory, it is no leſſe worthy of wonder then praiſe.

To hear a man in his beſt health and vigor to talk of his confidence in God, and aſſurance of Divine favour, cannot be much worth: but if in extremities we can believe above hope, againſt hope, our Faith is ſo much more noble as our difficulties are greater.

Never ſweeter perfume aroſe from any altar, then that which aſcended from *Job*'s dung-hill, *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*

What a ſtrange ſtyle is this that is given to this woman? It had been as
E eaſie to have ſaid, the wife of *Zebedee*, or the ſiſter of *Mary* or of *Joſeph*, or (as her name was) plain *Salome*: but now, by an unuſuall deſcription, ſhe is ſtyled *The mother of Zebedee's children. Zebedee* was an obſcure man; ſhe, as his wife, was no better; the greateſt honour ſhe ever had or could have, was to have two ſuch ſons as *James* and *John*; theſe give a title to both their Parents. Honour aſcends as well as deſcends. Holy Children dignifie the loyns and womb from whence they proceed, no leſſe then their Parents traduce honour unto them. *Salome* might be a good wife, a good huſwife, a good woman, a good neighbour: all theſe cannot ennoble her ſo much as *the mother of Zebedee's children.*

F What a world of pain, toyl, care, coſt, there is in the birth and education of children? Their good proof requites all with advantage. Next to happineſs in our ſelves, is to be happy in a gracious Iſſue.

The ſuit was the ſons, but by the mouth of their mother: it was their beſt policy to ſpeak by her lips. Even theſe Fiſhermen had already learned craftily to fiſh for promotion. Ambition was not ſo bold in them as to ſhew her

her own face: the envy of the ſuit ſhall thus be avoided, which could not but follow upon their perſonall requeſt. If it were granted, they had what they would; if not, it was but the repulſe of a womans motion: which muſt needs be ſo much more pardonable, becauſe it was of a mother for her ſons. A

It is not diſcommendable in parents to ſeek the preferment of their children. Why may not *Abraham* ſue for an *Iſmael*? So it be by lawfull means, in a moderate meaſure, in due order, this endeavour cannot be amiſſe. It is the neglect of circumſtances that makes theſe deſires ſinfull. Oh the madneſſe of thoſe Parents that care not which way they raiſe an houſe; that deſire rather to leave their children great, then good; that are more ambitious to have their ſons Lords on earth, then Kings in Heaven! Yet I commend thee, *Salome*, that thy firſt plot was to have thy ſons Diſciples of Chriſt, then after to prefer them to the beſt places of that attendance. It is the true method of Divine prudence, O God, firſt to make our children happy with the honour of thy ſervice, and then to endeavour their meet advancement upon earth. B

The mother is but put upon this ſuit by her ſons; their heart was in her lips. They were not ſo mortified by their continual converſation with Chriſt, hearing his Heavenly doctrine, ſeeing his Divine carriage, but that their mindes were yet roving after temporal Honours. Pride is the inmoſt coat, which we put off laſt, and which we put on firſt. Who can wonder to ſee ſome ſparks of weak and worldly deſires in their holieſt teachers, when the bleſſed Apoſtles were not free from ſome ambitious thoughts whiles they ſate at the feet, yea in the boſome of their Saviour? C

The near kindred this woman could challenge of Chriſt might ſeem to give her juſt colour of more familiarity; yet now that ſhe comes upon a ſuit, ſhe ſubmits her ſelf to the loweſt geſture of ſuppliants. We need not be taught that it is fit for petitioners to the Great, to preſent their humble ſupplications upon their knees. O Saviour, if this woman ſo nearly allied to thee according to the fleſh, coming but upon a temporal occaſion to thee, being as then compaſſed about with humane infirmities, adored thee ere ſhe durſt ſue to thee; what reverence is enough for us that come to thee upon ſpiritual ſuits, ſitting now in the height of Heavenly Glory and Majeſty? Say then, thou wife of *Zebedee*, what is it that thou craveſt of thine omnipotent kinſman? *A certain thing.* Speak out, woman; what is this certain thing that thou craveſt? How poor and weak is this ſupplicatory anticipation to him that knew thy thoughts ere thou utteredſt them, ere thou entertainedſt them? We are all in this tune; every one would have ſomething; ſuch perhaps as we are aſhamed to utter. The Proud man would have a certain thing; Honour in the world: the Covetous would have a certain thing too; Wealth and abundance: the Malicious would have a certain thing; Revenge on his enemies: the Epicure would have Pleaſure and Long life; the Barren, Children; the Wanton, Beauty. Each one would be humored in his own deſire; though in variety, yea contradiction to other; though in oppoſition not more to God's will, then our own good. D E

How this ſuit ſticks in her teeth, and dare not freely come forth, becauſe it is guilty of its own faultineſſe? What a difference there is betwixt the prayers of Faith, and the motions of Self-love and infidelity? Thoſe come forth with boldneſſe, as knowing their own welcome, and being well aſſured both of their warrant and acceptation; theſe ſtand bluſhing at the door, not daring to appear; like to ſome baffled ſuit, conſcious to its own unworthineſſe and juſt repulſe. Our inordinate deſires are worthy of a check: when we know that our requeſts are holy, we cannot come with too much confidence to the throne of Grace. F

He that knew all their thoughts afar off, yet, as if he had been a ſtranger to

A to their purpoſes, asks, *What wouldeſt thou?* Our infirmities do then beſt ſhame us, when they are fetcht out of our own mouths: Like as our Prayers alſo ſerve not to acquaint God with our wants, but to make us the more capable of his mercies.

The ſuit is drawn from her; now ſhe muſt ſpeak. *Grant that theſe my two ſons may ſit, one on thy right hand, the other on thy left, in thy Kingdome.*

It is hard to ſay, whether out of more pride or ignorance. It was as received as erroneous a conceit among the very Diſciples of Chriſt, that he ſhould raiſe up a Temporal Kingdom over the now-tributary and beſlaved people of *Iſrael*. The *Romans* were now their maſters; their fancy was, that their *Meſſias* ſhould B ſhake off this yoke, and reduce them to their former Liberty. So grounded was this opinion, that the two Diſciples in their walk to *Emmaus* could ſay, *We truſted it had been he that ſhould have delivered Iſrael*; and when, after his Reſurrection, he was walking up mount *Olivet* towards Heaven, his very Apoſtles could ask him, if he would now reſtore that long-exſpected Kingdome. How ſhould we mitigate our cenſures of our Chriſtian brethren, if either they miſtake, or know not ſome ſecondary truths of Religion, when the domeſtick Attendants of Chriſt, who heard him every day till the very point of his Aſcenſion, miſapprehended the chief cauſe of his coming into the world, and the ſtate of his Kingdome? If our Charity may not bear with ſmall faults, what doe we C under his name that conniv'd at greater? Truth is as the Sun; bright in it ſelf, yet there are many cloſe corners into which it never ſhined. O God, if thou open our hearts, we ſhall take in thoſe beams: till thou doe ſo, teach us to attend patiently for our ſelves, charitably for others.

Theſe Fiſhermen had ſo much Courtſhip to know, that the right hand and the left of any Prince were the chief places of Honour. Our Saviour had ſaid that his twelve Followers ſhould ſit upon twelve thrones, and judge the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. This good woman would have her two ſons next to his perſon; the prime Peers of his Kingdome. Every one is apt to wiſh the beſt to his own. Worldly Honour is neither worth our ſuit, nor unworthy our acceptance. D Yea, *Salome*, had thy mind been in Heaven, hadſt thou intended this deſired preeminence of that celeſtial ſtate of Glory, yet I know not how to juſtifie thine ambition. Wouldſt thou have thy ſons preferred to the *Father of the faithfull*, to the bleſſed Mother of thy Saviour? That very wiſh were preſumptuous. For me, O God, my ambition ſhall goe ſo high as to be a Saint in Heaven, and to live as holily on earth as the beſt; but for precedency of Heavenly Honour, I do not, I dare not affect it. It is enough for me, if I may lift up my head amongſt the heels of thy Bleſſed Ones.

The mother asks, the ſons have the anſwer. She was but their tongue, they ſhall be her eares. God ever imputes the acts to the firſt mover, rather then E to the inſtrument.

It was a ſore check, *Ye know not what ye ask*. In our ordinary communication to ſpeak idly, is ſin; but in our ſuits to Chriſt to be ſo inconſiderate, as not to underſtand our own petitions, muſt needs be a foul offence.

As Faith is the ground of our Prayers, ſo Knowledge is the ground of our Faith. If we come with indigeſted requeſts, we prophane that Name we invoke.

To convince their unfitneſs for Glory, they are ſent to their impotency in Suffering; *Are ye able to drink of the cup whereof I ſhall drink, and to be baptized with the Baptiſme wherewith I am baptized?* O Saviour, even thou who wert one F with thy Father, haſt a Cup of thine own: never Potion was ſo bitter as that which was mixed for thee. Yea, even thy draught is ſtinted; it is not enough for thee to ſip of this Cup, thou muſt drink it up to the very dregs. When the vinegar and gall were tendred to thee by men, thou didſt but kiſs the cup; but when thy Father gave into thine hands a potion infinitely more diſtaſtful, thou (for our health) didſt drink deep of it even to the bottome, and ſaidſt, *It*

is finiſhed. And can we repine at thoſe unpleaſing draughts of Affliction that are tempered for us ſinful men, when we ſee thee, the Son of thy Fathers love, thus dieted? We pledge thee, O Bleſſed Saviour, we pledge thee, according to our weakneſs, who haſt begun to us in thy powerful ſufferings. Onely do thou enable us (after ſome four faces made in our reluctation) yet at laſt willingly to pledge thee in our conſtant Sufferings for thee. A

As thou muſt be drenched within, ſo muſt thou be baptized without. Thy Baptiſme is not of water, but of blood; both theſe came from thee in thy Paſſion: we cannot be thine, if we partake not of both. If thou haſt not grudged thy precious blood to us, well maieſt thou challenge ſome worthleſs drops from us.

When they talk of thy Kingdome, thou ſpeakeſt of thy bitter Cup, of thy bloody Baptiſme. Suffering is the way to reigning. *Through many tribulations muſt we enter into the Kingdome of Heaven.* There was never wedge of gold that did not firſt paſs the fire; there was never pure grain that did not undergoe the flail. In vain ſhall we dream of our immediate paſſage from the pleaſures and jollity of earth to the glory of Heaven. Let who will hope to walk upon Roſes and Violets to the throne of Heaven; O Saviour, let me trace thee by the track of thy Blood, and by thy red ſteps follow thee to thine eternal reſt and Happineſs. B

I know this is no eaſie task; elſe thou hadſt never ſaid, *Are ye able?* Who ſhould be able if not they that had been ſo long bleſſed with thy preſence, informed by thy doctrine, and (as it were) beforehand poſſeſſed of their Heaven in thee? Thou hadſt never made them judges of their power, if thou couldſt not have convinced them of their weakneſs: Alas, how full of feebleneſs is our body, and our minde of impatience? If but a Bee ſting our fleſh, it ſwels; and if but a tooth ake, the head and heart complain. How ſmall trifles make us weary of our ſelves? What can we doe without thee? without thee what can we ſuffer? If thou be not, O Lord, ſtrong in my weakneſs, I cannot be ſo much as weak; I cannot ſo much as be. Oh, do thou prepare me for my day, and enable me to my trials: *I can doe all things through* thee *that ſtrengtheneſt me.* C D

The motion of the two Diſciples was not more full of infirmity then their anſwer, *We are able.* Out of an eager deſire of the Honour, they are apt to undertake the condition. The beſt men may be miſtaken in their own powers. Alas, poor men! when it came to the iſſue, they ran away, and I know not whether one without his coat. It is one thing to ſuffer in ſpeculation, another in practice. There cannot be a worſe ſigne then for a man in a carnal preſumption to vaunt of his own abilities. How juſtly doth God ſuffer that man to be foiled purpoſely, that he may be aſhamed of his own vain ſelf-confidence? O God, let me ever be humbly dejected in the ſenſe of mine own inſufficiency; let me give all the Glory to thee, and take nothing to my ſelf but my infirmities. E

Oh the wonderful mildneſs of the Son of God! He doth not rate the two Diſciples, either for their ambition in ſuing, or preſumption in undertaking: but leaving the worſt, he takes the beſt of their anſwer; and omitting their errors, incourages their good intentions; *Ye ſhall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with my baptiſme: but to ſit on my right hand and my left, is not mine to give, but to them for whom it is prepared of my Father.* I know not whether there be more mercy in the conceſſion, or ſatisfaction in the denial. Were it not an high Honour to drink of thy Cup, O Saviour, thou hadſt not fore-promiſed it as a favour. I am deceived if what thou granteſt were much leſs then that which thou denieſt. To pledge thee in thine own Cup, is not much leſs dignity and familiarity then to ſit by thee. *If we ſuffer with thee, we ſhall alſo reign together with thee.* What greater promotion can fleſh and blood be capable of, then a conformity to the Lord of Glory? Enable thou me to drink of thy Cup, and then ſet me where thou wilt. F

But,

A But, O Saviour, whiles thou dignifiest them in thy grant, dost thou disparage thy self in thy denial? *Not mine to give?* Whose is it, if not thine? If it be thy Fathers, it is thine. Thou, who art Truth, hast said, *I and my Father are one.* Yea, because thou art one with the Father, it is not thine to give to any save those for whom it is prepared of the Father. The Father's preparation was thine, his gift is thine; the Decree of both is one. That eternal counsel is not alterable upon our vain desires. The Father gives these Heavenly honours to none but by thee; thou givest them to none but according to the Decree of thy Father. Many degrees there are of celestial Happiness. Those supernal Mansions are not all of an height. That Providence which hath varied our stations
B upon earth, hath pre-ordered our seats above. O God, admit me within the wals of thy new *Jerusalem*, and place me whereso ever thou pleasest.

The Tribute money paid.

ALL these other Histories report the Power of Christ; this shews both his Power and Obedience: his Power over the creatnre; his Obedience to civil Powers. *Capernaum* was one of his own Cities; Luc. 4. 31. compared with 38.
C there he made his chief abode, in *Peter*'s house: to that Host of his therefore do the Toll-gatherers repair for the Tribute. When that great Disciple said, *We have left all*, he did not say, We have abandoned all, or sold, or given away all: but we have left, in respect of managing, not of possession; not in respect of right, but of use and present fruition; so left, that upon just occasion we may resume; so left, that it is our due, though not our business. Doubtless he was too wise to give away his own, that he might borrow of a stranger. His own roof gave him shelter for the time, and his Master with him. Of him, as the Housholder, is the Tribute required; and by and for him is it also paid. I inquire not either into the occasion, or the summe.
D What need we make this exaction sacrilegious? as if that half-shekel which was appointed by God to be paid by every *Israelite* to the use of the Tabernacle and Temple, were now diverted to the *Roman* Exchequer. There was no necessity that the *Roman* Lords should be tied to the Jewish reckonings; it was free for them to impose what payments they pleased upon a subdued people: when great *Augustus* commanded the world to be taxed, this rate was set. The mannerly Collectors demand it first of him with whom they might be more bold; *Doth not your Master pay tribute?* All *Capernaum* knew Christ for a great Prophet; his Doctrine had ravish'd them, his Miracles had astonish'd them: yet when it comes to a money-matter, his share is as deep as the
E rest. Questions of profit admit no difference. Still the Sacred Tribe challengeth reverence: who cares how little they receive, how much they pay? Yet no man knows with what minde this demand was made; whether in a churlish grudging at Christ's immunity, or in an awful compellation of the servant rather then the Master.

Peter had it ready what to answer. I hear him not require their stay till he should goe in and know his Masters resolution; but, as one well acquainted with the minde and practice of his Master, he answers, *Yes.*

There was no truer pay-master of the Kings dues then he that was King of Kings. Well did *Peter* know that he did not onely owe, but preach tribute.
F When the *Herodians* laid twigs for him, as supposing that so great a Prophet would be all for the liberty and exemption of God's chosen people, he choaks them with their own coin, and told them the stamp argued the right; *Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars.*

O Saviour, how can thy servants challenge that freedome which thy self had not? who that pretends from thee can claim homage from those to whom

thou gaveſt it? If thou by whom Kings reign forbareſt not to pay tribute to an heathen Prince, what power under thee can deny it to thoſe that rule for thee? A

That demand was made without doors. No ſooner is *Peter* come in, then he is prevented by his Maſter's queſtion, *What thinkeſt thou, Simon, of whom do the Kings of the earth receive tribute? of their own children, or of ſtrangers?* This very interrogation was anſwer enough to that which *Peter* meant to move: he that could thus know the heart, was not in true right liable to humane exactions.

But, O Saviour, may I preſume to ask what this is to thee? Thou haſt ſaid, *My Kingdome is not of this world*; how doth it concern thee what is done by the Kings of the earth, or impoſed upon the ſons of earthly Kings? Thou wouldſt be the Son of an humble Virgin; and choſeſt not a Royal ſtate, but a ſervile. I diſpute not thy natural right to the throne, by thy lineal deſcent from the loyns of *Juda* and *David:* what ſhould I plead that which thou waveſt? It is thy Divine Royalty and Sonſhip which thou here juſtly urgeſt; the argument is irrefragable and convictive. If the Kings of the earth do ſo priviledge their children that they are free from all tributes and impoſitions; how much more ſhall the King of Heaven give this immunity to his onely and natural Son? ſo as in true reaſon I might challenge an exemption for me and my train. Thou mighteſt, O Saviour, and no leſs challenge a tribute of all the Kings of the earth to thee, by whom all powers are ordained: Reaſon cannot mutter againſt this claim; the creature owes it ſelf and whatſoever it hath to the Maker, he owes nothing to it. *Then are the children free.* He that hath right to all, needs not pay any thing; elſe there ſhould be a ſubjection in Soveraignty, and men ſhould be debters to themſelves. But this right was thine own peculiar, and admits no partners; why doſt thou ſpeak of children, as of more, and extending this priviledge to *Peter*, ſayeſt, *Leſt we ſcandalize them?* Was it for that thy Diſciples, being of thy robe, might juſtly ſeem intereſſed in the liberties of their Maſter? Surely no otherwiſe were they children, no otherwiſe free. Away with that fanatical conceit, which challenges an immunity from ſecular commands and taxes, to a ſpiritual and adoptative Sonſhip: no earthly Saintſhip can exempt us from tribute to whom tribute belongeth. There is a freedom, O Saviour, which our Chriſtianity cals us to affect; a freedom from the yoke of ſin and Satan, from the ſervitude of our corrupt affections: we cannot be Sons if we be not thus free. O free thou us by thy free Spirit from the miſerable bondage of our Nature, ſo ſhall the children be free: but as to theſe ſecular duties, no man is leſs free then the children. O Saviour, thou wert free, and wouldſt not be ſo; thou wert free by natural right, wouldſt not be free by voluntary diſpenſation, *Leſt an offence might be taken.* Surely had there followed an offence, it had been taken onely, and not given. *Woe be to the man by whom the offence cometh:* It cometh by him that gives it; it cometh by him that takes it when it is not given: no part of this blame could have cleaved unto thee either way. B C D E

Yet ſuch was thy goodneſs, that thou wouldſt not ſuffer an offence unjuſtly taken at that which thou mighteſt juſtly have denied. How jealous ſhould we be even of others perils? how careful ſo to moderate our power in the uſe of lawful things, that our Charity may prevent others ſcandals? to remit of our own right for anothers ſafety? Oh the deplorable condition of thoſe wilful men, who care not what blocks they lay in the way to Heaven, not forbearing by a known lewdneſs to draw others into their own damnation! F

To avoid the unjuſt offence even of very Publicans, *Jeſus* will work a Miracle. *Peter* is ſent to the ſea; and that not with a net, but with an hook. The Diſciple was now in his own trade. He knew a net might incloſe many fiſhes, an hook could take but one: with that hook muſt he goe angle for the tribute-

A tribute-money. A fiſh ſhall bring him a ſtater in her mouth; and that fiſh that bites firſt. What an unuſual bearer is here? what an unlikely element to yield a piece of ready coin?

Oh that Omnipotent power which could command the fiſh to be both his Treaſurer to keep his Silver, and his Purveyour to bring it! Now whether, O Saviour, thou cauſedſt this fiſh to take up that ſhekel out of the bottome of the ſea, or whether by thine Almighty word thou mad'ſt it in an inſtant in the mouth of that fiſh, it is neither poſſible to determine, nor neceſſary to inquire. I rather adore thine infinite Knowledge and Power, that couldſt make uſe of unlikelieſt means; that couldſt ſerve thy ſelf of the very fiſhes of the ſea,
B in a buſineſs of earthly and civil imployment. It was not out of need that thou didſt this: (though I do not finde that thou ever affectedſt a full purſe.) What veins of Gold or Mines of Silver did not lye open to thy command? But out of a deſire to teach *Peter*, that whiles he would be tributary to *Cæſar*, the very fiſh of the ſea was tributary to him. How ſhould this incourage our dependance upon that Omnipotent hand of thine, which hath Heaven, earth, ſea at thy diſpoſing? Still thou art the ſame for thy members which thou wert for thy ſelf the Head. Rather then offence ſhall be given to the world by a ſeeming neglect of thy dear Children, thou wilt cauſe the very fowls of Heaven to bring them meat, and the fiſh of the ſea to bring them money.
C O let us look up ever to thee by the eye of our Faith; and not be wanting in our dependance upon thee, who canſt not be wanting in thy Providence over us.

LAZARUS *Dead.*

D OH the Wiſdome of God in penning his own Story! The Diſciple whom *Jeſus* loved comes after his fellow-Evangeliſts, that he might glean up thoſe rich ears of Hiſtory which the reſt had paſſed over. That Eagle ſoars high, and towrs up by degrees. It was much to turn water into wine; but it was more to feed five thouſand with five loaves. It was much to reſtore the Rulers ſon; it was more to cure him that had been thirty eight years a Cripple. It was much to cure him that was born blind; it was more to raiſe up *Lazarus* that had been ſo long dead. As a ſtream runs ſtill the ſtronger and wider, the nearer it comes to the Ocean whence it was derived; ſo didſt thou, O Saviour, work the more powerfully, the nearer thou dreweſt to thy Glory. This was, as one of thy laſt, ſo of thy greateſt Miracles; when thou wert ready to die thy ſelf, thou raiſedſt
E him to life who ſmelt ſtrong of the grave. None of all the Sacred Hiſtories is ſo full and punctual as this, in the report of all circumſtances. Other Miracles do not more tranſcend Nature, then this tranſcends other Miracles.

This alone was a ſufficient eviction of thy Godhead, O bleſſed Saviour: none but an infinite power could ſo farre go beyond Nature, as to recal a man four daies dead from, not a mere privation, but a ſetled corruption. Earth muſt needs be thine, from which thou raiſeſt his body; Heaven muſt needs be thine, from whence thou fetcheſt his Spirit. None but he that created man, could thus make him new.

F Sickneſs is the common preface to death; no mortal nature is exempted from this complaint; even *Lazarus*, whom *Jeſus* loved, is ſick. What can ſtrength of Grace or dearneſs of reſpect prevail againſt diſeaſe, againſt diſſolution?

It was a ſtirring meſſage that *Mary* ſent to *Jeſus*, *He whom thou loveſt is ſick:* as if ſhe would imply, that his part was no-leſs deep in *Lazarus* then hers.

Neither doth ſhe ſay, He that loves thee is ſick; but, *he whom thou loveſt:* not pleading the merit of *Lazarus* his affection to Chriſt, but the mercy and favour of Chriſt to him. Even that other reflexion of love had been no weak motive; for, O Lord, thou haſt ſaid, *Becauſe he hath ſet his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him.* Thy goodneſs will not be behinde us for love, who profeſſeſt to love them that love thee. But yet the argument is more forcible from thy love to us; ſince thou haſt juſt reaſon to reſpect every thing of thine own, more then ought that can proceed from us. Even we weak men, what can we ſtick at where we love? Thou, O infinite God, art Love it ſelf. Whatever thou haſt done for us is out of thy love: the ground and motive of all thy mercies is within thy ſelf, not in us; and if there be ought in us worthy of thy love, it is thine own, not ours; thou giveſt what thou accepteſt. *Jeſus* well heard the firſt groan of his dear *Lazarus*; every ſhort breath that he drew, every ſigh that he gave was upon account: yet this Lord of Life lets his *Lazarus* ſicken, and languiſh, and die; not out of neglect or impotence, but out of power and reſolution. *This ſickneſs is not to death.* He to whom the iſſues of death belong, knows the way both into it and out of it. He meant that ſickneſs ſhould be to death in reſpect of the preſent condition, not to death in reſpect of the event; to death in the proceſs of Nature, not to death in the ſucceſs of his Divine power, *that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.* O Saviour, thy uſual ſtyle is, the Son of man; thou that wouldſt take up our infirmities, wert willing thus to hide thy Godhead under the courſe weeds of our Humanity: but here thou ſaiſt, *That the Son of God might be glorified.* Though thou wouldſt hide thy Divine glory, yet thou wouldſt not ſmother it. Sometimes thou wouldſt have thy Sun break forth in bright gleams, to ſhew that it hath no leſs light even whiles it ſeems kept in by the clouds. Thou wert now near thy Paſſion; it was moſt ſeaſonable for thee at this time to ſet forth thy juſt title. Neither was this an act that thy Humanity could challenge to it ſelf; but farre tranſcending all finite powers. To die, was an act of the Son of man; to raiſe from death, was an act of the Son of God.

Neither didſt thou ſay merely, that God, but, *that the Son of God might be glorified.* God cannot be glorified unleſs the Son be ſo. In very natural Relations, the wrong or diſreſpect offered to the child reflects upon the father, as contrarily the parents upon the child; how much more where the love and reſpect is infinite? where the whole eſſence is communicated with the intireneſs of relation?

O God, in vain ſhall we tender our Devotions to thee indefinitely, as to a glorious and incomprehenſible Majeſty, if we kiſs not the Son, who hath moſt juſtly ſaid, *Ye believe in the Father, believe alſo in me.*

What an happy family was this? I finde none upon earth ſo much honoured; *Jeſus loved Martha, and her ſiſter, and Lazarus.* It is no ſtanding upon terms of precedency: the Spirit of God is not curious in marſhalling of places. Time was, when *Mary* was confeſſed to have choſen the better part; here *Martha* is named firſt, as moſt intereſſed in Chriſts love: for ought appears all of them were equally dear. Chriſt had familiarly lodged under their roof. How fit was that to receive him, whoſe in-dwellers were hoſpital, pious, unanimous? Hoſpital, in the glad entertainment of *Jeſus* and his train; Pious, in their Devotions; Unanimous, in their mutual Concord. As contrarily he balks and hates that houſe which is taken up with uncharitableneſs, profaneneſs, contention.

But, O Saviour, how doth this agree? thou lovedſt this Family: yet hearing of their diſtreſs, thou heldeſt off two daies more from them? Canſt thou love thoſe thou regardeſt not? canſt thou regard them from whom thou willingly abſenteſt thy ſelf in their neceſſity? Behold, thy love as it is above ours, ſo it is oft againſt ours. Even out of very affection art thou not ſeldome abſent. None of thine but have ſometimes cryed, *How long, Lord?* What need we inſtance,

A ſtance, when thine eternal Father did purpoſely eſtrange his face from thee, ſo as thou cryedſt out of forſaking?

Here thou wouldſt knowingly delay, whether for the greatning of the Miracle, or for the ſtrengthning of thy Diſciples Faith.

Hadſt thou gone ſooner, and prevented the death, who had known whether ſtrength of Nature, and not thy miraculous power, had done it? Hadſt thou overtaken his death by this quickning viſitation, who had known whether this had been only ſome qualm or extaſy, and not a perfect diſſolution? Now this large gap of time makes thy work both certain and glorious.

B And what a clear proof was this beforehand to thy Diſciples, that thou wert able to accompliſh thine own Reſurrection on the third day, who wert able to raiſe up *Lazarus* on the fourth? The more difficult the work ſhould be, the more need it had of an omnipotent confirmation.

He that was Lord of our times and his own, can now, when he found it ſeaſonable, ſay, *Let us goe into Judæa again.* Why left he it before? was it not upon the heady violence of his enemies? Lo, the ſtones of the Jews drove him thence: the love of *Lazarus* and the care of his Divine glory drew him back thither. Vide Chap. 10. ver. 31, 39.

We may, we muſt be wiſe as ſerpents, for our own preſervation; we muſt be careleſs of danger when God cals us to the hazard. It is far from God's purpoſe

C to give us leave ſo farre to reſpect our ſelves, as that we ſhould neglect him. Let *Judæa* be all ſnares, all croſſes; O Saviour, when thou calleſt us, we muſt put our lives into our hands, and follow thee thither.

This journey thou haſt purpoſed and contrived; but what needeſt thou to acquaint thy Diſciples with thine intent? Where didſt thou ever (beſides here) make them of counſel with thy voyages? Neither didſt thou ſay, How think you if I goe? but, *Let us goe.* Was it for that thou, who kneweſt thine own ſtrength, kneweſt alſo their weakneſs? Thou wert reſolute, they were timorous: they were ſenſible enough of their late peril, and fearful of more; there was need to fore-arm them with an exſpectation of the worſt, and preparation for

D it. Surpriſal with evils may indanger the beſt conſtancy. The heart is apt to fail, when it findes it ſelf intrapped in a ſuddain miſchief.

The Diſciples were dearly affected to *Lazarus*; they had learned to love where their Maſter loved: yet now when our Saviour ſpeaks of returning to that region of peril, they pull him by the ſleeve, and put him in minde of the violence offered unto him; *Maſter, the Jews of late ſought to ſtone thee, and goeſt thou thither again?*

No leſs then thrice in the fore-going Chapter did the Jews lift up their hands to murder him by a cruel lapidation. Whence was this rage and bloody attempt

E of theirs? Onely for that he taught them the truth concerning his Divine nature, and gave himſelf the juſt ſtyle of the Son of God. How ſubject carnal hearts are to be impatient of Heavenly verityes? Nothing can ſo much fret that malignant ſpirit which rules in thoſe breaſts, as that Chriſt ſhould have his own. If we be perſecuted for his Truth, we do but *ſuffer with him with whom we ſhall* once *reign.*

However the Diſciples pleaded for their Maſters ſafety, yet they aimed at their own; they well knew their danger was inwrapped in his. It is but a cleanly colour that they put upon their own fear. This is held but a weak and baſe Paſſion; each one would be glad to put off the opinion of it from himſelf, and to ſet the beſt face upon his own impotency.

F Thus white-livered men that ſhrink and ſhift from the Croſs, will not want fair pretences to evade it. One pleads the peril of many dependants; another the diſfurniſhing the Church of ſucceeding abettors: each will have ſome plauſible excuſe for his ſound skin. What errour did not our Saviour rectifie in his followers? Even that fear which they would have diſſembled, is graciouſly diſpelled by the juſt conſideration of a ſure and inevitable Provi-

dence. *Are there not twelve hours in the day*, which are duely ſet and proceed regularly for the direction of all the motions and actions of men? So in this courſe of mine which I muſt run on earth, there is a ſet and determined time wherein I muſt work, and doe my Fathers will. The Sun that guides theſe houres is the determinate counſel of my Father, and his calling to the execution of my charge: whiles I follow that, I cannot miſcarry, no more then a man can miſs his known way at high noon: this while, in vain are either your diſſwaſions or the attempts of enemies; they cannot hurt, ye cannot divert me. A

The journey then holds to *Judæa*; his attendants ſhall be made acquainted with the occaſion. He that had formerly denied the deadlineſs of *Lazarus* his ſickneſs, would not ſuddenly confeſs his death; neither yet would he altogether conceal it: ſo will he therefore confeſs it, as that he will ſhadow it out in a borrowed expreſſion; *Lazarus our friend ſleepeth.* What a ſweet title is here both of death, and of *Lazarus*? Death is a ſleep; *Lazarus* is our friend. Lo, he ſaies not, my friend, but *ours*; to draw them firſt into a gracious familiarity and communion of friendſhip with himſelf: for what doth this import but, Ye are my friends, and *Lazarus* is both my friend and yours? *Our friend.* B

Oh meek and merciful Saviour, that diſdaineſt not to ſtoop ſo low, as that whiles thou *thoughteſt it no robbery to be equall unto God*, thou thoughteſt it no diſparagement to match thy ſelf with weak and wretched men! *Our friend Lazarus.* There is a kinde of parity in Friendſhip. There may be Love where is the moſt inequality; but friendſhip ſuppoſes pairs: yet the Son of God ſaies of the ſons of men, *Our friend Lazarus.* Oh what an high and happy condition is this for mortal men to aſpire unto, that the God of Heaven ſhould not be aſhamed to own them for friends! Neither ſaith he now abruptly, *Lazarus* our friend is dead; but, *Lazarus our friend ſleepeth.* C

O Saviour, none can know the eſtate of life or death ſo well as thou that art the Lord of both. It is enough that thou telleſt us death is no other then ſleep: that which was wont to paſs for the cozen of death, is now it ſelf. All this while we have miſtaken the caſe of our diſſolution: we took it for an enemy, it proves a friend; there is pleaſure in that wherein we ſuppoſed horror. D

Who is affraid after the weary toiles of the day, to take his reſt by night? or what is more refreſhing to the ſpent traveller then a ſweet ſleep? It is our infidelity, our impreparation that makes death any other then advantage. Even ſo, Lord, when thou ſeeſt I have toiled enough, let me ſleep in peace: and when thou ſeeſt I have ſlept enough, awake me, as thou didſt thy *Lazarus*; *But I goe to awake him.* Thou ſaidſt not, Let us goe to awake him: thoſe whom thou wilt allow companions of thy way, thou wilt not allow partners of thy work; they may be witneſſes, they cannot be actors. None can awake *Lazarus* out of this ſleep but he that made *Lazarus*. Every mouſe or gnat can raiſe us up from that other ſleep; none but an Omnipotent power from this. This ſleep is not without a diſſolution. Who can command the Soul to come down and meet the body, or command the body to piece with it ſelf and riſe up to the Soul, but the God that created both? It is our comfort and aſſurance (O Lord) againſt the terrors of death and tenacity of the grave, that our Reſurrection depends upon none but thine Omnipotence. E

Who can blame the Diſciples if they were loath to return to *Judæa*? Their laſt entertainment was ſuch as might juſtly diſhearten them. Were this (as literally taken) all the reaſon of our Saviours purpoſe of ſo perilous a voyage, they argued not amiſs, *If he ſleep, he ſhall doe well.* Sleep in ſickneſs is a good ſign of Recovery. For extremity of pain barres our reſt: when Nature F

A ture therefore finds ſo much reſpiration, ſhe juſtly hopes for better terms. Yet it doth not alwaies follow, *If he ſleep, he ſhall doe well:* How many have dyed in Lethargies? how many have loſt in ſleep what they would not have forgone waking? *Adam* ſlept and loſt his rib; *Sampſon* ſlept and loſt his ſtrength; *Saul* ſlept and loſt his weapon; *Iſhboſheth* and *Holofernes* ſlept and loſt their heads. In ordinary courſe it holds well; here they miſtook and erred. The miſconſtruction of the words of Chriſt led them into an unſeaſonable and erroneous ſuggeſtion. Nothing can be more dangerous then to take the ſpeeches of Chriſt according to the ſound of the Letter: one errour will be ſure to draw on more; and if the firſt be never ſo ſlight the laſt may be
B important.

Wherefore are words but to expreſs meanings? why do we ſpeak but to be underſtood? Since then our Saviour ſaw himſelf not rightly conſtrued, he delivers himſelf plainly, *Lazarus is dead.* Such is thy manner, O thou eternal Word of thy Father, in all thy ſacred expreſſions. Thine own mouth is thy beſt commentary: what thou haſt more obſcurely ſaid in one paſſage, thou interpreteſt more clearly in another. Thou art the Sun, which giveſt us that light whereby we ſee thy ſelf.

But how modeſtly doſt thou diſcover thy Deity to thy Diſciples? not upon the firſt mention of *Lazarus* his death, inſtantly profeſſing thy Power and
C will of his reſuſcitation; but contenting thy ſelf only to intimate thy Omniſcience, in that thou couldſt in that abſence and diſtance know and report his departure, they ſhall gather the reſt, and cannot chuſe but think, We ſerve a Maſter that knows all things, and he that knows all things can doe all things.

The abſence of our Saviour from the death-bed of *Lazarus* was not caſual, but voluntary; yea, he is not only willing with it, but glad of it; *I am glad for your ſakes that I was not there.* How contrary may the affections of Chriſt and ours be, and yet be both good? The two worthy Siſters were much grieved at our Saviours abſence, as doubting it might ſavour of ſome neglect;
D Chriſt was glad of it, for the advantage of his Diſciples Faith. I cannot blame them that they were thus ſorry; I cannot but bleſs him that he was thus glad. The gain of their Faith in ſo Divine a Miracle was more then could be countervailed by their momentany ſorrow. God and we are not alike affected with the ſame events; He laughs where we mourn, he is angry where we are pleaſed.

The difference of the affections ariſes from the difference of the Objects, which Chriſt and they apprehend in the ſame occurrence. Why are the Siſters ſorrowful? becauſe upon Chriſts abſence *Lazarus* died. Why was *Jeſus*
E glad he was not there? for the benefit which he ſaw would accrew to their Faith. There is much variety of proſpect in every act, according to the ſeveral intentions and iſſues thereof, yea even in the very ſame eyes. The father ſees his ſon combating in a Duel for his Country; he ſees blows and wounds on the one ſide, he ſees renown and victory on the other: he grieves at the wounds, he rejoyces in the Honour. Thus doth God in all our Afflictions: he ſees our teares, and hears our groans, and pities us; but withall he looks upon our Patience, our Faith, our Crown, and is glad that we are afflicted.

O God, why ſhould not we conform our diet unto thine? When we ly in pain and extremity, we cannot but droop under it; but do we finde our ſelves
F increaſed in true Mortification, in Patience, in Hope, in a conſtant relyance on thy Mercies? Why are we not more joyed in this then dejected with the other? ſince the leaſt grain of the increaſe of Grace is more worth then can be equalled with whole pounds of bodily vexation.

O ſtrange conſequence! *Lazarus is dead*; nevertheleſs, *Let us goe unto him.* Muſt they not needs think, What ſhould we doe with a dead man? What

ſhould

ſhould ſeparate, if death cannot? Even thoſe whom we loved dearlieſt, we avoid once dead; now we lay them aſide under the board, and thence ſend them out of our houſes to their grave. Neither hath Death more horrour in it then noiſomeneſs; and if we could intreat our eyes to endure the horrid aſpect of Death in the face we loved, yet can we perſwade our ſent to like that ſmell that ariſes up from their corruption? Oh *love ſtronger then Death!* Behold here a friend whom the very Grave cannot ſever.

Even thoſe that write the longeſt and moſt paſſionate dates of their amity, ſubſcribe but, *your friend till death*; and if the ordinary ſtrain of humane friendſhip will ſtretch yet a little further, it is but to the brim of the grave: thither a friend may follow us, and ſee us beſtowed in this houſe of our Age; but there he leaves us to our worms and duſt. But for thee, O Saviour, the grave-ſtone, the earth, the coffin are no bounders of thy dear reſpects; even after death, and burial, and corruption thou art graciouſly affected to thoſe thou loveſt. Beſides the Soul (whereof thou ſaieſt not, Let us goe to it, but, Let it come to us) there is ſtill a gracious regard to that duſt which was and ſhall be a part of an undoubted member of that myſtical body whereof thou art the Head. Heaven and earth yields no ſuch friend but thy ſelf. O make me ever ambitious of this Love of thine; and ever unquiet till I feel my ſelf poſſeſſed of thee.

In the mouth of a mere man this word had been incongruous, *Lazarus is dead, yet let us goe to him*; in thine, O almighty Saviour, it was not more loving then ſeaſonable; ſince I may juſtly ſay of thee, thou haſt more to doe with the dead then with the living: for, both they are infinitely more, and have more inward communion with thee, and thou with them. Death cannot hinder either our paſſage to thee, or thy return to us. I joy to think the time is coming, when thou ſhalt come to every of our graves, and call us up out of our duſt, and we *ſhall hear thy voice, and live.*

Lazarus *Raiſed.*

GReat was the opinion that theſe devout Siſters had of the Power of Chriſt: as if Death durſt not ſhew her face to him, they ſuppoſe his preſence had prevented their Brothers diſſolution. And now the news of his approach begins to quicken ſome late hopes in them. *Martha* was ever the more active: She that was before ſo buſily ſtirring in her houſe to entertain *Jeſus*, was now as nimble to goe forth of her houſe to meet him; She in whoſe face joy had wont to ſmile upon ſo Bleſſed a Gueſt, now ſalutes him with the ſighs and teares and blubbers and wrings of a diſconſolate mourner. I know not whether the ſpeeches of her greeting had in them more ſorrow or Religion. She had been well catechized before; even ſhe alſo had ſat at *Jeſus* his feet; and can now give good account of her Faith in the Power and Godhead of Chriſt, in the certainty of a future Reſurrection. This Conference hath yet taught her more, and raiſed her heart to an expectation of ſome wonderful effect. And now ſhe ſtands not ſtill, but haſtes back into the Village to her Siſter; carried thither by the two wings of her own hopes and her Saviours commands. The time was, when ſhe would have called off her Siſter from the feet of that Divine Maſter, to attend the houſhold occaſions; now ſhe runs to fetch her out of the houſe to the feet of Chriſt.

Doubtleſs *Martha* was much affected with the preſence of Chriſt; and as ſhe was overjoyed with it her ſelf, ſo ſhe knew how equally welcome it would be to her Siſter: yet ſhe doth not ring it out aloud in the open Hall, but ſecretly whiſpers this pleaſing tidings in her Siſters eare, *The Maſter is come and calleth*

A *calleth for thee.* Whether out of modesty, or discretion. It is not fit for a woman to be loud and clamorous: nothing beseems that Sex better then silence and bashfulness; as not to be too much seen, so not to be heard too farre. Neither did Modesty more charm her tongue then Discretion; whether in respect to the guests, or to Christ himself. Had those guests heard of Christs being there, they had either out of fear or prejudice withdrawn themselves from him; neither durst they have been witnesses of that wonderful Miracle, as being over-awed with that Jewish edict which was out against him: or perhaps they had withheld the Sisters from going to him, against whom they knew how highly their Governors were incensed. Neither was she ignorant
B of the danger of his own person, so lately before assaulted violently by his enemies at *Jerusalem:* She knew they were within the smoak of that bloody City, the nest of his enemies; she holds it not therefore fit to make open proclamation of Christs presence, but rounds her Sister secretly in the eare. Christianity doth not bid us abate any thing of our wariness and honest policies; yea it requires us to have no less of the Serpent then of the Dove.

There is a time when we must preach Christ on the house-top; there is a time when we must speak him in the eare, and (as it were) with our lips shut. Secrecy hath no less use then Divulgation. She said enough, *The Master is*
C *come, and calleth for thee.* What an happy word was this which was here spoken? what an high favour is this that is done; that the Lord of Life should personally come and call for *Mary?* yet such as is not appropriated to her. Thou comest to us still, O Saviour, if not in thy bodily presence, yet in thy spiritual; thou callest us still, if not in thy personall voice, yet in thine Ordinances. It is our fault, if we doe not as this good woman, arise quickly, and come to thee. Her friends were there about her, who came purposely to condole with her; her heart was full of heavinesse: yet so soon as she hears mention of Christ, she forgets friends, Brother, grief, cares, thoughts, and hasts to his presence.

D Still was *Jesus* standing in the place where *Martha* left him. Whether it be noted to expresse *Marie*'s speed, or his own wise and gratious resolutions; his presence in the Village had perhaps invited danger, and set off the intended witnesses of the work: or it may be to set forth his zealous desire to dispatch the errand he came for; that as *Abraham*'s faithful servant would not receive any curtesie from the house of *Bethuel*, till he had done his Masters business concerning *Rebeccah*, so thou, O Saviour, wouldst not so much as enter into the house of these two Sisters in *Bethany*, till thou hadst effected this glorious work which occasioned thee thither. It was thy *meat and drink to doe the will of thy Father*; thy best Entertainment was within thy self. How do we fol-
E low thee, if we suffer either pleasures or profits to take the wall of thy services?

So good women were well worthy of kinde friends. No doubt *Bethany*, being not two miles distant from *Jerusalem*, could not but be furnished with good acquaintance from the City: these knowing the dearnes, and hearing of the death of *Lazarus*, came over to comfort the sad Sisters. Charity together with the common practice of that Nation calls them to this duty. All our distresses expect these good offices from those that love us; but of all others Death, as that which is the extremest of evils, and makes the most fearful havock in families, cities, kingdomes, worlds. The complaint was grievous, *I look'd*
F *for some to comfort me, but there was none.* It is some kinde of ease to sorrow, to have partners; as a burden is lightned by many shoulders; or as clouds scattered into many drops, easily vent their moisture into aire. Yea the very presence of friends abates grief. The peril that arises to the heart from Passion is the fixedness of it, when, like a corrosiving plaister, it eates in into the sore. Some kinde of remedy it is, that it may breathe out in good society.

These

Theſe friendly neighbours ſeeing *Mary* haſten forth, make haſte to follow her. *Martha* went forth before; I ſaw none goe after her: *Mary* ſtirs; they are at her heels. Was it for that *Martha* being the elder Siſter, and the huſwife of the family, might ſtirre about with leſs obſervation? or was it that *Mary* was the more paſſionate, and needed the more heedy attendance? However their care and intentiveneſs is truely commendable; they came to comfort her, they doe what they came for. It contents them not to ſit ſtill and chat within doores, but they wait on her at all turns. Perturbations of Minde are diſeaſes: good keepers do not only tend the Patient in bed, but when he ſits up, when he tries to walk; all his motions have their careful aſſiſtance. We are no true friends, if our endeavours of the redreſs of diſtempers in them we love be not aſſiduous and unweariable. A B

It was but a loving ſuſpicion, *She is gone to the grave to weep there.* They well knew how apt paſſionate mindes are to take all occaſions to renew their ſorrow; every Object affects them. When ſhe ſaw but the Chamber of her dead Brother, ſtraight ſhe thinks, there *Lazarus* was wont to lye, and then ſhe wept afreſh; when the Table, There *Lazarus* was wont to ſit, and then new teares ariſe; when the Garden, There *Lazarus* had wont to walk, and now again ſhe weeps. How much more do theſe friends ſuppoſe the Paſſions would be ſtirred with the ſight of the Grave, when ſhe muſt needs think, There is *Lazarus?* O Saviour, if the place of the very dead corps of our friend have power to draw our hearts thither, and to affect us more deeply; how ſhould our hearts be drawn to and affected with Heaven, where thou ſitteſt at the right hand of thy Father? There (O thou *which wert dead and art alive)* is thy body and thy Soul preſent, and united to thy glorious Deity. Thither, O thither let our acceſs be; not to mourn there, (where is no place for ſorrow) but to rejoyce with joy unſpeakable and glorious, and more and more to long for that thy beatifical preſence. C

Their indulgent love miſtook *Marie's* errand; their thoughts (how kind ſoever) were much too low: whiles they ſuppoſed ſhe went to a dead Brother, ſhe went to a living Saviour. The world hath other conceits of the actions and carriage of the regenerate then are truely intended, ſetting ſuch conſtructions upon them as their own carnal reaſon ſuggeſts: they think them dying, when behold they live; ſorrowful, when they are alwaies rejoycing; poor, whiles they make many rich. How juſtly do we appeal from them as incompetent Judges, and pity thoſe miſinterpretations which we cannot avoid? D

Both the Siſters met Chriſt; not both in one poſture: *Mary* is ſtill noted as for more Paſſion, ſo for more Devotion; ſhe that before ſate at the feet of *Jeſus*, now falls at his feet. That preſence had wont to be familiar to her, and not without ſome outward homelineſs; now it fetches her upon her knees, in an awful veneration: whether out of a reverend acknowledgment of the ſecret excellency and power of Chriſt; or out of a dumb intimation of that ſuit concerning her dead Brother, which ſhe was afraid to utter. The very geſture it ſelf was ſupplicatory. What poſition of body can be ſo fit for us, when we make our addreſs to our Saviour? It is an irreligious unmannerlineſs for us to goe leſs. Where the heart is affected with an awful acknowledgement of Majeſty, the body cannot but bow. E

Even before all her neighbours of *Jeruſalem* doth *Mary* thus fall down at the feet of *Jeſus*; ſo many witneſſes as ſhe had, ſo many ſpies ſhe had of that forbidden obſervance. It was no leſs then Excommunication for any body to confeſs him: yet good *Mary*, not fearing the informations that might be given by thoſe Jewiſh Goſſips, adores him; and in her ſilent geſture ſaies, as much as her Siſter had ſpoken before, *Thou art the Chriſt, the Son of God.* Thoſe that would give Chriſt his right, muſt not ſtand upon ſcrupulous fears. Are we naturally timorous? Why do we not fear the denial, the excluſion of the Almighty? *Without ſhall be the fearfull.* F

Her

A Her humble proſtration is ſeconded by a lamentable complaint; *Lord, if thou hadſt been here, my brother had not died.* The Siſters are both in one mind, both in one ſpeech; and both of them in one ſpeech bewray both ſtrength and infirmity: ſtrength of Faith, in aſcribing ſo much power to Chriſt, that his preſence could preſerve from death; infirmity, in ſuppoſing the neceſſity of a preſence for this purpoſe. Why, *Mary*, could not thine Omnipotent Saviour as well in abſence have commanded *Lazarus* to live? Is his hand ſo ſhort, that he can doe nothing but by contaction? If his Power were finite, how could he have forbidden the ſeizure of death? if infinite, how could it be limited to place, or hindered by diſtance? It is a weakneſs of Faith to meaſure ſucceſs by means, and means by
B preſence, and to tye effects to both, when we deal with an Almighty agent. Finite cauſes work within their own ſphere; all places are equally near, and all effects equally eaſie to the infinite. O Saviour, whiles thou now ſitteſt glorioufly in Heaven, thou doſt no leſs impart thy ſelf unto us then if thou ſtoodſt viſibly by us, then if we ſtood locally by thee: no place can make difference of thy virtue and aid.

This was *Mary*'s moan; no motion, no requeſt ſounded from her to her Saviour. Her ſilent ſuit is returned with a mute anſwer; no notice is taken of her error. Oh that marvellous mercy that connives at our faulty infirmities! All the reply that I hear of is, a compaſſionate groan within himſelf. O bleſſed
C *Jeſu*, thou that wert free from all ſin, wouldſt not be free from ſtrong affections. Wiſdome and Holineſs ſhould want much work, if even vehement paſſions might not be quitted from offence. *Mary* wept; her tears drew on tears from her friends; all their tears united drew groans from thee. Even in thine Heaven thou doſt no leſs pity our ſorrows: thy glory is free from groans, but abounds with compaſſion and mercy: if we be not ſparing of our tears, thou canſt not be inſenſible of our ſorrows. How ſhall we imitate thee, if, like our looking-glaſs, we do not anſwer tears, and weep on them that weep upon us?

Lord, thou kneweſt (in abſence) that *Lazarus* was dead, and doſt thou not
D know where he was buried? Surely thou wert further off when thou ſawſt and reportedſt his death, then thou wert from the grave thou inquiredſt of; thou that kneweſt all things, yet askeſt what thou knoweſt, *Where have ye laid him?* Not out of need, but out of will: that as in thy ſorrow, ſo in thy queſtion thou mighteſt depreſs thy ſelf in the opinion of the beholders for the time, that the glory of thine inſtant Miracle might be the greater, the leſs it was exſpected. It had been all one to thy Omnipotence to have made a new *Lazarus* out of nothing; or in that remoteneſs to have commanded *Lazarus*, whereſoever he was, to come forth: but thou wert neither willing to work more miracle then was requiſite, nor yet unwilling to fix the minds of the people upon the exſpectation
E of ſome marvellous thing that thou meanteſt to work; and therefore askeſt, *Where have you laid him?*

They are not more glad of the queſtion, then ready for the anſwer; *Come and ſee.* It was the manner of the Jews, as likewiſe of thoſe *Egyptians* among whom they had ſojourned, to lay up the dead bodies of their friends with great reſpect; more coſt was wont to be beſtowed on ſome of their graves then on their houſes: as neither aſhamed then, nor unwilling to ſhew the decency of their ſepulture, they ſay, *Come and ſee.* More was hoped for from Chriſt then a mere view; they meant and exſpected that his eye ſhould draw him on to ſome fur-
F ther action. O Saviour, whiles we deſire our ſpiritual reſuſcitation, how ſhould we labour to bring thee to our grave? how ſhould we lay open our deadneſs before thee, and bewray to thee our impotence and ſenſeleſneſs? Come, Lord, and ſee what a miſerable carkaſs I am; and by the power of thy mercy raiſe me from the ſtate of my corruption.

Never was our Saviour more ſubmiſly dejected then now immediately before he would approve and exalt the Majeſty of his Godhead. To his

groans and inward grief he adds his tears. Anone they ſhall confeſs him a God; theſe expreſſions of Paſſions ſhall onwards evince him to be a man. The Jews conſtrue this well; *See how he loved him.* Never did any thing but love fetch tears from Chriſt. But they do foully miſconſtrue Chriſt in the other; *Could not he that opened the eyes of him that was born blinde, have cauſed that even this man ſhould not have died?* Yes, know ye, O vain and importune queſtioniſts, that he could have done it with eaſe. To open the eyes of a man born blind was more then to keep a ſick man from dying: this were but to uphold and maintain Nature from decaying; that were to create a new ſenſe, and to reſtore a deficiency in Nature. To make an eye was no whit leſs difficult then to make a man: he that could doe the greater might well have done the leſs. Ye ſhall ſoon ſee this was not for want of power. Had ye ſaid, Why would he not? why did he not? the queſtion had been fairer, and the anſwer no leſs eaſie; For his own greater glory. Little do ye know the drift whether of God's acts, or delaies; and ye know as much as you are worthy. Let it be ſufficient for you to underſtand that he who can doe all things, will doe that which ſhall be moſt for his own honour.

It is not improbable that *Jeſus*, who before groaned in himſelf for compaſſion of their tears, now groaned for their incredulity. Nothing could ſo much afflict the Saviour of men as the ſins of men. Could their external wrongs to his body have been ſeparated from offence againſt his Divine perſon, their ſcornful indignities had not ſo much affected him. No injury goes ſo deep as our ſpiritual provocations of our God. Wretched men! why ſhould we grieve the good Spirit of God in us? why ſhould we make him groan for us that died to redeem us?

With theſe groans, O Saviour, thou cameſt to the grave of *Lazarus*. The door of that houſe of Death was ſtrong and impenetrable. Thy firſt word was, *Take away the ſtone.* Oh weak beginning of a mighty Miracle! If thou meanteſt to raiſe the dead, how much more eaſie had it been for thee to remove the grave-ſtone? One grain of Faith in thy very Diſciples was enough to remove mountains; and doſt thou ſay, *Take away the ſtone?* I wis, there was a greater weight that lay upon the body of *Lazarus* then the ſtone of his Tomb; the weight of Death and Corruption: a thouſand rocks and hils were not ſo heavy a load as this alone: why then doſt thou ſtick at this ſhovel-full? Yea, how eaſie had it been for thee to have brought up the body of *Lazarus* through the ſtone, by cauſing that marble to give way by a ſudden rarefaction? But thou thoughteſt beſt to make uſe of their hands rather: whether for their own more full conviction; for had the ſtone been taken away by thy Followers, and *Lazarus* thereupon walked forth, this might have appeared to thy malignant enemies to have been a ſet match betwixt thee, the Diſciples and *Lazarus*: or whether for the exerciſe of our Faith, that thou mighteſt teach us to truſt thee under contrary appearances. Thy command to remove the ſtone ſeemed to argue an impotence; ſtraight that ſeeming weakneſs breaks forth into an act of Omnipotent power. The homelieſt ſhows of thine humane infirmity are ever ſeconded with ſome mighty proofs of thy Godhead; and thy Miracle is ſo much more wondred at, by how much it was leſs exſpected.

It was ever thy juſt will that we ſhould doe what we may. To remove the ſtone or to untie the napkin was in their power; this they muſt doe: to raiſe the dead was out of their power; this therefore thou wilt doe alone. Our hands muſt doe their utmoſt, ere thou wilt put to thine.

O Saviour, we are all dead and buried in the grave of our ſinfull Nature. The ſtone of obſtination muſt be taken away from our hearts, ere we can hear thy reviving voice: we can no more remove this ſtone then dead *Lazarus* could remove his; we can adde more weight to our graves. O let thy faithful agents by the power of thy Law, and the grace of thy Goſpel take off the ſtone, that thy voice may enter into the grave of miſerable corruption.

Was

A Was it a modeſt kinde of mannerlineſs in *Martha*, that ſhe would not have Chriſt annoyed with the ill ſent of that ſtale carcaſs? or was it out of diſtruſt of reparation, ſince her brother had paſſed all the degrees of corruption, that ſhe ſaies, *Lord, by this time he ſtinketh, for he hath been dead four daies?* He that underſtood hearts, found ſomewhat amiſs in that intimation; his anſwer had not endeavored to rectifie that which was utterly faultleſs. I fear the good woman meant to object this as a likely obſtacle to any further purpoſes or proceedings of Chriſt. Weak faith is ſtill apt to lay blocks of difficulties in the way of the great works of God.

Four days were enough to make any corps noiſome. Death it ſelf is not B unſavory; immediately upon diſſolution the body retains the wonted ſweetneſs: it is the continuance under death that is thus offenſive. Neither is it otherwiſe in our Spiritual condition: the longer we lie under our ſin, the more rotten and corrupt we are. He who upon the freſh commiſſion of his ſin recovers himſelf by a ſpeedy repentance, yields no ill ſent to the noſtrils of the Almighty. The Candle that is preſently blown in again offends not; it is the ſnuffe which continues choaked with its own moiſture that ſends up unwholſome and odious fumes. O Saviour, thou wouldſt yield to death, thou wouldſt not yield to corruption: Ere the fourth day thou wert riſen again. I cannot but receive many deadly foils; but oh, do thou raiſe me up again ere I ſhall paſs the C degrees of rottenneſs in my ſins and treſpaſſes.

They that laid their hands to the ſtone doubtleſs held now ſtill awhile, and looked one while on Chriſt, another while upon *Martha*, to hear what iſſue of reſolution would follow upon ſo important an objection: when they finde a light touch of taxation to *Martha*, *Said not I to thee, that if thou wouldſt believe, thou ſhouldſt ſee the glory of God?* That holy woman had before profeſſed her belief, as Chriſt had profeſſed his great intentions; both were now forgotten: and now our Saviour is fain to revive both her memory and Faith; *Said not I to thee?* The beſt of all Saints are ſubject to fits of unbelief and oblivion; the onely remedy whereof muſt be the inculcation of Gods merciful promiſes of their re- D lief and ſupportation. O God, if thou haſt ſaid it, I dare believe; I dare caſt my Soul upon the belief of every word of thine. *Faithfull art thou which haſt promiſed, who wilt alſo doe it.*

In ſpight of all the unjuſt diſcouragements of Nature we muſt obey Chriſt's command. Whatever *Martha* ſuggeſts, they remove the ſtone, and may now ſee and ſmell him dead, whom they ſhall ſoon ſee revived. The ſent of the corps is not ſo unpleaſing to them, as the perfume of their obedience is ſweet to Chriſt. And now when all impediments are removed, and all hearts ready for the work, our Saviour addreſſes to the Miracle.

His *eyes* begin; they are *lift up* to Heaven. It was the malicious miſ-ſugge- E ſtion of his enemies, that he lookt down to *Beelzebub*: the beholders ſhall now ſee whence he exſpects and derives his power; and ſhall by him learn whence to exſpect and hope for all ſucceſs. The heart and the eye muſt goe together: he that would have ought to doe with God, muſt be ſequeſtred and lifted up from earth.

His Tongue ſeconds his Eye; *Father*. Nothing more ſtuck in the ſtomack of the Jews, then that Chriſt called himſelf the Son of God; this was imputed to him for a Blaſphemy, worthy of ſtones. How ſeaſonably is this word ſpoken in the hearing of theſe Jews, in whoſe ſight he will be preſently approved ſo? How can ye now, O ye cavillers, except at that title which ye ſhall ſee irre- F fragably juſtified? Well may he call God Father, that can raiſe the dead out of the grave. In vain ſhall ye ſnarle at the ſtyle, when ye are convinced of the effect.

I hear of no Prayer, but a Thanks for hearing. Whiles thou ſaidſt nothing, O Saviour, how doth thy Father hear thee? Was it not with thy Father and thee, as it was with thee and *Moſes*? Thou ſaidſt, *Let me alone Moſes*, when

he ſpake not. Thy will was thy Prayer. Words expreſs our hearts to men, Thoughts to God. Well didſt thou know, out of the ſelf-ſameneſs of thy will with thy Fathers, that if thou didſt but think in thine heart that *Lazarus* ſhould riſe, he was now raiſed. It was not for thee to pray vocally and audibly, leſt thoſe captious hearers ſhould ſay, thou didſt all by intreaty, nothing by power. Thy thanks overtake thy deſires; ours require time and diſtance: our thanks ariſe from the Echo of our prayers reſounding from Heaven to our hearts; Thou, becauſe thou art at once in earth and Heaven, and knowſt the grant to be of equal paces with the requeſt, moſt juſtly thankeſt in praying. A

Now ye cavilling Jews are thinking ſtraight, Is there ſuch diſtance betwixt the Father and the Son? is it ſo rare a thing for the Son to be heard, that he pours out his thanks for it as a bleſſing unuſual? Do ye not now ſee that he who made your heart, knows it, and anticipates your fond thoughts with the ſame breath? *I knew that thou heareſt me alwaies; but I ſaid this for their ſakes, that they might believe.* B

Merciful Saviour, how can we enough admire thy goodneſs, who makeſt our belief the ſcope and drift of thy doctrine and actions! Alas, what wert thou the better if they believed thee ſent from God? what wert thou the worſe if they believed it not? Thy perfection and glory ſtands not upon the ſlippery terms of our approbation or diſlike; but is real in thy ſelf, and that infinite, without poſſibility of our increaſe or diminution. We, we onely are they that have either the gain or loſs in thy receit or rejection: yet ſo doſt thou affect our belief, as if it were more thine advantage then ours. C

O Saviour, whiles thou ſpak'ſt to thy Father, thou liftedſt up thine eyes; now thou art to ſpeak unto dead *Lazarus*, thou liftedſt up thy voice, and *criedſt aloud, Lazarus, come forth.* Was it that the ſtrength of the voice might anſwer to the ſtrength of the affection? ſince we faintly require what we care not to obtain, and vehemently utter what we earneſtly deſire. Was it that the greatneſs of the voice might anſwer to the greatneſs of the work? Was it that the hearers might be witneſſes of what words were uſed in ſo miraculous an act; no magical incantations, but authoritative and Divine commands? Was it to ſignifie that *Lazarus* his Soule was called from farre? the ſpeech muſt be loud that ſhall be heard in another world. Was it in relation to the eſtate of the body of *Lazarus*, whom thou hadſt reported to ſleep; ſince thoſe that are in a deep and dead ſleep cannot be awaked without a loud call? Or was it in a repreſentation of that loud voice of the laſt Trumpet, which ſhall ſound into all graves, and raiſe all fleſh from their duſt? D

Even ſo ſtill, Lord, when thou wouldſt raiſe a Soul from the death of ſin and grave of corruption, no eaſie voice will ſerve. Thy ſtrongeſt commands, thy loudeſt denunciations of Judgements, the ſhrilleſt and ſweeteſt promulgations of thy Mercies, are but enough. E

How familiar a word is this, *Lazarus, come forth?* no other then he was wont to uſe whiles they lived together. Neither doth he ſay, *Lazarus*, revive; but, as if he ſuppoſed him already living, *Lazarus, come forth:* To let them know, that thoſe who are dead to us, are to and with him alive; yea in a more entire and feeling ſociety, then whiles they carried their clay about them. Why do I fear that ſeparation which ſhall more unite me to my Saviour?

Neither was the word more familiar then commanding, *Lazarus, come forth.* Here is no ſuit to his Father, no adjuration to the deceaſed, but a flat and abſolute injunction, *Come forth.* O Saviour, that is the voice that I ſhall once hear ſounding into the bottome of my grave, and raiſing me up out of my duſt; that is the voice that ſhall pierce the rocks, and divide the mountains, and fetch up the dead out of the loweſt deeps. Thy word made all; thy word ſhall repair all. Hence, all ye diffident fears; he whom I truſt is Omnipotent. F

It

A It was the Jewiſh faſhion to enwrap the corps in linen, to tye the hands and feet, and to cover the face of the dead. The Fall of man (beſides weakneſs) brought ſhame upon him; ever ſince, even whiles he lives, the whole Body is covered; but the Face, becauſe ſome ſparks of that extinct Majeſty remain there, is wont to be left open. In death (all thoſe poor remainders being gone, and leaving deformity and gaſtlineſs in the room of them) the Face is covered alſo.

There lies *Lazarus* bound in double fetters: One Almighty word hath looſed both; and now *he that was bound came forth.* He whoſe power could not be hindred by the chains of death, cannot be hindred by linen bonds: He
B that gave life, gave motion, gave direction: He that guided the Soul of *Lazarus* into the body, guided the body of *Lazarus* without his eyes, moved the feet without the full liberty of his regular paces: no doubt the ſame power ſlackned thoſe ſwathing-bands of death, that the feet might have ſome little ſcope to move, though not with that freedome that followed after. Thou didſt not onely, O Saviour, raiſe the body of *Lazarus*, but the Faith of the beholders. They cannot deny him dead, whom they ſaw riſing; they ſee the ſignes of death, with the proofs of life. Thoſe very ſwathes convinced him to be the man that was raiſed. Thy leſs Miracle confirms the greater; both confirm the Faith of the beholders. O clear and irrefragable example of our
C reſuſcitation! Say now, ye ſhameleſs *Sadducees*, with what face can ye deny the Reſurrection of the body, when ye ſee *Lazarus* after four-days death riſing up out of his grave? And if *Lazarus* did thus ſtart up at the bleating of this Lamb of God, that was now every day preparing for the ſlaughter-houſe; how ſhall the dead be rouzed up out of their graves by the roaring of that glorious and immortal Lion, whoſe voice ſhall ſhake the powers of Heaven, and move the very foundations of the earth?

With what ſtrange amazedneſs do we think that *Martha* and *Mary*, the Jews and the Diſciples lookt to ſee *Lazarus* come forth in his winding-ſheet, ſhackled with his linen fetters, and walk towards them? Doubtleſs fear and
D horrour ſtrove in them, whether ſhould be for the time more predominant. We love our friends dearly; but to ſee them again after their known death, and that in the very robes of the grave, muſt needs ſet up the hair in a kinde of uncouth rigour. And now, though it had been moſt eaſie for him that brake the adamantine fetters of death, to have broke in pieces thoſe linen ligaments wherewith his raiſed *Lazarus* was encumbred; yet he will not doe it but by their hands. He that ſaid, *Remove the ſtone*, ſaid, *Looſe Lazarus.* He will not have us exſpect his immediate help in that we can doe for our ſelves. It is both a lazineſs, and a preſumptuous tempting of God, to look for an extraordinary and ſupernatural help from God, where he hath inabled us
E with common aid.

What ſtrange ſalutations do we think there were betwixt *Lazarus* and Chriſt that had raiſed him; betwixt *Lazarus* and his Siſters and neighbors and friends? what amazed looks? what unuſual complements? For *Lazarus* was himſelf at once: here was no leiſure of degrees to reduce him to his wonted perfection; neither did he ſtay to rub his eyes, and ſtretch his benummed lims, nor take time to put off that dead ſleep wherewith he had been ſeized; but inſtantly he is both alive, and freſh, and vigorous: if they do but let him goe, he walks ſo as if he had ailed nothing, and receives and gives mutual gratulations. I leave them entertaining each other with glad embraces, with diſcourſes of
F reciprocal admiration, with praiſes and adorations of that God and Saviour that had fetched him into life.

Christ's Procession to the Temple.

NEver did our Saviour take so much state upon him as now that he was going towards his Passion: other journies he measured on foot, without noise or train; this with a Princely equipage and loud acclamation. Wherein yet, O Saviour, whether shall I more wonder at thy Majesty, or thine Humility; that Divine Majesty which lay hid under so humble appearance, or that sincere Humility which veiled so great a glory? Thou, O Lord, whose *chariots are twenty thousand, even thousands of Angels*, wouldst make choice of the sillieſt of beasts to carry thee in thy last and Royal Progress. How well is thy birth suited with thy triumph? Even that very Ass whereon thou rodest was propheſied of; neither couldst thou have made up those vaticall Predictions without this conveyance. O glorious, and yet homely pomp!

Thou wouldst not lose ought of thy right; thou that wast a King, wouldst be proclaimed so: but that it might appear thy Kingdome was not of this world, thou that couldst have commanded all worldly magnificence, thoughteſt fit to abandon it.

In stead of the Kings of the earth, who reigning by thee might have been imployed in thine attendance, the people are thine heralds; their homely garments are thy foot-cloth and carpets; their green boughs the strewings of thy way; those Palms which were wont to be born in the hands of them that triumph, are strewed under the feet of thy beast. It was thy greatness and honour to contemn those glories which worldly hearts were wont to admire.

Justly did thy Followers hold the best ornaments of the earth worthy of no better then thy treading upon; neither could they ever account their garments so rich, as when they had been trampled upon by thy carriage. How happily did they think their backs disrobed for thy way? How gladly did they spend their breath in acclaming thee? *Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* Where now are the great Masters of the Synagogue, that had enacted the ejection of whosoever should confess *Jesus* to be the Christ? Lo here bold and undaunted clients of the *Messiah*, that dare proclaim him in the publick road, in the open streets. In vain shall the impotent enemies of Christ hope to suppress his glory: as soon shall they with their hand hide the face of the Sun from shining to the world, as withhold the beams of his Divine truth from the eyes of men by their envious opposition. In spight of all Jewish malignity, his Kingdome is confessed, applauded, blessed.

O thou fairer then the children of men, in thy Majesty ride on prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness: and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

In this Princely (and yet poor and despicable) pomp doth our Saviour enter into the famous City of *Jerusalem*; *Jerusalem* noted of old for the seat of Kings, Priests, Prophets: of Kings, for there was the throne of *David*; of Priests, for there was the Temple; of Prophets, for there they delivered their errands, and left their blood. Neither know I whether it were more wonder for a Prophet to perish out of *Jerusalem*, or to be safe there. Thither would *Jesus* come as a King, as a Priest, as a Prophet: acclamed as a King; teaching the people, and foretelling the wofull vastation of it, as a Prophet; and as a Priest taking possession of his Temple, and vindicating it from the foul profanations of Jewish Sacriledge. Oft before had he come to *Jerusalem* without any remarkable change, because without any semblance of State; now that he gives some little glimpse of his Royalty, *the whole City was moved.* When the

Sages

Sages of the East brought the first news of the King of the Jewes, *Herod was troubled and all Jerusalem with him*; and now that the King of the Jews comes himself (though in so mean a port) there is a new commotion. The silence and obscurity of Christ never troubles the world; he may be an underling without any stir: but if he do but put forth himself never so little to bear the least sway amongst men, now their blood is up; the whole City is moved. Neither is it otherwise in the private œconomy of the Soul. O Saviour, whiles thou dost, as it were, hide thy self, and lye still in the heart, and takest all termes contentedly from us, we entertain thee with no other then a friendly welcome; but when thou once beginnest to ruffle with our Corruptions, and to exercise thy Spiritual power in the subjugation of our vile Affections, now all is in a secret uprore, all the angles of the heart are moved.

Although, doubtless, this commotion was not so much of tumult, as of wonder. As when some uncouth sight presents it self in a populous street, men run, and gaze, and throng, and inquire; the feet, the tongue, the eyes walk; one spectator draws on another, one asks and presses another; the noise increases with the concourse, each helps to stir up others exspectation: such was this of *Jerusalem*.

What meanes this strangeness? Was not *Jerusalem* the Spouse of Christ? Had he not chosen her out of all the earth? Had he not begotten many children of her, as the pledges of their love? How justly maiest thou now, O Saviour, complain with that mirrour of Patience, *My breath was grown strange to my own wife, though I intreated her for the childrens sake of my own body?* Even of thee is that fulfilled, which thy chosen Vessel said of thy Ministers, Thou art *made a gazing-stock to the world, to Angels, and to men.*

As all the world was bound to thee for thy Incarnation and residence upon the face of the earth, so especially *Judæa*, to whose limits thou confinedst thy self; and therein, above all the rest, three Cities, *Nazaret*, *Capernaum*, *Jerusalem*, on whom thou bestowedst the most time, and cost of preaching, and miraculous works. Yet in all three thou receivedst not strange Entertainment only, but hostile. In *Nazaret* they would have cast thee down headlong from the mount: In *Capernaum* they would have bound thee: In *Jerusalem* they crucified thee at last, and now are amazed at thy presence. Those places and persons that have the greatest helps and priviledges afforded to them, are not alwaies the most answerable in the return of their thankfulness. Christs being amongst us doth not make us happy, but his welcome. Every day may we hear him in our streets, and yet be as new to seek as these Citizens of *Jerusalem*; *Who is this?*

Was it a question of applause, or of contempt, or of ignorance? Applause of his abettors, contempt of the Scribes and Pharisees, ignorance of the multitude? Surely his abettors had not been moved at this sight; the Scribes and Pharisees had rather envied then contemned: The multitude doubtless inquired seriously, out of a desire of information. Not that the citizens of *Jerusalem* knew not Christ, who was so ordinary a guest, so noted a Prophet amongst them. Questionless this question was asked of that part of the train which went before this Triumph, whiles our Saviour was not yet in sight, which ere long his presence had resolved. It had been their duty to have known to have attended Christ, yea to have published him to others: since this is not done, it is well yet that they spend their breath in an inquiry. No doubt there were many that would not so much as leave their shop-board, and step to their doors or their windows, to say, *Who is this?* as not thinking it could concern them who passed by, whiles they might sit still. Those Greeks were in some way to good, that could say to *Philip*, *We would see Jesus*. O Saviour, thou hast been so long amongst us, that it is our just shame if we know thee not. If we have been slack hitherto, let our zealous inquiry make amends

for our neglect. Let outward pomp and worldly glory draw the hearts and tongues of carnal men after them; Oh let it be my care and happiness to ask after nothing but thee. A

The attending Disciples could not be to seek for an answer; which of the Prophets have not put it into their mouths? *Who is this?* Ask *Moses*, and he shall tell you, *The seed of the Woman* that *shall break the Serpents head.* Ask our Father *Jacob*, and he shall tell you, *The Shiloh of the tribe of Judah.* Ask *David*, and he shall tell you, *The King of glory.* Ask *Esay*, he shall tell you, *Immanuel, Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of peace.* Ask *Jeremy*, and he shall tell you, *The righteous Branch.* Ask *Daniel*, he shall tell you, *The Messiah.* Ask *John* the Baptist, he shall tell you, B *The Lamb of God.* If ye ask the God of the Prophets, he hath told you, *This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.* Yea, if all these be too good for you to consult with, the Devils themselves have been forced to say, *I know who thou art, even that Holy One of God.* On no side hath Christ left himself without a testimony; and accordingly the Multitude here have their answer ready, *This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazaret in Galilee.*

Ye undervalue your Master, O ye well-meaning Followers of Christ: *A Prophet? yea, more then a Prophet? John Baptist* was so, yet was but the harbinger of this *Messiah.* This was that God by whom the Prophets were both sent and inspired. *Of Nazaret*, say you? ye mistake him: *Bethleem* was the place C of his Birth, the proof of his Tribe, the evidence of his Messiahship. If *Nazareth* were honored by his preaching, there was no reason he should be dishonoured by *Nazareth.* No doubt, he whom you confessed, pardoned the errour of your confession. Ye spake but according to the common style: the two Disciples in their walk to *Emmaus*, after the Death and Resurrection of Christ, give him no other title. This belief passed current with the people; and thus high even the vulgar thoughts could then rise: and, no doubt, even thus much was for that time very acceptable to the Father of Mercies. If we make profession of the Truth according to our knowledg, though there be much imperfection in our apprehension and delivery, the mercy of our D good God takes it well; not judging us for what we have not, but accepting us in what we have. Shouldst thou, O God, stand strictly upon the punctuall degrees of knowledg, how wide would it goe with millions of Souls? for besides much errour in many, there is more ignorance. But herein do we justly magnifie and adore thy Goodness, that where thou findest diligent endeavour of better information matched with an honest simplicity of heart, thou passest by our unwilling defects, and crownest our well-meant confessions.

But oh the wonderful hand of God in the carriage of this whole business! The people proclaimed Christ first a King; and now they proclaim him a Pro- E phet. Why did not the *Roman* bands run into armes upon the one? why did not the Scribes and Pharisees and the envious Priesthood mutiny upon the other? They had made Decrees against him, they had laid wait for him; yet now he passes in state through their streets, acclamed both a King and Prophet, without their reluctation. What can we impute this unto, but to the powerful and over-ruling arme of his Godhead? He that restrained the rage of *Herod* and his Courtiers upon the first news of a King born, now restrains all the opposite powers of *Jerusalem* from lifting up a finger against this last and publick avouchment of the Regal and Prophetical Office of Christ. When flesh and blood have done their worst, they can be but such as he will F make them: If the Legions of Hell combine with the Potentates of the earth, they cannot goe beyond the reach of their tether: Whether they rise or sit still, they shall by an insensible ordination perform that will of the Almighty which they least think of, and most oppose.

With this humble pomp and just acclamation, OSaviour, dost thou pass through

A through the streets of *Jerusalem* to the Temple. Thy first walk was not to *Herod*'s Palace, or to the Market-places or Burses of that populous City, but to the Temple; whether it were out of duty, or out of need: As a good Son when he comes from farr, his first alighting is at his Fathers house; neither would he think it other then preposterous, to visit strangers before his friends, or friends before his Father. Besides that the Temple had more use of thy presence: Both there was the most disorder, and from thence, as from a corrupt spring, it issued forth into all the chanels of *Jerusalem*. A wise Physician inquires first into the state of the head, heart, liver, stomach, the vital and chief parts, ere he asks after the petty symptoms of the meaner and less-concerning members. Surely all good or evil begins at the Temple. If God have there his own, if men find there nothing but wholesome instruction, holy example, the Commonwealth cannot want some happy tincture of Piety, Devotion, Sanctimony; as that fragrant perfume from *Aaron*'s head sweetens his utmost skirts. Contrarily, the distempers of the Temple cannot but affect the Secular state. As therefore the good Husbandman, when he sees the leaves grow yellow, and the branches unthriving, looks presently to the root; so didst thou, O holy Saviour, upon sight of the disorders spread over *Jerusalem* and *Judæa*, address thy self to the rectifying of the Temple.

C No sooner is Christ alighted at the gate of the outer Court of his Fathers house, then he falls to work: Reformation was his errand; that he roundly attempts. That holy ground was profaned by sacrilegious barterings: within the third court of that Sacred place was a publick Mart held; here was a throng of buyers and sellers, though not of all commodities, (the Jewes were not so irreligious) onely of those things which were for the use of Sacrifice. The *Israelites* came many of them from far; it was no less from *Dan* to *Beersheba* then the space of an hundred and threescore miles; neither could it be without much inconvenience for them to bring their Bullocks, Sheep, Goats, Lambs, meal, oyle, and such other holy provision with them
D up to *Jerusalem*: Order was taken by the Priests, that these might for money be had close by the Altar; to the ease of the offerer, and the benefit of the seller, and perhaps no disprofit to themselves. The pretence was fair, the practice unsufferable. The great owner of the Temple comes to vindicate the reputation and rights of his own house; and in an indignation at that so foul abuse, layes fiercely about him, and with his three-stringed scourge whips out those Sacrilegious chapmen, casts down their tables, throws away their baskets, scatters their heaps, and sends away their customers with smart and horror.

With what fear and astonishment did the repining offenders look upon so
E unexpected a Justicer, whiles their conscience lashed them more then those cords, and the terrour of that meek chastiser more affrighted them then his blows? Is this that milde and gentle Saviour that came to *take upon him our stripes*, and to undergoe *the chastisements of our peace?* Is this that quiet *Lamb, which before his shearers openeth not his mouth?* See now how his eyes sparkle with holy anger, and dart forth beams of indignation in the faces of these guilty Collybists: see how his hands deal strokes and ruine. Yea, thus, thus it became thee, O thou gracious Redeemer of men, to let the world see, thou hast not lost thy Justice in thy Mercy; that there is not more lenity in thy forbearances, then rigour in thy just severity; that thou canst thunder, as
F well as shine.

This was not thy first act of this kinde; at the entrance of thy publick work thou beganst so as thou now shuttest up, with purging thine House. Once before had these offenders been whipt out of that holy place, which now they dare again defile. Shame and smart is not enough to reclaim obdur'd offenders. Gainful sins are not easily checked, but less easily mastered. These

bold

bold flies, where they are beaten off, will alight again. *He that is filthy* will *be filthy ſtill.* A

Oft yet had our Saviour been (beſides this) in the Temple, and often had ſeen the ſame diſorder; he doth not think fit to be alwaies whipping. It was enough thus twice to admoniſh and chaſtiſe them before their ruine. That God who hates ſin alwaies, will not chide alwaies, and ſtrikes more ſeldome; but he would have thoſe few ſtrokes perpetual monitors; and if thoſe prevail not, he ſmites but once. It is his uniform courſe, firſt the Whip, and if that ſpeed not, then the Sword.

There is a reverence due to God's Houſe for the Owners ſake, for the ſervices ſake. Secular and profane actions are not for that Sacred roof, much leſs uncivil and beaſtly. What but Holineſs can become that place which is *the beauty of Holineſs?* B

The faireſt pretences cannot bear out a ſin with God. Never could there be more plauſible colours caſt upon any act; the convenience, the neceſſity of proviſions for the Sacrifice: yet through all theſe do the fiery eyes of our Saviour ſee the foul Covetouſneſs of the Prieſts, the Fraud of the Money-changers, the intolerable abuſe of the Temple. Common eyes may be cheated with eaſie pretexts; but he that looks through the heart at the face, juſtly anſwers our Apologies with ſcourges.

None but the hand of publick authority muſt reform the abuſes of the Temple. If all be out of courſe there, no man is barred from ſorrow; the grief may reach to all, the power of reformation onely to thoſe whom it concerneth. It was but a juſt queſtion, though ill propounded to *Moſes*, *Who made thee a Judge or a Ruler?* We muſt all imitate the zeal of our Saviour; we may not imitate his correction. If we ſtrike uncalled, we are juſtly ſtricken for our arrogation, for our preſumption. A tumultuary remedy may prove a medicine worſe then the diſeaſe. C

But what ſhall I ſay of ſo ſharp and imperious an act from ſo meek an Agent? Why did not the Prieſts and Levites (whoſe this gain partly was) abett theſe money-changers, and make head againſt Chriſt? why did not thoſe multitudes of men ſtand upon their defence, and wreſt that whip out of the hand of a ſeemingly-weak and unarmed Prophet; but in ſtead thereof run away like ſheep from before him, not daring to abide his preſence, though his hand had been ſtill? Surely, had theſe men been ſo many armies, yea, ſo many Legions of Devils, when God will aſtoniſh and chaſe them, they cannot have the power to ſtand and reſiſt. How eaſie is it for him that made the heart, to put either terrour or courage into it at pleaſure? O Saviour, it was none of thy leaſt Miracles, that thou didſt thus drive out a world of able offenders in ſpight of their gain and ſtomackful reſolutions; their very profit had no power to ſtay them againſt thy frowns. *Who hath reſiſted* thy *will?* Mens hearts are not their own: they are, they muſt be ſuch as their Maker wil have them. D E

The Figge-tree curſed.

WHen in this State our Saviour had rid through the ſtreets of *Jeruſalem*, that evening he lodged not there. Whether he would not, that after ſo publick an acclamation of the people he might avoid all ſuſpicion of plots or popularity (Even unjuſt jealouſies muſt be ſhunned; neither is there leſs wiſdome in the prevention, then in the remedy of evils:) or whether he could not, for want of an invitation; *Hoſanna* was better cheap then an Entertainment; and perhaps the envie of ſo ſtomached a Reformation diſcouraged his hoſts. However he goes that evening F

A ning ſupperleſs out of *Jeruſalem*. O unthankful Citizens! Do ye thus part with your no leſs meek then glorious King? His title was not more proclaimed in your ſtreets then your own ingratitude. If he have purged the Temple, yet your hearts are foul. There is no wonder in mens unworthineſs; there is more then wonder in thy mercy, O thou Saviour of men, that wouldſt yet return thither where thou wert ſo palpably diſregarded. If they gave thee not thy Supper, thou giveſt them their Breakfaſt: If thou maiſt not ſpend the night with them, thou wilt with them ſpend the day. O love of unthankful Souls, not diſcourageable by the moſt hateful indignities, by the baſeſt repulſes! What burden canſt thou ſhrink under, who canſt bear the weight of ingra-
B titude?

Thou that giveſt food to all things living, art thy ſelf hungry. *Martha*, *Mary* and *Lazarus* kept not ſo poor an houſe, but that thou mighteſt have eaten ſomething at *Bethany*. Whether thine haſt out-ran thine appetite; or whether on purpoſe thou forbareſt repaſt, to give opportunity to thine inſuing Miracle, I neither ask, nor reſolve. This was not the firſt time that thou waſt hungry. As thou wouldſt be a man, ſo thou wouldſt ſuffer thoſe infirmities that belong to Humanity. Thou cameſt to be our High prieſt; it was thy act and intention, not only to intercede for thy people, but to transfer unto thy ſelf as their ſins, ſo their weakneſſes and complaints. Thou knoweſt to pity what thou haſt
C felt. Are we pinched with want? we indure but what thou didſt, we have reaſon to be patient; thou induredſt what we do, we have reaſon to be thankful.

But what ſhall we ſay to this thine early hunger? The morning, as it is priviledged from exceſs, ſo from need; the ſtomach is not wont to riſe with the body. Surely, as thy occaſions were, no ſeaſon was exempted from thy want: thou hadſt ſpent the day before in the holy labour of thy Reformation; after a ſupperleſs departure thou ſpenteſt the night in Prayer; no meal refreſhed thy toile. What do we think much to forbear a morſel, or to break a ſleep for thee, who didſt thus neglect thy ſelf for us?

As if meat were no part of thy care, as if any thing would ſerve to ſtop the
D mouth of hunger, thy breakfaſt is expected from the next Tree. A Fig-tree grew by the way ſide, ful grown, well ſpread, thick leaved, and ſuch as might promiſe enough to a remote eye: thither thou cameſt to ſeek that which thou foundſt not; and not findig what thou ſoughteſt, as diſpleaſed with thy diſappointment, curſedſt that plant which deluded thy hopes. Thy breath inſtantly blaſted that deceitful tree; it did (no otherwiſe then the whole world muſt needs doe) wither and dye with thy Curſe.

O Saviour, I had rather wonder at thine actions then diſcuſs them. If I ſhould ſay that as man, thou either kneweſt not or conſideredſt not of this fruitleſneſs, it could no way prejudice thy Divine Omniſcience; this infirmi-
E ty were no worſe then thy wearineſs or hunger: It was no more diſparagement to thee to grow in Knowledge, then in ſtature; neither was it any more diſgrace to thy perfect Humanity, that thou (as man) knewſt not all things at once, then that thou wert not in thy childhood at thy full growth. But herein I doubt not to ſay, it is more likely thou cameſt purpoſely to this Tree, knowing the barrenneſs of it anſwerable to the ſeaſon, and fore-reſolving the event; that thou mighteſt hence ground the occaſion of ſo inſtructive a Miracle: like as thou kneweſt *Lazarus* was dying, was dead, yet wouldſt not ſeem to take notice of his diſſolution, that thou mighteſt the more glorifie thy Pow-
F er in his reſuſcitation. It was thy willing and determined diſappointment for a greater purpoſe.

But why didſt thou curſe a poor tree for the want of that fruit which the ſeaſon yielded not? If it pleaſed thee to call for that which it could not give, the Plant was innocent; and if innocent, why curſed? O Saviour, it is fitter for us to adore then to examine. We may be ſawcy in inquiring after thee, and fond in anſwering for thee.

It

If that ſeaſon were not for a ripe fruit, yet for ſome fruit it was. Who knows not the nature of the Fig-tree to be alwaies bearing? That plant (if not altogether barren) yields a continual ſucceſſion of increaſe; whiles one fig is ripe, another is green; the ſame bough can content both our taſte and our hope. This tree was defective in both, yielding nothing but an empty ſhade to the miſ-hoping traveller.

Beſides that, I have learn'd that thou, O Saviour, wert wont not to ſpeak only, but to work Parables. And what was this other then a real Parable of thine? All this while hadſt thou been in the world; thou hadſt given many proofs of thy Mercy (the earth was full of thy Goodneſs) none of thy Judgments: now, immediately before thy Paſſion, thou thoughteſt fit to give this double demonſtration of thy juſt auſterity. How elſe ſhould the world have ſeen thou canſt be ſevere as well as meek and merciful? And why mighteſt not thou, who madeſt all things, take liberty to deſtroy a plant for thine own Glory? Wherefore ſerve thy beſt creatures but for the praiſe of thy Mercy and Juſtice? What great matter was it if thou, who once ſaidſt, *Let the earth bring forth the herb yielding ſeed, and the tree yielding the fruit of its own kind,* ſhouldſt now ſay, *Let this fruitleſs tree wither?* All this yet was done in figure: In this act of thine I ſee both an Embleme, and a Propheſie. How didſt thou herein mean to teach thy Diſciples how much thou hateſt an unfruitful profeſſion, and what judgements thou meanteſt to bring upon that barren generation? Once before hadſt thou compared the Jewiſh nation to a Fig-tree in the midſt of thy vineyard, which after three yeares exſpectation and culture yielding no fruit, was by thee, the Owner, doomed to a ſpeedy exciſion; now thou acteſt what thou then ſaidſt. No tree abounds more with leaf and ſhade; no Nation abounded more with Ceremonial obſervations and ſemblances of Piety. Outward profeſſion, where there is want of inward truth and real practice, doth but help to draw on and aggravate judgment. Had this Fig-tree been utterly bear and leafleſs, it had perhaps eſcaped the Curſe. Hear this, ye vain Hypocrites, that care only to ſhew well; never caring for the ſincere truth of a Conſcionable Obedience: your fair outſide ſhall be ſure to help you to a Curſe.

That which was the fault of this tree, is the puniſhment of it, *fruitleſneſs: Let no fruit grow on thee hence forward for ever.* Had the boughs been appointed to be torn down, and the body ſplit in pieces, the doom had been more eaſy; and that juicy plant might yet have recovered, and have lived to recompence this deficiency: now it ſhall be what it was, *fruitleſs.* Woe be to that Church or Soul that is puniſhed with her own Sin. Outward plagues are but favour in compariſon of Spiritual judgements.

That Curſe might well have ſtood with a long continuance; the Tree might have lived long, though fruitleſs: but no ſooner is the word paſſed, then the leaves flagg and turn yellow, the branches wrinkle and ſhrink, the bark diſcolours, the root dries, the plant withers.

O God, what creature is able to abide the blaſting of the breath of thy diſpleaſure? Even the moſt great and glorious Angels of Heaven could not ſtand one moment before thine anger, but periſh'd under thy wrath everlaſtingly. How irreſiſtible is thy Power? how dreadful are thy Judgements? Lord, chaſtiſe my fruitleſneſs, but puniſh it not; at leaſt, puniſh it, but curſe it not, leſt I wither and be conſumed.

A

Christ betraied.

SUCH an eye-sore was Christ that raised *Lazarus*, and *Lazarus* whom Christ raised, to the envious Priests, Scribes, Elders of the Jews, that they consult to murder both: Whiles either of them lives, neither can the glory of that Miracle die, nor the shame of the oppugners.

Those malicious heads are laid together in the Parlour of *Caiaphas*. Happy had it been for them, if they had spent but half those thoughts upon their own
B Salvation, which they misimployed upon the destruction of the innocent. At last this results, that Force is not their way; Subtilty and Treachery must doe that which should be vainly attempted by Power.

Who is so fit to work this feat against Christ as one of his own? There can be no Treason where is not some Trust. Who so fit among the domesticks as he that bare the bag, and over-lov'd that which he bare? That heart which hath once enslaved it self to red and white earth, made be may any thing. Who can trust to the power of good means, when *Judas*, who heard Christ daily, whom others heard to preach Christ daily, who daily saw Christ's Mi-
C racles, and daily wrought Miracles in Christ's name, is (at his best) a Thief, and ere long a Traitor? That crafty and malignant spirit which presided in that bloody counsel, hath easily found out a fit instrument for this Hellish plot. As God knows, so Satan guesses, who are his, and will be sure to make use of his own. If *Judas* were Christ's domestick, yet he was Mammon's servant: he could not but hate that Master whom he formally professed to serve, whiles he really served that master which Christ professed to hate. He is but in his trade, whiles he is bartering even for his Master; *What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?* Saidst thou not well, O Saviour, *I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a Devil?* Thou that knewest to distinguish betwixt men and spirits, callest *Judas* by his right name. Loe, he is become a tem-
D pter to the worst of evils.

Wretched *Judas!* whether shall I more abhor thy treachery, or wonder at thy folly? What will they, what can they give thee valuable to that head which thou profferest to sale? Were they able to pay, or thou capable to receive all those precious metalls that are laid up in the secret cabins of the whole earth, how were this price equivalent to the worth of him that made them? Had they been able to have fetch'd down those rich and glittering spangles of Heaven, and to have put them into thy fist, what had this been to weigh with a God? How basely therefore dost thou speak of chaffering for him whose the world was? *What will ye give me?* Alas, what were they? what had they, miserable
E men, to pay for such a purchase? The time was, when he that set thee on work could say, *All the kingdomes of the earth, and the glory of them are mine; and I give them to whom I please: all these will I give thee.* Had he now made that offer to thee in this wofull bargain, it might have carried some colour of a temptation: and even thus it had been a match ill made. But for thee to tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these pelting petty-chapmen for thirty poor silverlings, it was no lesse base then wicked.

How unequal is this rate? Thou that valuedst *Mary*'s ointment which she bestowed upon the feet of Christ at three hundred pieces of silver, sellest thy
F Master, on whom that precious odour was spent, at thirty. Worldly hearts are penny-wise, and pound-foolish: they know how to set high prizes upon the worthlesse trash of this world; but for Heavenly things, or the God that owns them, these they shamefully undervalue.

And I will deliver him unto you. False and presumptuous *Judas!* it was more then thou couldst doe; thy price was not more too low then thy undertaking was too high. Had all the powers of Hell combined with thee, they could not

have delivered thy Master into the hands of men. The act was none but his own; all that he did, all that he suffered was perfectly voluntary. Had he pleased to resist, how easily had he with one breath blown thee and thy complices down into their Hell? It is no thank to thee that he would be delivered. O Saviour, all our safety, all our comfort depends not so much upon thine act as upon thy will: in vain should we have hoped for the benefit of a forced redemption. A

The bargain is driven, the price pai'd. *Judas* returns, and looks no lesse smoothly upon his Master and his fellows then as if he had done no disservice. What cares he? his heart tells him he is rich, though it tell him he is false. He was not now first an Hypocrite. The Passeover is at hand; no man is so busie to prepare for it, or more devoutly forward to receive it, then *Judas*. B

Oh the sottishnesse and obdurenesse of this son of Perdition! How many proofs had he formerly of his Master's Omniscience? There was no day wherein he saw not that thoughts and things absent came familiar under his cognisance: yet this Miscreant dares plot a secret villany against his person, and face it: if he cannot be honest, yet he will be close. That he may be notoriously impudent, he shall know he is descried: whiles he thinks fit to conceal his treachery, our Saviour thinks not fit to conceal the knowledge of that treacherous conspiracy; *Verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me.* Who would not think but that discovered wickednesse should be ashamed of it self? Did not *Judas* (think we) blush, and grow pale again, and cast down his guilty eyes, and turn away his troubled countenance at so galling an intimation? Custome of sin steels the brow, and makes it uncapable of any relenting impressions. Could the other Disciples have discerned any change in any one of their faces, they had not been so sorrowfully affected with the charge. Me-thinks I see how intentively they bent their eyes upon each other, as if they would have look'd through those windows down into the bosome; with what self-confidence, with what mutual jealousie they perused each others foreheads: and now, as rather thinking fit to distrust their own innocence then their Masters assertion, each trembles to say, *Lord, is it I?* It is possible there may lurk secret wickednesse in some blinde corner of the heart, which we know not of: It is possible that time and temptation working upon our corruption, may at last draw us into some such sin as we could not fore-believe. Whither may we not fall, if we be left to our own strength? It is both wise and holy to misdoubt the worst: *Lord, is it I?* C D

In the mean time, how fair hath *Judas* (all this while) carried with his fellows? Had his former life bewrayed any falshood or misdemeanor, they had soon found where to pitch their just suspicion: now *Judas* goes for so honest a man, that every Disciple is rather ready to suspect himself then him. It is true, he was a thief; but who knows that besides his Maker? The outsides of men are no lesse deceitfull then their hearts. It is not more unsafe to judge by outward appearances, then it is uncharitable not to judge so. E

Oh the head-strong resolutions of wickednesse, not to be checked by any opposition! Who would not but have thought, if the notice of an intended evil could not have prevented it, yet that the threats of judgment should have affrighted the boldest offender? *Judas* can sit by, and hear his Master say, *Wo be to the man by whom the Son of man is betraied; it had been better for that man never to have been born*, and is no more blank'd then very innocence; but thinks, What care I? I have the money; I shall escape the shame: the fact shall be close, the match gainfull: it will be long ere I get so much by my service; if I fare well for the present, I shall shift well enough for the future. Thus secretly he claps up another bargain; he *makes a covenant with death, and with Hell an agreement.* O *Judas*, didst thou ever hear ought but truth fall from the mouth of that thy Divine Master? Canst thou distrust the certainty of that dreadfull menace of vengeance? How then durst thou persist in the purpose of F

so

A so flagitious and damnable a villany? Resolved sinners run on desperately in their wicked courses; and have so bent their eyes upon the profit or pleasure of their mischievous projects, that they will not see Hell lie open before them in the way.

As if that shameless man meant to outbrave all accusations, and to outface his own heart, he dares ask too, *Master, is it I?* No Disciple shall more zealously abominate that crime then he that fosters it in his bosome. Whatever the Searcher of hearts knows by him, is lock'd up in his own breast: to be perfidious is nothing, so he may be secret: his Master knows him for a Traitor, it is not long that he shall live to complain; his fellows think him honest: all
B is well, whiles he is well esteemed. Reputation is the onely care of false hearts, not truth of being, not conscience of merit; so they may seem fair to men, they care not how foul they are to God.

Had our Saviour onely had this knowledge at the second hand, this boldnesse had been enough to make him suspect the credit of the best intelligence: Who could imagine that a guilty man dared thus brow-beat a just accusation? Now he whose piercing and unfailing eyes see things as they are, not as they seem, can peremptorily convince the impudence of this hollow questionist with a direct affirmation; *Thou hast said.* Foolish traitor! couldst thou think that
C those blear eyes of thine would indure the beams of the Sun, or that counterfeit slip, the fire? was it not sufficient for thee to be secretly vicious, but thou must presume to contest with an Omniscient accuser? Hast thou yet enough? Thou supposedst thy crime unknown. To men it was so; had thy Master been no more, it had been so to him: now his knowledge argues him Divine. How durst thou yet resolve to lift up thy hand against him, who knows thine offence, and can either prevent or revenge it? As yet the charge was private, either not heard, or not observed by thy fellows: it shall be at first whispered to one, and at last known to all. Bashfull and penitent sinners are fit to be concealed; shame is meet for those that have none.

Curiosity of Knowledge is an old disease of humane nature: besides, *Peter*'s
D zeal would not let him dwell under the danger of so doubtfull a crimination; he cannot but sit on thorns, till he know the man. His signs ask what his voice dare not. What law requires all followers to be equally beloved? Why may not our favours be freely dispensed where we like best, without envie, without prejudice? None of Christ's train could complain of neglect; *John* is highest in grace. Blood, affection, zeal, diligence have indeared him above his fellows. He that is deerest in respect, is next in place: in that form of side-sitting at the Table, he leaned on the bosome of *Jesus.* Where is more love, there may be more boldnesse. This secrecy and intirenesse priviledges *John* to ask that safely, which *Peter* might not without much inconvenience and peril of
E a check. The beloved Disciple well understands this silent language, and dares put *Peter*'s thought into words. Love shutteth out fear. O Saviour, the confidence of thy Goodnesse emboldens us not to shrink at any suit. Thy love shed abroad in our hearts bids us ask that which in a stranger were no better then presumption. Once, when *Peter* askt thee a question concerning *John, What shall this man doe?* he received a short answer, *What is that to thee?* Now, when *John* asks thee a question (no lesse seemingly curious) at *Peter*'s instance, *Who is it that betraies thee?* however thou mightest have returned him the same answer, (since neither of their persons was any more concerned) yet thou condescendest to a milde and full (though secret) satisfaction. There was not so much
F difference in the men, as in the matter of the demand. No occasion was given to *Peter* of moving that question concerning *John*; the indefinite assertion of treason amongst the Disciples was a most just occasion of moving *John*'s question for *Peter* and himself. That which therefore was timorously demanded, is answered graciously; *He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And he gave the sop to Judas.* How loath was our Saviour to name him whom

he was not unwilling to design? All is here expreſſed by dumb ſigns; the hand ſpeaks what the tongue would not. In the ſame language wherein *Peter* asked the queſtion of *John*, doth our Saviour ſhape an anſwer to *John*: what a beck demanded, is anſwered by a ſop. A

O Saviour, I do not hear thee ſay, Look on whomſoever I frown, or to whomſoever I doe a publick affront, that is the man; but, *To whomſoever I ſhall give a ſop.* Surely a by-ſtander would have thought this man deep in thy books, and would have conſtrued this act as they did thy tears for *Lazarus*, *See how he loves him.* To carve a man out of thine own diſh, what could it ſeem to argue but a ſingularity of reſpect? Yet, lo, there is but one whom thou hateſt, one onely Traitor at thy board; and thou giveſt him a ſop. The B outward Gifts of God are not alwaies the proofs of his Love; yea, ſometimes are beſtowed in diſpleaſure. Had not he been a wiſe Diſciple that ſhould have envied the great favour done to *Judas*, and have ſtomached his own preteriti-on? So fooliſh are they, who meaſuring God's affection by temporal benefits, are ready to applaud proſpering wickedneſs, and to grudge outward bleſſings to them which are uncapable of any better.

After the ſop, Satan entred into Judas. Better had it been for that treache-rous Diſciple to have wanted that morſell: Not that there was any malignity in the bread, or that the ſop had any power to convey Satan into the receiver, or that by a neceſſary concomitance that evil ſpirit was in or with it. Favours C ill uſed make the heart more capable of further evil. That wicked ſpirit com-monly takes occaſion by any of God's gifts, to aſſault us the more eagerly. After our Sacramental morſell, if we be not the better, we are ſure the worſe. I dare not ſay, yet I dare think that *Judas*, comparing his Maſter's words and *John*'s whiſperings with the tender of this ſop, and finding himſelf thus de-noted, was now ſo much the more irritated to perform what he had wickedly purpoſed. Thus Satan took advantage by the ſop of a further poſſeſſion. Twice before had that evil ſpirit made a palpable entry into that lewd heart. Firſt, in his Covetouſneſſe and Theft; thoſe ſinfull habits could not be without that author of ill: then in his damnable reſolution, and plot of ſo hainous a conſpi-racy againſt Chriſt. Yet now (as if it were new to begin) *After the ſop Satan D entred.* As in every groſſe ſin which we entertain, we give harbour to that evil ſpirit; ſo in every degree of growth in wickedneſſe, new hold is taken by him of the heart. No ſooner is the foot over the threſhold, then we enter into the houſe: when we paſſe thence into the inner rooms, we make ſtill but a perfect entrance. At firſt Satan entred, to make the houſe of *Judas*'s heart his own; now he enters into it as his own. The firſt purpoſe of ſin opens the gates to Sa-tan; conſent admits him into the entry; full reſolution of ſin gives up the keys to his hands, and puts him into abſolute poſſeſſion. What a plain difference there is betwixt the regenerate and evil heart? Satan laies ſiege to the beſt E by his Tentations; and ſometimes upon battery and breach made enters: the o-ther admits him by willing compoſition. When he is entred upon the Regene-rate, he is entertained with perpetual skirmiſhes, and by an holy violence at laſt repulſed: in the other he is plauſibly received, and freely commandeth. Oh the admirable meekneſs of this Lamb of God! I ſee not a frown, I hear not a check; but, *What thou doeſt, doe quickly.* Why do we ſtartle at our petty wrongs, and ſwell with anger, and break into furious revenges upon every occaſion, when the pattern of our Patience lets not fall one harſh word upon ſo foul & bloody a Traitor? Yea, ſo fairly is this carried, that the Diſciples as yet can apprehend no change; they innocently think of commodities to be bought: when Chriſt F ſpeaks of their Maſter ſold, and, as one that longs to be out of pain, haſtens the pace of his irreclamable conſpirator, *That thou doeſt, doe quickly.* It is one thing to ſay, Doe what thou intendeſt, and another to ſay, *Doe quickly what thou doeſt.* There was villany in the deed; the ſpeed had no ſin, the time was harmleſſe, whiles the man and the act was wicked. O *Judas*, how happy had it been for thee,

A thee, if thou hadſt never done what thou perfidiouſly intendedſt? but ſince thou wilt needs doe it, delay is but a torment.

That ſteely heart yet relents not; the obſtirmed Traitor knows his way to the High Prieſt's hall and to the garden; the watchword is already given, *Hail Maſter*, and *a kiſſe*. Yet more Hypocriſie? yet more preſumption upon ſo over-ſtrained a lenity? How kneweſt thou, O thou falſe Traitor, whether that Sacred cheek would ſuffer it ſelf to be defiled with thine impure touch? Thou well foundſt thy treachery was unmasked; thine heart could not be ſo falſe to thee as not to tell thee how hatefull thou wert. Goe, kiſſe and adore thoſe ſilverlings which thou art too ſure of; the Maſter whom thou haſt ſold is not
B thine. But oh the impudence of a deplored ſinner! That tongue which hath agreed to ſell his Maſter, dares ſay, *Hail*; and thoſe lips that have paſſed the compact of his death, dare offer to kiſſe him whom they had covenanted to kill. It was God's charge of old, *Kiſſe the Son, leſt he be angry*. O Saviour, thou hadſt reaſon to be angry with this kiſſe; the ſcourges, the thorns, the nails, the ſpear of thy Murderers were not ſo painfull, ſo piercing, as this touch of *Judas*: all theſe were in this one alone. The ſtabs of an Enemy cannot be ſo grievous as the skin-deep wounds of a Diſciple.

C

The Agonie.

WHAT a Preface do I finde to my Saviour's Paſſion? an Hymn, and an Agonie: a chearfull Hymn, and an Agonie no leſſe ſorrowfull. An Hymn begins, both to raiſe and teſtifie the courageous reſolutions of his Suffering; an Agonie follows, to ſhew that he was truly ſenſible of thoſe extremities wherewith he was reſolved to grapple. All the Diſciples bore their part in that Hymn; it was fit they ſhould all ſee his comfortable & Divine Magnanimity wherewith he entred into thoſe
D ſad liſts: only Three of them ſhall be allowed to be the witneſſes of his Agonie; only thoſe three that had been the witneſſes of his glorious Transfiguration. That ſight had well fore-arm'd and prepared them for this: how could they be diſmai'd to ſee his trouble, who there ſaw his Majeſty? how could they be diſmai'd to ſee his body now ſweat, which they had then ſeen to ſhine? how could they be daunted to ſee him now accoſted with *Judas* and his train, whom they then ſaw attended with *Moſes* and *Elias*? how could they be diſcouraged to hear the reproaches of baſe men, when they had heard the voice of God to him from that excellent glory, *This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleaſed*?

Now before theſe eyes this Sun begins to be over-caſt with clouds; *He be-*
E *gan to be ſorrowfull and very heavy*. Many ſad thoughts for mankinde had he ſecretly hatched, and yet ſmothered in his own breaſt; now his grief is too great to keep in: *My ſoul is exceeding ſorrowfull, even unto death*. O Saviour, what muſt thou needs feel when thou ſaidſt ſo? Feeble mindes are apt to bemone themſelves upon light occaſions; the grief muſt needs be violent that cauſeth a ſtrong heart to break forth into a paſſionate complaint. Woe is me, what a word is this for the Son of God? Where is that Comforter which thou promiſedſt to ſend to others? where is that thy *Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, in whoſe preſence is the fulneſſe of joy, and at whoſe right hand there are pleaſures for evermore*? where are thoſe conſtant and chearfull reſo-
F lutions of a fearleſſe walking through the valley of the ſhadow of death? Alas! if that face were not hid from thee whoſe eſſence could not be diſunited, theſe pangs could not have been. The Sun was withdrawn awhile, that there might be a cool, though not a dark night, as in the world, ſo in thy breaſt; withdrawn in reſpect of ſight, not of being. It was the hardeſt piece of thy ſufferings, that thou muſt be diſconſolate.

But to whom doſt thou make this moan, O thou Saviour of men? Hard is that man driven that is fain to complain to his inferiours. Had *Peter*, or *James*, or *John* thus bewailed himſelf to thee, there had been eaſe to their Soul in venting it ſelf; thou hadſt been both apt to pity them, and able to relieve them: but now in that thou lamenteſt thy caſe to them, alas! what iſſue couldſt thou exſpect? They might be aſtoniſh'd with thy grief; but there is neither power in their hands to free thee from thoſe ſorrows, nor power in their compaſſion to mitigate them. Nay, in this condition what could all the Angels of Heaven (as of themſelves) doe to ſuccour thee? What ſtrength could they have but from thee? What creature can help when thou complaineſt? It muſt be only the ſtronger that can aid the weak.

Old and holy *Simeon* could fore-ſay to thy Bleſſed Mother, that *a ſword ſhould pierce through her Soul*; but, alas! how many ſwords at once pierce thine? Every one of theſe words is both ſharp and edged; *My Soul is exceeding ſorrowfull, even unto death.* What humane Soul is capable of the conceit of the leaſt of thoſe ſorrows that oppreſſed thine? It was not thy body that ſuffered now: the pain of body is but as the body of pain; the anguiſh of the Soul is as the Soul of anguiſh. That, and in that thou ſufferedſt: where are they that dare ſo far diſparage thy Sorrow, as to ſay thy Soul ſuffered only in ſympathy with thy body; not immediately, but by participation; not in its ſelf, but in its partner? Thou beſt kneweſt what thou felteſt, and thou that felteſt thine own pain canſt crie out of thy Soul. Neither didſt thou ſay, My Soul is troubled; ſo it often was, even to tears: but, *My Soul is ſorrowfull*; as if it had been before aſſaulted, now poſſeſſed with grief. Nor yet this in any tolerable moderation; changes of Paſſion are incident to every humane Soul: but, *Exceeding ſorrowfull.* Yet there are degrees in the very extremities of evils: thoſe that are moſt vehement, may yet be capable of a remedy, at leaſt a relaxation; thine was paſt theſe hopes, *Exceeding ſorrowfull unto death.*

What was it, what could it be, O Saviour, that lay thus heavy upon thy Divine Soul? Was it the fear of Death? was it the fore-felt pain, ſhame, torment of thine enſuing Crucifixion? Oh poor and baſe thoughts of the narrow hearts of cowardly and impotent mortality! How many thouſands of thy bleſſed Martyrs have welcomed no leſſe tortures with ſmiles and gratulations, and have made a ſport of thoſe exquiſite cruelties which their very Tyrants thought unſufferable? Whence had they this ſtrength but from thee? If their weakneſs were thus undaunted and prevalent, what was thy power? No, no: It was the ſad weight of the ſin of mankinde; it was the heavy burden of thy Fathers wrath for our ſin that thus preſſed thy Soul, and wrung from thee theſe bitter expreſſions.

What can it avail thee, O Saviour, to tell thy grief to men? who can eaſe thee, but he of whom thou ſaidſt, *My Father is greater then I?* Lo, to him thou turneſt; *O Father, if it be poſſible, let this cup paſſe from me.*

Was not this that *prayer* (O dear Chriſt) which *in the daies of thy fleſh thou offeredſt up with ſtrong crying and tears to him that was able to ſave thee from death?* Surely this was it. Never was crie ſo ſtrong; never was God thus ſolicited. How could Heaven chuſe but ſhake at ſuch a Prayer from the Power that made it? How can my heart but tremble to hear this ſuit from *the Captain of our Salvation?* O thou that ſaidſt, *I and my Father are one*, doſt thou ſuffer ought from thy Father but what thou wouldſt, what thou determinedſt? was this Cup of thine either caſual or forced? wouldſt thou wiſh for what thou kneweſt thou wouldſt not have poſſible? Far, far be theſe miſ-raiſed thoughts of our ignorance and frailty. Thou cameſt to ſuffer, and thou wouldſt doe what thou cameſt for: yet ſince thou wouldſt be a man, thou wouldſt take all of man, ſave ſin: it is but humane (and not ſinfull) to be loath to ſuffer what we may avoid. In this velleity of thine, thou wouldſt ſhew what that Nature of ours which thou hadſt aſſumed could incline to wiſh; but in thy reſolution, thou

A thou wouldſt ſhew us what thy victorious thoughts raiſed and aſſiſted by thy Divine power had determinately pitched upon; *Nevertheleſſe not as I will, but as thou wilt.* As man thou hadſt a Will of thine own: no humane Soul can be perfect without that main faculty. That will, which naturally could be content to incline towards an exemption from miſeries, gladly vails to that Divine will whereby thou art deſigned to *the chaſtiſements of our peace.* Thoſe pains which in themſelves were grievous, thou embraceſt as decreed: ſo as thy fear hath given place to thy love and obedience. How ſhould we have known theſe evils ſo formidable, if thou hadſt not in half a thought inclined to deprecate them? How could we have avoided ſo formidable and deadly evils, if thou
B hadſt not willingly undergone them? We acknowledge thine holy fear, we adore thy Divine fortitude.

Whiles thy Minde was in this fearfull agitation, it is no marvell if thy Feet were not fixed. Thy place is more changed then thy thoughts. One while thou walkeſt to thy drouzy Attendants, and ſtirreſt up their needfull vigilancy; then thou returneſt to thy paſſionate Devotions, thou falleſt again upon thy face. If thy body be humbled down to the earth, thy Soul is yet lower; thy prayers are ſo much more vehement as thy pangs are; *And being in an agony he prayed more earneſtly, and his ſweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.* O my Saviour, what an agonie am I in, whiles I think of thine?
C What pain, what fear, what ſtrife, what horrour was in thy Sacred breaſt? How didſt thou ſtruggle under the weight of our ſins, that thou thus ſweateſt, that thou thus bleedeſt? All was peace with thee: thou wert one with thy coeternal and coeſſential Father; all the Angels worſhipped thee; all the powers of Heaven and earth awfully acknowledged thine Infiniteneſs. It was our perſon that feoffed thee in this miſery and torment; in that thou ſuſtainedſt thy Father's wrath and our curſe. If eternal death be unſufferable, if every ſin deſerve eternal death, what, O what was it for thy Soul in this ſhort time of thy bitter Paſſion to anſwer thoſe millions of eternal deaths which all the ſins of all mankinde had deſerved from the juſt hand of thy Godhead? I marvell not if
D thou bleedeſt a ſweat, if thou ſweateſt blood: If the moiſture of that Sweat be from the Body, the tincture of it is from the Soul. As there never was ſuch another Sweat, ſo neither can there be ever ſuch a Suffering. It is no wonder if the Sweat were more then natural, when the Suffering was more then humane.

O Saviour, ſo willing was that precious blood of thine to be let forth for us, that it was ready to prevent thy Perſecutors; and iſſued forth in thoſe pores, before thy wounds were opened by thy Tormentors. O that my heart could bleed unto thee with true inward compunction for thoſe ſins of mine which are guilty of this thine Agonie, and have drawn blood of thee both in the Garden and on the Croſs. Woe is me: I had been in Hell, if thou hadſt not been
E in thine Agonie; I had ſcorched, if thou hadſt not ſweat. Oh let me abhor my own wickedneſſe, and admire and bleſſe thy Mercy.

But, O ye bleſſed Spirits which came to comfort my conflicted Saviour, how did ye look upon the Son of God, when ye ſaw him labouring for life under theſe violent temptations? with what aſtoniſhment did ye behold him bleeding whom ye adored? In the Wilderneſs, after his Duell with Satan, ye came and miniſtred unto him; and now in the Garden, whiles he is in an harder combat, ye appear to ſtrengthen him. O the wiſe and marvellous diſpenſation of the Almighty! Whom God will afflict, an Angel ſhall relieve; the Son ſhall ſuffer, the Servant ſhall comfort him; the God of Angels droupeth, the
F Angel of God ſtrengthens him.

Bleſſed *Jeſu*, if as Man thou wouldſt be *made a little lower then the Angels*; how can it diſparage thee to be attended and cheared up by an Angel? Thine Humiliation would not diſdain comfort from meaner hands. How free was it for thy Father to convey ſeaſonable conſolations to thine humbled Soul, by whatſoever means? Behold, though thy Cup ſhall not paſſe, yet it ſhall be

ſweetned. What if thou ſee not (for the time) thy Fathers face? yet thou ſhalt feel his hand. What could that Spirit have done without the God of Spirits? O Father of Mercies, thou maieſt bring thine into Agonies, but thou wilt never leave them there. *In the midſt of the ſorrows of my heart thy comforts ſhall refreſh my Soul.* Whatſoever be the means of my ſupportation, I know and adore the Author.

Peter *and* Malchus: *or,* Chriſt *Apprehended.*

WHerefore, O Saviour, didſt thou take thoſe three choice Diſciples with thee from their fellows, but that thou expectedſt ſome comfort from their preſence? A ſeaſonable word may ſometimes fall from the meaneſt attendant; and the very ſociety of thoſe we truſt carries in it ſome kinde of contentment. Alas! what broken reeds are men? Whiles thou art ſweating in thine Agonie, they are ſnorting ſecurely. Admonitions, threats, intreaties cannot keep their eyes open. Thou telleſt them of danger, they will needs dream of eaſe; and though twice rouzed (as if they had purpoſed this neglect) they careleſly ſleep out thy ſorrow and their own peril. What help haſt thou of ſuch Followers? In the mount of thy Transfiguration they ſlept, and beſides fell on their faces, when they ſhould behold thy glory, and were not themſelves for fear; in the garden of thine Agonie, they fell upon the ground for drouzineſſe, when they ſhould compaſſionate thy ſorrow, and loſt themſelves in a ſtupid ſleepineſſe. Doubtleſſe even this diſregard made thy prayers ſo much more fervent. The leſſe comfort we finde on earth, the more we ſeek above. Neither ſoughtſt thou more then thou foundeſt: Lo, thou *wert heard in that which thou fearedſt.* An Angel ſupplies men; that Spirit was vigilant whiles thy Diſciples were heavy. The exchange was happy.

No ſooner is this good Angel vaniſhed, then that domeſtick Devil appears: *Judas* comes up, and ſhews himſelf in the head of thoſe miſcreant troups. He whoſe too much honour it had been to be a Follower of ſo Bleſſed a Maſter, affects now to be the leader of this wicked rabble. The Sheeps fleece is now caſt off; the Wolf appears in his own likeneſſe. He that would be falſe to his Maſter, would be true to his Chapmen: Even evil ſpirits keep touch with themſelves. The bold Traitor dare yet ſtill mix Hypocriſie with Villany; his very ſalutations and kiſſes murder. O Saviour, this is no news to thee. All thoſe who under a ſhew of Godlineſſe practiſe impiety, do ſtill betray thee thus. Thou who hadſt ſaid, *One of you is a Devil*, didſt not now ſay, *Avoid Satan*; but, *Friend, wherefore art thou come?* As yet, *Judas*, it was not too late. Had there been any the leaſt ſpark of Grace yet remaining in that perfidious boſome, this word had fetcht thee upon thy knees. All this Sunſhine cannot thaw an obdurate heart. The ſign is given, *Jeſus* is taken. Wretched Traitor! why wouldſt thou for this purpoſe be thus attended? and ye fooliſh Prieſts and Elders! why ſent you ſuch a band, and ſo armed for this apprehenſion? One meſſenger had been enough for a voluntary priſoner. Had my Saviour been unwilling to be taken, all your forces (with all the Legions of Hell to help them) had been too little: ſince he was willing to be attached, two were too many. When he did but ſay, *I am he*, that eaſie breath alone routed all your troups, and caſt them to the earth, whom it might as eaſily have caſt down into Hell. What if he had ſaid, I will not be taken? where had ye been? or what could your ſwords and ſtaves have done againſt Omnipotence?

Thoſe Diſciples that failed of their vigilance, failed not of their courage: they had heard their Maſter ſpeak of providing ſwords, and now they thought it was time to uſe them: *Shall we ſmite?* They were willing to fight for him with

A with whom they were not carefull to watch : but of all other *Peter* was moſt forward ; in ſtead of opening his lips, he unſheaths his ſword ; and in ſtead of Shall I ? ſmites. He had noted *Malchus*, a buſie ſervant of the High prieſt, too ready to ſecond *Judas*, and to lay his rude hands upon the Lord of Life : againſt this man his heart riſes, and his hand is lift up. That eare which had too-officiouſly liſtened to the unjuſt and cruell charge of his wicked Maſter, is now ſevered from that worſe head which it had miſ-ſerved.

I love and honour thy zeal, O bleſſed Diſciple : Thou couldſt not brook wrong done to thy Divine Maſter. Had thy life been dearer to thee then his ſafety, thou hadſt not drawn thy ſword upon a whole troup. It was in earneſt
B that thou ſaidſt, *Though all men, yet not I* ; and, *Though I ſhould die with thee, yet I will not deny thee.* Lo, thou art ready to die upon him that ſhould touch that Sacred perſon ; what would thy life now have been in compariſon of renouncing him ? Since thou wert ſo fervent, why didſt thou not rather fall upon that treachour that betrai'd him, then that Sergeant that arreſted him ? Surely the ſin was ſo much greater, as the plot of miſchief is more then the execution ; as a Domeſtick is nearer then a Stranger ; as the treaſon of a Friend is worſe then the forced enmity of an Hireling. Was it that the guilty wretch upon the fact done ſubduced himſelf, and ſhrouded his falſe head under the wings of darkneſſe ? Was it that thou couldſt not ſo ſuddenly apprehend the odious
C depth of that Villany, and inſtantly hate him that had been thy old companion ? Was it that thy amazedneſſe as yet conceived not the purpoſed iſſue of this ſeizure, and aſtoniſhedly waited for the ſucceſſe ? Was it that though *Judas* were more faulty, yet *Malchus* was more imperiouſly cruell ? Howſoever, thy Courage was awaked with thy ſelf ; and thy heart was no leſſe ſincere then thine hand was raſh. *Put up again thy ſword into his place ; for all they that take the ſword ſhall periſh with the ſword.* Good intentions are no warrant for our actions. O Saviour, thou canſt at once accept of our meanings, and cenſure our deeds. Could there be an affection more worth incouragement then the love to ſuch a Maſter ? Could there be a more juſt cauſe wherein to draw his
D ſword then in thy quarrell ? Yet this love, this quarrell cannot ſhield *Peter* from thy check : thy meek tongue ſmites him gently, who had furiouſly ſmote thine enemy ; *Put up thy ſword.*

It was *Peter*'s ſword ; but to put up, not to uſe : there is a ſword which *Peter* may uſe ; but it is of another metall. Our weapons are, as our warfare, ſpiritual : if he ſmite not with this, he incurs no leſſe blame then for ſmiting with the other ; as for this material ſword, what ſhould he doe with it that is not allowed to ſtrike ? When the Prince of Peace bade his Followers ſell their coat and buy a ſword, he meant to inſinuate the need of theſe arms, not their improvement ; and to teach them the danger of the time, not the manner of the repulſe of
E danger. When they therefore ſaid, *Behold, here are two ſwords* ; he anſwered, *It is enough :* he ſaid not, Go buy more. More had not been enow, if a bodily defence had been intended : *David*'s tower had been too ſtreight to yield ſufficient furniture of this kinde. When it comes to uſe, *Peter*'s one ſword is too much : *Put up thy ſword.* Indeed there is a temporal ſword ; and that ſword muſt be drawn, elſe wherefore is it ? but drawn by him that bears it ; and he bears it that is ordained to be an avenger, to *execute wrath upon him that doth evil* ; *for he bears not the ſword in vain.* If another man draw it, it cuts his fingers ; and draws ſo much blood of him that unwarrantably wields it, as that *he who takes the ſword ſhall periſh with the ſword.* Can I chuſe but wonder how
F *Peter* could thus ſtrike unwounded ? how he, whoſe firſt blow made the fray, could eſcape hewing in pieces from that band of Ruffians ? This could not have been, if thy power, O Saviour, had not reſtrained their rage ; if thy ſeaſonable and ſharp reproof had not prevented their revenge.

Now, for ought I ſee, *Peter* ſmarts no leſſe then *Malchus :* neither is *Peter*'s eare leſſe ſmitten by the milde tongue of his Maſter, then *Malchus* his eare by

the

the hand of *Peter*. Weak Diſciple! thou *haſt Zeal, but not according to knowledge*: there is not more danger in this act of thine, then inconſideration and ignorance. *The cup which my Father hath given me, ſhall I not drink it?* Thou draweſt thy ſword to reſcue me from ſuffering. Alas! if I ſuffer not, what would become of thee? what would become of mankinde? where were that eternal and juſt Decree of my Father, wherein I am a *Lamb ſlain from the beginning of the world?* Doſt thou go about to hinder thine own and the whole worlds Redemption? Did I not once before call thee *Satan* for ſuggeſting to me this immunity from my Paſſion? and doſt thou now think to favour me with a reall oppoſition to this great and neceſſary work? Canſt thou be ſo weak as to imagine that this Suffering of mine is not free and voluntary? Canſt thou be ſo injurious to me as to think I yield, becauſe I want aid to reſiſt? Have I not given to thee and to the world many undeniable proofs of my Omnipotence? Didſt thou not ſee how eaſie it had been for me to have blown away theſe poor forces of my adverſaries? Doſt thou not know that if I would require it, all the glorious troups of the Angels of Heaven (any one whereof is more then worlds of men) would preſently ſhew themſelves ready to attend and reſcue me? Might this have ſtood with the Juſtice of my Decree, with the Glory of my Mercy, with the Benefit of mans Redemption, it had been done; my Power ſhould have triumphed over the impotent malice of my enemies: but now, ſince that eternal Decree muſt be accompliſhed, my Mercy muſt be approved, mankinde muſt be ranſomed; and this cannot be done without my Suffering. Thy wel-meant valour is no better then a wrong to thy ſelf, to the world, to me, to my Father.

O gracious Saviour, whiles thou thus ſmiteſt thy Diſciple, thou healeſt him whom thy Diſciple ſmote. Many greater Miracles hadſt thou done; none that bewraied more mercy and meekneſſe then this laſt Cure: of all other this eare of *Malchus* hath the loudeſt tongue to blazon the praiſe of thy Clemency and Goodneſſe to thy very enemies. Wherefore came that man but in an hoſtile manner to attach thee? Beſides his own, what favour was he worthy of for his Maſters ſake? And if he had not been more forward then his fellows, why had not his skin been as whole as theirs? Yet, even amidſt the throng of thine apprehenders, in the heat of their violence, in the height of their malice, and thine own inſtant peril of death, thou healeſt that unneceſſary eare, which had been guilty of hearing Blaſphemies againſt thee, and receiving cruell and unjuſt charges concerning thee. O *Malchus*, could thy eare be whole, and not thy heart broken and contrite with remorſe for riſing up againſt ſo mercifull and ſo powerfull an hand? Could thou chuſe but ſay, "O bleſſed "*Jeſu*, I ſee it was thy Providence that preſerved my head, when my eare "was ſmitten; it is thine Almighty Power that hath miraculouſly reſtored "that eare of mine which I had juſtly forfeited: this head of mine ſhall never "be guilty of plotting any further miſchief againſt thee; this eare ſhall never "entertain any more reproaches of thy name; this heart of mine ſhall ever "acknowledge and magnifie thy tender mercies thy Divine Omnipotence? Could thy fellows ſee ſuch a demonſtration of Power and Goodneſſe with unrelenting hearts? Unthankfull *Malchus*, and cruell ſouldiers! ye were worſe wounded, and felt it not. God had ſtruck your breaſts with a fearfull obduration, that ye ſtill perſiſt in your bloody enterpriſe. *And they that had laid hold on Jeſus, led him away*, &c.

Christ *before* Caiaphas.

THat Traitor whom his own cord made (soon after) too fast, gave this charge concerning Jesus, *Hold him fast.* Fear makes his guard cruell: they binde his hands, and think no twist can be strong enough for this *Sampson.* Fond Jews, and Souldiers! if his own will had not tied him faster then your cords, though those Manicles had been the stiffest cables or the strongest iron, they had been but threds of tow. What eyes can but run over to see those hands that made Heaven and Earth, wrung together and bruised with those mercilesse cords; to see him bound, who came to restore us to the liberty of the Sons of God; to see the Lord of Life contemptuously dragged through the streets, first to the house of *Annas*, then from thence to the house of *Caiaphas*, from him to *Pilate*, from *Pilate* to *Herod*, from *Herod* back again to *Pilate*, from *Pilate* to his *Calvarie*: whiles in the mean time the base rabble and scum of the incensed multitude runs after him with shouts and scorns? The act of death hath not in it so much misery and horrour, as the pomp of death.

And what needed all this pageant of Cruelty? wherefore was this state and lingring of an unjust execution? Was it for that their malice held a quick dispatch too much Mercy? Was it for that, whiles they meant to be bloody, they would fain seem just? A suddain violence had been palpably murderous: now the colour of a legal processe guilds over all their deadly spight; and would seem to render them honest, and the accused guilty.

This attachment, this convention of the innocent was a true night-work; a deed of so much darknesse was not for the light. Old *Annas* and that wicked Bench of gray-headed Scribes and Elders can be content to break their sleep to doe mischief: Envie and malice can make noon of midnight. It is resolved he shall die; and now pretences must be sought that he may be cleanly murdered. All evil begins at the Sanctuarie: The Priests and Scribes and Elders are the first in this bloody scene; they have pai'd for this head, and now long to see what they shall have for their thirty silverlings. The Bench is set in the Hall of *Caiaphas*: False witnesses are sought for, and hired: they agree not, but shame their suborners. Woe is me, what safety can there be for Innocence, when the evidence is wilfully corrupted? What State was ever so pure, as not to yield some miscreants, that will either sell or lend an oath? What a brand hath the wisdome of God set upon falshood, even dissonance and distraction? whereas Truth ever holds together, and jars not whiles it is it self. O Saviour, what a perfect innocence was in thy Life, what an exact purity in thy Doctrine, that malice it self cannot so much as devise what to slander? It were hard if Hell should not finde some Factors upon earth. At last two Witnesses are brought in, that have learned to agree with themselves, whiles they differed from truth; they say the same, though false; *This fellow said, I am able to destroy the Temple of God, and build it again in three daies.* Perjured wretches! Were these the terms that you heard from that Sacred mouth? Said he formally thus as ye have deposed? It is true, he spake of a Temple, of destroying, of building, of three daies; but did he speak of that Temple, of his own destroying, of a material building in that space? He said, *Destroy ye:* Ye say, *I am able to destroy.* He said, *this Temple of his body:* Ye say, *the Temple of God.* He said, *I will make up this Temple of my body in three daies:* Ye say, *I am able in three daies to build this* material *Temple of God.* The words were his, the sentence yours: The words were true, the evidence false. So whiles you report the words and misrepost the sense, ye swear a true falshood, and are truly forsworn. Where the resolutions are fixed, any colour will serve. Had those words been spoken, they contained no crime; had he been such as they supposed him, a mere man, the speech had carried a semblance of

of oſtentation, no ſemblance of Blaſphemy: yet how vehement is *Caiaphas* for an anſwer? as if thoſe words had already battered that ſacred pile, or the proteſtation of his ability had been the higheſt treaſon againſt the God of the Temple. That infinite Wiſdome knew well how little ſatisfaction there could be in anſwers, where the ſentence was determined; *Jeſus held his peace.* Where the asker is unworthy, the queſtion captious, words bootleſſe, the beſt anſwer is ſilence.

Erewhile his juſt and moderate ſpeech to *Annas* was returned with a buffet on the cheek, now his ſilence is no leſſe diſpleaſing. *Caiaphas* was not more malicious then crafty: what was in vain attempted by witneſſes, ſhall be drawn out of Chriſts own mouth; what an accuſation could not effect, an adjuration ſhall; *I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Chriſt, the Son of God.* Yea, this was the way to ſcrew out a killing anſwer. *Caiaphas*, thy mouth was impure, but thy charge is dreadfull. Now if *Jeſus* hold his peace, he is cried down for a prophane diſregarder of that awfull Name; if he anſwer, he is enſnared: an affirmation is death; a denial worſe then death. No, *Caiaphas*, thou ſhalt well know it was not fear that all this while ſtopped that Gracious mouth: thou ſpeakeſt to him that cannot fear thoſe faces he hath made: he that hath charged us to confeſſe him, cannot but confeſſe himſelf; *Jeſus ſaith unto him, Thou haſt ſaid. There is a time to ſpeak, and a time to keep ſilence.* He that is the Wiſdome of his Father, hath here given us a pattern of both. We may not ſo ſpeak as to give advantage to cavils; we may not be ſo ſilent as to betray the Truth. Thou ſhalt have no more cauſe, proud and inſulting *Caiaphas*, to complain of a ſpeechleſſe priſoner: now thou ſhalt hear more then thou demandedſt; *Hereafter ſhall ye ſee the Son of man ſitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven.* There ſpake my Saviour; *the voice of God, and not of man.* Hear now, inſolent High Prieſt, and be confounded. That Son of man whom thou ſeeſt, is the Son of God whom thou canſt not ſee: That Son of man, that Son of God, that God and man whom thou now ſeeſt ſtanding deſpicably before thy Conſiſtorial ſeat in a baſe dejectedneſſe, him ſhalt thou once with horrour and trembling ſee majeſtically ſitting on the Throne of Heaven, attended with thouſand thouſands of Angels, and coming in the clouds to that dreadfull Judgment, wherein thy ſelf amongſt other damned malefactors ſhalt be preſented before that glorious tribunal of his, and adjudged to thy juſt torments.

Goe now, wretched Hypocrite, and rend thy garments; whiles in the mean time thou art worthy to have thy Soul rent from thy body, for thy ſpightfull Blaſphemy againſt the Son of God. Onwards thy pretence is fair, and ſuch as cannot but receive applauſe from thy compacted crue; *What need have we of witneſſes? behold, now ye have heard his Blaſphemy. What think ye? And they anſwered and ſaid, He is guilty of death.*

What heed is to be taken of mens judgment? So light are they upon the balance, that one dram of prejudice or foreſtalment turns the ſcales. Who were theſe but the grave Benchers of *Jeruſalem*, the Synod of the choice Rabbies of *Iſrael?* yet theſe paſſe ſentence againſt the Lord of Life; ſentence of that death of his, whereby (if ever) they ſhall be redeemed from the murder of their ſentence.

O Saviour, this is not the laſt time wherein thou haſt received cruel dooms from them that profeſſe Learning and Holineſs. What wonder is it if thy weak members ſuffer that which was indured by ſo perfect an head? What care we to be judged by man's day, when thou, who art the Righteous Judge of the world, wert thus misjudged by men? Now is the fury of thy malignant enemies let looſe upon thee: what meaſure can be too hard for him that is denounced worthy of death? Now thoſe foul mouths defile thy Bleſſed Face with their impure ſpittle, the venemous froth of their malice; now thoſe cruell hands are lifted up to buffet thy Sacred Cheeks; now ſcorn and inſultation triumphs

A triumphs over thine humble Patience, *Propheſie unto us, thou Chriſt, who it is that ſmote thee.* O dear *Jeſu*, what a beginning is here of a Paſſion? There thou ſtandſt bound, condemned, ſpat upon, buffetted, derided by malicious ſinners. Thou art bound, who cameſt to looſe the bands of death; thou art condemned, whoſe ſentence muſt acquit the world; thou art ſpat upon, that art *fairer then the ſons of men*; thou art buffeted, *in whoſe mouth was no guile*; thou art derided, who *art clothed with Glory and Majeſty.*

In the mean while, how can I enough wonder at thy infinite Mercy, who in the midſt of all theſe wofull indignities couldſt finde a time to caſt thine eyes back upon thy frail and ingratefull Diſciple; and in whoſe gracious eare *Peter's*
B Cock ſounded louder then all theſe reproaches? O Saviour, thou who in thine apprehenſion couldſt forget all thy danger, to correct and heal his over-laſhing, now in the heat of thy arraignment and condemnation canſt forget thy own miſery, to reclaim his errour; and by that ſeaſonable glance of thine eye, to ſtrike his heart with a needfull remorſe. He that was lately ſo valiant to fight for thee, now the next morning is ſo cowardly as to deny thee: He ſhrinks at the voice of a Maid, who was not daunted with the ſight of a Band. O *Peter*, had thy ſlip been ſudden, thy fall had been more eaſie: Premonition aggravates thy offence; that ſtone was foreſhewed thee whereat thou ſtumbledſt: neither did thy warning more adde to thy guilt, then thine own fore-reſolu-
C tion. How didſt thou vow, though thou ſhouldſt die with thy Maſter, not to deny him? Hadſt thou ſaid nothing, but anſwered with a trembling ſilence, thy ſhame had been the leſſe. Good purpoſes, when they are not held, do ſo far turn enemies to the entertainer of them, as that they help to double both his ſin and puniſhment.

Yet a ſingle denial had been but eaſie; thine (I fear to ſpeak it) was lined with ſwearing and execration. Whence then, oh whence was this ſo vehement and peremptory diſclamation of ſo gracious a Maſter? What ſuch danger had attended thy profeſſion of his attendance? One of thy fellows was known to the high-prieſt for a Follower of *Jeſus*; yet he not onely came himſelf into
D that open Hall, in view of the Bench, but treated with the Maid that kept the door to let thee in alſo. She knew him what he was; and could therefore ſpeak to thee, as brought in by his mediation, *Art not thou alſo one of this mans Diſciples? Thou alſo* ſuppoſes the firſt acknowledged ſuch; yet what crime, what danger was urged upon that noted Diſciple? What could have been more to thee? Was it that thy heart miſgave thee thou mighteſt be called to account for *Malchus?* It was no thank to thee that that eare was healed; neither did there want thoſe that would think how near that eare was to the head. Doubtleſſe, that buſie fellow himſelf was not far off, and his fellows and kinſmen would have been apt enough to follow thee (beſides thy Diſcipleſhip)
E upon a bloodſhed, a riot, a reſcue. Thy conſcience hath made thee thus unduly timorous: and now, to be ſure to avoid the imputation of that affray, thou renounceſt all knowledge of him in whoſe cauſe thou foughteſt. Howſoever the ſin was hainous. I tremble at ſuch a Fall of ſo great an Apoſtle. It was thou, O *Peter*, that buffetedſt thy Maſter more then thoſe Jews; it was to thee that he turned the cheek from them, as to view him by whom he moſt ſmarted: he felt thee afar off, and anſwered thee with a look; ſuch a look as was able to kill and revive at once. Thou haſt wounded me (maieſt thou now ſay) O my Saviour, *thou haſt wounded my heart with one of thine eyes:* that one Eye of thy Mercy hath wounded my heart with a deep remorſe for my grievous ſin, with
F an indignation at my unthankfulneſſe; that one glance of thine hath reſolved me into the tears of ſorrow and contrition. *Oh that mine eyes were fountains,* and my cheeks channels that ſhall never be dryed! *And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.*

Chriſt before Pilate.

WEll worthy were theſe Jews to be tributary; they had caſt off the yoke of their God, and had juſtly earned this *Roman* ſervitude. *Tiberius* had befriended them too well with ſo favourable a Governour as *Pilate*. Had they had the power of life and death in their hands, they had not been beholden to an Heathen for a Legal murder. I know not whether they more repine at this ſlavery, or pleaſe themſelves to think how cleanly they can ſhift off this blood into anothers hand. Theſe great Maſters of *Iſrael* flock from their own Conſiſtory to *Pilate*'s Judgment-hall. The Sentence had been theirs, the Execution muſt be his; and now they hope to bear down *Jeſus* with the ſtream of that frequent confluence.

But what ailes you, O ye Rulers of *Iſrael*, that ye ſtand thus thronging at the door? why do ye not go in to that publick room of Judicature, to call for that Juſtice ye came for? Was it for that ye would not defile your ſelves with the contagion of an Heathen roof? Holy men! your Conſciences would not ſuffer you to yield to ſo impure an act; your Paſſeover muſt be kept, your perſons muſt be clean: whiles ye exſpect Juſtice from the man, ye abhor the pollution of the place. Woe to you Prieſts, Scribes, Elders, Hypocrites; can there be any roof ſo unclean as that of your own breaſts? Not *Pilate*'s walls, but your hearts are impure. Is Murder your errand, and do you ſtick at a local infection? *God ſhall ſmite* you, ye *whited walls*. Do ye long to be ſtained with blood, with the blood of God? and do ye fear to be defiled with the touch of *Pilate*'s pavement? Doth ſo ſmall a gnat ſtick in your throats, whiles ye ſwallow ſuch a Camel of flagitious wickedneſſe? Goe out of your ſelves, ye falſe diſſemblers, if ye would not be unclean. *Pilate*, onwards, hath more cauſe to fear leſt his walls ſhould be defiled with the preſence of ſo prodigious Monſters of Impiety.

That plauſible Governour condeſcends to humour their Superſtition: They dare not come in to him; he yields to goe forth to them. Even *Pilate* begins juſtly, *What accuſation bring you againſt this man?* It is no judging of Religion by the outward demeanour of men; there is more Juſtice amongſt *Romans* then amongſt Jews. Theſe malicious Rabbies thought it enough that they had ſentenced *Jeſus*; no more was now exſpected but a ſpeedy execution. *If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee.* Civil Juſtice muſt be their hangman. It is enough conviction that he is delivered up to the ſecular powers. Themſelves have judged, theſe other muſt kill. *Pilate* and *Caiaphas* have changed places: this Pagan ſpeaks that Law and Juſtice which that High prieſt ſhould have done; and that High prieſt ſpeaks thoſe murdering incongruities which would better have beſeemed the mouth of a Pagan. What needs any new triall? Doſt thou know, *Pilate*, who we are? Is this the honour that thou giveſt to our ſacred Prieſthood? Is this thy valuation of our Sanctity? Had the baſeſt of the vulgar complained to thee, thou couldſt but have put them to a review. Our Place and Holineſſe lookt not to be diſtruſted. If our ſcrupulous Conſciences ſuſpect thy very walls, thou maieſt well think there is ſmall reaſon to ſuſpect our Conſciences. Upon a full hearing, ripe deliberation, and exquiſitely-judicial proceeding, we have ſentenced this Malefactor to death: there needs no more from thee but thy command of Execution. Oh monſter, whether of Malice or Unjuſtice! Muſt he then be a Malefactor whom ye will condemn? Is your bare word ground enough to ſhed blood? Whom did ye ever kill but the righteous? By whoſe hands periſhed the Prophets? The word was but miſtaken; ye ſhould have ſaid, *If we had not been Malefactors, we had never delivered up this innocent man unto thee.*

It muſt needs be notoriouſly unjuſt which very Nature hath taught Pagans to

A to abhor. *Pilate* sees and hates this bloody suggestion and practice. "Do ye pre-
"tend Holiness, and urge so injurious a violence? If he be such as ye accuse
"him, where is his conviction? If he cannot be legally convicted, why should
"he die? Do you think I may take your complaint for a crime? If I must judge
"for you, why have you judged for your selves? Could ye suppose that I
"would condemn any man unheard? If your Jewish Laws yield you this liber-
"ty, the *Roman* Laws yield it not to me. It is not for me to judge after your
"laws, but after our own. Your prejudgment may not sway me. Since ye
"have gone so far, be ye your own carvers of Justice; *Take ye him and judge*
"*him according to your law.*

B O *Pilate*, how happy had it been for thee, if thou hadst held thee there? thus thou hadst wash'd thy hands more clean then in all thy basons. Might Law have been the rule of this Judgment, and not Malice, this blood had not been shed. How palpably doth their tongue bewray their heart? *It is not lawfull for us to put any man to death.* *Pilate* talks of Judgment, they talk of Death. This was their only aime: Law was but a colour, Judgment was but a ceremony; Death was their drift, and without this nothing. Blood-thirsty Priests and Elders! it is well that this power of yours is restrained: no Innocence could have been safe, if your lawlesse will had had no limits. It were pity this sword should be in any but just and sober hands. Your fury did not alwaies con-
C sult with Law: what Law allowed your violence to *Stephen*, to *Paul* and *Barnabas*, and your deadly attempts against this Blessed *Jesus* whom ye now persecute? How lawfull was it for you to procure that death which ye could not inflict? It is all the care of Hypocrites to seek umbrages and pretences for their hatefull purposes; and to make no other use of Laws (whether Divine or humane) but to serve turns.

Where death is fore-resolved, there cannot want accusations. Malice is not so barren as not to yield crimes enough. *And they began to accuse him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation; and forbidding to give tribute unto Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ and King.*

D "What accusations saidst thou, O *Pilate*? Hainous & capital. Thou mightest
"have believed our confident intimation: but since thou wilt needs urge us to
"particulars, know that we come furnished with such an inditement as shall
"make thine ears glow to hear it. Besides that Blasphemy whereof he hath
"been condemned by us, this man is a Seducer of the people, a raiser of Sedi-
"tion, an usurper of Soveraignty. O impudent suggestion! What marvel is it,
O Saviour, if thine honest servants be loaded with slanders, when thy most innocent person escaped not so shamefull criminations? Thou a perverter of the Nation, who taughtest the way of God truly? Thou a forbidder of Tribute, who payedst it, who prescribedst it, who provedst it to be *Cæsar*'s due? Thou a
E challenger of temporal Soveraignty, who avoidedst it, renouncedst it, professedst to come to serve? Oh the forehead of Malice! Goe, ye shameless traducers, and swear that Truth is guilty of all Falshood, Justice of all Wrong; and that the Sun is the only cause of Darkness, Fire of Cold.

Now *Pilate* startles at the Charge. The name of Tribute, the name of *Cæsar* is in mention: These potent spells can fetch him back to the common Hall, and call *Jesus* to the Bar. There, O Saviour, standst thou meekly to be judged, who shalt once come to judge the quick and the dead. Then shall he before whom thou stoodst guiltless and dejected, stand before thy dreadfull Majesty guilty and trembling.

F The name of a King, of *Cæsar*, is justly tender and awfull; the least whisper of an Usurpation or disturbance is entertained with a jealous care. *Pilate* takes this intimation at the first bound; *Art thou then the King of the Jews?* He felt his own free-hold now touched, it was time for him to stir. *Daniel*'s Weeks were now famously known to be near expiring. Many arrogant and busie spirits (as *Judas* of *Galilee*, *Theudas*, and that *Egyptian* Seducer) taking that

advantage, had raiſed ſeveral Conſpiracies, ſet up new titles to the Crown, gathered Forces to maintain their falſe claims. Perhaps *Pilate* ſuppoſed ſome ſuch buſineſſe now on foot, and therefore asks ſo curiouſly, *Art thou the King of the Jewes?* A

He that was no leſſe Wiſdome then Truth, thought it not beſt either to affirm or deny at once. Sometimes it may be extremely prejudicial to ſpeak all truths. To diſclaim that Title ſuddenly which had been of old given him by the Prophets, at his Birth by the Eaſtern Sages, and now lately at his Proceſſion by the acclaiming multitude, had been injurious to himſelf; to profeſſe and challenge it abſolutely, had been unſafe, and needleſly provoking. By wiſe and juſt degrees therefore doth he ſo affirm this truth, that he both B ſatisfies the inquirer, and takes off all perill and prejudice from his aſſertion. *Pilate* ſhall know him a King; but ſuch a King as no King needs to fear, as all Kings ought to acknowledge and adore: *My Kingdome is not of this world.* It is your miſtaking, O ye earthly Potentates, that is guilty of your fears. *Herod* hears of a King born, and is troubled; *Pilate* hears of a King of the Jews, and is incenſed. Were ye not ignorant, ye could not be jealous: Had ye learned to diſtinguiſh of Kingdomes, theſe ſuſpicions would vaniſh.

There are Secular Kingdomes, there are Spirituall; neither of theſe trenches upon other: your Kingdome is Secular, Chriſts is Spirituall; both may, both muſt ſtand together. His Laws are Divine, yours civil: His Reign is eternall, C yours temporall: the glory of his Rule is inward, and ſtands in the Graces of Sanctification, Love, Peace, Righteouſneſs, Joy in the Holy Ghoſt; yours in outward pomp, riches, magnificence: His Enemies are the Devil, the World, the Fleſh; yours are bodily uſurpers, and externall peace-breakers: His Sword is the power of the Word and Spirit, yours materiall: His rule is over the Conſcience, yours over bodies and lives: He puniſhes with Hell, ye with temporal death or torture. Yea ſo far is he from oppoſing your Government, that *by him* ye *Kings reign:* your Scepters are his; but to maintain, not to wield, not to reſiſt. O the unjuſt fears of vain men! He takes not away your earthly Kingdomes, who gives you Heavenly; he diſcrowns not the Body, who D crowns the Soul; his intention is not to make you leſſe great, but more happy,

The charge is ſo fully anſwered, that *Pilate* acquits the priſoner. The Jewiſh Maſters ſtand ſtill without; their very malice dares not venture their pollution in going in to proſecute their accuſation. *Pilate* hath examined him within; and now comes forth to theſe eager complainants, with a cold anſwer to their over-hot expectation; *I finde in him no fault at all.* O noble teſtimony of Chriſt's Innocence from that mouth which afterwards doomed him to death! What a difference there is betwixt a man as he is himſelf, and as he is the ſervant of others wills? It is *Pilate*'s tongue that ſaies, *I finde in him no fault at all:* It is the Jews tongue in *Pilate*'s mouth that ſaies, *Let him be crucified.* E That cruell ſentence cannot blot him whom this atteſtation cleareth. Neither doth he ſay, I finde him not guilty in that whereof he is accuſed; but gives an univerſal acquittance of the whole carriage of Chriſt, *I finde in him no fault at all.* In ſpight of Malice, Innocence ſhall finde abettors. Rather then Chriſt ſhall want witneſſes, the mouth of *Pilate* ſhall be opened to his juſtification. How did theſe Jewiſh blood-ſuckers ſtand thunder-ſtricken with ſo unexſpected a word? His abſolution was their death; his acquital their conviction. *No fault,* when we have found Crimes? *no fault at all,* when we have condemned him for capital offences? How palpably doth *Pilate* give us the lie? How ſhamefully doth he affront our authority and diſparage our juſtice? F So ingenuous a teſtimony doubtleſſe exaſperated the fury of theſe Jews: the fire of their indignation was ſeven-fold more intended with the ſenſe of their repulſe.

I tremble to think how juſt *Pilate* as yet was, and how ſoon after depraved; yea how mercifull together with that Juſtice. How fain would he have freed

A freed *Jesus*, whom he found faultlesse? Corrupt custome, in memory of their deliverance from *Egyptian* bondage, allowed to gratifie the Jews with the free delivery of some one prisoner. (Tradition would be incroaching: the Paschal Lamb was monument enough of that happy rescue: men affect to have something of their own.) *Pilate* was willing to take this advantage of dismissing *Jesus*. That he might be the more likely to prevail, he proposeth him with the choice and nomination of so notorious a Malefactor as he might justly think uncapable of all mercy; *Barabbas*, a Thief, a Murderer, a Seditionary; infamous for all, odious to all. Had he propounded some other innocent prisoner, he might have feared the election would be doubtfull; he cannot misdoubt
B the competition of so prodigious a Malefactor. *Then they all cried again, Not him, but Barabbas.*

O Malice beyond all example shameless and bloody! Who can but blush to think that an Heathen should see Jews so impetuously unjust, so savagely cruell? He knew there was no fault to be found in *Jesus*; he knew there was no Crime that was not to be found in *Barabbas*: yet he hears (and blushes to hear) them say, *Not him, but Barabbas.* Was not this (think we) out of similitude of condition? Every thing affects the like to it self; every thing affects the preservation of that it liketh. What wonder is it then if ye Jews, who professe your selves the murderers of that Just One, favour a *Barabbas*?
C O Saviour, what a killing indignity was this for thee to hear from thine own Nation? Hast thou refused all Glory, to put on shame and misery for their sakes? Hast thou disregarded thy Blessed self, to save them? and do they refuse thee for *Barabbas*? Hast thou said, Not Heaven, but Earth; not Soveraignty, but Service; not the Gentile, but the Jew? and do they say, Not him, but *Barabbas*? *Do ye thus requite the Lord, O ye foolish people* and unjust? Thus were thine ears and thine eyes first crucified; and through them was thy Soul wounded even to death, before thy death; whiles thou sawest their rage, and heardst their noise of *Crucifie, crucifie.*

Pilate would have chastised thee. Even that had been a cruell mercy from
D him; for what evil hadst thou done? But that cruelty had been true mercy to this of the Jews, whom no blood would satisfie but that of thy heart. He calls for thy Fault, they call for thy Punishment; as proclaiming thy Crucifixion is not intended to satisfie Justice, but Malice, *They cried the more, Crucifie him, Crucifie him.*

As their clamour grew, so the Presidents Justice declined. Those Graces that lie loose and ungrounded, are easily washt away with the first tide of Popularity. Thrice had that man proclaimed the Innocence of him whom he now inclines to condemn, *willing to content the people.* Oh the foolish aimes of Ambition! Not God, not his Conscience come into any regard; but the People.
E What a base Idol doth the proud man adore? even the Vulgar, which a base man despiseth. What is their applause but an idle winde? what is their anger but a painted fire? O *Pilate*, where now is thy self and thy people? whereas a good conscience would have stuck by thee for ever, and have given thee boldness before the face of that God which thou and thy people shall never have the Happiness to behold.

The Jews have plaid their first part; the Gentiles must now act theirs. Cruell *Pilate*, who knew *Jesus* was *delivered for envie*, accused falsly, maliciously pursued, hath turned his profered chastisement into scourging; *Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him.* Woe is me, dear Saviour; I feel thy lashes; I shrink
F under thy painfull whippings; thy nakedness covers me with shame and confusion. That tender and precious body of thine is galled and torn with cords. Thou that didst of late water the garden of *Gethsemani* with the drops of thy bloody sweat, dost now bedew the pavement of *Pilate*'s Hall with the showrs of thy blood. How fully hast thou made good thy word, *I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not*

my face from ſhame and ſpitting? How can I be enough ſenſible of my own ſtripes? theſe blows are mine; both my ſins have given them, and they give remedies to my ſins. *He was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, he was bruiſed for our iniquities, the chaſtiſement of our peace was upon him, and with his ſtripes are we healed.* O bleſſed *Jeſu*, why ſhould I think ſtrange to be ſcourged with tongue or hand, when I ſee thee bleeding? what laſhes can I fear either from Heaven or earth, ſince thy ſcourges have been born for me, and have ſanctified them to me? Now, dear *Jeſu*, what a world of inſolent reproaches, indignities, tortures, art thou entring into? To an ingenuous and tender diſpoſition ſcorns are torment enough; but here pain helps to perfect thy miſery, their deſpight. A B

Who ſhould be actors in this whole bloody execution, but grim and barbarous Souldiers, men inured to cruelty, in whoſe faces were written the characters of Murder, whoſe very trade was killing, and whoſe looks were enough to prevent their hands? Theſe, for the greater terrour of their concourſe, are called together; and whether by the connivence or the command of their wicked Governour, or by the inſtigation of the malicious Jews, conſpire to anticipate his death with ſcorns, which they will after inflict with violence.

O my Bleſſed Saviour, was it not enough that thy Sacred body was ſtripped of thy garments, and waled with bloody ſtripes, but that thy Perſon muſt be made the mocking-ſtock of thine inſulting enemies, thy Back diſguiſed with purple robes, thy Temples wounded with a thornie Crown, thy Face ſpate upon, thy Cheeks buffeted, thy Head ſmitten, thy Hand ſceptred with a reed, thy ſelf derided with wrie mouths, bended knees, ſcoffing acclamations? Inſolent Souldiers! whence is all this jeering and ſport, but to flout Majeſty? All theſe are the ornaments and ceremonies of a Royal Inauguration, which now in ſcorn ye caſt upon my deſpiſed Saviour. Goe on, make your ſelves merry with this jolly paſtime. Alas! long agoe ye now feel whom ye ſcorned. Is he a King, think you, whom ye thus plai'd upon? Look upon him with gnaſhing and horrour, whom ye look'd at with mockage and inſultation. Was not that Head fit for your Thorns, which you now ſee crowned with Glory and Majeſty? C Was not that Hand fit for a Reed, whoſe iron Scepter cruſhes you to death? Was not that Face fit to be ſpate upon, from the dreadfull aſpect whereof ye are ready to deſire the mountains to cover you? D

In the mean time, whither, O whither doſt thou ſtoop, O thou coeternal Son of thine eternal Father? whither doſt thou abaſe thy ſelf for me? I have ſinned, and thou art puniſhed; I have exalted my ſelf, and thou art dejected; I have clad my ſelf with ſhame, and thou art ſtripped; I have made my ſelf naked, and thou art clothed with robes of diſhonour; my head hath deviſed evil, and thine is pierced with thorns; I have ſmitten thee, and thou art ſmitten for me; I have diſhonoured thee, and thou for my ſake art ſcorned; Thou E art made the ſport of men for me, that have deſerved to be inſulted on by Devils.

Thus diſguiſed, thus bleeding, thus mangled, thus deformed art thou brought forth, whether for compaſſion, or for a more univerſal deriſion, to the furious multitude, with an *Ecce homo*, *Behold the man*: look upon him, O ye mercileſſe Jews; ſee him in his ſhame, in his wounds and blood, and now ſee whether ye think him miſerable enough. Ye ſee his Face blew and black with buffeting, his Eyes ſwoln, his Cheeks beſlabbered with ſpittle, his Skin torn with ſcourges, his whole Body bathed in blood; and would ye yet have more? *Behold the man*; the man whom ye envied for his greatneſſe, whom ye feared F for his uſurpation: Doth he not look like a King? is he not royally dreſſed? See whether his magnificence do not command reverence from you. Would ye wiſh a finer King? Are ye not afraid he will wreſt the Scepter out of *Cæſar*'s hand? *Behold the man.*

Yea, and behold him well, O thou proud *Pilate*, O ye cruel Souldiers, O ye inſatiable

A insatiable Jews. Ye see him base, whom ye shall see glorious: the time shall surely come wherein ye shall see him in another dresse: he shall shine whom ye now see to bleed; his Crown cannot be now so ignominious and painfull, as it shall be once majestical and precious; ye who now bend your knees to him in scorn, shall see all knees both in Heaven and in earth and under the earth to bow before him in an awfull adoration; ye that now see him with contempt, shall behold him with horrour.

What an inward war do I yet finde in the breast of *Pilate*? His Conscience bids him spare, his Popularity bids him kill. His Wife warned by a Dream, warns him to have no hand in the blood of that just man; the importunate
B multitude presses him for a sentence of death. All shifts have been tried to free the man whom he hath pronounced innocent: All violent motives are urged to condemn that man whom malice pretends guilty.

In the height of this strife, when Conscience and moral Justice were ready to sway *Pilate*'s distracted heart to a just dismission, I hear the Jews cry out, *If thou let this man goe, thou art not Cæsar's friend.* There is the word that strikes it dead: it is now no time to demur any more. In vain shall we hope that a carnal heart can prefer the care of his Soul to the care of his safety and honour, God to *Cæsar*. Now *Jesus* must die: *Pilate* hasts into the Judgment hall; the Sentence sticks no longer in his teeth, *Let him be crucified.*

C Yet how foul so ever his Soul shall be with this fact, his hands shall be clean; *He took water and washt his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.* Now all is safe I wis: this is expiation enough; water can wash off blood, the hands can cleanse the heart: protest thou art innocent, and thou canst not be guilty. Vain Hypocrite! canst thou think to escape so? Is Murder of no deeper dye? Canst thou dream waking thus to avoid the charge of thy wives dream? Is the guilt of the blood of the Son of God to be wip'd off with such ease? What poor shifts do foolish sinners make to beguile themselves? Any thing will serve to charm the Conscience, when it lists to sleep.

D But, O Saviour, whiles *Pilate* thinks to wash off the guilt of thy blood with water, I know there is nothing that can wash off the guilt of this his sin but thy blood. Oh do thou wash my Soul in that precious bathe, and I shall be clean. Oh *Pilate*, if that very blood which thou sheddest do not wash off the guilt of thy bloodshed, thy water doth but more defile thy Soul, and intend that fire wherewith thou burnest.

Little did the desperate Jews know the weight of that blood, which they were so forward to wish upon themselves and their children. Had they deprecated their interest in that horrible murder, they could not so easily have avoided the vengeance: but now that they fetch it upon themselves by a willing
E execration, what should I say, but that they long for a curse? it is pity they should not be miserable. And have ye not now felt, O Nation worthy of plagues, have ye not now felt what blood it was whose guilt ye affected? Sixteen hundred years are now passed since you wished your selves thus wretched: have ye not been ever since the hate and scorn of the world? Did ye not live (many of you) to see your City buried in ashes, and drowned in blood? to see your selves no Nation? Was there ever people under Heaven that was made so famous a spectacle of miserie and desolation? Have ye yet enough of that blood which ye called for upon your selves and your children? Your former cruelties, uncleannesses, Idolatries cost you but some short Captivities;
F God cannot but be just: this Sin under which you now lie groaning and forlorn, must needs be so much greater then these, as your vastation is more; and what can that be other then the murder of the Lord of Life? Ye have what ye wisht: be miserable till ye be penitent.

The Crucifixion.

THe ſentence of Death is paſt, and now who can with dry eyes behold the ſad pomp of my Saviours bloody execution? All the ſtreets are full of gazing ſpectators, waiting for this ruefull ſight. At laſt, O Saviour, there thou comeſt out of *Pilate*'s gate, bearing that which ſhall ſoon bear thee. To expect thy Croſſe was not torment enough; thou muſt carry it. All this while thou ſhalt not only ſee, but feel thy death before it come; and muſt help to be an agent in thine owne Paſſion. It was not out of favour, that thoſe ſcornfull robes being ſtripped off, thou art led to death in thine own cloaths. So was thy face beſmeared with blood, ſo ſwoln and diſcoloured with buffetings, that thou couldſt not have been known, but by thy wonted habit. Now thine inſulting enemies are ſo much more imperiouſly cruell, as they are more ſure of their ſucceſſe. Their mercileſſe tormentings have made thee half dead already: yet now, as if they had done nothing, they begin afreſh; and will force thy weakned and fainting nature to new tasks of pain. The tranſverſe of thy Croſſe (at leaſt) is upon thy ſhoulder: when thou canſt ſcarce goe, thou muſt carry. One kicks thee with his foot, another ſtrikes thee with his ſtaffe, another drags thee haſtily by thy cord, and more then one ſpur on thine unpitied wearineſſe with angry commands of haſt. Oh true form and ſtate of a ſervant! All thy former actions, O Saviour, were (though painfull, yet) free; this, as it is in it ſelf ſervile, ſo it is tyrannouſly inforced: Inforced yet more upon thee by thy own Love to mankind, then by their power and deſpight. It was thy Father that *laid upon* thee *the iniquity of us all:* It was thine own Mercy that cauſed thee to bear our ſins upon the Croſſe, and to bear the Croſſe (with the curſe annexed to it) for our ſins. How much more voluntary muſt that needs be in thee, which thou requireſt to be voluntarily undertaken by us? It was thy charge, *If any man will come after me, let him deny himſelf, and take up his croſſe and follow me.* Thou didſt not ſay, Let him bear his croſſe as forceably impoſed by another; but, *Let him take up his croſſe*, as his free burden: free in reſpect of his heart, not in reſpect of his hand: ſo free, that he ſhall willingly undergoe it, when it is laid upon him; not ſo free as that he ſhall lay it upon himſelf unrequired. O Saviour, thou didſt not ſnatch the Croſſe out of the Souldiers hands, and caſt it upon thy ſhoulder; but when they laid it on thy neck, thou underwenteſt it. The conſtraint was theirs, the will was thine. It was not ſo heavy to them, or to *Simon*, as it was to thee; they felt nothing but the wood, thou felteſt it clogged with the load of the ſins of the whole world. No marvell if thou faintedſt under that ſad burden; thou that beareſt up the whole earth by thy word, didſt ſweat, and pant, and groan under this unſupportable carriage. O bleſſed *Jeſu*, how could I be confounded in my ſelf to ſee thee, after ſo much loſſe of blood and over-toiledneſſe of pain, languiſhing under that fatal tree? And yet why ſhould it more trouble me to ſee thee ſinking under thy Croſſe now, then to ſee thee anone hanging upon thy Croſſe? In both thou wouldſt render thy ſelf weak and miſerable, that thou mighteſt ſo much the more glorifie thy infinite mercy in ſuffering.

It is not out of any compaſſion of thy miſery, or care of thine eaſe, that *Simon* of *Cyrene* is forced to be the porter of thy Croſſe; it was out of their own eagerneſſe of thy diſpatch: thy feeble paces were too ſlow for their purpoſe; their thirſt after thy blood made them impatient of delay. If thou have wearily ſtrugled with the burden of thy ſhame all along the ſtreets of *Jeruſalem*, when thou com'ſt once paſt the gates, an helper ſhall be deputed to thee: the expedition of thy death was more ſweet to them, then the pain of a lingring paſſage. What thou ſaidſt to *Judas*, they ſay to the Executioner, *What thou*

A *thou doeſt, doe quickly.* Whiles thou yet liveſt, they cannot be quiet, they cannot be ſafe: to haſten thine end, they lighten thy carriage.

Hadſt thou done this out of choice which thou didſt out of conſtraint, how I ſhould have envied thee, O *Simon* of *Cyrene*, as too happy in the honour to be the firſt man that bore that Croſſe of thy Saviour, wherein millions of bleſſed Martyrs have (ſince that time) been ambitious to ſucceed thee? Thus to bear thy Croſſe for thee, O Saviour, was more then to bear a crown from thee. Could I be worthy to be thus graced by thee, I ſhould pity all other glories.

Whiles thou thus paſſeſt, O dear *Jeſu*, the ſtreets and waies reſound
B not all with one note. If the malicious Jews and cruell Souldiers inſulted upon thee, and either haled or railed thee on with a bitter violence, thy faithfull Followers were no leſſe loud in their moans and ejulations; neither would they indure that the noiſe of their cries and lamentations ſhould be drowned with the clamour of thoſe reproches: but eſpecially thy Bleſſed Mother, and thoſe other zealous aſſociates of her own Sex, were moſt paſſionate in their wailings. And why ſhould I think that all that devout multitude which ſo lately cried *Hoſanna* in the ſtreets, did not alſo bear their part in theſe publick condolings? Though it had not concerned thy ſelf, O Saviour, thine ears had been ſtill more open to the voice of grief then of
C malice: and ſo thy lips alſo are open to the one, ſhut to the other; *Daughters of Jeruſalem, weep not for me, but weep for your ſelves and for your children.* Who would not have thought, O Saviour, that thou ſhouldſt have been wholly taken up with thine own ſorrows? The expectation of ſo bitter a Death had been enough to have overwhelmed any Soul but thine: yet even now can thy gracious eye finde time to look beyond thine own miſeries, at theirs; and to pity them, who, inſenſible of their own inſuing condition, mourned for thine now preſent. They ſee thine extremity, thou foreſeeſt theirs; they powre out their ſorrow upon thee, thou diverteſt it upon themſelves. We ſilly creatures walk blindefolded in this vale of tears,
D and little know what evil is towards us: only what we feel we know; and whiles we feel nothing, can finde leiſure to beſtow our commiſeration on thoſe who need it perhaps leſſe then our ſelves. Even now, O Saviour, when thou wert within the view of thy *Calvary*, thou canſt foreſee and pity the vaſtation of thy *Jeruſalem*; and giveſt a ſad Prophecy of the imminent deſtruction of that City which lately had coſt thee tears, and now ſhall coſt thee blood. It is not all the indign cruelty of men that can rob thee of thy Mercy.

Jeruſalem could not want Malefactors, though *Barabbas* was diſmiſſed.
E That all this execution might ſeem to be done out of the zeal of Juſtice, two capital offenders, adjudged to their Gibbet, ſhall accompany thee, O Saviour, both to thy death and in it. They are led manicled after thee, as leſſe criminous: no ſtripes had diſabled them from bearing their own Croſſes. Long agoe was this unmeet ſociety foretold by thine Evangelical Seer, *He was taken from priſon and from judgment*; *He was cut out of the land of the living*; *He made his grave with the Wicked.* O bleſſed *Jeſu*, it had been diſparagement enough to thee to be ſorted with the beſt of men (ſince there is much ſin in the perfecteſt, and there could be no ſin in thee;) but to be matched with the ſcum of mankinde, whom vengeance would not let to live, is ſuch an indignity as confounds my thoughts. Surely there is no Angel in Heaven but would have
F been proud to attend thee; and what could the earth afford worthy of thy train? yet malice hath ſuited thee with company next to Hell; that their viciouſneſſe might reflect upon thee, and their Sin might ſtain thine Innocence. Ye are deceived, O ye fond Judges: This is the way to grace your dying malefactors; this is not the way to diſgrace him whoſe guiltleſneſſe and perfection triumph'd over your injuſtice: his preſence was able to make your

Thieves

Thieves happy; their preſence could no more blemiſh him then your own. Thus guarded, thus attended, thus accompanied art thou, Bleſſed *Jeſu*, led to that loathſome and infamous hill, which now thy laſt blood ſhall make Sacred: now thou ſetteſt thy foot upon that riſing ground which ſhalt prevent thine *Olivet*, whence thy Soul ſhall firſt aſcend into thy Glory. A

There whiles thou art addreſſing thy ſelf for thy laſt Act, thou art preſented with that bitter and farewell-potion wherewith dying Malefactors were wont to have their ſenſes ſtupified, that they might not feel the torments of their execution. It was but the common mercy of men to alleviate the death of Offenders; ſince the intent of their laſt doom is not ſo much pain, as diſſolution.

That draught, O Saviour, was not more welcome to the guilty then hatefull unto thee. In the vigor of all thine inward and outward ſenſes, thou wouldſt incounter the moſt violent aſſaults of death, and ſcornedſt to abate the leaſt touch of thy quickeſt apprehenſion. Thou well kneweſt that the work thou wenteſt about would require the uſe of all thy powers; it was not thine eaſe that thou ſoughteſt, but our Redemption; neither meanteſt thou to yield to thy laſt enemy, but to reſiſt and to overcome him: which that thou mighteſt doe the more gloriouſly, thou challengedſt him to doe his worſt; and in the mean time wouldſt not diſfurniſh thy ſelf of any of thy powerfull faculties. This greateſt combat that ever was ſhall be fought on even hand: neither wouldſt thou ſteal that Victory which thou now atchievedſt over Death and Hell. Thou didſt but touch at this cup; it is a far bitterer then this that thou art now drinking up to the dregs: thou refuſedſt that which was offered thee by men, but that which was mixed by thine eternal Father (though mere Gall and Wormwood) thou didſt drink up to the laſt drop. And therein, O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, lies all our health and ſalvation. I know not whether I do more ſuffer in thy pain, or joy in the iſſue of thy Suffering. B C

Now, even now, O Saviour, art thou entring into thoſe dreadfull liſts, and now art thou grapling with thy laſt enemy; as if thou hadſt not ſuffered till now, now thy bloody Paſſion begins: a cruell expoliation begins that violence. Again do theſe grim and mercileſſe Souldiers lay their rude hands upon thee, and ſtrip thee naked; again are thoſe bleeding wales laid open to all eyes; again muſt thy Sacred body undergoe the ſhame of an abhorred nakedneſſe. Lo, thou that clotheſt man with raiment, beaſts with hides, fiſhes with ſcales and ſhells, earth with flowers, Heaven with Stars, art deſpoiled of cloaths, and ſtandeſt expoſed to the ſcorn of all beholders. As the Firſt *Adam* entred into his Paradiſe, ſo doſt thou (the Second *Adam*) into thine, naked; and as the Firſt *Adam* was clothed with Innocence when he had no cloaths, ſo wert thou (the Second) too: and more then ſo; thy nakedneſſe, O Saviour, cloaths our Souls not with Innocence only, but with Beauty. Hadſt not thou been naked, we had been cloathed with confuſion. O happy nakedneſſe, whereby we are covered from ſhame! O happy ſhame, whereby we are inveſted with glory! All the beholders ſtand wrapped with warm garments; thou only art ſtripped to tread the wine-preſſe alone. How did thy Bleſſed Mother now wiſh her veile upon thy ſhoulders? and that Diſciple who lately ran from thee naked, wiſh'd in vain that his loving pity might doe that for thee, which fear forced him to for himſelf. D E

Shame is ſucceeded with Pain. Oh the torment of the Croſſe! Methinks I ſee and feel, how having faſtned the tranſverſe to the body of that fatal Tree, and lai'd it upon the ground, they racked and ſtrained thy tender and ſacred Lims, to fit the extent of their fore-appointed meaſure; and having tentered out thine arms beyond their natural reach, how they faſtned them with cords, till thoſe ſtrong iron nails (which were driven up to the head through the palms of thy Bleſſed hands) had not more firmly then painfully fixed thee to the Gibbet. The tree is raiſed up, and now not without a F

vehement

A vehement concuſſion ſetled in the mortiſe. Woe is me, how are thy joynts and ſinews torn, and ſtretched till they crack again, by this torturing diſtenſion? how doth thine own weight torment thee, whiles thy whole body reſts upon this forced and dolorous hold, till thy nailed feet bear their part in a no leſſe afflictive ſupportation? How did the rough iron pierce thy Soul, whiles paſſing through thoſe tender and ſenſible parts it carried thy fleſh before it, and as it were rivetted it to that ſhamefull Tree?

There now, O dear *Jeſu*, there thou hangeſt between Heaven and earth, naked, bleeding, forlorn, deſpicable, the ſpectacle of miſeries, the ſcorn of men. Be abaſhed, O ye Heavens and earth, and all ye creatures wrap up your ſelves B in horrour and confuſion, to ſee the ſhame and pain and curſe of your moſt pure and Omnipotent Creator. How could ye ſubſiſt, whiles he thus ſuffers in whom ye are? O Saviour, didſt thou take fleſh for our Redemption to be thus indignely uſed, thus mangled, thus tortured? Was this meaſure fit to be offered to that Sacred body that was conceived by the Holy Ghoſt of the pure ſubſtance of an immaculate Virgin? Woe is me; that which was unſpotted with ſin, is all blemiſhed with humane crueltie, and ſo wofully disfigured, that the Bleſſed Mother that bore thee could not now have known thee; ſo bloody were thy Temples, ſo ſwolne and diſcoloured was thy Face, ſo was the skin of thy whole body ſtreaked with red and blew ſtripes, ſo did thy thornie diadem C ſhade thine Heavenly countenance, ſo did the ſtreams of thy blood cover and deform all thy parts. The eye of Senſe could not diſtinguiſh thee, O dear Saviour, in the neareſt proximity to thy Croſſe: the eye of Faith ſees thee in all this diſtance; and by how much more ignominy, deformity, pain it finds in thee, ſo much more it admires the glory of thy mercy. Alas! is this the Head that is decked by thine eternall Father with a Crown of pure gold, of immortall and incomprehenſible Majeſty, which is now buſhed with thorns? Is this the Eye that ſaw the Heavens opened, and the Holy Ghoſt deſcending upon that head, that ſaw ſuch reſplendence of Heavenly brightneſſe on mount *Tabor*, which now begins to be overclouded with death? Are theſe the Eares that heard D the voice of thy Father owning thee out of Heaven, which now tingle with buffettings, and glow with reproaches, and bleed with thorns? Are theſe the Lips that *ſpake as never mans ſpake, full of grace and power*, that called out dead *Lazarus*, that ejected the ſtubborneſt Devils, that commanded the cure of all diſeaſes, which now are ſwoln with blows, and diſcoloured with blewneſſe and blood? Is this the Face that ſhould be *fairer then the ſons of men*, which the Angels of Heaven ſo deſired to ſee, and can never be ſatisfied with ſeeing, that is thus foul with the naſty mixtures of ſweat, and blood, and ſpittings on? Are theſe the Hands that *ſtretched out the Heavens as a curtain*, that by their touch healed the lame, the deaf, the blind, which are now bleeding E with the nailes? Are theſe the Feet which walked lately upon the liquid pavement of the ſea, before whoſe footſtool all the Nations of the earth are bidden to worſhip, that are now ſo painfully fixed to the Croſſe? O cruell and unthankfull mankind, that offered ſuch meaſure to the Lord of Life! O infinitely merciſull Saviour, that wouldſt ſuffer all this for unthankfull mankind! That fiends ſhould doe theſe things to guilty ſouls, it is (though terrible, yet) juſt; but that men ſhould doe thus to the Bleſſed Son of God, it is beyond the capacity of our horrour.

Even the moſt hoſtile diſpoſitions have been only content to kill; Death hath ſated the moſt eager malice: thine enemies, O Saviour, held not themſelves ſatisfied, unleſſe they might injoy thy torment. Two Thieves are appointed to be thy companions in death; thou art deſigned to the midſt, as the chief F malefactor: on whether hand ſoever thou lookeſt, thine eye meets with an hatefull partner. But, O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, how ſhall I enough admire and celebrate thy infinite Mercy, who madeſt ſo happy an uſe of this Jewiſh deſpight, as to improve it to the occaſion of the Salvation of one, and the comfort of millions?

Is

Is not this, as the laſt, ſo the greateſt ſpecialty of thy wonderfull compaſſion, to convert that dying Thief? with thoſe nailed hands to ſnatch a Soul out of the mouth of Hell? Lord, how I bleſſe thee for this work? how doe I ſtand amazed at this, above all other the demonſtrations of thy Goodneſſe and Power? The Offender came to die: nothing was in his thoughts but his guilt and torment: *whiles he was yet in his blood*, thou *ſaidſt*, *This Soul ſhall live*. Ere yet the intoxicating Potion could have time to work upon his brain, thy Spirit infuſes Faith into his heart. He that before had nothing in his eye but preſent death and torture, is now lifted up above his Croſſe in a bleſſed ambition; *Lord, remember me when thou comeſt into thy Kingdome*. Is this the voice of a Thief, or of a Diſciple? Give me leave, O Saviour, to borrow thine own words; *Verily I have not found ſo great faith, no not in all Iſrael*. He ſaw thee hanging miſerably by him, and yet ſtyles thee *Lord*; he ſaw thee dying, yet talks of thy *Kingdome*; he felt himſelf dying, yet talks of a future *remembrance*. O Faith ſtronger then death, that can look beyond the Croſſe at a Crown; beyond diſſolution at a remembrance of Life and Glory! Which of thine eleven were heard to ſpeak ſo gracious a word to thee in theſe thy laſt pangs? After thy Reſurrection and knowledge of thine impaſſible condition it was not ſtrange for them to talk of thy Kingdome; but in the midſt of thy ſhameſull death, for a dying malefactor to ſpeak of thy reigning, and to implore thy remembrance of himſelf in thy Kingdome, it is ſuch an improvement of Faith as raviſheth my Soul with admiration. O bleſſed Thief, that haſt thus happily ſtolne Heaven! How worthy hath thy Saviour made thee to be a partner of his ſufferings, a pattern of undauntable belief, a ſpectacle of unſpeakable mercy? *This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe*. Before I wondred at thy Faith; now I envy at thy Felicity. Thou cravedſt a remembrance; thy Saviour ſpeaks of a preſent poſſeſſion, *This day*: thou ſuedſt for remembrance as a favour to the abſent; thy Saviour ſpeaks of thy preſence with him: thou ſpakeſt of a Kingdome; thy Saviour of Paradiſe. As no Diſciple could be more faithfull, ſo no Saint could be happier. O Saviour, what a precedent is this of thy free and powerfull grace? Where thou wilt give, what unworthineſſe can barre us from Mercy? when thou wilt give, what time can prejudice our vocation? who can deſpair of thy goodneſſe, when he that in the morning was poſting towards Hell, is in the evening with thee in Paradiſe? Lord, he could not have ſpoken this to thee, but by thee, and from thee. What poſſibility was there for a thief to think of thy Kingdome, without thy Spirit? That good Spirit of thine breathed upon this man, breathed not upon his fellow; their trade was alike, their ſin was alike, their ſtate alike, their croſſe alike, only thy Mercy makes them unlike: One is taken, the other is refuſed. Bleſſed be thy Mercy in taking one; bleſſed be thy Juſtice in leaving the other. Who can deſpair of that Mercy? who cannot but tremble at that Juſtice?

Now, O ye cruell Prieſts and Elders of the Jews, ye have full leiſure to feed your eyes with the ſight ye ſo much longed for; there is the blood ye purchaſed: and is not your malice yet glutted? Is not all this enough, without your taunts and ſcoffs and ſports at ſo exquiſite a miſery? The people, the paſſengers are taught to inſult, where they ſhould pity. Every man hath a ſcorn ready to caſt at a dying innocent. A generous nature is more wounded with the tongue, then with the hand. O Saviour, thine eare was more painfully pierced then thy brows, or hands, or feet. It could not but goe deep into thy Soul, to hear theſe bitter and girding reproaches from them thou camest to ſave.

But, alas! what fleabitings were theſe in compariſon of thoſe inward torments which thy Soul felt in the ſenſe and apprehenſion of thy Fathers wrath for the ſins of the whole world, which now lay heavy upon thee for ſatisfaction? This, oh this was it that preſſed thy Soul as it were to the nethermoſt hell. Whiles thine eternall Father lookt lovingly upon thee, what didſt thou,

what

A what neededst thou to care for the frowns of men or Devils? but when he once turn'd his face from thee, or bent his brows upon thee, this, this was worse then death. It is no marvel now, if darkness were upon the face of the whole earth, when thy Fathers face was eclipsed from thee by the interposition of our sins. How should there be light in the world without, when the God of the world, the Father of lights, complains of the want of light within? That word of thine, O Saviour, was enough to fetch the Sun down out of Heaven, and to dissolve the whole frame of Nature, when thou criedst, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Oh what pangs were these, dear *Jesu*, that drew from thee this complaint? Thou well knewest nothing could be more
B cordial to thine enemies, then to hear this sad language from thee: they could see but the outside of thy sufferings; never could they have conceived so deep an anguish of thy Soul, if thy own lips had not expressed it. Yet as not regarding their triumph, thou thus powrest out thy sorrow: and when so much is uttered, who can conceive what is felt?

How is it then with thee, O Saviour, that thou thus astonishest men and Angels with so woful a quiritation? Had thy God left thee? Thou not long since saidst, *I and my Father are One:* Are ye now severed? Let this thought be as farre from my Soul, as my Soul from Hell. No more can thy Blessed Father be separated from thee, then from his own Essence.
C His Union with thee is eternal; his Vision was intercepted: He could not withdraw his Presence, he would withdraw the influence of his comfort. Thou, the Second *Adam*, stoodst for mankind upon this Tree of the Cross, as the First *Adam* stood and fell for mankind under the Tree of Offence. Thou barest our sins; thy Father saw us in thee, and would punish us in thee, thee for us: how could he but withhold comfort where he intended chastisement? Herein therefore he seems to forsake thee for the present, in that he would not deliver thee from that bitter Passion which thou wouldst undergoe for us. O Saviour, hadst thou not been thus forsaken, we had perished; thy dereliction is our safety: and however our narrow Souls are
D not capable of the conceit of thy pain and horror; yet we know there can be no danger in the forsaking, whiles thou canst say, *My God.* He is so thy God as he cannot be ours: all our right is by Adoption, thine by Nature; thou art one with him in eternal Essence, we come in by Grace and merciful election: yet whiles thou shalt inable me to say, *My God*, I shall hope never to sink under thy desertions.

But whiles I am transported with the sense of thy Sufferings, O Saviour, let me not forget to admire those sweet Mercies of thine which thou powredst out upon thy Persecutors. They rejoyce in thy death, and triumph in thy misery, and scoff at thee in both: In stead of calling down fire from Heaven
E upon them, thou heapest coals of fire upon their heads; *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they doe.* They blaspheme thee, thou prayest for them; they scorn, thou pitiest; they sin aganst thee, thou prayest for their forgiveness; they profess their malice, thou pleadest their ignorance. O compassion without example, without measure, fit for the Son of God, the Saviour of men! Wicked and foolish Jewes! ye would be miserable, he will not let you: ye would fain pull upon your selves the guilt of his blood, he deprecates it: ye kill, he sues for your remission and life. His tongue cries louder then his blood, *Father, forgive them.* O Saviour, thou couldst not but be heard. Those who out of ignorance and simplicity thus persecuted thee, find
F the happy issue of thine intercession. Now I see whence it was that three thousand souls were converted soon after at one Sermon. It was not *Peter*'s speech, it was thy prayer, that was thus effectual. Now they have grace to know and confess whence they have both forgiveness and salvation, and can recompence their blasphemies with thanksgiving. What sin is there, Lord, whereof I can despair of the remission, or what offence can I be unwilling to

remit, when thou prayeſt for the forgiveneſs of thy murderers and blaſphemers? A

There is no day ſo long but hath his evening. At laſt, O bleſſed Saviour, thou art drawing to an end of theſe painful ſufferings, when ſpent with toil and torment thou crieſt out, *I thirſt*. How ſhouldſt thou do other? O dear *Jeſu*, how ſhouldſt thou do other then thirſt? The night thou hadſt ſpent in watching, in prayer, in agony, in thy conveyance from the Garden to *Jeruſalem*, from *Annas* to *Caiaphas*, from *Caiaphas* to *Pilate*, in thy reſtleſs anſwers, in buffetings and ſtripes; the day in arraignments, in haling from place to place, in ſcourgings, in ſtripping, in robing and diſrobing, in bleeding, in tugging under thy Croſs, in woundings and diſtenſion, in pain and paſſion: B No marvel if thou thirſtedſt. Although there was more in this drought then thy need: It was no leſs requiſite thou ſhouldſt thirſt, then that thou ſhouldſt dye: Both were upon the ſame predetermination, both upon the ſame prediction. How elſe ſhould that word be verified, Pſal. 22. 14, 15. *All my bones are out of joynt; my heart is like waxe, it is melted in the midſt of my bowels: My ſtrength is dried up like a potſherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jawes; and thou haſt brought me into the duſt of death?* Had it not been to make up that word whereof one jot cannot paſs, though thou hadſt felt this thirſt, yet thou hadſt not bewrayed it. Alas! what could it avail to bemoan thy wants to inſulting enemies, whoſe ſport was thy miſery? How ſhould they pity thy C thirſt, that pitied not thy bloodſhed? It was not their favour that thou expectedſt herein, but their conviction. O Saviour, how can we, thy ſinful ſervants, think much to be exerciſed with hunger and thirſt, when we hear thee thus complain?

Thou that not long ſince proclaimedſt in the Temple, *If any man thirſt, let him come to me and drink: He that believeth in me, out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living waters*, now thy ſelf thirſteſt: Thou in whom we believe, complaineſt to want ſome drops; thou hadſt the command of all the waters both above the firmament and below it, yet thou wouldſt thirſt. Even ſo, Lord, thou that wouldſt dye for us, wouldſt thirſt for us. O give me to thirſt after thoſe D waters which thou promiſeſt, whatever become of thoſe waters which thou wouldſt want. The time was, when craving water of the *Samaritan*, thou gaveſt better then that thou askedſt. Oh give me to thirſt after that more precious Water; and ſo do thou give me of that water of life, that I may never thirſt again.

Bleſſed God, how marvelouſly doſt thou contrive thine own affaires? Thine enemies whiles they would deſpight thee, ſhall unwittingly juſtifie thee and convince themſelves. As thou fore-ſaidſt, *In thy thirſt, they gave thee vineger to drink*. Had they given thee Wine, thou hadſt not taken it; the night before thou hadſt taken leave of that comfortable liquor, reſolving to drink no more E of that ſweet juice till thou ſhouldſt drink it new with them in thy Fathers Kingdome. Had they given thee Water, they had not fulfilled that prediction, whereby they were ſelf-condemned. I know not now, O dear *Jeſu*, whether this laſt draught of thine were more pleaſing to thee or more diſtaſtful: Diſtaſtful in it ſelf (for what liquor could be equally harſh?) pleaſing, in that it made up thoſe Sufferings thou wert to indure, and thoſe Propheſies thou wert to fulfil.

Now there is no more to doe, thy full conſummation of all predictions, of all types and ceremonies, of all ſufferings, of all ſatisfactions is happily both effected and proclaimed; nothing now remains but a voluntary, ſweet and Hea- F venly reſignation of thy Bleſſed Soul into the hands of thine eternal Father, and a bowing of thine head for the change of a better Crown, and a peaceable obdormition in thy bed of eaſe and honour, and an inſtant entrance into reſt, triumph, Glory.

For the full explicatiō whereof, I referre my Reader to my Paſſion Sermō, wherein the particularities are largely diſcuſſed.

And now, O bleſſed *Jeſu*, how eaſily have carnal eyes all this while miſtaken

A ken the paſſages and intentions of this thy laſt and moſt glorious work? Our weakneſs could hitherto ſee nothing here but pain and ignominy; now my better-inlightned eyes ſee in this elevation of thine both honour and happineſs. Lo, thou that art the Mediator betwixt God and man, the reconciler of Heaven and earth, art lift up betwixt earth and Heaven, that thou mighteſt accord both. Thou that art the great Captain of our Salvation, the conquerour of all the adverſe powers of death and hell, art exalted upon this Triumphal chariot of the Croſs, that thou mighteſt trample upon death, and drag all thoſe Infernal Principalities manicled after thee. Thoſe arms which thine enemies meant violently to extend, are ſtretched forth for the imbracing of
B all mankind that ſhall come in for the benefit of thine all-ſufficient redemption. Even whiles thou ſuffereſt, thou reigneſt. Oh the impotent madneſs of ſilly men! They think to diſgrace thee with wrie faces, with tongues put out, with bitter ſcoffs, with poor wretched indignities; when in the mean time *the Heavens declare thy righteouſneſs*, O Lord, and the earth ſhews forth thy power. The Sun pulls in his light, as not abiding to ſee the ſufferings of his Creator; the Earth trembles under the ſenſe of the wrong done to her Maker; the Rocks ren', the veile of the Temple teares from the top to the bottome; ſhortly, all the frame of the world acknowledges the dominion of that Son of God whom man deſpiſed.

C Earth and Hell have done their worſt. O Saviour, thou art in thy Paradiſe, and triumpheſt over the malice of men and Devils: The remainders of thy Sacred perſon are not yet free. The Souldiers have parted thy garments, and caſt lots upon thy ſeamleſs coat (thoſe poor ſpoils cannot ſo much inrich them as glorifie thee, whoſe Scriptures are fulfilled by their barbarous ſortitions.) The Jews ſue to have thy bones divided; but they ſue in vain. No more could thy garments be whole then thy body could be broken. One inviolable Decree over-rules both. Fooliſh executioners! ye look up at that crucified Body, as if it were altogether in your power and mercy; nothing appears to you but impotence and death: little do ye know what an irreſiſtible guard there is upon
D that Sacred corps; ſuch as if all the Powers of Darkneſs ſhall band againſt, they ſhall finde themſelves confounded. In ſpight of all the gates of Hell that word ſhall ſtand, *Not a bone of him ſhall be broken.*

Still the infallible Decree of the Almighty leads you on to his own ends, through your own waies. Ye ſaw him already dead, whom ye came to diſpatch: thoſe bones therefore ſhall be whole, which ye had had no power to break. But yet, that no piece either of your cruelty or of Divine prediction may remain unſatisfied, he whoſe bones may not be impaired, ſhall be wounded in his fleſh; he whoſe Ghoſt was yielded up, muſt yield his laſt blood; *One of the ſouldiers with a ſpear pierced his ſide, and forthwith there came out blood*
E *and water.* Malice is wont to end with life; here it overlives it. Cruel man! what means this ſo late wound? what commiſſion hadſt thou for this bloody act? *Pilate* had given leave to break the bones of the living, he gave no leave to gore the ſide of the dead: what wicked ſupererogation is this? what a ſuperfluity of maliciouſneſs? To what purpoſe did thy ſpear pierce ſo many hearts in that one? why wouldſt thou kill a dead man? Methinks the Bleſſed Virgin, and thoſe other paſſionate aſſociates of hers, and the Diſciple whom *Jeſus* loved, together with the other of his fellows, the friends and followers of Chriſt, and eſpecially he that was ſo ready to draw his ſword upon the troup of his Maſters apprehenders, ſhould have work enough to contain themſelves within
F the bounds of patience at ſo ſavage a ſtroke: their ſorrow could not chuſe but turn to indignation, and their hearts could not but riſe (as even mine doth now) at ſo impertinent a villany. How eaſily could I rave at that rude hand? But, O God, when I look up to theee, and conſider how thy holy and wiſe Providence ſo overrules the moſt barbarous actions of men, that (beſides their will) they turn beneficial, I can at once hate them, and bleſs thee. This very

wound hath a mouth to ſpeak the Meſſiahſhip of my Saviour, and the truth of thy Scripture, *They ſhall look at him whom they have pierced.* Behold now the Second *Adam* ſleeping, and out of his ſide formed the Mother of the living, the Evangelical Church. Behold the Rock which was ſmitten, and the waters of life guſhed forth. Behold *the fountain that is ſet open to the houſe of David, for ſin and for uncleanneſs*; a fountain not of water only, but of blood too. O Saviour, by thy water we are waſhed, by thy blood we are redeemed. Thoſe two Sacraments which thou didſt inſtitute alive, flow alſo from thee dead, as the laſt memorials of thy Love to thy Church: the water of Baptiſme, which is *the laver of Regeneration*; *the blood of the new Teſtament ſhed for remiſſion of ſins*: and theſe, together with the Spirit that gives life to them both, are the three Witneſſes on earth, whoſe atteſtation cannot fail us. Oh precious and ſoveraign wound, by which our Souls are healed! Into this cleft of the rock let my Dove fly and enter, and there ſafely hide her ſelf from the talons of all the birds of prey.

It could not be but that the death of Chriſt, contrived and acted at *Jeruſalem* in ſo ſolemn a Feſtival, muſt needs draw a world of beholders: The *Romans*, the Centurion and his band, were there as actors, as ſupervifors of the Execution. Thoſe ſtrangers were no otherwiſe ingaged, then as they that would hold fair correſpondence with the Citizens where they were engariſoned: their freedome from prejudice rendred them more capable of an ingenuous conſtruction of all events. *Now when the Centurion and they that were with him that watched Jeſus ſaw the Earthquake, and the things that were done, they feared greatly, and glorified God, and ſaid, Truely this was the Son God.*

What a marvelous concurrence is here of ſtrong and irrefragable convictions? Meekneſs in ſuffering, Prayer for his murderers, a faithful reſignation of his Soul into the hands of his Heavenly Father, the Sun eclipſed, the Heavens darkned, the earth trembling, the graves open, the rocks rent, the veile of the Temple torn; who could goe leſs then this, *Truly this was the Son of God?* He ſuffers patiently; this is through the power of Grace; many good men have done ſo through his enabling. The frame of Nature ſuffers with him; this is proper to the God of Nature, the Son of God.

I wonder not that theſe men confeſſed thus; I wonder that any Spectator confeſſed it not: theſe proofs were enough to fetch all the world upon their knees, and to have made all mankind a Convert. But all hearts are not alike; no means can work upon the wilfully-obdured. Even after this the Souldier pierced that Bleſſed ſide; and whiles Pagans relented, Jews continued impenitent. Yet even of that Nation, thoſe beholders whom envie and partiality had not intereſſed in this ſlaughter, were ſtricken with juſt aſtoniſhment, and ſmote their breaſts, and ſhook their heads, and by paſſionate geſture ſpake what their tongues durſt not. How many muſt there needs be, in this univerſal concourſe, of them whom he had healed of diſeaſes, or freed from Devils, or miraculouſly fed, or ſome way obliged in their perſons or friends? Theſe, as they were deeply affected with the mortal indignities which were offered to their acknowledged *Meſſiah*; ſo they could not but be raviſhed with wonder at thoſe powerful demonſtrations of the Deity of him in whom they believed; and ſtrangely diſtracted in their thoughts, whiles they compared thoſe Sufferings with that Omnipotence. As yet their Faith and Knowledge was but in the bud or in the blade. How could they chuſe but think, Were he not the Son of God, how could theſe things be? and if he were the Son of God, how could he die? His Reſurrection, his Aſcenſion, ſhould ſoon after perfect their belief; but in the mean time their hearts could not but be conflicted with thoughts hard to be reconciled. Howſoever they glorifie God, and ſtand amazed at the expectation of the iſſue.

But above all other, O thou Bleſſed Virgin, the Holy Mother of our Lord, how many ſwords pierced thy Soul, whiles ſtanding cloſe by his Croſs thou ſaweſt

A saweſt thy dear Son and Saviour thus indignely uſed, thus ſtripped, thus ſtretched, thus nailed, thus bleeding, thus dying, thus pierced? How did thy troubled heart now recount what the Angel *Gabriel* had reported to thee from God in the meſſage of thy bleſſed Conception of that Son of God? How didſt thou think of the miraculous formation of that thy Divine burden by the power of the Holy Ghoſt? How didſt thou recal thoſe prophecies of *Anna* and *Simeon* concerning him, and all thoſe ſupernatural works of his, the irrefragable proofs of his Godhead? and laying all theſe together, with the miſerable infirmities of his Paſſion, how wert thou crucified with him? The care that he took for thee in the extremity of his torments, could not chuſe but
B melt thy heart into ſorrow: But oh, when in the height of his pain and miſery thou heardſt him cry ont, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* what a cold horrour poſſeſſed thy Soul? I cannot now wonder at thy qualms and ſwoonings; I could rather wonder that thou ſurvivedſt ſo ſad an hour. But when recollecting thy ſelf, thou ſaweſt the Heavens to bear a part with thee in thy mourning, and felteſt the earth to tremble no leſs then thy ſelf, and foundſt that the dreadful concuſſion of the whole frame of Nature proclaimed the Deity of him that would thus ſuffer and dye, and remembredſt his frequent predictions of drinking this bitter cup, and of being baptized thus in blood; thou beganſt to take heart, and to comfort thy ſelf with the aſſured
C exſpectation of the glorious iſſue. More then once had he foretold thee his victorious Reſurrection. He who had openly profeſſed *Jonas* for his type, and had fore-promiſed in three daies to raiſe up the ruined Temple of his Body, had doubtleſs given more full intimation unto thee, who hadſt ſo great a ſhare in that ſacred body of his. *The juſt ſhall live by Faith.* Lo, that Faith of thine in his enſuing Reſurrection, and in his triumph over death, gives thee life, and chears up thy drouping Soul, and bids it in an holy confidence to triumph over all thy fears and ſorrows; and him whom thou now ſeeſt dead and deſpiſed, repreſents unto thee living, immortal, glorious.

D

The Reſurrection.

GRace doth not ever make ſhow where it is. There is much ſecret riches both in the earth and ſea, which never eye ſaw. I never heard any news till now of *Joſeph* of *Arimathea:* yet was he eminently both rich, and wiſe, and good; a worthy, though cloſe Diſciple of our Saviour. True Faith may be wiſely reſerved, but will not be cowardly. Now he puts forth himſelf and dares beg the Body of *Jeſus.*
E Death is wont to end all quarrels. *Pilate*'s heart tells him he hath done too much already, in ſentencing an innocent to death: no doubt that Centurion had related unto him the miraculous ſymptoms of that Paſſion. He that ſo unwillingly condemned Innocence, could rather have wiſhed that juſt man alive, then have denied him dead. The body is yielded, and taken down; and now, that which hung naked upon the Croſs, is wrapped in fine linen; that which was ſoiled with ſweat and blood, is curiouſly waſhed and embalmed. Now even *Nicodemus* comes in for a part, and fears not the envie of a good profeſſion. Death hath let that man looſe, whom the Law formerly over-awed with reſtraint. He hates to be a night-bird
F any longer; but boldly flies forth, and looks upon the face of the Sun, and will be now as liberal in his Odors, as he was before niggardly in his Confeſſion. O Saviour, the earth was thine and the fulneſs of it; yet as thou hadſt not an houſe of thine own whiles thou livedſt, ſo thou hadſt not a grave when thou wert dead. *Joſeph* that rich Councellor lent thee his: lent it ſo, as it ſhould never be reſtored: thou took'ſt it but for a while;

but that little touch of that Sacred Corps of thine made it too good for the owner. A

O happy *Joseph*, that hadst the honour to be Landlord of the Lord of life! how well is thy house-room repai'd with a *mansion not made with hands, eternall in the heavens?* Thy Garden and thy Tombe were hard by *Calvary*, where thou couldst not fail of many monitions of thy frailty. How oft hadst thou seasoned that new Tombe with sad and savory meditations? and hadst oft said within thy self, Here I shall once lye down to my last rest, and wait for my Resurrection? Little didst thou then think to have been disappointed by so Blessed a guest; or that thy grave should be again so soon empty, and in that emptiness uncapable of any mortal in-dweller. How gladly dost thou now resign thy grave to him in whom thou livest, and who liveth for ever, whose Soul is in Paradise, whose Godhead every where? Hadst thou not been rich before, this gift had enriched thee alone, and more ennobled thee then all thine earthly Honour. Now great Princes envie thy bounty, and have thought themselves happy to kiss the stones of that rock which thou thus hewedst, thus bestowedst. B

Thus purely wrapped and sweetly embalmed lyes the precious body of our Saviour in *Joseph*'s new vault. Are ye now also at rest, O ye Jewish Rulers? Is your malice dead and buried with him? Hath *Pilate* enough served your envie and revenge? Surely it is but a common hostility that can die; yours surviveth death, and puts you upon a further project. *The chief Priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that this Deceiver said whiles he was yet alive, After three daies I will rise again: Command therefore that the Sepulcher be made sure till the third day; lest his Disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say to the people, he is risen.* C

How full of terrors and inevitable perplexities is guiltiness? These men were not more troubled with envie at Christ alive, then now with fear of his Resurrection. And what can now secure them? *Pilate* had helpt to kill him; but who shall keep him from rising? Wicked and foolish Jewes! how fain would ye fight against God, and your own hearts? How gladly would ye deceive your selves, in believing him to be a Deceiver whom your consciences knew to be no less true then powerful? *Lazarus* was still in your ey: That man was no phantasme; his death, his reviving was undeniable; the so fresh resuscitation of that dead body after four daies dissolution was a manifest conviction of Omnipotence. How do ye vainly wish that he could deceive you in the fore-reporting of his own Resurrection? Without a Divine power he could have raised neither *Lazarus* nor himself: with and by it, he could as well raise himself as *Lazarus*. What need we other witnesses then your own mouths? That which he would doe, ye confess he foretold; that the truth of his word might answer the power of this deed, and both of them might argue him the God of Truth and Power, and your selves enemies to both. And now what must be done? The Sepulcher must be secured, and you with it: An huge stone, a strong guard must doe the deed: and that stone must be sealed, that guard of your own designing. Methinks I hear the Souldiers and busy Officers, when they were rolling that other weighty stone (for such we probably conceive) to the mouth of the vault with much toile and sweat and breathlesness, how they brag'd of the sureness of the place and unremovableness of that load; and when that so choice a Watch was set, how they boasted of their valour and vigilance, and said, they would make him safe from either rising or stealing. Oh the madness of impotent men, that think by either wile or force to frustrate the will and designs of the Almighty! How justly doth that wise and powerful Arbiter of the world laugh them to scorn in Heaven, and befool them in their own vain devices? O Saviour, how much evidence had thy Resurrection wanted, if these enemies had not been thus maliciously provident? how D E F

A how irrefragable is thy rising made by these bootless endeavours of their prevention?

All this while the devout *Maries* keep close, and silently spend their Sabbath in a mixture of grief and hope. How did they wear out those sad hours in bemoaning themselves each to other; in mutual relations of the patient sufferings, of the happy expiration of their Saviour, of the wonderfull events both in the Heavens and earth that accompanied his Crucifixion, of his frequent and clear Predictions of his Resurrection? And now they have gladly agreed (so soon as the time will give them leave) in the dawning of the Sunday morning to visit that dear Sepulcher. Neither will
B they goe empty-handed? She that had bestowed that costly Alabaster-box of Ointment upon their Saviour alive, hath prepared no less precious Odors for him dead.

Love is restless and fearless. In the dark of night these good Women goe to buy their spices, and ere the day-break are gone out of their houses towards the Tomb of Christ to bestow them. This Sex is commonly fearful; it was much for them to walk alone in that unsafe season: yet, as despising all fears and dangers, they thus spend the night after their Sabbath. Might they have been allowed to buy their Perfumes on the Sabbath, or to have visited that holy Tomb sooner, can we think they would have staid so long? can we
C suppose they would have cared more for the Sabbath then for the *Lord of the Sabbath*, who now kept his Sabbath in the Grave? Sooner they might not come, later they would not, to present their last homage to their dead Saviour. Had these holy women known their *Jesus* to be alive, how had they hasted, who made such speed to doe their last offices to his sacred Corps? For us, we *know that our Redeemer liveth*; we know where he is. O Saviour, how cold and heartless is our love to thee, if we do not hast to finde thee in thy Word and Sacraments; if our Souls do not fly up to thee in all holy Affections into thy Heaven?

Of all the Women *Mary Magdalen* is first named, and in some Evangelists
D alone: She is noted above her fellows. None of them were so much obliged, none so zealously thankful: Seven Devils were cast out of her by the command of Christ. That Heart which was freed from Satan by that powerful dispossession, was now possessed with a free and gracious bounty to her deliverer. Twice at the least hath she powred out her fragrant and costly Odors upon him. Where there is a true sense of favour and beneficence, there cannot but be a fervent desire of retribution. O Blessed Saviour, could we feel the danger of every sin, and the malignity of those spiritual possessions from which thou hast freed us, how should we pour out our selves into thankfulness unto thee?

E Every thing here had horrour. The Place, both solitary and a Sepulcher: Nature abhors, as the visage, so the region of Death and Corruption. The Time, Night; onely the Moon gave them some faint glimmering, (for this being the seventeenth day of her age, afforded some light to the later part of the night.) The Business, the visitation of a dead Corps. Their zealous Love hath easily overcome all these. They had followed him in his Sufferings when the Disciples left him; they attended him to his Cross weeping; they followed him to his Grave, and saw how *Joseph* laid him: even there they leave
F him not, but, ere it be day-light, return to pay him the last tribute of their duty. How much *stronger is Love then death?* O Blessed *Jesu*, why should not we imitate thy love to us? Those *whom thou lovest, thou lovest to the end*, yea in it, yea after it: even when we are dead, not our Souls onely, but our very dust is dearly respected of thee. What condition of thine should remove our affections from thy person in Heaven, from thy limbs on earth?

Well did these worthy Women know what *Joseph* of *Arimathea* and *Nico-*

demus had done to thee; they ſaw how curiouſly they had wrapped thee, how preciouſly they had embalmed thee: yet, as not thinking others beneficence could be any juſt excuſe of theirs, they bring their own Odors to thy Sepulture to be perfumed by the touch of thy Sacred body. What thank is it to us that others are obſequious to thee, whiles we are ſlack or niggardly? We may rejoyce in others forwardneſs; but if we reſt in it, how ſmall joy ſhall it be to us, to ſee them goe to Heaven without us? A

When on the Friday-evening they attended *Joſeph* to the intombing of *Jeſus*, they mark'd the place, they mark'd the paſſage, they mark'd that inner grave-ſtone which the owner had fitted to the mouth of that tomb; which all their care is now to remove; *Who ſhall roll away the ſtone?* That other more weighty load wherewith the vault was barred, the ſeal, the guard ſet upon both, came not perhaps into their knowledge; this was the private plot of *Pilate* and the Prieſts, beyond the reach of their thoughts. B

I do not hear them ſay, How ſhall we recover the charges of our Odors? or, How ſhall we avoid the envy and cenſure of our angry Elders, for honouring him whom the Governours of our Nation have thought worthy of condemnation? The onely thought they now take is, *Who ſhall roll away the ſtone?* Neither do they ſtay at home and move this doubt, but when they are well forward on their way, reſolving to try the iſſue. Good hearts cannot be ſo ſolicitous for any thing under Heaven, as for removing thoſe impediments which lie between them and their Saviour. O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, thou who art clearly revealed in Heaven, art yet ſtill both hid and ſealed up from too many here on earth: Neither is it ſome thin veil that is ſpred between thee and them, but an huge ſtone; even a true ſtone of offence lies rolled upon the mouth of their hearts. Yea, if a ſecond weight were ſuperadded to thy Grave here, no leſs then three ſpiritual bars are interpoſed betwixt them and thee above; Idleneſs, Ignorance, Unbelief. Who ſhall roll away theſe ſtones, but the ſame power that removed thine? O Lord, remove that our Ignorance, that we may know thee; our Idleneſs, that we may ſeek thee; our Unbelief, that we may find and enjoy thee. C D

How well it ſucceeds when we go faithfully and conſcionably about our work, and leave the iſſue to God? Lo, now God hath removed the cares of theſe holy Women, together with the grave-ſtone. To the wicked that falls out which they feared, to the Godly that which they wiſhed and cared for, yea more. Holy cares ever prove well; the worldly dry the bones, and diſappoint the hopes. Could theſe good Viſitants have known of a greater ſtone ſealed, of a ſtrong watch ſet, their doubts had been doubled: now God goes beyond their thoughts, and at once removes that which both they did and might have feared: The ſtone is removed, the ſeal broken, the watch fled. What a ſcorn doth the Almighty God make of the impotent deſignes of men? They thought, the ſtone ſhall make the grave ſure, the ſeal ſhall make the ſtone ſure, the guard ſhall make both ſure: Now when they think all ſafe, God ſends an Angel from Heaven above, the earth quakes beneath, the ſtone rolls away, the Souldiers ſtand like carkaſſes, and when they have got heart enough to run away, think themſelves valiant; the Tomb is opened, Chriſt is riſen, they confounded. Oh the vain projects of ſilly men! as if with one ſhovel-full of mire they would dam up the Sea; or with a clout hang'd forth they would keep the Sun from ſhining. Oh theſe Spiders-webs, or houſes of Cards which fond children have (as they think) skilfully framed, which the leaſt breath breaks and ruines! Who are we, ſorry worms, that we ſhould look in any buſineſs to prevail againſt our Creator? What creature is ſo baſe that he cannot arm againſt us to our confuſion? The Lice and Frogs ſhall be too ſtrong for *Pharaoh*, the Worms for *Herod*. *There is no wiſdome nor counſel againſt the Lord.* E F

Oh

A Oh the marvellous pomp and magnificence of our Saviours Resurrection! The earth quakes, the Angel appears; that it may be plainly seen that this Divine person now rising had the command both of earth and Heaven. At the dissolution of thine Humane nature, O Saviour, was an Earthquake; at the re-uniting of it is an Earthquake; to tell the world that the God of Nature then suffered, and had now conquered. Whiles thou laiest still in the earth, the earth was still; when thou camest to fetch thine own, *The earth trembled at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob.* When thou our true *Sampson* awakedst, and foundst thy self tied with these *Philistian* cords, and rousedst up, and brakest those
B hard and strong twists with a sudden power, no marvel if the room shook under thee.

Good cause had the earth to quake, when the God that made it powerfully calls for his own flesh from the usurpation of her bowels. Good cause had she to open her graves and yield up her dead in attendance to the Lord of Life, whom she had presumed to detain in that cell of her darkness. What a seeming impotence was here, that thou, who art the true Rock of thy Church, shouldst lye obscurely shrouded in *Joseph's* rock? thou that art the true corner-stone of thy Church, shouldst be shut up with a double stone, the one of thy grave, the other of thy vault? thou, *by whom we are sealed*
C *to the day of our Redemption*, shouldst be sealed up in a blind cavern of earth? But now what a demonstration of power doth both the world and I see in thy glorious Resurrection? The rocks tear, the graves open, the stones roll away, the dead rise and appear, the Souldiers flee and tremble, Saints and Angels attend thy rising. O Saviour, thou laiest down in weakness, thou risest in power and glory; thou laiest down like a man, thou risest like a God.

What a lively image hast thou herein given me of the dreadful Majesty of the general Resurrection and thy second appearance? Then not the earth onely, but *the powers of Heaven shall be shaken:* not some few graves shall be
D open, and some Saints appear; but all the bars of death shall be broken, and *all that sleep in their graves shall awake, and stand up from the dead* before thee: not some one Angel shall descend; but thou, *the great Angel of the Covenant*, attended with thousand thousands of those mighty Spirits. And if these stout Souldiers were so filled with terrour at the feeling of an Earthquake and the sight of an Angel, that they had scarce breath left in them for the time to witness them alive; where shall thine enemies appear, O Lord, in the day of thy terrible appearance, when the earth shall reel and vanish, and the elements shall be on a flame about their ears, and the Heavens shall wrap up as a scroll?

E O God, thou mightest have removed this stone by the force of thine Earthquake, as well as rive other rocks; yet thou wouldst rather use the Ministery of an Angel: or, thou that gavest thy self life, and gavest being both to the stone and to the earth, couldst more easily have removed the stone then moved the earth; but it was thy pleasure to make use of an Angels hand. And now he that would ask why thou wouldst doe it rather by an Angel then by thy self, may as well ask why thou didst not rather give thy Law by thine own immediate hand then by the ministration of Angels; why by an Angel thou struckest the *Israelites* with plagues, the *Assyrians* with the sword; why an Angel appeared to comfort thee after
F thy Temptation and Agony, when thou wert able to comfort thy self; why thou usest the influences of Heaven to fruiten the earth; why thou imployest Second causes in all events, when thou couldst doe all things alone. It is good reason thou shouldst serve thy self of thine own; neither is there any ground to be required whether of their motion or rest, besides thy will.

Thou

Thou didſt raiſe thy ſelf, the Angels removed the ſtone. They that could have no hand in thy Reſurrection, yet ſhall have an hand in removing outward impediments; not becauſe thou needſt, but becauſe thou wouldſt: like as thou alone didſt raiſe *Lazarus*, thou badſt others let him looſe. Works of Omnipotency thou reſerveſt to thine own immediate performance; ordinary actions thou doeſt by ſubordinate means. A

Although this act of the Angels was not merely with reſpect to thee; but partly to thoſe devout Women, to eaſe them of their care, to manifeſt unto them thy Reſurrection. So officious are thoſe glorious Spirits, not onely to thee their Maker, but even to the meaneſt of thy ſervants, eſpecially in the furtherance of all their ſpiritual deſignes. Let us bring our Odours, they will be ſure to roll away the ſtone. Why do not we imitate them in our forwardneſs to promote each others Salvation? We pray to doe thy will here as they doe in Heaven: if we do not act our wiſhes, we do but mock thee in our Devotions. B

How glorious did this Angel of thine appear? The terrified Souldiers ſaw his face like lightning, both they and the Women ſaw his garments ſhining, bright, and white as ſnow: ſuch a preſence became his errand. It was fit that, as in thy Paſſion the Sun was darkned, and all Creatures were clad with heavineſs, ſo in thy Reſurrection the beſt of thy Creatures ſhould teſtifie their joy and exſultation in the brightneſs of their habit; that as we on Feſtival-dayes put on our beſt cloaths, ſo thine Angels ſhould celebrate this bleſſed Feſtivity with a meet repreſentation of Glory. They could not but injoy our joy, to ſee the work of mans Redemption thus fully finiſhed: and if there be *mirth in Heaven at the converſion of one ſinner*, how much more when a world of ſinners is perfectly ranſomed from death, and reſtored to Salvation? Certainly, if but one or two appeared, all rejoyced, all triumphed. Neither could they but be herein ſenſible of their own happy advantage, who by thy mediation are confirmed in their glorious eſtate; ſince thou by the blood of thy Croſs and power of thy Reſurrection haſt *reconciled things not in earth onely, but in Heaven.* C D

But, above all other, the Love of thee their God and Saviour muſt needs heighten their joy, and make thy Glory theirs. It is their perpetual work to praiſe thee: how much more now when ſuch an occaſion was offered as never had been ſince the world began, never could be after? when thou the God of Spirits hadſt vanquiſhed all the ſpiritual powers of darkneſs, when thou the Lord of Life hadſt conquered death for thee and all thine, ſo as they may now boldly inſult over their laſt enemy, *O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?*

Certainly, if Heaven can be capable of an increaſe of joy and felicity, never had thoſe Bleſſed Spirits ſo great a cauſe of triumph and gratulation as in this day of thy glorious Reſurrection. How much more, O dear *Jeſu*, ſhould we men, whoſe fleſh thou didſt aſſume, unite, revive, for whoſe ſake and in whoſe ſtead thou didſt vouchſafe to ſuffer and die, whoſe arrerages thou payedſt in death, and acquittedſt in thy Reſurrection, whoſe Souls are diſcharged, whoſe Bodies ſhall be raiſed by the power of thy riſing; how much more ſhould we think we have cauſe to be over-joyed with the happy memory of this great work of thy Divine Power and unconceiveable Mercy? E

Lo now, how weak ſoever I am in my ſelf, yet in the confidence of this victorious Reſurrection of my Saviour I dare boldly challenge and defie you, O all ye adverſe Powers. Doe the worſt ye can to my Soul; in deſpight of you it ſhall be ſafe. F

Is it Sin that threats me? Behold, this Reſurrection of my Redeemer publiſhes my diſcharge. My Surety was arreſted and caſt into the priſon of his Grave: had not the utmoſt farthing of mine arrerages been paid, he could

A could not have come forth. He is come forth: the Summe is fully satisfied. What danger can there be of a discharged Debt?

Is it the Wrath of God? Wherefore is that but for sin? If my sin be defraied, that quarrel is at an end: and if my Saviour suffered it for me, how can I fear to suffer it in my self? That infinite Justice hates to be twice paid. He is risen, therefore he hath satisfied. *Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen.*

Is it Death it self? Lo, my Saviour that overcame death by dying, hath triumph'd over him in his Resurrection. How can I now fear a conquered enemy? What harm is there in the Serpent, but for his sting?

B *The sting of death is sin:* that is pulled out by my powerful Redeemer, it cannot now hurt me; it may refresh me to carry this cool Snake in my bosome.

O then, my dear Saviour, I bless thee for thy Death; but I bless thee more for thy Resurrection. That was a work of wonderful Humility, of infinite Mercy; this was a work of infinite Power: In that was humane Weakness; in this Divine Omnipotence: In that thou didst *die for our sins*; in this thou didst *rise again for our Justification.*

And now how am I conformable to thee, if when thou art risen I lie still in the grave of my Corruptions?

C How am I a lim of thy body, if whiles thou hast that perfect dominion over death, death hath dominion over me; if whiles thou art alive and glorious, I lie rotting in the dust of death? I know the locomotive faculty is in the Head: by the power of the Resurrection of thee our Head, all we thy Members cannot but be raised. As the earth cannot hold my body from thee in the day of the Second Resurrection, so cannot sin withhold my Soul from thee in the First. How am I thine, if I be not risen? and if *I be risen with* thee, why do I not *seek the things above, where* thou *sittest at the right hand of God?*

The Vault or Cave which *Joseph* had hewn out of the rock was large, capable of no less then ten persons: upon the mouth of it Eastward was

D that great stone rolled; within it, at the right hand, in the North part of the Cave, was hewn out a receptacle for the body, three handfuls high from the pavement; and a stone was accordingly fitted for the cover of that Grave.

Into this Cave the good Women (finding the stone rolled away) descended to seek the body of Christ; and in it saw the Angels. This was the Goal to which *Peter* and *John* ran, finding the spoils of death, the grave cloaths wrapped up, and the napkin that was about the head folded up together and laid in a place by it self: and as they came in haste, so they return'd with wonder.

E I marvel not at your speed, O ye blessed Disciples, if upon the report of the Women ye ran, yea flew upon the wings of zeal, to see what was become of your Master. Ye had wont to walk familiarly together in the attendance of your Lord: now society is forgotten; and, as for a wager, each tries the speed of his legs, and with neglect of other, vies who shall be first at the Tomb.

Who would not but have tried masteries with you in this case, and have made light touches of the earth to have held paces with you? Your desire was equal; but *John* is the yonger, his lims are more nimble, his breath more free: he first looks into the Sepulcher, but *Peter* goes down first. O

F happy competition who shall be more zealous in the enquiry after Christ! Ye saw enough to amaze you, not enough to settle your Faith. How well might you have thought, "Our Master is not subduced, but risen. Had he "been taken away by others hands, this fine linen had not been left behinde: "Had he not himself risen from this bed of earth, he had not thus wrapped "up his night-cloaths, and laid them sorted by themselves. What can

"we

" we doubt, when he foretold us he would riſe "? O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, how wilt thou pardon our errours? how ſhould we pardon and pity the errours of each other in leſſer occaſions, whenas yet thy prime and deareſt Diſciples, after ſo much Divine inſtruction, *knew not the Scriptures, that thou muſt riſe again from the dead?* They went away more aſtoniſhed then confident; more full of wonder as yet then of belief. A

There is more ſtrength of zeal (where it takes) in the weaker Sex. Thoſe holy Women, as they came firſt, ſo they ſtaid laſt: eſpecially devout *Mary Magdalene* ſtands ſtill at the mouth of the Cave weeping. Well might thoſe tears have been ſpared, if her Knowledge had been anſwerable to her Affection, her Faith to her Fervour. Withall, (as our eye will be where we love) ſhe ſtoops, and looks down into that dear Sepulcher. B

Holy deſires never but ſpeed well. There ſhe *ſees two* glorious *Angels, the one* ſitting *at the head, the other at the feet where the body of Jeſus had lain.* Their ſhining brightneſs ſhew'd them to be no mortal creatures: beſides that *Peter* and *John* had but newly come out of the Sepulcher, and both found and left it empty in her ſight, which was now ſuddenly filled with thoſe celeſtial gueſts. That white linen wherewith *Joſeph* had ſhrouded the Sacred body of *Jeſus*, was now ſhamed with a brighter whiteneſs. C

Yet do I not find the good Woman ought appalled with that inexſpected glory. So was her heart taken up with the thought for her Saviour, that ſhe ſeemed not ſenſible of whatſoever other Objects. Thoſe tears which ſhe did let drop into the Sepulcher, ſend up back to her the voice of thoſe Angels, *Woman, why weepeſt thou?* God and his Angels take notice of every tear of our Devotion. The ſudden wonder hath not dried her eyes, nor charmed her tongue: She freely confeſſeth the cauſe of her grief to be the miſſing of her Saviour; *They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.* Alas, good *Mary*, how doſt thou loſe thy tears? of whom doſt thou complain, but of thy beſt friend? who hath removed thy Lord but himſelf? who but his own Deity hath taken away that humane body out of that region of death? Neither is he now laid any more, he ſtands by thee whoſe removal thou complaineſt of. Thus many a tender and humbled Soul afflicts it ſelf with the want of that Saviour whom it hath, and feeleth not. D

Senſe may be no judge of the bewailed abſence of Chriſt. Do but turn back thine eye, O thou Religious Soul, *and ſee Jeſus ſtanding by thee*, though *thou knewſt not that it was Jeſus*. His habit was not his own. Sometimes it pleaſes our Saviour to appear unto his not like himſelf: his holy diſguiſes are our trials. Sometimes he will ſeem a Stranger, ſometimes an Enemie; ſometimes he offers himſelf to us in the ſhape of a poor man, ſometimes of a diſtreſſed Captive. Happy is he that can diſcern his Saviour in all forms. *Mary* took him for a Gardener. Devout *Magdalene*, thou art not much miſtaken. As it was the trade of the Firſt *Adam* to dreſs the Garden of *Eden*, ſo was it the trade of the Second to tend the Garden of his Church. He diggs up the ſoil by ſeaſonable Afflictions, he ſows in it the ſeeds of Grace, he plants it with gracious motions, he waters it with his Word, yea with his own blood, he weeds it by wholſome cenſures. O Bleſſed Saviour, what is it that thou neglecteſt to doe for this ſelected incloſure of thy Church? As in ſome reſpect thou art *the true Vine, and* thy *Father the Husbandman*; ſo alſo in ſome other we are the Vine, and thou art the Husbandman. Oh be thou ſuch to me as thou appeareſt unto *Magdalene*: break up the fallows of my Nature, implant me with Grace, prune me with meet corrections, bedew me with the former and latter rain; doe what thou wilt to make me fruitful. E F

Still the good Woman weeps, and ſtill complains, and paſſionately inquires

A quires of thee, O Saviour, for thy self. How apt are we, if thou doſt never ſo little vary from our apprehenſions, to miſ-know thee, and to wrong our ſelves by our miſ-opinions? All this while haſt thou concealed thy ſelf from thine affectionate client; thou ſaweſt her teares, and heardeſt her importunities and inquiries: at laſt (as it was with *Joſeph*, that he could no longer contain himſelf from the notice of his brethren) thy compaſſion cauſes thee to break forth into a clear expreſſion of thy ſelf by expreſſing her name unto her ſelf; *Mary*. She was uſed as to the name, ſo to the ſound, to the accent. Thou ſpakeſt to her before, but in the tone of a ſtranger; now of a friend, of a Maſter. Like a good Shepheard, *thou calleſt thy ſheep by their*
B *name, and they know thy voice*. What was thy call of her, but a clear pattern of our Vocation?

As her, ſo thou calleſt us; firſt, familiarly, effectually. She could not begin with thee otherwiſe then in the compellation of a ſtranger; it was thy mercy to begin with her. That correction of thy Spirit is ſweet and uſeful, *Now after ye have known God, or rather are known of him*. We do know thee, O Gal.4.9. God, but our active knowledge is after our paſſive; firſt we are known of thee, then we know thee that kneweſt us. And as our Knowledge, ſo is our Calling, ſo is our Election; thou beginneſt to us in all, and moſt juſtly ſayeſt, *You have not choſen me, but I have choſen you*. When thou wouldſt ſpeak to
C this Devout client as a ſtranger, thou ſpakeſt aloof; *Woman, whom ſeekeſt thou?* now when thou wouldſt be known to her, thou calleſt her by her name, *Mary*. General invitations and common mercies are for us as men; but where thou giveſt Grace as to thine elect, thou comeſt cloſe to the Soul, and winneſt us with dear and particular intimations.

That very name did as much as ſay, Know him of whom thou art known and beloved, and turns her about to thy view and acknowledgment; *She turned her ſelf, and ſaith unto him, Rabboni, which is to ſay, Maſter*. Before, her face was towards the Angels: this word fetches her about, and turns her face to thee, from whom her miſpriſion had averted it. We do not rightly apprehend
D thee, O Saviour, if any creature in Heaven or earth can keep our eyes and our hearts from thee. The Angels were bright and glorious; thy appearance was homely, thy habit mean: yet when ſhe heard thy voice, ſhe turns her back upon the Angels, and ſalutes thee with a *Rabboni*, and falls down before thee, in a deſire of an humble amplexation of thoſe Sacred feet which ſhe now rejoyces to ſee paſt the uſe of her Odours.

Where there was ſuch familiarity in the mutual compellation, what means ſuch ſtrangeneſs in the charge; *Touch me not, for I am not yet aſcended to my Father?* Thou wert not wont, O Saviour, to make ſo dainty of being touched: It is not long ſince theſe very ſame hands touched thee in thine anoin-
E ting; the Bloody-fluxed woman touched thee; the thankful Penitent in *Simon*'s houſe touched thee. What ſpeak I of theſe? The multitude touch'd thee, the Executioners touch'd thee; and even after thy Reſurrection thou didſt not ſtick to ſay to thy Diſciples, *Touch me, and ſee*, and to invite *Thomas* to put his fingers into thy ſide: neither is it long after this before thou ſuffereſt the three *Maries* to touch and hold thy feet. How then ſaiſt thou, *Touch me not?* Was it in a mild taxation of her miſtaking? as if thou hadſt ſaid, Thou knoweſt not that I have now an Immortal body, but ſo demeaneſt thy ſelf towards me as if I were ſtill in my wonted condition; know now that the caſe is altered: howſoever indeed I have not yet aſcended to my Father, yet this body of mine which
F thou ſeeſt to be real and ſenſible, is now impaſſible, and qualified with Immortality, and therefore worthy of a more awful veneration then heretofore. Or was it a gentle reproof of her dwelling too long in this dear hold of thee, and fixing her thoughts upon thy Bodily preſence; together with an implied direction of reſerving the height of her affection for thy perfect glorification in Heaven? Or laſtly, was it a light touch of her too much haſt and eagerneſs

in touching thee, as if ſhe muſt uſe this ſpeed in preventing thine Aſcenſion, or elſe be indangered to be diſappointed of her hopes? as if thou hadſt ſaid, Be not ſo paſſionately forward and ſuddain in laying hold on me, as if I were inſtantly aſcending; but know that I ſhall ſtay ſome time with you upon earth, before my going up to my Father. O Saviour, even our well-meant zeal in ſeeking and injoying thee may be faulty; if we ſeek thee where we ſhould not, on earth; how we ſhould not, unwarrantably. There may be a kind of carnality in Spiritual actions. *If we have heretofore known thee after the fleſh, henceforth know we thee ſo no more.* That thou livedſt here in this ſhape, that colour, this ſtature, that habit, I ſhould be glad to know; nothing that concerns thee can be unuſeful. Could I ſay, here thou ſateſt, here thou layeſt, here and thus thou wert crucified, here buried, here ſetteſt thy laſt foot; I ſhould with much contentment ſee and recount theſe memorials of thy preſence: But if I ſhall ſo faſten my thoughts upon theſe, as not to look higher to the ſpiritual part of thine atchievements, to the power and iſſue of thy Reſurrection, I am never the better.

No ſooner art thou riſen then thou ſpeakeſt of aſcending; as thou didſt lie down to riſe, ſo didſt thou riſe to aſcend: that is the conſummation of thy Glory, and ours in thee. Thou that forbadſt her touch, injoynedſt her errand; *Goe to my brethren, and ſay, I aſcend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.*

The annunciation of thy Reſurrection and Aſcenſion is more then a private fruition; this is for the comfort of one, that for the benefit of many. To ſit ſtill and injoy is more ſweet for the preſent; but to goe and tell is more gainful in the ſequel. That great Angel thought himſelf (as he well might) highly honoured, in that he was appointed to carry the happy news unto the Bleſſed Virgin (thy Holy Mother) of her conception of thee her Saviour: how honourable muſt it needs be to *Mary Magdalen*, that ſhe muſt be the meſſenger of thy ſecond birth, thy Reſurrection, and inſtant Aſcenſion? *How beautiful* do *the feet of thoſe* deſerve to be, *who bring the glad tidings of peace* and Salvation? What matter is it, O Lord, if men deſpiſe where thou wilt honour?

To whom then doſt thou ſend her? *Goe tell my Brethren.* Bleſſed *Jeſu*, who are thoſe? were they not thy Followers? yea, were they not thy forſakers? yet ſtill thou ſtileſt them thy Brethren. O admirable Humility! O infinite Mercy! How doſt thou raiſe their titles with thy ſelf? At firſt they were thy Servants, then Diſciples, a little before thy death they were thy Friends; now after thy Reſurrection they were thy Brethren. Thou that wert exalted infinitely higher from mortal to immortal, deſcendeſt ſo much lower to call them Brethren, who were before Friends, Diſciples, Servants. What do we ſtand upon terms of our poor inequality, when the Son of God ſtoops ſo low as to call us Brethren? But, oh Mercy without meaſure! Why wilt thou, how canſt thou, O Saviour, call them Brethren, whom in their laſt parting thou foundſt fugitives? Did they not run from thee? Did not one of them rather leave his inmoſt coat behind him, then not be quit of thee? Did not another of them deny thee, yea abjure thee? and yet thou ſaiſt, *Goe tell my Brethren.* It is not in the power of the ſins of our infirmity to unbrother us: when we look at the acts themſelves, they are hainous; when at the perſons, they are ſo much more faulty as more obliged; but when we look at the mercy of thee who haſt called us, now, *who ſhall ſeparate us?* When we have ſinned, thy dearneſs hath reaſon to aggravate our ſorrows; but when we have ſorrowed, our Faith hath no leſs reaſon to uphold us from deſpairing: even yet we are Brethren. Brethren in thee, O Saviour, who art aſcending for us; in thee, who haſt made thy Father ours, thy God our God. He is thy Father by eternal Generation, our Father by his gracious Adoption; thy God by unity of Eſſence, our God by his Grace and Election.

A It is this propriety wherein our life and happineſs conſiſteth: They are weak comforts that can be raiſed from the apprehenſion of thy general Mecies. What were I the better, O Saviour, that God were thy Father, if he be not mine? Oh do thou give me a particular ſenſe of my intereſt in thee, and thy goodneſs to me. Bring thou thy ſelf home to me, and let me finde that I have a God and Saviour of my own.

It is fit I ſhould mark thy order; Firſt, *my Father*, then *yours*. Even ſo, Lord, He is firſt thine, and in thine onely right ours. It is in thee that we are adopted, it is in thee that we are elected; without thee, God is not onely a ſtranger, but an enemie to us. Thou onely canſt make us free, thou onely
B canſt make us Sons. Let me be found in thee, and I cannot fail of a Father in Heaven.

With what joy did *Mary* receive this errand? with what joy did the Diſciples welcome it from her? Here was good news from a far Country, even as far as the utmoſt regions of Death.

Thoſe Diſciples whoſe flight ſcattered them upon their Maſters apprehenſion, are now, at night, like a diſperſed Covie met together by their mutual call: their aſſembly is ſecret; when the light was ſhut in, *when the doors were ſhut* up. Still were they fearful, ſtill were the Jews malicious. The aſſured tidings of their Maſters Reſurrection and Life hath filled their hearts with joy
C and wonder. Whiles their thoughts and ſpeech are taken up with ſo happy a ſubject, his miraculous and ſuddain preſence bids their ſenſes be witneſſes of his reviving and their happineſs. *When the doors were ſhut where the Diſciples were aſſembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jeſus, and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaid, Peace be unto you.* O Saviour, how thou cameſt in thither I wonder, I inquire not: I know not what a Glorified body can doe; I know there is nothing that thou canſt not doe. Had not thine entrance been recorded for ſtrange and ſupernatural, why was thy ſtanding in the midſt noted before thy paſſage into the room? why were the doors ſaid to be ſhut whiles thou cameſt in? why were thy Diſciples amazed to ſee thee ere they heard thee? Doubtleſs, they that
D once before took thee for a Spirit when thou didſt walk upon the waters, could not but be aſtoniſhed to ſee thee whiles the doors were barred, (without any noiſe of thine entrance) to ſtand in the midſt: well might they think thou couldſt not thus be there, if thou wert not the God of Spirits. There might ſeem more ſcruple of thy realty then of thy power: and therefore after thy wonted greeting, thou ſheweſt them thy hands and thy feet ſtamped with the impreſſions of thy late ſufferings. Thy reſpiration ſhall argue the truth of thy life. Thou breatheſt on them as a man, thou giveſt them thy Spirit as a God; and as God and man thou ſendeſt them on the great errand of thy Goſpel.

E All the miſts of their doubts are now diſpelled, the Sun breaks out clear. *They were glad when they had ſeen the Lord.* Had they known thee for no other then a mere man, this re-appearance could not but have affrighted them; ſince till now by thine Almighty power this was never done, that the long-ſince dead roſe out of their graves, and appeared unto many: But when they recounted the miraculous works that thou hadſt done, and thought of *Lazarus* ſo lately raiſed, thine approved Deity gave them confidence, and thy preſence joy.

We cannot but be loſers by our abſence from holy Aſſemblies. Where wert thou, O *Thomas*, when the reſt of that Sacred Family were met toge-
F ther? Had thy fear put thee to ſo long a flight, that as yet thou wert not returned to thy fellows? or didſt thou ſuffer other occaſions to detain thee from this happineſs? Now for the time thou miſſedſt that Divine breath which ſo comfortably inſpired the reſt; now thou art ſuffered to fall into that weak diſtruſt which thy preſence had prevented. They told thee, *We have ſeen the Lord*; was not this enough? would no eyes ſerve thee but thine own?

were thy eares to no uſe for thy Faith? *Except I ſee in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thruſt my hand into his ſide, I will not believe.* Suſpicious man, who is the worſe for that? Whoſe is the loſs if thou believe not? Is there no certainty but in thine own ſenſes? Why were not ſo many and ſo holy eyes and tongues as credible as thine own hands and eyes? How little wert thou yet acquainted with the waies of Faith? *Faith comes by hearing,* Theſe are the tongues that muſt win the whole world to an aſſent; and doſt thou the firſt man detrect to yield? Why was that word ſo hard to paſs? Had not that thy Divine Maſter foretold thee with the reſt that he muſt be crucified, and the third day riſe again? Is any thing related to be done but that which was fore-promiſed? any thing beyond the ſphere of Divine Omnipotence? Go then, and pleaſe thy ſelf in thine over-wiſe incredulity, whiles thy fellows are happy in believing. A B

It is a whole week that *Thomas* reſts in this ſullen unbelief; in all which time doubtleſs his eares were beaten with the many conſtant aſſertions of the holy Women (the firſt witneſſes of the Reſurrection) as alſo of the two Diſciples walking to *Emmaus*, (whoſe hearts burning within them, had ſet their tongues on fire in a zealous relation of thoſe happy occurrences) with the aſſured reports of the riſing and re-appearance of many Saints in attendance of the Lord and giver of life: yet ſtill he ſtruggles with his own diſtruſt, and ſtiffely ſuſpends his belief to that truth whereof he cannot deny himſelf enough convinced. As all bodies are not equally apt to be wrought upon by the ſame Medicine, ſo are not all Souls by the ſame means of Faith; one is refractory, whiles others are pliable. O Saviour, how juſtly mighteſt thou have left this man to his own pertinacie? whom could he have thank'd if he had periſhed in his unbelief? But, O thou good Shepherd of *Iſrael,* that couldſt be content to leave the ninety and nine to go fetch one ſtray in the wilderneſs, how careful wert thou to reduce this ſtragler to his fellows? Right ſo were thy Diſciples re-aſſembled, ſuch was the ſeaſon, the place the ſame, ſo were the doors ſhut up, when (that unbelieving Diſciple being now preſent with the reſt,) thou ſo cameſt in, ſo ſtoodſt in the midſt, ſo ſhewedſt thy hands and feet; and ſingling out thy incredulous client, inviteſt his eyes to ſee, and his fingers to handle thine hands, and his hand to be thruſt into thy ſide, that he might not be faithleſs, but faithful. C D

Bleſſed *Jeſu*, how thou pitieſt the errors and infirmities of thy ſervants? Even when we are froward in our miſconceits and worthy of nothing but deſertion, how thou followeſt us, and overtakeſt us with mercy; and in thine abundant compaſſion wilt reclaim and ſave us, when either we meant not or would not? By how much more unworthy thoſe eyes and hands were to ſee and touch that immortal and glorious body, by ſo much more wonderful was thy Goodneſs in condeſcending to ſatisfie that curious Infidelity. Neither do I hear thee ſo much as to chide that weak obſtinacy. It was not long ſince thou didſt ſharply take up the two Diſciples that walk'd to *Emmaus, O fools and ſlow of heart to believe all that the Prophets have ſpoken!* but this was under the diſguiſe of an unknown traveller, upon the way, when they were alone: Now thou ſpeakeſt with thine own tongue, before all thy Diſciples, in ſtead of rebuking, thou only exhorteſt; *Be not faithleſs, but faithfull.* E

Behold, thy Mercy no leſs then thy Power hath melted the congealed heart of thy unbelieving follower; *Then Thomas anſwered and ſaid unto him, My Lord, and my God.* I do not hear that when it came to the iſſue, *Thomas* imployed his hands in this tryal: his eyes were now ſufficient aſſurance; the ſenſe of his Maſters Omniſcience in this particular challenge of him ſpared (perhaps) the labour of a further diſquiſition. And now how happily was F

that

A that doubt beſtowed, which brought forth ſo faithful a confeſſion, *My Lord, my God?*

I hear not ſuch a word from thoſe that believed. It was well for us, it was well for thee, O *Thomas*, that thou diſtruſtedſt: elſe, neither had the world received ſo perfect an evidence of that Reſurrection whereon all our Salvation dependeth; neither hadſt thou yielded ſo pregnant and divine an aſtipulation to thy Bleſſed Saviour. Now thou doſt not only profeſs his Reſurrection, but his Godhead too, and thy happy intereſt in both. And now, if *they* be *bleſſed that have not ſeen and* yet *believed*; bleſſed art thou alſo that having ſeen, haſt thus believed: and bleſſed be thou, O God, who
B knoweſt how to make advantage of the infirmities of thy choſen, for the promoting of their Salvation, the confirmation of thy Church, the glory of thine own Name. Amen.

The Aſcenſion.

C IT ſtood not with thy purpoſe, O Saviour, to aſcend immediately from thy grave into Heaven; thou meanteſt to take the earth in thy way; not for a ſuddain paſſage, but for a leiſurely converſation. Upon thine Eaſter-day thou ſpakeſt of thine Aſcenſion; but thou wouldſt have forty daies interpoſed. Hadſt thou merely reſpected thine own Glory, thou hadſt inſtantly changed thy grave for thy Paradiſe; for ſo much the ſooner hadſt thou been poſſeſſed of thy Fathers joy; we would not continue in a Dungeon, when we might be in a Palace: but thou, who for our ſakes vouchſafedſt to deſcend from Heaven to earth, wouldſt now in the upſhot have a gracious regard to us in thy return.

Thy death had troubled the hearts of many Diſciples, who thought that
D condition too mean to be compatible with the glory of the *Meſſiah*; and thoughts of diffidence were apt to ſeize upon the holieſt breaſts. So long therefore wouldſt thou hold footing upon earth, till the world were fully convinced of the infallible evidences of thy Reſurrection; of all which time thou only canſt give an account: it was not for fleſh and blood to trace the waies of Immortality; neither was our frail, corruptible, ſinful nature a meet companion for thy now-glorified Humanity; the glorious angels of Heaven were now thy fitteſt attendants. But yet how oft did it pleaſe thee graciouſly to impart thy ſelf this while unto men; and not only to appear unto thy Diſciples, but to renew unto them the familiar forms of thy wonted converſation, in con-
E ferring, walking, eating with them? and now when thou dreweſt near to thy laſt parting, thou, who hadſt many times ſhew'd thy ſelf before to thy ſeveral Diſciples, thoughteſt meet to aſſemble them all together, for an univerſal valediction.

Who can be too rigorous in cenſuring the ignorances of well-meaning Chriſtians, when he ſees the domeſtick Followers of Chriſt, even after his Reſurrection, miſtake the main end of his coming in the fleſh? *Lord, wilt thou at this time reſtore again the Kingdome to Iſrael?* They ſaw their Maſter now out of the reach of all Jewiſh envie; they ſaw his power illimited and irreſiſtible; they ſaw him ſtay ſo long upon earth, that they might imagine he
F meant to fix his abode there; and what ſhould he doe there, but reign? and wherefore ſhould they be now aſſembled, but for the choice and diſtribution of Offices, and for the ordering of the affairs of that ſtate which was now to be vindicated? O weak thoughts of well-inſtructed Diſciples! What ſhould an Heavenly body doe in an earthly throne? How ſhould a ſpiritual life be imployed in ſecular cares? How poor a buſineſs is the temporal Kingdome

of *Israel* for the King of Heaven? And even yet, O Bleſſed Saviour, I do not hear thee ſharply controll this erroneous conceit of thy miſtaken Followers; thy mild correction inſiſts rather upon the time, then the miſconceived ſubſtance of that reſtauration. It was thy gracious purpoſe that thy Spirit ſhould by degrees rectifie their judgements, and illuminate them with thy Divine truths; in the mean time it was ſufficient to raiſe up their hearts to an expectation of that Holy Ghoſt, which ſhould ſhortly lead them into all needful and requiſite verities. And now, with a gracious promiſe of that Spirit of thine, with a careful charge renewed unto thy Diſciples for the promulgation of thy Goſpel, with an Heavenly Benediction of all thine acclaiming attendance, thou tak'ſt leave of earth; *When he had ſpoken theſe things, whiles they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their ſight.*

Oh happy parting, fit for the Saviour of mankind, anſwerable to that Divine converſation, to that ſucceeding Glory! O bleſſed *Jeſu*, let me ſo farre imitate thee, as to depart hence with a bleſſing in my mouth; let my Soul, when it is ſtepping over the threſhold of Heaven, leave behind it a legacy of Peace and Happineſs.

It was from the mount of Olives that thou tookſt thy riſe into Heaven. Thou mighteſt have aſcended from the valley; all the globe of earth was alike to thee: but ſince thou wert to mount upward, thou wouldſt take ſo much advantage as that ſtaire of ground would afford thee; thou wouldſt not uſe the help of a Miracle in that wherein Nature offered her ordinary ſervice. What difficulty had it been for thee to have ſtyed up from the very center of earth? But ſince thou hadſt made hills ſo much nearer unto Heaven, thou wouldſt not neglect the benefit of thy own Creation. Where we have common helps, we may not depend upon Supernatural proviſions; we may not ſtrain the Divine Providence to the ſupply of our negligence, or the humoring of our preſumption. Thou that couldſt alwaies have walked on the Sea, wouldſt walk ſo but once, when thou wantedſt ſhipping: thou, to whom the higheſt mountains were but valleys, wouldſt walk up to an hill to aſcend thence into Heaven. O God, teach me to bleſs thee for means, when I have them; and to truſt thee for means, when I have them not; yea to truſt to thee without means, when I have no hope of them.

What hill was this thou choſeſt but the mount of Olives? Thy Pulpit ſhall I call it, or thine Oratory? The place from whence thou hadſt wont to ſhowre down thine Heavenly Doctrine upon the hearers; the place whence thou hadſt wont to ſent up thy Prayers unto thy Heavenly Father; the place that ſhared with the Temple for both: In the day-time thou wert preaching in the Temple, in the night praying in the mount of Olives. On this very hill was the bloody ſweat of thine Agonie; now is it the mount of thy Triumph. From this mount of Olives did flow that oyle of gladneſs wherewith thy Church is everlaſtingly refreſhed. That God that uſes to puniſh us in the ſame kind wherein we have offended, retributes alſo to us in the ſame kind and circumſtances wherein we have been afflicted. To us alſo, O Saviour, even to us thy unworthy members doſt thou ſeaſonably vouchſafe to give a proportionable joy to our heavineſs, laughter to our mourning, glory to contempt and ſhame. Our agonies ſhall be anſwered with exaltation.

Whither then, O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, whither didſt thou aſcend? whither but home into thine Heaven? From the mountain wert thou taken up; and what but Heaven is above the hills? Lo, theſe are thoſe mountains of ſpices which thy Spouſe, the Church, long ſince deſired thee to climbe. Thou haſt now climbed up that infinite ſteepneſs, and haſt left all ſublimity below thee. Already hadſt thou approved thy ſelf the Lord and Commander of Earth, of Sea, of Hell. The Earth confeſt thee her Lord, when at thy voice ſhe rendered thee thy

A thy *Lazarus*; when ſhe ſhook at thy Paſſion, and gave up her dead Saints: The Sea acknowledged thee, in that it became a pavement to thy feet and (at thy command) to the feet of thy Diſciple; in that it became thy Treaſury for thy Tribute-money: Hell found and acknowledged thee, in that thou conqueredſt all the powers of darkneſs; even him that had the power of death, the Devil. It now onely remained that, as the Lord of the Aire, thou ſhouldſt paſs through all the regions of that yielding element; and, as Lord of Heaven, thou ſhouldſt paſs through all the glorious contignations thereof; that ſo *every knee* might *bow to thee both in Heaven, and in Earth, and under the earth.*

B Thou hadſt an everlaſting right to that Heaven that ſhould be, an undoubted poſſeſſion of it ever ſince it was; yea even whiles thou didſt cry and ſpraul in the Cratch, whiles thou didſt hang upon the Croſs, whiles thou wert ſealed up in thy Grave: but thine Humane nature had not taken actual poſſeſſion of it till now. Like as it was in thy true Type, *David*, he had right to the Kingdome of *Iſrael* immediately upon his anointing; but yet many an hard brunt did he paſs ere he had the full poſſeſſion of it in his aſcent to *Hebron*. I ſee now, O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, I ſee where thou art; even farre above all Heavens, at the right hand of thy Father's Glory. This is the farre countrey into which the Nobleman went to receive for himſelf a Kingdom; farre off to us, to thee C near, yea intrinſecal. Oh do thou raiſe up my Heart thither to thee; place thou my Affections upon thee above, and teach me therefore to love Heaven becauſe thou art there.

How then, O Bleſſed Saviour, how didſt thou aſcend? *Whiles they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their ſight.* So waſt thou taken up, as that the act was thine own, the power of the act none but thine. Thou that deſcendedſt waſt the ſame that aſcendedſt: as in thy deſcent there was no uſe of any power or will but thine own, no more was there in thine aſcent. Still and ever wert thou the Maſter of thine own acts. Thou laidſt down thy own life, no man took it from thee; Thou raiſedſt up thy ſelf from D death, no hand did or could help thee; Thou carriedſt up thine own glorified fleſh, and placedſt it in Heaven. The Angels did attend thee, they did not aid thee: whence had they their ſtrength but from thee? *Elias* aſcended to Heaven, but he was fetcht up in a Chariot of fire; that it might appear hence, that man had need of other helps, who elſe could not of himſelf ſo much as lift up himſelf to the Aiery Heaven, much leſs to the Empyreal. But thou, our Redeemer, neededſt no Chariot, no carriage of Angels: thou art the Author of life and motion; they move in and from thee. As thou therefore didſt move thy ſelf upward, ſo, by the ſame Divine power, thou wilt raiſe us up to the participation of thy Glory. Theſe *vile bodies ſhall be made like to thy glorious* E *body, according to the working whereby thou art able to ſubdue all things unto thy ſelf.*

Elias had but one witneſs of his rapture into Heaven: S. *Paul* had none, no not himſelf; for *whether in the body or out of the body* he knew not. Thou, O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, wouldſt neither have all eyes witneſſes of thine Aſcenſion, nor yet too few. As after thy Reſurrection thou didſt not ſet thy ſelf upon the pinnacle of the Temple, nor yet publickly ſhew thy ſelf within it, as making thy preſence too cheap; but madeſt choice of thoſe eyes whom thou wouldſt bleſs with the ſight of thee; thou wert ſeen indeed of five hundred at once, but they were Brethren: So in thine Aſcenſion, thou didſt not carry F all *Jeruſalem* promiſcuouſly forth with thee to ſee thy glorious departure, but onely that ſelected company of thy Diſciples which had attended thee in thy life. Thoſe who immediately upon thine aſcending returned to *Jeruſalem*, were an hundred and twenty perſons: a competent number of witneſſes, to verifie that thy miraculous and triumphant paſſage into thy Glory. Lo, thoſe onely were thought worthy to behold thy Majeſtical Aſcent, which had

been partners with thee in thy Humiliation. Still thou wilt have it thus with us, O Saviour, and we embrace the condition: if we will converſe with thee in thy lowly eſtate here upon earth, wading with thee through contempt and manifold afflictions, we ſhall be made happy with the ſight and communion of thy Glory above.

O my Soul, be thou now (if ever) raviſhed with the contemplation of this comfortable and bleſſed farewel of thy Saviour. What a ſight was this, how full of joyful aſſurance, of ſpiritual conſolation? Methinks I ſee it ſtill with their eyes, how thou my glorious Saviour didſt leiſurely and inſenſibly riſe up from thine Olivet, taking leave of thine acclaming Diſciples now left below thee, with gracious eyes, with Heavenly Benedictions. Methinks I ſee how they followed thee with eager and longing eyes, with arms lifted up, as if they had wiſhed them winged to have ſoared up after thee. And if *Eliah* gave aſſurance to his ſervant *Eliſha*, that if he ſhould behold him in that rapture, his Maſters Spirit ſhould be doubled upon him; what an acceſſion of the Spirit of joy and confidence muſt needs be to thy happy Diſciples in ſeeing thee thus gradually riſing up to thy Heaven? Oh how unwillingly did their intentive eyes let goe ſo Bleſſed an Object! How unwelcome was that Cloud that interpoſed it ſelf betwixt thee and them, and cloſing up it ſelf, left onely a glorious ſplendour behind it, as the bright track of thine Aſcenſion? Of old here below the Glory of the Lord appeared in the Cloud; now afarre off in the ſky the Cloud intercepted this Heavenly Glory; if diſtance did not rather doe it then that bright meteor. Their eyes attended thee on thy way ſo farre as their beams would reach; when they could goe no further, the Cloud received thee. Lo, yet even that very ſcreen, whereby thou wert taken off from all earthly view, was no other then glorious: how much rather do all the beholders fix their ſight upon that Cloud, then upon the beſt piece of the Firmament? Never was the Sun it ſelf gazed on with ſo much intention. With what long looks, with what aſtoniſhed acclamations did theſe tranſported beholders follow thee their aſcending Saviour? as if they would have lookt through that Cloud and that Heaven that hid thee from them.

But oh, what tongue of the higheſt Archangel of Heaven can expreſs the welcome of thee the King of Glory into thoſe Bleſſed Regions of Immortality? Surely the Empyreal Heaven never reſounded with ſo much joy: *God aſcended with jubilation, and the Lord with the ſound of the Trumpet.* It is not for us weak and finite creatures, to wiſh to conceive thoſe incomprehenſible, ſpiritual, Divine gratulations that the Glorious Trinity gave to the victorious and now-glorified Humane nature. Certainly, if *when he brought his onely-begotten Son into the world, he ſaid, Let all the Angels worſhip him*; much more now that he *aſcends on high, and hath led captivity captive, hath he given him a Name above all Names, that at the name of* JESUS *all knees ſhould bow.* And if the Holy Angels did ſo caroll at his Birth, in the very entrance into that eſtate of Humiliation and infirmity; with what triumph did they receive him now returning from the perfect atchievement of man's Redemption? And if when his Type had vanquiſhed *Goliah*, and carried the head into *Jeruſalem*, the damſels came forth to meet him with dances and timbrels; how ſhall we think thoſe Angelical Spirits triumphed in meeting of the great Conqueror of Hell and Death? How did they ſing, *Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of glory ſhall come in?*

Surely, as he ſhall come, ſo he went: and *behold he ſhall come with thouſands of his Holy Ones; thouſand thouſands miniſtred unto him, and ten thouſand thouſands ſtood before him:* From all whom methinks I hear that bleſſed applauſe, *Worthy is the Lamb that was killed, to receive power, and riches, and wiſdome, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and praiſe: Praiſe, and honour,*

and

A *and glory, and power, be to him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for evermore.* And why dost not thou, O my Soul, help to bear thy part with that happy Quire of Heaven? Why art not thou rapt out of my bosome with an extasie of joy, to see this Humane nature of ours exalted above all the Powers of Heaven, adored of Angels, Archangels, Cherubin, Seraphim, and all those mighty and glorious Spirits, and *sitting* there *crowned with infinite Glory and Majesty?*

Although little would it avail thee that our Nature is thus honoured, if the benefit of this Ascension did not reflect upon thee. How many are miserable enough in themselves, notwithstanding the Glory of their humane na-
B ture in Christ? None but those that are found in him are the happier by him: who but the Members are the better for the glory of the Head? O Saviour, how should our weakness have ever hoped to climb into Heaven, if thou hadst not gone before and made way for us? It is for us that thou the Fore-runner art entred in: Now thy Church hath her wish, *Draw me, and I shall run after thee.* Even so, O Blessed *Jesu*, how ambitiously should we follow thee with the paces of Love and Faith, and aspire towards thy Glory? Thou that art *the way*, hast made the way to thy self and us; *Thou didst humble thy self, and becamest obedient to the death, even to the death of the Cross. Therefore hath God also highly exalted thee*; and upon the same terms will not
C fail to advance us: we see thy track before us, of Humility and Obedience. Oh teach me to follow thee in the roughest waies of Obedience, in the bloody paths of Death, that I may at last overtake thee in those high steps of Immortality.

Amongst those millions of Angels that attended this triumphant Ascension of thine, O Saviour, some are appointed to this lower station, to comfort thine astonished Disciples, in the certain assurance of thy no-less glorious Return; *Two men stood by them in white apparel.* They stood by them, they were not of them; they seemed Men, they were Angels: *Men* for their familiarity; *two*, for more certainty of testimony; *in white*, for the joy
D of thine Ascension.

The Angels formerly celebrated thy Nativity with Songs: but we do not finde they then appeared in white: thou wert then to undergoe much sorrow, many conflicts; it was the vale of tears into which thou wert come down. So soon as thou wert risen, the women saw an Angel in the form of a young man, cloathed in white; and now, so soon as thou art ascended, *Two men cloathed in white* stand by thy Disciples: thy task was now done, thy victory atchieved, and nothing remained but a Crown, which was now set upon thy head. Justly therefore were those blessed Angels suited with the robes of light and joy. And why should our garments be of any other colour? why should
E oile be wanting to our heads, when the eyes of our Faith see thee thus ascended? It is for us, O Saviour, that thou art gone to prepare a place in those celestial Mansions; it is for us that thou sittest at the right hand of Majesty. It is a piece of thy Divine Prayer to thy Father, that *those whom he hath given thee, may be with thee.* To every bleeding Soul thou saiest still, as thou didst to *Peter*, *Whither I goe thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me hereafter.* In assured hope of this Glory, why do I not rejoyce, and beforehand walk in white with thine Angels, that at the last I may walk with thee in white?

Little would the presence of these Angels have availed, if they had not been
F heard as well as seen. They stand not silent therefore, but directing their speech to the amazed beholders, say, *Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into heaven?* What a question was this? Could any of those two hundred and forty eyes have power to turn themselves off to any other Object then that Cloud, and that point of Heaven where they left their ascended Saviour? Surely every one of them were so fixed, that had not the speech of these

Angels

Angels called them off, there they had ſet up their reſt till the darkneſs of night had interpoſed. Pardon me, O ye Bleſſed Angels; had I been there with them, I ſhould alſo have been unwilling to have had mine eyes pull'd off from that dear proſpect, and diverted unto you. Never could they have gazed ſo happily as now. If but ſome Great man be advanced to Honour over our heads, how apt we are to ſtand at a gaze, and to eye him as ſome ſtrange meteor? Let the Sun but ſhine a little upon theſe Dials, how are they look'd at by all paſſengers? Yet, alas, what can earthly advancement make us other then we are, duſt and aſhes; which the higher it is blown, the more it is ſcattered? Oh how worthy is the King of Glory to command our eyes now in the higheſt pitch of his Heavenly exaltation? Lord, I can never look enough at the place where thou art; but what eye could be ſatisfied with ſeeing the way that thou wenteſt?

It was not the purpoſe of theſe Angels to check the long looks of theſe faithfull Diſciples after their aſcended Maſter; it was onely a change of eyes that they intended, of Carnal for Spiritual, of the eye of Senſe for the eye of Faith. *This ſame Jeſus which is taken up from you into heaven, ſhall ſo come in like manner as ye have ſeen him goe into Heaven.* Look not after him, O ye weak Diſciples, as ſo departed that ye ſhall ſee him no more; if he be gone, yet he is not loſt; thoſe Heavens that received him, ſhall reſtore him; neither can thoſe Bleſſed Manſions decreaſe his Glory. Ye have ſeen him aſcend upon the Chariot of a bright Cloud; and in the clouds of Heaven ye ſhall ſee him deſcend again to his laſt Judgement. He is gone: can it trouble you to know you have an Advocate in Heaven? Strive not now ſo much to exerciſe your bodily eyes in looking after him, as the eyes of your Souls in looking for him.

Ye cannot, O ye Bleſſed Spirits, wiſh other then well to mankind. How happy a diverſion of eyes and thoughts is this that you adviſe? If it be our ſorrow to part with our Saviour, yet to part with him into Heaven it is our comfort and felicity: if his abſence could be grievous, his return ſhall be happy and glorious.

Even ſo, Lord Jeſus, come quickly. In the mean while it is not Heaven that can keep thee from me, it is not earth that can keep me from thee. Raiſe thou up my Soul to a life of Faith with thee: let me ever injoy thy converſation, whiles I exſpect thy return.

A SER-

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A SERMON OF PUBLICK THANKSGIVING

B

For the wonderful Mitigation of the late *Mortalitie*.

Preached before His Majeſtie, upon His gracious Command, at His Court of *Whitehall*, *Jan.* 29. 1625. and upon the ſame Command publiſhed, by Jos. Hall Dean of *Worceſter*.

C

Pſal. 68. verſ. 19, 20.

Bleſſed be the Lord, who loadeth us daily with benefits, even the God of our Salvation. Selah.

He that is our God is the God of Salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the iſſues from death.

D

YEa, bleſſed be the Lord, who hath added this unto the load of his other Mercies to his unworthy ſervant, that the ſame Tongue which was called not long ſince to chatter out our Publick Mournings, in the Solemn Faſt of this place, is now imployed in a Song of Praiſe; and the ſame Hand which was here lifted up for Supplication, is now lift up in Thanksgiving. Ye that then accompanied me with your tears and ſighs, accompany me now, I beſeech you, (in this happy change of note and time) with your joyful Smiles and Acclamations to the God that hath wrought it.

E

It is not more natural for the Sun, when it looks upon a moiſt and well-fermented earth, to cauſe Vapors to aſcend thence, then it is for Greatneſs and Goodneſs, when they both meet together upon an honeſt heart, to draw up holy deſires of gratulation. The worth of the Agent doth it not alone, without a fit diſpoſition in the Subject. Let the Sun caſt his ſtrongeſt beams upon a flint, a pumice, he fetches out no ſtream: Even ſo the Greatneſs and Goodneſs of the Almighty beating upon a dry and hard heart, prevailes nothing. Here all three are happily met: In God, infinite Greatneſs, infinite Goodneſs; ſuch Greatneſs, that he is attended with thouſand thouſands of Angels; (a Guard fit for the King of Heaven) ſuch Goodneſs, that he *receives Gifts even for the rebellious:* In *David*, a Gracious heart, that in a ſweet ſenſe of the great Goodneſs of his God breaths out this Divine *Epiphonema, Bleſſed be the Lord, who loadeth us daily with benefits, even the God of our Salvation*, &c.

F

Wherein, methinks, the ſweet Singer of *Iſrael* ſeems to raiſe his note to the

the emulation of the Quire of Heaven in the melody of their *Allelujahs:* yea, let me say, now that he sings above in that Blessed Consort of glorious Spirits, his Ditty cannot be better then this that he sung here upon earth, and wherein we are about to bear our parts at this time. Prepare, I beseech you, both your eares for *David*'s Song, and your hearts and tongues for your own. And first, in this Angelical strain your thoughts cannot but observe, without me, the Descant, and the Ground. The Descant of Gratulation, *Blessed be the Lord:* wherein is both Applause, and Excitation; an Applause given to God's Goodness, and an Excitation of others to give that Applause. The Ground is a threefold respect. Of what God is in himself, *God and Lord:* Of what God is and doth to us, *which loadeth us daily with benefits:* Of what he is both in himself and to us, *The God of our Salvation*; which last, (like to some rich Stone) is set off with a dark foyl, *To God the Lord belong the issues from death.* So in the first, for his own sake, in the second, for our sakes, in the third, for his own and ours; as God, as Lord, as a Benefactor, as a Saviour and Deliverer, *Blessed be the Lord.*

It is not hard to observe that *David*'s *Allelujahs* are more then his *Hosannas*; his thanks more then his suits. Oft-times doth he praise God when he begs nothing: seldome ever doth he beg that favour for which he doth not raise up his Soul to an anticipation of Thanks: neither is this any other then the universal under-song of all his Heavenly Ditties, *Blessed be the Lord. Praised* (as our former Translation hath it) is too low; Honour is more then Praise; Blessing is more then Honour. Neither is it for nothing that from this word *Barac to bless*, is derived *Berec the knee*, which is bowed in blessing; and the cryer before *Joseph* proclaimed *Abrech*, calling for the honour of the knee from all beholders, *Gen.* 41.43. Every slight trivial acknowledgement of worth is a Praise: Blessing is in a higher strain of gratitude, that carries the whole sway of the heart with it in a kinde of Divine rapture. Praise is in matter of complement; Blessing of Devotion.

The Apostle's Rule is, that *the less is blessed of the greater, Abraham* of the King of *Salem*; The Prophets charge is, that *the greater should be blessed of the less*, yea the greatest of the least, God of man. This agrees well: Blessing is an act that will bear reciprocation; God blesseth man, and man blesseth God. God blesseth man imperatively; man blesseth God optatively: God blesseth man in the acts of Mercy; man blesseth God in the notions, in the expressions of thanks: God blesses man when he makes him good and happy; man blesseth God when he confesseth how good, how gracious, how glorious he is; so as the blessing is wholly taken up in agnition, in celebration: in the one we acknowledge the Bounty of God to us; in the other we magnifie him vocally, really, for that Bounty.

Oh see then what high account God makes of the affections and actions of his poor, silly, earth-creeping creatures; that he gives us in them power to bless himself, and takes it as an honour to be blessed of us. *David* wonders that God should so vouchsafe to bless man: how much more must we needs wonder at the mercy of God, that will vouchsafe to be blessed by man, a worm, an atome, a nothing? Yet both S. *James* tels us that *with the tongue we bless God*; and the Psalmist calls for it here as a service of dear acceptation, *Blessed be the Lord.* Even we men live not (Cameleon-like) with the aire of thanks, nor feed ere the fatter with praises; how much less our Maker? O God, we know well that whatsoever men or Angels doe or doe not, thou canst not but be infinitely Blessed in thy self; before ever any creature was, thou didst equally injoy thy blessed Self from all Eternity: what can this worthless loose filme of flesh either adde to or detract from thine Infiniteness? Yet thou *that humblest thy self to behold the things that are done in Heaven and earth,* humblest thy self also to accept the weak breath of our Praises, that are sent up to thee from earth to Heaven. How should this incourage the vows, the endeavours

of

of our hearty thankfulneſs, to ſee them graciouſly taken? Would men take up with good words, with good deſires, and quit our bonds for thanks, who would be a debter? With the God of Mercy this cheap payment is current. If he then will honour us ſo far as to be bleſſed of us, Oh let us honour him ſo far as to bleſſe him. *Quare verbis parcam? gratuita ſunt, Why do we ſpare thanks that coſt us nothing?* as that wiſe heathen. *O give unto the Lord, ye mighty, give unto the Lord the praiſes due to his name; offer to God the ſacrifice of thankſgiving:* and ſtill let the foot of our ſong be, *Bleſſed be the Lord.*

This for the Deſcant of gratulation; the Ground follows. His own ſake hath reaſon to be firſt: God will be bleſſed both as *Jah*, and *Adonai*; the one the ſtyle of his Eſſence, the other of his Soveraignty. Even the moſt accurſed *Deiſt* would confeſſe, that as a pure, ſimple, infinite, abſolute being, God is to be bleſſed: for if Being be good, and theſe two be convertible, Nature muſt needs teach him, that an abſolute and infinite Being muſt needs be abſolutely and infinitely good. But what do I blur the Glory of this Day with mention of thoſe Monſters, whoſe Idol is Nature, whoſe Religion is ſecondary Atheiſm, whoſe true region is the loweſt Hell? Thoſe damned Ethnicks cannot, will not conceive of God as he is, becauſe they impiouſly ſever his Eſſence from his inward Relations. We Chriſtians can never be ſo heavenly affected to God as we ought, till we can riſe to this pitch of Piety, to bleſſe God for what he is in himſelf, without the external beneficial relations to the creature: Elſe our reſpects reflect too much homeward, and we do but look through God at our ſelves.

Neither is it for us only to bleſſe him as an abſolute God, but as a Soveraign Lord too, whoſe Power hath no more limit then his Eſſence; the great Moderator of Heaven and earth, giving laws to his creature, overruling all things, marſhalling all events, cruſhing his enemies, maintaining his Church, adored by Angels, trembled at by Devils. Behold here a Lord worthy to be bleſſed. We honour, as we ought, your conſpicuous Greatneſs, O ye eminent Potentates of the earth: but, alas! what is this to the great Lord of Heaven? when we look up thither, we muſt crave leave to pity the breath of your noſtrils, the ruſt of your Coronets, the duſt of your graves, the ſting of your felicities, and (if ye take not good heed) the blots of your memories. As ye hold all in fee from this great Lord, ſo let it be no diſparagement to you to doe your lowlieſt homage to his footſtool: homage, I mean, in Action; give me the reall benediction; I am ſure that is the beſt. They bleſſe God that praiſe him; they bleſſe him more and praiſe him beſt that obey him. There are that crouch to you Great ones, who yet hate you: Oh let us take heed of offering theſe hollow obſervances to the ſearcher of hearts, if we love not our own confuſion. They that proclaimed Chriſt at *Jeruſalem*, had not only *Hoſanna* in their mouths, but palms in their hands too; ſo muſt we have. Let me ſay then, If the Hand bleſs not the Lord, the Tongue is an Hypocrite. Away with the waſt complements of our vain Formalities: Let our loud actions drown the language of our words, in bleſſing the name of the Lord.

Neither muſt we bleſs God as a Soveraign Lord only, but (which is yet a more feeling relation) as a munificent Benefactor, *Who loadeth us daily with benefits.* Such is man's ſelf-love, that no inward worth can ſo attract his praiſes as outward beneficence. Whiles thou makeſt much of thy ſelf, every one ſhall ſpeak well of thee; how much more whiles thou makeſt much of them? Here God hath met with us alſo. Not to perplex you with ſcanning the variety of ſenſes wherewith I have obſerved this Pſalm, above all other of *David*'s, to abound; ſee here, I beſeech you, a four-fold gradation of Divine Bounty. Firſt, here are *Benefits.* The word is not expreſſed in the Original, but neceſſarily implied in the ſenſe: for there are but three loads whereof man is capable from God, Favours, Precepts, Puniſhments; the other two are out of the road of Gratulation. When we might therefore have exſpected Judgments, be-

hold *Benefits*. And thoſe, ſecondly, not ſparingly handfulled out to us, but dealt to us by the whole load; *loadeth with benefits*. Whom, thirdly, doth he load, but *us?* Not worthy and well-deſerving ſubjects, but *us* סוררים *Rebels*. And laſtly this he doth, not at one doal and no more, (as even churls rare Feaſts uſe to be plentifull,) but יום יום, ſucceſſively, unweariedly, perpetually. One favour were too much, here are *Benefits*; a ſprinkling were too much, here is a *load*; once were too oft, here is *daily* largition. Caſt your eyes therefore a little upon this threefold exaggeration of Beneficence: the meaſure, *a load of benefits*; the ſubject, unworthy *us*; the time, *daily*. *Who daily loadeth us with benefits.*

Where ſhall we begin to ſurvey this vaſt load of Mercies? Were it no more but that he hath given us a world to live in, a life to injoy, aire to breath in, earth to tread on, fire to warm us, water to cool and cleanſe us, cloaths to cover us, food to nouriſh us, ſleep to refreſh us, houſes to ſhelter us, variety of creatures to ſerve and delight us; here were a juſt load. But now, if we yet adde to theſe civility of breeding, dearneſſe of friends, competency of Eſtate, degrees of Honour, honeſty or dignity of vocation, favour of Princes, ſucceſſe in imployments, domeſtick comforts, outward peace, good reputation, preſervation from dangers, reſcue from evils; the load is well mended. If yet ye ſhall come cloſer, and adde due proportion of Body, integrity of parts, perfection of ſenſes, ſtrength of nature, mediocrity of health, ſufficiency of appetite, vigour of digeſtion, wholſome temper of ſeaſons, freedome from cares; this courſe muſt needs heighten it yet more. If ſtill ye ſhall adde to theſe the order and power and exerciſe of our inward Faculties, inriched with Wiſdome, Art, Learning, Experience, expreſſed by a not-unhandſome Elocution; and ſhall now lay all theſe together that concern Eſtate, Body, Minde; how can the axel-tree of the Soul but crack under the load of theſe Favours? But if from what God hath done for us as men, we look to what he hath done for us as Chriſtians; that he hath imbraced us with an everlaſting Love, that he hath molded us anew, enlivened us by his Spirit, fed us by his Word & Sacraments, clothed us with his Merits, bought us with his Blood, becoming vile to make us glorious, a Curſe, to inveſt us with Bleſſedneſs, in a word, that he hath given himſelf to us, his Son for us; *Oh the height, and depth, and breadth* of the rich mercies of our God! Oh the boundleſſe, topleſſe, bottomleſſe load of Divine benefits, whoſe immenſity reaches from the center of this earth to the unlimited extent of the very Empyreal Heavens! *Oh that men would praiſe the Lord for his goodneſſe, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men.*

Theſe Mercies are great in themſelves, our unworthineſs doth greaten them more. To doe good to the well-deſerving were but retribution; He *loadeth us*, who are no leſſe rebellious to him then he is beneficial to us. Our ſtreight and ſhallow bounty picks out the worthieſt and moſt capable Subject; the greateſt gift that ever God gave, he gives us whiles we are enemies. It was our Saviour's charge to his Diſciples, *Interrogate quis dignus*, *Ask who is worthy*, that is, (as *Hierom* interprets it) of the honour to receive ſuch gueſts. Should God ſtand upon thoſe terms with us, what ſhould become of us? See, and wonder, and be aſhamed, O ye Chriſtian hearers. God loads us, and we load him; God loads us with Benefits, we load him with our Sins. *Behold, I am preſſed under you*, ſaith God, *as a cart is preſſed that is full of ſheaves*, Amos 2.13. He ſhould goe away laden with our thanks, with the preſents of our duty; and we ſhamefully clog him with our continual provocations. Can there be here any danger of ſelf-ſacrificing with *Sejanus*, and not rather the juſt danger of our ſhame and confuſion in our ſelves? How can we but hate this unkinde and unjuſt unanſwerableneſſe? Yet herein ſhall we make an advantage of our fouleſt ſins, that they give ſo much more luſtre to the glorious mercies of our God, who overcomes our evil with good, and loads even *us*.

The over-long interruption of favours loſeth their thanks, and the beſt benefits

A nefits languiſh in too much diſuſe. Our God takes order for that, by a perpetuation of beneficence; he *ladeth us daily*: Every day, every minute renews his favours upon us; *Semper largitor, ſemper donator*, as *Hierome*. To ſpeak ſtrictly, there is no time preſent; nothing is preſent but an inſtant, and that can no more be called Time then a prick can be called a Line: yet how ſwift ſoever the wings of Time are, they cannot cut one inſtant, but they muſt carry with them a ſucceſſive renovation of God's gracious kindneſs to us.

This Sun of his doth not riſe once in an age, or once in a year, but every minute ſince it was created riſeth to ſome parts of the earth, and every day to us. Neither doth he once hurl down upon our heads ſome violent drops
B in a ſtorm, but he plies us with the ſweet ſhowrs of the former and the latter rain: Wherein the Mercy of God condeſcends to our impotency, who are ready to periſh under uncomfortable intermiſſions. *Non mihi ſufficit*, ſaith that Father, It is not enough that he hath given me once, if he give me not alwaies. To daies Ague makes us forget yeſterſtaies health: Former meals do not relieve our preſent hunger. This cottage of ours ruines ſtraight, if it be not new daubed every day, new repaired. The liberal care of our God therefore tiles over one benefit with another, that it may not rain through. And if he be ſo unwearied in his Favours, why are we weary of our Thanks? Our bonds are renewed every day to our God; why not our payments? Not once in a year, or moon, or
C week, but every day once (without fail) were the Legal Sacrifices reiterated; and that of all thoſe creatures which were neceſſary for ſuſtentation, a Lamb, flowre, wine, oyle, that is, meat, bread, drink, ſauce: Why? but that in all theſe we ſhould ſtill daily re-acknowledge our new obligations to the giver? Yea, *ex plenitudine & lacrymis*, as it is in the Original, *Exod.*22.29. *of our plenty and tears*, that is, (as *Cajetan*) of a dear or cheap year muſt we return: more or leſſe may not miſſe our thanks. We need daily, we beg daily, *(Give us this day)* we receive daily; why do we not daily retribute to our God, and act as ſome read it, *Bleſſed be the Lord daily, who loadeth us with his benefits.*

It is time now to turn your eyes to that mixt reſpect, that reacheth both to
D God and us. Ye have ſeen him a Benefactor, ſee him a Saviour and Deliverer; *The God of our Salvation.* The Vulgar's *ſalutaria*, following the Septuagint, differs from our *Salvation* but as the Means from the End. With the Hebrews *Salvation* is a wide word, compriſing all the favours of God that may tend to preſervation; and therefore the Pſalmiſt elſewhere extends this act both to man and beaſt; and, as if he would comment upon himſelf, expounds σῶσον *ſave*, by εὐόδωσον *proſper*, *Pſal.*118.25. It is ſo dear a title of God, that the Prophet cannot have enough of it; the interpoſition of a *Selah* cannot bar the redoubling of it in my Text.

Every deliverance, every preſervation fathers it ſelf upon God: yet as the
E Soul is the moſt precious thing in the world, and life is the moſt precious thing that belongs to the Soul, and eternal life is the beſt of lives, and the danger and loſſe of this life is the fearfulleſt and moſt horrible; chiefly is this greateſt Salvation here meant, wherein God intends moſt to bleſſe and be bleſſed.

Of this Salvation is he the God by Preordination, by Purchace, by Gift. By Preordination, in that he hath decreed it to us from eternity, προώρισε, *Rom.* 8.30. By Purchace, in that he hath bought it for us, and us to it, by the price of his blood, ἠγοράσθητε, 1 *Cor.* 6.20. By Gift, in that he hath feoft us in it, χάρισμα Θεοῦ, *The gift of God is eternal life*, Rom. 6.23. Since therefore he decreed
F it, he bought it, he beſtows it, juſtly is he *the God of our Salvation.* Who can, who dares arrogate to himſelf any partnerſhip in this great work? What power can diſpoſe of the Souls final condition, but the ſame that made it? Who can give Eternity, but he that onely hath it? What but an infinite Merit can purchaſe an infinite Glory? Curſed be that ſpirit that will offer to ſhare with his Maker. Down with your Crowns, O ye glorious Elders, at the foot of him

that ſits on the Throne, with a *Non nobis, Domine, Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy Name give the praiſe.* Away with the proud incroachment of the Merits of the beſt Saints, of Papal Largeſſes. Only *our God is the God of our Salvation.*

How happy are we the while? All actions are according to the force of the Agent: weak Cauſes produce feeble Effects, contingent caſual, neceſſary certain. Our Salvation therefore being the work of an infinitely-powerfull cauſe, cannot be diſappointed. Loe the beauty of *Solomon*'s *Al-chum*; *who hath reſiſted his will?* When we look to our own fleſhie hands, here is nothing but diſcouragement; when we look to our ſpiritual enemies, here is nothing but terrour: but when we caſt up our eyes to the Mighty God, here is nothing but confidence, nothing but comfort. Comfort ye, comfort ye therefore, O ye feeble Souls, and ſend your bold defiances to the Prince of darkneſſe. Heaven is high and hard to reach, Hell is ſteep and ſlipperie, our Fleſh is earthy and impotent, Satan ſtrong & rancorous, Sin ſubtle, the World alluring, all theſe; yet, *God is the God of our Salvation.* Let thoſe infernal Lions roar and ramp upon us; let the gates of Hell doe their worſt; let the World be a cheater, our Fleſh a traitor, the Devil a tyrant; *Faithfull is he that hath promiſed, who will alſo doe it. God is the God of our Salvation.*

How much more then in theſe outward temporal occaſions, when we have to doe with an arm of fleſh? Do the enemies of the Church rage and ſnuffe, and breath nothing but threats and death? Make ſure of our God, he ſhall be ſure to make them lick our duſt. Great *Benhadad* of the *Syrians* ſhall come with his hempen collar to the King of *Iſrael*: The very windes and waves ſhall undertake thoſe *Mahumetan* or *Marian* powers that ſhall riſe up againſt the inheritance of the God of Salvation.

Salvation is rateable according to the danger from which we are delivered: Since Death therefore is the utmoſt of all terribles, needs muſt it be the higheſt improvement of Salvation, that *to our God belong the iſſues from death.* Death hath here a double latitude, of kinde, of extent: The kinde is either temporal, or eternal; the extent reaches not only to the laſt compleat act of diſſolution, but to all the paſſages that lead towards it. Thus the iſſues from death belong to our God, whether by way of preſervation, or by way of reſcue. How gladly do I meet in my Text with the dear and ſweet name of our *Jeſus*, who conquered Death by dying, and triumphed over Hell by ſuffering, and carries *the keyes both of death and hell*, Revel. 1.18? He is the God, the Author and Finiſher of our Salvation, *to whom belong the iſſues from death.*

Look firſt at the temporary: he keeps it from us, he fetches us from it.

It is true, there is a *Statutum eſt* upon it, die we muſt; Death knocks equally at the hatch of a Cottage and gate of a Palace: but our times are in God's hand; the Lord of life hath ſet us our period, whoſe Omnipotence ſo contrives all events, that neither enemy, nor caſualty, nor diſeaſe can prevent his hour. Were death ſuffered to run looſe and wild, what boot were it to live? now it is tether'd up ſhort by that Almighty hand, what can we fear? If envy repine, and villany plot againſt Sacred Soveraignty, God hath well proved upon all the Poiſons, and Piſtols, and Poniards, and Gun-powders of the two late memorable ſucceſſions, that *to him alone belong the iſſues from death.*

Goe on then, bleſſed Soveraign, goe on couragiouſly in the waies of your God: the inviſible guard of Heaven ſhall ſecure your Royal head; the God of our Salvation ſhall make you a third glorious inſtance to all poſterities, that *unto him belong the iſſues from death.*

Thus God keeps death from us: it is more comfort yet that he fetches us from it. Even the beſt head muſt at laſt lie down in the duſt, and ſleep in death. Oh vain cracks of valour! thou bragſt thy ſelf able to kill a man; a worm hath done it, a flie hath done it. Every thing can finde the way down unto death; none but the Omnipotent can finde the way up out of it: He findes,

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A he makes these issues for all his. As it was with our Head, so it is with the Members.

Death might seize, it cannot hold: *Gustavit, non deglutivit:* It may nibble at us, it shall not devour us. Behold the only Soveraign Antidote against the sorrows, the frights of death. Who can fear to lay himself down and take a nap in the bed of death, when his heart is assured that he shall awake glorious in the morning of his resurrection? Certainly it is only our infidelity that makes death fearfull. *Rejoice not over me, O my* last *enemy; though I fall, I shall rise again. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?*

Cast ye one glance of your eyes upon the second and eternal death; the
B issues wherefrom belong to our God, not by way of rescue, as in the former, but of preservation. *Ex inferno nulla redemptio* is as true as if it were Canonical. Father *Abraham* tells the damned Glutton in the Parable, there is μέγα χάσμα *a great gulf*, that bars all return. Those black gates of Hell are barred without by the irreversible Decree of the Almighty.

Those bold Fabulists therefore, whose impious Legends have devised *Trajan* fetcht thence by the prayers of *Gregory*, and *Falconella* by *Tecla*'s, suspending the finall sentence upon a *secundum præsentem injustitiam*, take a course to cast
C themselves into that pit whence they have presumptuously feigned the deliverance of others.

The rescue is not more hopelesse then the prevention is comfortable. There is none of us but is naturally walking down to these chambers of death; every sin is a pace thitherwards: only the gracious hand of our God staies us. In our selves, in our sins we are already no better then brands of that Hell. Blessed be the God of our Salvation, that hath found happy issues from this death. What issues? Even those bloody issues that were made in the hands and feet and side of our Blessed Saviour, that invaluably-precious blood of the Son of God is that whereby we are redeemed, whereby we are justified, whereby we are saved. Oh that our Souls might have had leisure to dwell a while upon the meditation of those dreadfull torments we are freed from, of that infinite good-
D nesse that hath freed us, of that happy exchange of a glorious condition to which we are freed! But the publick occasion of this day calls off my speech, and invites me to the celebration of the sensible mercy of God in our late Temporal deliverance.

Wherein let me first blesse the God of our Salvation, that hath put it into the heart of his chosen Servant to set up an Altar in this sacred threshing-floor, and to offer up this daies Sacrifice to his name, for the stay of our late mortal contagion. How well it becomes our *Gideon* to be personally exemplary, as in the beating of this Earthen pitcher in the first publick act of Humiliation, so in the lighting of this Torch of publick joy, and sounding the Trumpet of a
E thankfull jubilation? and how well will it become us to follow so pious, so gracious an example? Come therefore, all ye that fear the Lord, and let us recount what he hath done for our Souls. Come, let us *blesse the Lord, the God of our Salvation, that loadeth us daily with benefits; the God to whom belong the issues of death.* Let us blesse him in his infinite Essence and Power; blesse him in his unbounded and just Soveraignty; blesse him in his marvellous Beneficence, large, continual, undeserved; blesse him in his Preservations; blesse him in his Deliverances. We may but touch at the two last.

How is our Earth ready to sink under the load of his Mercies? What Nation under Heaven hath not envied and wondred at our Blessings? I do not carry
F back your eyes to the ancient favours of our God, to the memorable frustrations of forein Invasions, to the miraculous discoveries of Treasons, to the successfull maintenance of oppressed neighbourhood. That one mercy I may not forget, that in the shutting up of blessed Queen *Elizabeth*, the Pope and the then-King of *Spain* were casting Lots for the Crown, and palpably plotting for their severally-designed Successors, as appears in the publick post-

hume Letters of Cardinal *D' Oſſat*, a witneſſe beyond exception. Three ſeveral Briefs were addreſſed hither by that inclement ſhaveling of *Rome* for the defeating of the Title and Succeſſion of our late Soveraign of dear and bleſſed memory, and his Royal Iſſue. Yet in ſpight of *Rome* and Hell, God brought him in, and ſet him peaceably upon this juſt Throne of his Fore-fathers; and may he perpetuate it to the fruit of thoſe loyns till world and time ſhall be no more. *Amen.*

If I muſt follow the times, let me rather balk that helliſh Sulphur-mine then not ſearch it; and yet who can look at that any otherwiſe then the Jews do at the Rain-bow, with horror and aſtoniſhment? What do I tell you of our long Peace, our full Plenty, our wholſome Laws, our eaſefull Government, with a world of theſe common favours? It is for poor men to reckon. Thoſe two late Bleſſings (if no more) were worthy of immortal memory; the Prince out of *Spain*, Religion out of the duſt. For the one, what a winter was there in all good hearts when our Sun was gone ſo far Southward? how chearfull a Spring in his return? For the other, who ſaw not how Religion began (during thoſe purpoſely-protracted Treaties) to droop and languiſh, her friends to ſigh, her enemies to inſult, daring to brave us with challenges, to threaten our ruine? *The Lord looked down from Heaven, and viſited this poor Vine of his*, and hath ſhaken off theſe Caterpillars from her then-waſting leaves; now we live, and it flouriſheth.

Theſe would have been great favours of God even to the beſt Nation, but more to us, who have anſwered Mercies with Rebellions. O God, if proud diſguiſes, if gluttonous pamperings, if drunken healths, if wanton dalliances, if bloody oaths, if mercileſſe oppreſſions may earn Bleſſings from thee, too many of us have ſupererogated. Woe is me, theſe are the meaſures thou haſt had from too many hands. That thou ſhouldſt therefore inlarge thy bounty to an unworthy, unkinde, diſobedient generation, it is more then we can wonder at; and we could almoſt be ready to ſay with *Peter*, *Lord, depart from us, for we are ſinfull men.*

Yet the wiſe Juſtice of the Almighty meant not to cocker us up with mere dainties, with a looſe indulgence, but hath thought fit to temper our ſweets with tartneſſe, and to ſtrike our backs whiles he ſtrokes our heads. *Ecce in pace amaritudo amariſſima*; the comfort of our Peace was allayed with the bitterneſſe of death. He ſaw that in this common Plethorie it was fit for us to bleed; he ſaw us Eeles that would not be caught, but when the waters were troubled: He therefore ſent his deſtroying Angel abroad, who laid about him on all ſides. What ſlaughter, what lamentation, what horror was there in the ſtreets of our mother City? More then twenty thouſand Families run from their houſes, as if thoſe had been on fire over their heads, and ſeek ſhelter in *Zoar* and the mountains. Some of them are overtaken by the purſuer, and drop down in the way, and lie there as wofull ſpectacles of mortality, till neceſſity, and not Charity, could finde them a grave. Others paſſe on, and for friends finde ſtrangers: Danger made men wiſely and unwillingly unhoſpital: The Cozen, the Brother forgets his own blood, and the Father looks ſhily upon his own childe, and welcomes him with frowns, if not with repulſes. There were that repai'd their grudged harbour with infection. And thoſe that ſped beſt, what with care for their abandoned houſes and eſtate, what with grief for the miſery of their forſaken neighbours, what with the rage of thoſe Epidemical diſeaſes which they found abroad, (as it is well obſerved by one, that in a contagious time all ſickneſſes have ſome tincture of Peſtilence) wore out their daies in the deepeſt ſorrow and heavineſſe. There leave we them, and return to the miſerable Metropolis of this Kingdome which they left. Who can expreſſe the dolefull condition of that time and place? The arms of *London* are the *Red Croſs* and the *Sword*; what houſe almoſt wanted theſe? Here was the Red Croſs upon the door, the Sword

of

A of God's Judgment within doors, and the Motto was, *Lord, have mercy upon us.*

What could we hear but alarms of death? what could we see but Trophees of death? Here was nothing but groaning and crying, and dying and burying: Carts were the Biers, wide pits were the Graves, mens cloaths were their Coffins, and the very Exequies of friends were murderous. The carkasses of the dead might say, with the sons of the Prophets, *Behold the place where we lie is too streight for us.* New Dormitories are bought for the dead, and furnished; neither might the corpses be allowed to lie single in their earthen beds, but are piled up like fagots in a stack, for the society of their future Resurrection.

B No man survived, but he might say with the Psalmist, that *thousands fell at his side, and ten thousands at his right hand.* And if we take all together, (the mother and the daughters) surely the number was not much short of *David's*, though his time were shorter. It is not without reason that from the Hebrew word דבר which signifies *the Plague*, is derived מדבר which signifies *a Desart*: Certainly the Plague turns the most populous City into a Desart. Oh the woefull desolation of this place! It was almost come to *Herba tegit Trojam.* And if some infrequent passenger crossed our streets, it was not without his medicated Posie at his nose, and his Zedoary or Angelica in his mouth. Every room seemed a Pest-house, every sent mortal. Here should he meet one pale ghost

C muffled up under the throat, another dragging his legs after him for the tumor of his groin, another bespotted with the Tokens of instant death: here might he hear one shreeking out in a frantick distraction, there another breathing out his Soul in his last groans. What should I say more? This glorious chamber of the Kingdome seemed no other then a dreadfull dungeon to her own, a very *Golgotha* to all beholders; and this proud Queen of our *British* Cities sate in the dust of her compassion, howling in the rags of her sackcloth, not mourning more then mourned for, pitied no lesse then forsaken; when the God of our Salvation looked down upon her deep afflictions, and miraculously proved unto us, that *unto him belong the issues from death.*

D It was he that put it into the heart of his Gracious Servant to command a *Ninive*-like Humiliation. What pithie, what passionate Prayers were injoined to his disconsolate Church? With what holy eagernesse did we devour those Fasts? How well were we pleased with the austerity of that pious Penitence? What loud cries did beat on all sides at the gates of Heaven? and with what inexspectable, unconceivable mercy were they answered? How suddenly were those many thousands brought down to one poor unity, not a number? Other evils were wont to come on horseback, to goe away on foot; this mortality did not post but flie away. Methought, like unto the great ice, it sunk at once. Only so many are stricken as may hold us awfull, and so few as may

E leave us thankfull.

Oh how soon is our Fasting and mourning turned into Laughter and joy? How boldly do we now throng into this House of God, and fearlesly mix our breaths in a common Devotion? *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvailous in our eyes. O thou that heareſt the prayer, to thee shall all flesh come.* And let all flesh come to thee with the voice of Praise and Thanksgiving.

It might have been just with thee, O God, to have swept us away in the common destruction: what are we better then our brethren? Thou hast let us live that we may praise thee. It might have been just with thee to have

F inlarged the commission of thy killing Angel, and to have rooted out this sinfull people from under Heaven: But *in the midst of judgment* thou hast *remembred mercy:* Our sins have not made thee *forget to be gracious*, nor have *shut up thy loving kindnesse in displeasure. Thou hast wounded us, and thou hast healed us again; thou hast delivered us, and been mercifull to our sins for thy names sake.*

Oh that we could duly *praiſe thy Name in the great Congregation!* Oh that our tongues, our hearts, our lives might bleſſe and glorifie thee! that ſo thou mayeſt take pleaſure to perfect this great work of our full deliverance, and to make this Nation a dear example of thy Mercy, of Peace, Victory, Proſperity to all the world.

In the mean time let us call all our fellow-creatures to help us bear a part in the Praiſe of our God: Let the Heavens, the Stars, the winds, the waters, the dews, the froſts, the nights, the dayes; let the Earth and Sea, the mountains, wells, trees, fiſhes, fouls, beaſts; let men, let Saints, let Angels *bleſſe the Lord, praiſe him, and magnifie him for ever. Bleſſed, bleſſed for ever be the Lord, who loadeth us daily with benefits; even the God of our Salvation, to whom belong the iſſues from death. Oh bleſſed be the Lord God of Iſrael, who only doth wondrous things; and bleſſed be his glorious Name for ever and ever: and let all the earth be filled with his glory. Amen. Amen.*

One

One of the
SERMONS
Preached at *Weſtminſter* on the day of the Publick Faſt *April* 5. 1628.

TO

The Lords of the High Court of Parliament, and by their appointment publiſhed, by the B. of EXCESTER.

Eſay 5. verſ. 4, 5.

What could have been done more to my Vineyard that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it ſhould bring forth grapes, brought it forth wilde grapes?

And now goe to, I will tell you what I will doe to my Vineyard; I will take away the hedge thereof.

IT is a piece of a Song (for ſo it is called Verſ. 1.) Alas! what ſhould Songs doe to an heavy heart, *Prov.* 25.20. or Muſick in a day of Mourning? Howling and lamentation is fitter for this occaſion. Surely, as we do ſometimes weep for joy; ſo do we ſing alſo for ſorrow. Thus alſo doth the Prophet here. If it be a Song, it is a Dump; *Eſay*'s *Lacrymæ*; fit for that *Sheminith, gravis ſymphonia*, as *Tremelius* turns it, which ſome ſad Pſalms were ſet unto. Both the Ditty and the Tune are dolefull. There are in it three paſſionate ſtrains; Favours, Wrongs, Revenge; Bleſſings, Sins, Judgements. Favours and Bleſſings from God to *Iſrael*; Sins (which are the higheſt Wrongs) from *Iſrael* to God; Judgments, by way of Revenge from God to *Iſrael*. And each of thoſe follow upon other. God begins with Favours to his people, they anſwer him with their Sins, he replies upon them with Judgments: and all of theſe are in their height. The Favours of God are ſuch, as he asks, *What could be more?* The Sins are aggravated by thoſe Favours: what worſe then *wilde Grapes* and diſappointment? And the Judgments muſt be aggravated to the proportion of their Sins: what worſe then the *Hedge taken away, the Wall broken, the Vineyard trodden down, and eaten up?* Let us follow the ſteps of God and his Prophet in all theſe; and when we have paſſed theſe in *Iſrael*, let us ſeek to them at home. What ſhould I need to crave attention? the buſineſſe is both Gods and our own.

1 Chron. 15. 2. Pſal. 6. 1. Pſal. 22. 1.

God and we begin with Favours; Favours not mean and ordinary, not expreſſed in a right-down affirmation, but in an expoſtulatory and ſelf-convincing Queſtion, *What could have been done more to my Vineyard that I have not done to it?* Every word is a new obligation. That *Iſrael* is a Vineyard is no ſmall favour of God; that it is God's Vineyard, is yet more; that it is God's Vineyard ſo exquiſitely cultivated, as nothing more could be either added or deſired, is moſt of all.

Iſrael is no vaſt Deſart, no wilde Foreſt, no mooriſh Fen, no barren Heath, no thornie Thicket, but a Vineyard; a Soile of uſe and fruit. Look where you will in God's Book, ye ſhall never finde any lively member of Gods Church compared

pared to any but a fruitfull tree: Not to a tall Cypreſſe, the Embleme of unprofitable Honour; nor to a ſmooth Aſh, the Embleme of unprofitable Prelacie, that doth nothing but bear Keyes; nor to a double-coloured Poplar, the Embleme of Diſſimulation; nor to a well-ſhaded Plane, that hath nothing but Form; nor to a hollow Maple, nor to a trembling Aſpe, nor to a prickly Thorn; ſhortly, not to any Plant whatſoever whoſe fruit is not uſefull and beneficial. Hear this then, ye goodly Cedars, ſtrong Elmes, faſt-growing Willows, ſappy Sycomores, and all the reſt of the fruitleſſe trees of the earth, I mean all faſhionable and barren Profeſſors whatſoever: ye may ſhoot up in height, ye may ſpread far, ſhade well, ſhew fair; but what are ye good for? Ye may be fit for the Foreſt, Ditches, Hedg-rows of the world; ye are not for the true ſaving ſoil of God's *Iſrael:* that is a Vineyard; there is place for none but Vines; and true Vines are fruitfull. *He that abideth in me bringeth forth much fruit*, ſaith our Saviour, *Johh* 15. 5.

And of all fruits, what is comparable to that of the Vine? Let the Vine it ſelf ſpeak in *Jonathan*'s Parable, *Jud.9.13. Should I leave my Wine which chearеth God and man?* How is this? God cheared with Wine? It is an high Hyperbole; yet ſeconded by the God of truth: *I will drink no more of the fruit of this Vine, till I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdome*, Mat. 26. 29. It muſt needs be an excellent liquor which is uſed to reſemble the joyes of Heaven. Yea, the Blood of the Son of God, that celeſtial Nectar, which to morrow ſhall chear our Souls, is it otherwiſe reſembled then by the blood of the Grape? He is *Vitis vera, the true Vine*; this is his juice.

Alas! would God we had not too much cauſe to complain of the pleaſure of this fruit: Religion, Reaſon, Humanity ſavour not to the palate of many in compariſon of it. *Wine is a mocker*, ſaith *Solomon*. How many thouſands doth it daily cheat of their Subſtance, of their Patrimony, of their Health, of their Wit, of their Senſe, of their Life, of their Soul? Oh that we had the grace to be ſenſible of our owne ſcorn and danger. But this is the honour of the fruit, and the ſhame of the man: the exceſſe is not more our Sin, then the delicacy is the praiſe of the Grape. For ſweetneſſe of verdure then all plants will yield to the Vine: ſo taſtfull, ſo pleaſing, ſo delightfull unto God are the Perſons, the Graces, the Endeavours of his *Iſrael*. Their Perſons are εὐάρεστοι, *Rom.*12.1. Their *Love is better then wine*, Cant.4.10. Their Alms are ὀσμὴ εὐωδίας *a ſweet-ſmelling ſavour*, Philip. 4. 18. Their Prayers as evening Incenſe, of a moſt fragrant compoſition: and for the reſt of their words, *the roof of their mouth is like the beſt Wine*, Cant. 7. 9. Acceptation hath wont to be the incouragement of forwardneſſe. Honourable and beloved, how ſhould this hearten us in our holy ſtations, in our conſcionable actions? Whiles we continue Vines, it is not in the power of our imperfections to loſe our thanks. The delicateſt Grape cannot be ſo reliſhſome to the palate of man, as our poor weak obediences are to the God of Mercies. *Thou haſt raviſhed my heart, my Siſter, my Spouſe, thou haſt raviſhed my heart*, ſaith Chriſt of his Church, *Cant.* 4. 9. The Vine is a noble plant, but a feeble and tender one. Other trees grow up alone out of the ſtrength of their own ſap; this grovels on the ground, and rots if it have not an Elm to prop it: like as Man, the beſt creature, is in his birth moſt helpleſſe, and would preſently die without outward ſuccours. Such is the *Iſrael* of God; the worthieſt piece of Gods Creation, yet of it ſelf impotent to good: here is no growth, no life but from that Divine Hand. *Without me ye can doe nothing.* They are no Vines that can ſtand alone: Thoſe proud ſpirits, as they have no need of God, ſo God hath no intereſt in them. His *Iſrael* is a Vineyard; and the Vine muſt be propped.

As a Vineyard, ſo God's Vineyard. The Church ſhall be ſure not to be Maſterleſſe. There is much waſt ground that hath no owner; our Globe can tell us of a great part of the World that hath no name but *Incognita, not known* whether it have any inhabitant: but a Vineyard was never without a Poſſeſſor; till

A till *Noah* the true *Janus* planted one, there was no news of any. Come into ſome wilde *Indian* Foreſt all furniſhed with goodly Trees, you know not whether ever man were there; God's hand we are ſure hath been there, perhaps not mans: but if you come into a well-dreſſed Vineyard, where you ſee the Hillocks equally ſwelling, the Stakes pitcht in a juſt height and diſtance, and the Vines handſomely pruned, now it is eaſie to ſay (as the Philoſopher did when he found Figures) Here hath been a man, yea a good husband. There is an univerſall Providence of God over the World; but there is a ſpecial eye and hand of God over his Church. In this God challengeth a peculiar intereſt: that is his (as we heard worthily this day) in a double right, of Confederation, of
B Redemption. *Iſrael is my Son, yea my firſt-born*, ſaith God to *Pharaoh*. *Thou haſt brought a Vine out of Ægypt, thou haſt caſt out the Heathen and planted it*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, 80. 8.

Oh the blaſphemous diffidence of fooliſh men! Can we, dare we impute ill husbandry to the God of Heaven? Hath God a Vineyard, and ſhall he not tend it? ſhall he not mightily protect it? Goe on, ye *Foxes*, ye *little Foxes*, to *ſpoil the tender Grapes*; goe on, ye *Boars of the Wood, to waſte* this Vineyard, and ye *wilde beaſts of the field* to *devour* it: our ſins, our ſins have given this ſcope to your violence and our calamity: But ye ſhall once know that this Vineyard hath an Owner, even the mighty God of *Jacob*; every cluſter that
C you have ſpoiled ſhall be fetcht back again from the bloody Wine-preſſe of his wrath; and in ſpight of all the gates of Hell this Vine ſhall flouriſh. Even ſo, *return, we beſeech thee, O God of Hoſts: look down from Heaven, and viſit this Vine, and the Vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madeſt ſtrong for thy ſelf.*

Ye have ſeen *Iſrael* a Vineyard, and God's Vineyard: now caſt your eyes upon the favours that God hath done to his Vineyard *Iſrael*; ſuch as that God appeals to their own hearts for Judges, *What could have been done more to my Vineyard that I have not done?* Mark, I beſeech you: He doth not ſay, *What could have been done more then hath been done?* but, *more, that I have not done?*
D challenging all the acts done to his Vineyard for his own. As the Soil is his, ſo is all the culture. He that elſewhere makes himſelf *the Vine, and* his *Father the Husbandman*, here makes *Iſrael* the Vine, and himſelf the Husbandman. Nothing is, nothing can be done to his Church that paſſeth not his hands. *My Father ſtill worketh*, ſaith he, *and I work*. This work, this care knows no end, no limits. Many a good Husband over-tasks himſelf, and undertakes more then his eye can overlook, or his hand ſway; and therefore is fain to truſt to the management of others; and it ſpeeds thereafter. But the owner of this Vineyard is every where, and works whereever he is: nothing can paſſe his eye, every thing muſt paſſe his hand. This is the difference betwixt
E *Solomon*'s Vineyard and his that is *greater then Solomon: Solomon lets out his Vineyard to Keepers*, Cant. 8. 11. Chriſt keeps his in his own hand. He uſeth indeed the help of men, but as Tools rather then as Agents; he works by them, they cannot work but by him. Are any of you Great ones Benefactors to his Church? (a rare ſtyle I confeſſe in theſe not dative but ablative times) ye are but as the hands of the Sub-almoners of Heaven: God gives by you. Are any great Potentates of the earth ſecret or open perſecutors of his Church? *Aſhur is the rod of my wrath*, ſaith God: they are but as God's pruning-Knives, to make his Vine bleed out her ſuperfluous juice: God cuts by them. He is the Author of both, men are the inſtruments. To him muſt we return the praiſe
F of his Mercy in the one, and in the other the awe of his Judgments. Whatever is done to his Church, God doth it himſelf. Neither doth he ſay, *What could I have done more that I have not done?* as our former Tranſlation reads it, with a reference to his abſolute power; according whereto we know that he can doe more then he doth, more then he will doe: but, מה לעשות, *Quid faciendum? What could have been done more*, in reſpect of the exigence of the occa-

occaſion? Would God ſet his Omnipotent Power upon it, we know he could make all the World *Iſrael*, he could make all *Iſrael* Saints, he could have made Devils men, men Angels. But God uſes not to proceed according to the rule of an abſolute Omnipotency, but according to the Oeconomie of his moſt holy, moſt wiſe, moſt juſt Decrees; whereby he hath chalked out unto men thoſe waies and helps of Salvation, which he ſees fit for the attainment of that End: theſe are they wherein he hath not been failing to his *Iſrael*.

Of theſe he ſayes, *What could have been done more that I have not done?* See what notice God takes and what reckonings he keeps of all the good that he doth to any Church or people; he files up all his Bleſſings: he is bountifull, not profuſe; open-handed, but not ſo as that his largeſſe makes him reſpectleſſe or forgetfull of his beneficences: he gives not, like the picture of *Fortune*, blindfolded; or, like an Almoner in a throng, he knows not to whom; he notes both the man and the favour. In our gifts, our *left hand may not know what* our *right hand doth*; becauſe our weakneſſe is ſubject to a proud ſelf-conceit, and a miſ-opinion of too much obligation in the Receiver: but he whoſe infinite Goodneſſe is not liable to any danger of thoſe infirmities which follow our ſinfull nature, ſets all his Mercies on the ſcore, and will not balk one of the leaſt. He that could ſay to *Iſrael*, *I took thee from among the Pots*, and to *David*, *I took thee from following the Ewes great with Lamb*: do ye not think he ſtill ſaies to his Anointed, I brought you from weak in the Cradle, to ſtrong in the Throne; I kept you from treacherous hands; I return'd you ſafe from the danger of your Southern Voiage; I have given you not the hands and knees, but the hearts of your Subjects? Do I not think he ſaith to me, I brought thee from the *Ferula* to a Paſtoral ſtaffe; to another, I brought thee from the Bench of Juſtice to the ſeat of Honour; to another, I delivered thee from the Sword of thine enemy, from the bed of thy Sickneſſe, from the walls of thy reſtraint, from the Powder-mine; I made thee Noble, thee Rich, thee Potent; I made this Country populous, that City wealthy, this Kingdome ſtrong? Be ſure, if we be forgetfull, God will not miſreckon his own Mercies.

Our favours are (like our ſelves) poor and impotent, worthy to be ſcribled upon the ſand, that they may be waſh'd off with the next wave: his are full of goodneſs and infinite compaſſion, fit for the Marble of an eternal remembrance.

Honourable and beloved, why do not we keep one part of the Tally as he keeps the other, that ſo we may hold even reckonings with our munificent God? How ſhould we meditate continually of the gracious and wonderfull works of his bounty, knowing that God hath ſo done his great works, that they ought to be had in perpetual memory? How ſhould we gratefully recount his favours, and call the world about us with the ſweet Singer of *Iſrael*, *Come hither, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my Soul*, Pſal. 66. 16?

O God, it is a juſt quarrel that thou haſt againſt us for our unthankfulneſſe; the familiarity of thy Bleſſings hath drawn them into neglect. Alas! thy Mercies have not been ſown, but buried in us: we have been gulphs to ſwallow them, not Repoſitories to keep them. How worthily do we ſmart, becauſe we forget? How juſtly are thy Judgments ſeen upon us, becauſe thy Mercies are not? Away with this wretched ingratitude. *Oh love the Lord, all ye his Saints*; *for the Lord preſerveth the faithfull, and plentifully rewardeth the proud-doer.* Pſal. 31. 23.

What then is it, O Lord, what is it that thou haſt done, then which more could not be done for thy Vineyard? Thou beſt knoweſt thine own Mercies, and canſt beſt expreſſe them: thou that wouldſt not have us ſearch into thy Counſels, wouldſt not have us ignorant of thy Favours. Thoſe are particularized in the fore-going words; in thy choice, in thy fence, in picking, in planting, in overſight, in preſſing.

First,

A First, there is the advantage of the Place choſen: where hath he ſetled his *Vineyard* but *upon a very fruitfull Hill?* A double advantage, an Hill, and very fruitfull. Hills are held beſt for Vines, the declivity whereof gives much ſtrength to the reflexion; ſo as the moſt generous Vines are noted to grow upon the Hills. Yet there are barren hills; nothing but heaps of unprofitable ſands: this is a fruitfull hill, yea ſuperlatively fruitfull, *the horn of the ſon of oyle*, as it is in the Original; that is, by an Hebraiſme, an hill eminently fat and fertile.

But what would it avail the ground to be fruitfull, if it be unfenced, that the wilde Boar or the Foxes may ſpoil it? as good no fruit as to no purpoſe.
B Loe then here, Secondly, both *an Hedge*, and, leſt that ſhould not be ſufficient, *a Wall.*

But to what purpoſe ſhould it be fenced with ſtones without, if it be choked with ſtones within? As therefore, Thirdly, *the ſtones* were laid together in the Wall for defence; ſo they were *gathered off* from the ſoil to avoid offence.

But to what purpoſe is the fruitfulneſſe, fencing, ſtoning, if the ground yield a plentifull crop of Briers, Thiſtles, Weeds? *Injuſſa vireſcunt gramina*, ill weeds grow faſt. Here is therefore, Fourthly, the main favour to this Vineyard, that the owner hath *planted it with choiceſt Vines.* It is the praiſe of the Earth, to foſter any Plant that is put into the boſome of it; it is the chief care
C of the Husbandman, to ſtore it with Plants of worth.

Now all this proviſion of ſoile, fencing, ſtoning, planting, were nothing without a continual overſight: the wiſe Owner therefore, Fifthly, *builds*, not a Bowre, not a Banquetting-houſe for pleaſure, but *a Tower* for ſurvay; and that not in ſome obſcure Angle, but in the midſt of the Vineyard, that he may view the carriage of his Labourers, and deſcrie the firſt danger of the annoiances.

Laſtly, to what purpoſe were all this choice, fencing, ſtoning, planting, overſight; if when the Grapes are grown to their due ripeneſſe, they ſhould not be improved to any uſefull Vintage? This muſt be done by the *Wine-*
D *preſs*: That is *ſet up.* And now what can remain, but the ſetting under of Veſſels to receive the comfortable juice that ſhall flow from theſe ſo-well-husbanded cluſters?

All this hath God done for his Vineyard; what could have been done more?

Not to dwell in the miſts of Allegories; God himſelf hath read this riddle. *The Vineyard of the Lord of Hoaſts is the houſe of Iſrael*: And the houſe of Verſ. 7.
Iſrael is his Church. The Church is God's Hill, conſpicuous for his wonderfull favours (though not ever) even to the eye of the world; not an hidden unheeded Valley. A fruitfull Hill, not by Nature, but by Grace. Nature was like it ſelf in it, in the world: God hath taken it in from the barren Downs, and
E gooded it; his choice did not finde, but make it thus.

Thus choſen he hath fenced it about with the hedge of Diſcipline, with the wall of his Almighty Protection.

Thus fenced he hath ordained, by juſt Cenſures to pick out of it thoſe ſtones of offence which might hinder their holy proceedings, and keep down the growth of the Vines; whether ſcandalous Men, falſe Opinions, or evill Occurrences.

Thus cleared, he hath planted it with the choiceſt Vines of gracious motions, of wholſome Doctrines.

Thus planted, he hath overlook'd it from the Watch-tower of Heaven, in a carefull inſpection upon their waies, in a provident care of their preſervation.

F Thus overlooked, he hath endeavoured to improve it by his ſeaſonable Wine-preſſe, in reducing all thoſe powers and favours to act, to uſe, whether by Fatherly corrections, or by ſuggeſting meet opportunities of practice. And now having thus choſen, fenced, cleared, planted, watched, and ordered to ſtrain his Vines, he ſaies moſt juſtly, *What could have been done more that I have not done?*

Certainly it is not in the power of any humane apprehenſion to conceive what act could be added to perfect his culture, what Bleſſing could be added to the indearing of a Church. If he have made choice of a people for his own; if he have bleſſed them with good Government, with ſafe protection; if he have removed all hinderances of their proficiencie; if he have given them wholeſome inſtructions, and plied them with ſolicitations to good; if his provident eye have been ever over them for their deliverances; if, laſtly, he have uſed both fair and foul means to wring from them the good juice of their obedience; Say men or Angels, what could have been done more? What Church ſoever in the World can make good to it ſelf theſe ſpecialties of mercy, let it know that God hath abated nothing to it of the height of his favour.

Theſe are the favours wherewith God hath begun to *Iſrael*; now turn your ears to the anſwer that *Iſrael* returns to God: ſee the Mercies of a good God requited with the Rebellions of a wicked people. *Wherefore, when I looked that it ſhould bring forth Grapes, brought it forth wilde Grapes?* A wofull iſſue of ſuch Bleſſings; wilde Grapes, & that with the diſappointment of God's exſpectation.

Two uſuall faults doth God finde with any vicious Tree; No fruit, Ill fruit: the one in omiſſion of good, the other in commiſſion of ſin. The Fig-tree in the way is curſed for the one, *Iſrael* here taxed for the other.

What then are theſe wilde, or, as *Pagnine* renders it, *Uvæ putidæ, rotten Grapes?* God hath not left it to our gueſſe, but hath plainly told us v. 7. in an elegant Paronomaſie; *I looked for* משפט *judgment, and behold* משפח *a wound* or *ſcab*, that is, *oppreſſion: I look'd for* צדקה *Juſtice, and behold* צעקה *clamour.* Generally, whatever diſpoſition or act uncultured Nature doth or would produce of it ſelf, that is a wilde grape: Particularly, the Holy Ghoſt hath here inſtanced in ſeveral ſins ſo ſtyled; a ſelf-greatning oppreſſion, verſ. 8. a ſetled drunkenneſſe and wilfull debauchedneſſe, verſ. 11. a determined reſolution of wicked courſes, verſ. 18. a nicknaming of good and evil, verſ. 20. a ſelf-conceitedneſſe in their own waies, verſ. 21. Bribery in their Judges, v. 23. Pride in their women, ch. 3. v. 16. obdured Infidelity in all, ch. 6. v. 10. Wilde grapes indeed, ſuch as corrupted Nature yields without a correction, without an alteration: ſhe her ſelf is wilde; ſhe can yield but what ſhe hath, what ſhe is. Pleaſe your ſelves who liſt in the opinion of your fair and ſweet and plauſible diſpoſitions; ye ſhall finde Nature at beſt but a wilde Vine. *In me, that is, in my fleſh, there dwelleth no good*, ſaith the choſen Veſſel. Wilde grapes for the harſhneſſe and ſowrneſſe of the taſt, for the odiouſneſſe of their verdure to the palate of the Almighty. The beſt fruits of Nature are but glorious Sins, the worſt are horrible Abominations. Such are the wilde grapes of *Iſrael:* which yet could not have been ſo ill, if God had not been put into an exſpectation of better, and if this exſpectation had not been croſſed with diſappointment: *Wherefore, when I looked that it ſhould bring forth Grapes, brought it forth wilde Grapes?* Had onely Maples or Thorns or Willows grown there, God would not have look'd for Grapes; had onely wilde Vines grown there, God would not have look'd for pleaſing cluſters: but now that God furniſhed the ſoil with noble and generous Plants, with what ſcorn and indignation doth he look upon wilde Grapes? Favours beſtowed raiſe exſpectation, and exſpectation fruſtrated doubles the Judgment. The very leaves and the high-way drew a curſe upon the Fig-tree. *Woe be to thee Chorazin, woe be to thee Bethſaida.* Son of man, what ſhall be done to the Vine of all trees? Woe be to thee, O Vineyard of *Iſrael: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it ſhall be eaten up; I will break down the wall, and it ſhall be trodden down.*

My ſpeech ſhould now deſcend to the wofull vengeance that God threats to and inflicts upon his *Iſrael:* A fit Theme for ſo heavy a day. The Hedge of good Government and wholſome Laws ſhall be trodden down; the Wall of Divine Protection ſhall be broken: the Beaſts of the field and foreſt ſhall be let in, the Grapes devoured, the Trees bruiſed and trampled upon, the roots extir-

extirpate; to the full and final vastation of *Israel*, to the scorn and hissing of all Nations, to the just terrour of the World; whiles that dearling people which was once the example of God's Mercy, is now become the fearfull spectacle of his Fury and Revenge, surviving only in some few abhorred and despised Vagabonds, to shew that there was once such a Nation. But the time and occasion call my thoughts homeward, and invite me rather to spend the rest of my hour in paralleling *Israel*'s Blessings, Sins, threats of Judgment with our own: Wherein our Interest shall be a sufficient motive of our attention. *Gather you together therefore, gather you, O Nation not worthy to be loved*, and cast back your eyes upon those incomparable favours wherewith God hath provoked and indeared this Island; in which I dare boldly say we are at the least his second *Israel*. How hath he chosen us out of all the Earth, and divided us from the rest of the World, that we might be a singular pattern and strange wonder of his Bounty? What should I speak of the wholsome temper of our Clime; the rich provision of all usefull Commodities? so as we cannot say only as *Sanchez* did, *I have moisture enough within my own shell*; but as *David* did, *Poculum exuberans*, *My cup runs over*, to the supply of our neighbour Nations. What speak I of the populousnesse of our Cities, defencednesse of our shoars? These are nothing to that Heavenly treasure of the Gospel which makes us the Vineyard of God, and that sweet Peace which gives us the happy fruition of that saving Gospel. *Albion* do we call it? nay (as he rightly) *Polyolbion*, richly blessed. O God, what, where is the Nation that can emulate us in these favours?

How hath he fenced us about with the hedge of good Discipline, of wholesome Laws, of gracious Government; with the brazen wall of his Almighty and miraculous protection? Never Land had more exquisite Rules of Justice, whether mute or speaking. He hath not left us to the mercy of a rude Anarchie, or a Tyrannical violence, but hath regulated us by Laws of our own asking, and swai'd us by the just Scepters of moderate Princes.

Never Land had more convincing proofs of an Omnipotent Tuition whether against forein Powers or secret Conspiracies. Forget, if ye can, the year of our Invasion, the day of our *Purim*. Besides the many particularities of our deliverances filed up by the pen of one of our worthy Prelates.

How hath he given us means to remove the rubs of our growth, and to gather away the stones of false Doctrine, of Heretical pravitie, of mischievous machinations that might hold down his truth? And, which is the head of all, how hath he brought our Vine out of the *Egypt* of Popish Superstition, and planted it? In plain terms, how hath he made us a truely-orthodox Church, eminent for purity of Doctrine, for the grave and reverend solemnity of true Sacraments, for the due form of Government, for the pious and Religious form of our publick Liturgie? With what plenty hath he showred upon us the first and later rain of his Heavenly Gospel? With what rare gifts hath he graced our Teachers? With what pregnant spirits hath he furnish'd our Academies? With what competencie of maintenance hath he heartned all learned Professions? So as in these regards we may say of the Church of *England*, *Many Daughters have done vertuously, but thou excellest them all.* Prov. 31. 29.

How hath the vigilant eye of his Providence out of his tower of Heaven watch'd over this Island for good? Not an hellish Pionier could mine under ground, but he espied him; not a dark Lantern could offer to deceive midnight, but he descries it; not a Plot, not a purpose of evil could look out, but he hath discovered it, and shamed the Agents, and glorified his Mercy in our deliverance.

Lastly, how infinitely hath his loving care laboured to bring us to good? What sweet opportunities and incouragements hath he given us of a fruitfull obedience? And when his Fatherly counsels would not work with us, how hath he scruzed us in the Wine-presse of his Afflictions; one while with a raging

Peſtilence, another while with the inſolence and prevalence of Enemies; one while with unkindly Seaſons, another while with ſtormy and wracking Tempeſts: if by any means he might fetch from us the precious juice of true Penitence and faithfull Obedience, that we might turn and live? If the preſſe were weighty, yet the wine is ſweet. A

Lay now all theſe together, *And what could have been done more for* our *Vineyard*, O God, *that thou haſt not done?* Look about you, Honourable and Chriſtian hearers, and ſee whether God hath done thus with any Nation. Oh never, never was any people ſo bound to a God. Other neighbouring Regions would think themſelves happy in one drop of thoſe Bleſſings which have poured down thick upon us. Alas! they are in a vaporous and mariſh vale, whiles we are ſeated on the fruitfull Hill: they lie open to the maſſacring knife of an Enemy, whiles we are fenced: they are clogged with miſerable incumbrances, whiles we are free: Briers and Brambles overſpread them, whiles we are choicely planted: their Tower is of offence, their Winepreſſe is of blood. Oh the lamentable condition of more likely Vineyards then our own! Who can but weep and bleed to ſee thoſe wofull Calamities that are faln upon the late-famous and flouriſhing Churches of Reformed Chriſtendome? Oh for that *Palatine* Vine, late inoculated with a precious bud of our Royal Stem; that Vine not long ſince rich in goodly cluſters, now the inſultation of Boars and prey of Foxes! Oh for thoſe poor diſtreſſed Chriſtians in *France*, *Bohemia*, *Sileſia*, *Moravia*, *Germany*, *Auſtria*, *the Valteline*, that groan now under the tyrannous yoak of Antichriſtian oppreſſion! How glad would they be of the crums of our Feaſts? how rich would they eſteem themſelves with the very gleanings of our plentifull crop of Proſperity? How do they look up at us as even now militantly-triumphant, whiles they are miſerably wallowing in duſt and blood; and wonder to ſee the Sun-ſhine upon our Hill, whiles they are drenched with ſtorm and tempeſt in the Valley? B C

What are we, O God, what are we, that thou ſhouldſt be thus rich in thy Mercies to us, whiles thou art ſo ſevere in thy Judgments unto them? It is too much, Lord, it is too much that thou haſt done for ſo ſinfull and rebellious a people. D

Caſt now your eyes aſide a little, and after the view of God's Favours, ſee ſome little glimpſe of our requital. Say then, ſay, *O Nation not worthy to be beloved*, what fruit have ye returned to your beneficent God? Sin is impudent; but let me challenge the impudent forehead of ſin it ſelf. Are they not ſour and wilde Grapes that we have yielded? Are we leſſe deep in the Sins of *Iſrael* then in *Iſrael*'s Bleſſings? Complaints, I know, are unpleaſing, however juſt; but now not more unpleaſing then neceſſary. *Woe is me, my mother, that thou haſt born me a man of contention.* I muſt cry out in this ſad day of the ſins of my people. Jer. 15. 10. E

The ſearchers of *Canaan*, when they *came to the brook of Eſhcol, they cut down a branch with a cluſter of Grapes, and carried it on a ſtaffe between two*, to ſhew *Iſrael* the fruit of the Land, *Numb.* 13. 23. Give me leave, in the ſearch of our *Iſrael*, to preſent your eyes with ſome of the wilde Grapes that grow there on every hedge: And what if they be the very ſame that grew in this degenerated Vineyard of *Iſrael?*

Where we meet firſt with Oppreſſion; a Lordly ſin, and that challengeth precedencie, as being commonly incident to none but the Great, (though a poor Oppreſſor (as he is unkindly, ſo he) is a monſter of mercileſneſs.) Oh the loud ſhrieks and clamours of this crying ſin! What grinding of faces, what racking of Rents, what detention of Wages, what incloſing of Commons, what ingroſſing of Commodities, what griping Exactions, what ſtraining the advantages of Greatneſs, what unequal levies of Legal payments, what ſpightfull Sutes, what Depopulations, what Uſuries, what Violences abound every where? F

The

A The ſighs, the tears, the blood of the poor pierce the Heavens, and call for a fearfull retribution. This is a ſour Grape indeed, and that makes God to wring his face in an angry deteſtation.

Drunkenneſſe is the next; not ſo odious in the weakneſſe of it, as in the ſtrength. Oh wofull glory! *ſtrong to drink.* Woe is me, how is the World turned Beaſt? What bouzing and quaffing and whiffing and healthing is there on every bench? and what reeling and ſtaggering in our ſtreets? What drinking by the Yard, the Die, the Douzen? what forcing of pledges? what quarrels for meaſure and form? How is that become an excuſe of villany, which any villany might rather excuſe, I was drunk? How hath this torrent, yea
B this deluge of exceſſe in meats and drinks drowned the face of the Earth, and riſen many cubits above the higheſt Mountains of Religion and good Laws? Yea would God I might not ſay that which I fear and ſhame and grieve to ſay, that even ſome of them which ſquare the Ark for others, have been inwardly drowned, and diſcovered their nakedneſſe. That other inundation ſcoured the World, this impures it: and what but a Deluge of Fire can waſh it from ſo abominable filthineſſe?

Let no Popiſh Eaves-dropper now ſmile to think what advantage I give by ſo deep a cenſure of our own Profeſſion. Alas! theſe ſins know no difference of Religions. Would God they themſelves were not rather more deep in theſe
C foul enormities. We extenuate not our guilt; whatever we ſin, we condemn it as mortal: they palliate wickedneſſe with the fair pretence of Veniality. Shortly, They accuſe us, we them, God both.

But where am I? How eaſie is it for a man to loſe himſelf in the ſins of the time? It is not for me to have my habitation in theſe black Tents; let me paſſe through them running. Where can a man caſt his eye not to ſee that which may vex his Soul?

Here Bribery and Corruption in the ſeats of Judicature, there Perjuries at the Bar; here Partiality and unjuſt Connivency in Magiſtrates, there diſorder in thoſe that ſhould be Teachers; here Sacriledge in Patrons, there Simo-
D niacal contracts in unconſcionable Levites; here bloody Oaths and Execrations, there ſcurril Prophaneneſſe; here Cozening in bargains, there breaking of Promiſes; here perfidious Underminings, there flattering Supparaſitations; here Pride in both Sexes, but eſpecially the weaker, there Luxury and Wantonneſſe; here contempt of Gods Meſſengers, there neglect of his Ordinances and violation of his Daies. The time and my breath would ſooner fail me then this wofull Bed-roll of wickedneſſe.

Yet alas! were theſe the ſins of Ignorance, of Infirmity, they might be more worthy of pity then hatred. But oh the high hand of our preſumptuous offen-
E ces! We draw iniquity with the ſtrings of vanity up to the head, up to the eare, and ſhoot up theſe hatefull ſhafts againſt Heaven. Did we *ſit in darkneſſe and the ſhadow of death*, as too many Pagan and Popiſh Regions do, theſe works of darkneſſe would be leſſe intolerable: but now that the beams of the glorious Goſpel have ſhined thus long, thus bright in our faces, Oh me, what can we plead againſt our own confuſion? O Lord, where ſhall we appear, when thy very Mercies aggravate our Sins and thy Judgments?

How ſhouldſt thou expect fruit from a Vineyard ſo choſen, ſo husbanded? and woe worth our wretchedneſſe that have thus repai'd thee. Be confounded in thy ſelf, O my Soul, be confounded, to ſee theſe deplored retributions.
F Are theſe grapes for a God? *Do ye thus requite the Lord, O fooliſh people and unjuſt?* Hath he for this made us the mirrour of his Mercies to all the World, that we ſhould ſo ſhamefully *turn his graces into wantonneſſe?* Are theſe the fruits of his Choice, his Fencing, his Reforming, his Planting, his Watch-tower, his Winepreſſe? *O Lord, the great and dreadfull God, keeping the covenants and mercies to them that love thee; we have ſinned and committed iniquity, and have rebelled by departing from thy precepts and from thy Judgments.*

O Lord, righteouſneſſe belongeth to thee, but unto us confuſion of faces, as at this day. We know, we acknowledge how juſt it may be with thee to pull up our Hedges, to break down our Wall, to root up our Vine, to deſtroy and depopulate our Nation, to make us the ſcorn and Proverb of all Generations. But, O our God, *Let thine anger and thy fury be turned away from thy Jeruſalem, thy holy mountain. O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord hearken and doe. Defer not for thine own ſake, O our God: for thy City and thy people are called by thy Name.* Dan. 9. 16, 19.

But, alas! what ſpeak I of not deferring to a God of mercy, who is more forward to give then we to crave, and more loath to ſtrike then we to ſmart, and when he muſt ſtrike complains, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?* Let me rather turn this ſpeech to our ſelves; the delay is ours. Yet it is not too late either for our return or his mercies. The Decree is not (to us) gone forth, till it be executed: As yet our Hedge ſtands, our Wall is firm, our Vine grows. Theſe ſharp monitions, theſe touches of Judgment have been for our warning, not for our ruine. Who knows if he will not return, and yet leave a Bleſſing behinde him? Oh that we could *turn unto him with all* our *heart, with Faſting and with weeping and with mourning.* Oh that we could truly and effectually abandon all thoſe abominable Sins that have ſtirred up the Anger of our God againſt us; and in this our day, this day of our ſolemn Humiliation, renew the Vows of our holy and conſcionable obedience. Lord God, it muſt be thou onely that muſt doe it. Oh ſtrike thou our flinty hearts with a ſound remorſe, and melt them into tears of penitence for all our ſins. *Convert us unto thee, and we ſhall be converted.* Lord, hear our Prayers, and regard our tears, and reform our Lives, and remove thy Plagues, and renew thy loving countenance, and continue and adde to thine old mercies. Lord, affect us with thy favours, humble us for our ſins, terrifie us with thy Judgments; that ſo thou maiſt hold on thy favours, and forgive our ſins, and remove thy Judgments; even for the Son of thy Love Jeſus Chriſt the righteous. To whom, &c.

Poſtſcript.

SInce it ſeemed good to that Great Court to call this poor Sermon (amongſt others of greater worth) into the publick light; I have thus ſubmitted to their pleaſure. And now, for that they pleaſed to bid ſo high a rate as their Command for that mean piece; I do willingly give this my other Statue into the bargain.

This work preceded (ſome little) in time that which it now follows in place; not without good reaſon. Authority ſends forth that; this Will: and my Will hath learned ever to give place to Authoritie. Beſides my deſire to ſave the labour of Tranſcriptions, I found it not unfit the World ſhould ſee what Preparative was given for ſo ſtirring a Potion: neither can there be ſo much need in theſe languiſhing times of any diſcourſe, as that which ſerves to quicken our Mortification; wherein I ſo much rejoyce to have ſo happily met with thoſe Reverend Biſhops, who led the way, and followed me, in this Holy Service. The God of Heaven make all our endeavours effectuall to the ſaving of the Souls of his people. Amen.

A

A SERMON PREACHED

To his Majeſtie, on the Sunday before the Faſt, (being *March* 30.) at *White-hall*; In way of preparation for that holy Exerciſe.

By the B. of EXCESTER.

Galat. 2. 20.

I am crucified with Chriſt. Nevertheleſſe I live, &c.

HE that was once toſſed in the confluence of two Seas, *Acts* 27.41. was once no leſſe ſtreightned in his reſolutions betwixt life and death, *Phil.* 1. 23. Neither doth my Text argue him in any other caſe here. As there he knew not whether he ſhould chuſe, ſo here he knew not whether he had. *I am crucified*, there he is dead; *yet I live*, there he is alive again; *yet not I*, there he lives not; but *Chriſt in me*, there he more then lives. This holy correction makes my Text full of wonders, full of ſacred riddles. 1. The living God is dead upon the Croſſe, *Chriſt crucified*. 2. S. *Paul*, who died by the ſword, dies on the Croſs. 3. S. *Paul*, who was not *Paul* till after Chriſt's death, is yet crucified with Chriſt. 4. S. *Paul* thus crucified yet lives. 5. S. *Paul* lives not himſelf whiles he lives. 6. Chriſt, who is crucified, lives in *Paul*, who was crucified with him.

See then here both a Lent and an Eaſter: A Lent of Mortification, *I am crucified with Chriſt*; an Eaſter of Reſurrection and life, *I live, yet not I, but Chriſt lives in me*. The Lent of my Text will be ſufficient (as proper) for this ſeaſon; wherein my ſpeech ſhall paſſe through three long ſtages of diſcourſe: *Chriſt crucified*, S. *Paul crucified*, S. *Paul crucified with Chriſt*. In all which your Honourable and Chriſtian patience ſhall as much ſhorten my way, as my care ſhall ſhorten the way to your patience.

Chriſt's Croſs is the firſt leſſon of our infancy, worthy to be our laſt, and all. The great Doctor of the Gentiles affected not to flie any higher pitch. *Grande crucis Sacramentum*, as *Ambroſe*. This is the greateſt wonder that ever earth or heaven yielded. God incarnate was μέγα μυστήριον· but God ſuffering and dying was ſo much more, as Death is more penal then Birth. The Godhead of man and the blood of God are two ſuch Miracles, as the Angels of Heaven can never enough look into, never admire enough. 1 Tim. 3.16.

Ruffin tells us, that among the Sacred Characters of the *Egyptians* the Croſs was antiently one, which was ſaid to ſignifie eternal life; hence their Learneder ſort were converted to and confirmed in the Faith. Surely we know that in God's Hieroglyphicks Eternal Life is both repreſented and exhibited to us by the Croſſe. That the Croſſe of Chriſt was made of the Tree of Life, a ſlip

whereof the Angels gave to *Adam*'s ſon out of Paradiſe, is but a Jewiſh Legend; *Galatine* may believe it, not we: but that it is made the Tree of Life to all believers, we are ſure. This is the only ſcale of Heaven; never man aſcended thither but by it. By this Chriſt himſelf climb'd up to his own glory. *Dominus regnavit à ligno*, as *Tertullian* tranſlates that of the Pſalm. *Father, glorifie thy name*; that is, ſaith he, *Duc me ad crucem, Lift me up to the tree*, not of my ſhame, but of my triumph. *Behold, we preach Chriſt crucified* (ſaith Saint *Paul*) *to the Jews a ſtumbling-block, to the Greeks fooliſhneſſe; but to them which are called, Chriſt the power of God, and the wiſdome of God*, 1 Cor. 1. 23. Fooliſh men! that ſtumble at power, and deride wiſdome. Upbraid us now, ye fond Jews and Pagans, with a Crucified Saviour: It is our glory, it is our happineſſe, which ye make our reproach. Had not our Saviour died, he could have been no Saviour for us; had not our Saviour died, we could not have lived. See now the flag of our dear Redeemer, this Croſs, ſhining eminently *in loco pudoris*, in our foreheads; and if we had any place more high, more conſpicuous, more honourable, there we would advance it. O bleſſed *Jeſu*, *when* thou art thus *lifted up on thy Croſs*, thou *draweſt all* hearts *unto thee*: there thou *leadeſt captivity captive, and giveſt gifts unto men.* Ye are deceived, O ye blinde Jews and Painims, ye are deceived; it is not a Gibbet, it is a Throne of Honour to which our Saviour is raiſed; a Throne of ſuch Honour, as to which Heaven and earth and hell do, and muſt vail. The Sun hides his awfull head, the earth trembles, the rocks rend, the graves open, and all the frame of Nature doth homage to their Lord in this ſecret, but Divine, pomp of Crucifixion. And whiles ye think his feet and hands deſpicably fixed, behold he is powerfully trampling upon Hell and Death, and ſetting up trophees of his moſt glorious Victory, and ſcattering everlaſting Crowns and Scepters unto all Believers. O Saviour, I do rather more adore thee on the *Calvary* of thy Paſſion, then on the *Tabor* of thy Transfiguration, or the *Olivet* of thine Aſcenſion: and cannot ſo effectuouſly bleſſe thee for *Pater, clarifica*, *Father, glorifie me*, as for, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* ſith it is no news for God to be great and glorious; but for the Eternal and ever-living God to be abaſed, to be abaſed unto death, to the death of the Croſs, is that which could not but amaze the Angels and confound Devils; and ſo much more magnifies thine infinite Mercy, by how much an infinite perſon would become more ignominious. All *Hoſannas* of men, all *Allelujahs* of Saints and Angels come ſhort of this Majeſtick humiliation. *Bleſſing, honour, glory and power be unto him that ſits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever*, Revel. 5. 13. And ye (Honourable and beloved) as ever ye hope to make muſick in Heaven, learn to tune your harps to the note and ditty of theſe Heavenly Elders. Rejoice in this, and rejoice in nothing but this Croſs: not in your tranſitory Honours, Titles, Treaſures, which will at the laſt leave you inconſolately ſorrowfull; but in this Croſs of Chriſt, whereby *the world is crucified to you, and you to the world.* Oh clip and embrace this pretious Croſs with both your arms, and ſay with that bleſſed Martyr, *Amor meus crucifixus eſt, My Love is crucified.* Thoſe that have ſearched into the monuments of *Jeruſalem*, write that our Saviour was crucified with his face to the Weſt: which howſoever ſpightfully meant of the Jews, (as not allowing him worthy to look on the Holy City and Temple) yet was not without a myſterie. *Oculi ejus ſuper Gentes reſpiciunt, His eyes look to the Gentiles*, &c. ſaith the Pſalmiſt. As Chriſt therefore on his Croſs looked towards us ſinners of the Gentiles; ſo let us look up to him. Let our eyes be lift up to this Brazen Serpent, for the cure of the deadly ſtings of that old Serpent. See him, O all ye beholders, ſee him hanging upon the Tree of ſhame, of curſe, to reſcue you from curſe and confuſion, and to feoffe you in everlaſting Bleſſedneſſe: See him ſtretching out his arms to receive and embrace you, hanging down his head to take view of your miſery, opening his precious ſide to receive you into his boſome, opening his very heart to take you

A you in thither, pouring out thence water to waſh you, and blood to redeem you. O all ye *Nazarites* that paſſe by, out of this dead Lion ſeek and finde the true honey of unſpeakable and endleſſe comfort.

And ye great Maſters of *Iſrael*, whoſe *lips* profeſſe to *preſerve Knowledge*, leave all curious and needleſſe diſquiſitions, and with that Divine and extatical Doctor of the Gentiles, *care only to know*, to preach, *Chriſt and him crucified.*

But this, though the ſum of the Goſpel, is not the main drift of my Text: I may not dwell in it, though I am loth to part with ſo ſweet a meditation. From Chriſt crucified turn your eyes to *Paul* crucified: you have read him dying by the Sword; hear him dying by the Croſs, and ſee his moral, ſpiritual,

B living Crucifixion.

Our Apoſtle is two men, *Saul* and *Paul*; the old man and the new: in reſpect of the Old man he is crucified, and dead to the law of ſin, ſo as that ſin is dead in him; neither is it otherwiſe with every regenerate. Sin hath a body, as well as the man hath; *Who ſhall deliver me from this body of death?* Rom.7.24. a body that hath lims and parts; *Mortifie your earthly members*, ſaith our Apoſtle, *Coloſ.* 3. 5. Not the lims of our humane body, which are made of earth, (ſo ſhould we be *hoſtes naturæ*, as *Bernard*) but the ſinfull lims that are made of corruption, *Fornication*, *uncleanneſs*, *inordinate affection*, &c. The head of ſin is wicked devices; the heart of ſin, wicked deſires; the hands and feet of ſin,

C wicked executions; the tongue of ſin, wicked words; the eyes of ſin, wicked apprehenſions; the forehead of ſin, impudent profeſſion of evil; the back of ſin, a ſtrong ſupportation and maintenance of evil: all this body of ſin is not only put to death, but to ſhame too, ſo as it is dead with diſgrace, *I am crucified.* S. *Paul* ſpeaks not this ſingularly of himſelf, but in the perſon of the Renewed: ſin doth not, cannot live a vital and vigorous life in the Regenerate. Wherefore then (ſay you) was the Apoſtles complaint, ταλαίπωρος ἐγώ, &c. *Wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this body of death?* Mark, I beſeech you; it was the body of ſin, not the life of ſin; a body of death, not the life of that body: or if this body had yet ſome life, it was ſuch a life as is left in the

D lims when the head is ſtruck off; ſome dying quiverings, rather as the remainders of a life that was, then any act of a life that is; or if a further life, ſuch a one as in ſwowns and fits of Epilepſie, which yields breath, but not ſenſe; or if ſome kinde of ſenſe, yet no motion; or if it have ſome kinde of motion in us, yet no manner of dominion over us. What power, motion, ſenſe, relicks of life are in a fully-crucified man? Such a one may waft up and down with the winde, but cannot move out of any internal principle.

Sin and Grace cannot more ſtand together in their ſtrength, then life and death. In remiſſe degrees all contraries may be lodged together under one roof. S. *Paul* ſwears that he *dies daily*, yet he lives: ſo the beſt man ſins hourly,

E even whiles he obeys; but the powerfull and over-ruling ſway of ſin is incompatible with the truth of Regeneration. Every *Eſau* would be carrying away a Bleſſing: no man is willing to ſit out. Ye ſhall have ſtrong drinkers, as *Eſay* calls them, *Eſay* 5. 22. neighing ſtallions of luſt, as *Jeremy* calls them, *Jer.* 5.8. mighty hunters in oppreſſion, as *Nimrod*, *Gen.*10.9. rotten talkers, *Epheſ.*4.29. which yet will be challenging as deep a ſhare in Grace as the conſcionableſt. Alas! how many millions do miſerably delude themſelves with a mere pretence of Chriſtianity? *Aliter vivunt*, *aliter loquuntur*, as he ſaid of the Philoſophers. Vain Hypocrites! they muſt know that every Chriſtian is a crucified man. How are they dead to their ſins, that walk in their ſins? how are

F their ſins dead in them, in whom they ſtir, reign, flouriſh? Who doth not ſmile to hear of a dead man that walks? Who derides not the ſoleciſm of that Actor, which expreſt himſelf fully dead by ſaying ſo? What a mockery is this? eyes full of luſt, itching ears, ſcurrilous tongues, bloody hands, hearts full of wickedneſs, and yet dead? Deceive not your Souls, dear Chriſtians, if ye love them. This falſe death is the way to the true, eternal, incomprehenſibly-

bly-wofull death of body and Soul. If ye will needs doe ſo, walk on, ye falſly-dead, in the waies of your old ſins: be ſure theſe paths ſhall lead you down to the chambers of everlaſting death. If this be the hanging up of your corruptions, fear to hang in hell. Away with this hateful ſimulation; *God is not mocked:* Ye muſt either kill, or die. Kill your ſins, or elſe they will be ſure to kill your Souls: apprehend, arraign, condemn them, faſten them to the tree of ſhame, and, if they be not dead already, break their legs and arms, diſable them to all offenſive actions as was done to the Thieves in the Goſpel; ſo ſhall you ſay with our Bleſſed Apoſtle, *I am crucified.* A

Neither is it thus onely in matter of notorious crime and groſſe wickedneſſe, but thus it muſt be in the univerſal carriage of our lives, and the whole habitual frame of our diſpoſitions: in both theſe we are, we muſt be crucified. Be not deceived, my Brethren, it is a ſad and auſtere thing to be a Chriſtian. This work is not frolick, jovial, plauſible: there is a certain thing call'd true Mortification required to this buſineſſe; and whoever heard but there was pain in death? but among all deaths in crucifying? What a torture muſt there needs be in this act of violence? what a diſtention of the body, (whoſe weight is rack enough to it ſelf?) what ſtraining of the joynts? what nailing of hands and feet? Never make account to be Chriſtians without the hard tasks of Penitence. It will coſt you tears, ſighs, watchings, ſelf-reſtraints, ſelf-ſtrugglings, ſelf-denials. This word is not more harſh then true. Ye delicate Hypocrites, what do you talk of Chriſtian profeſſion, when ye will not abate a diſh from your belly, nor ſpare an hours ſleep from your eyes, nor caſt off an offenſive rag from your backs for your God? In vain ſhall the vaſſals of appetite challenge to be the ſervants of God. Were it that the Kingdome of God did conſiſt in eating and drinking, in pampering and ſurfeits, in chambering and wantonneſſe, in pranking and vanity, in talk and oſtentation; O God, how rich ſhouldſt thou be of ſubjects, of Saints? But if it require abſtinence, humiliation, contrition of heart, ſubjugation of our fleſh, renunciation of our wills, ſerious impoſitions of labourſome devotions; O Lord, what is become of true Chriſtianity? where ſhall we ſeek for a crucified man? Look to our Tables, there ye ſhall finde exceſſe and riot; look to our Backs, there ye ſhall finde proud diſguiſes; look to our Converſations, there ye ſhall finde ſcurril and obſcene jollity. This liberty, yea this licentiouſneſſe, is that which opens the mouths of our adverſaries to the cenſure of our reall impiety. That ſlander which *Julian* could caſt upon *Conſtantine*, that τρυφὴ led him to ἀσωτία, *delicacie* to *intemperance*, the very ſame do they caſt upon us. They tell us of their ſtrict Lents, frequent Faſtings, Canonical hours, ſharp Penances, their baſhfull ſhrifts, their painfull ſcourgings, their ſolitary Cells, their woolward and barefoot walks, their hard and tedious pilgrimages; whiles we (they ſay) deny nothing to back or belly, fare full, lie ſoft, ſit warm, and make a wanton of the fleſh, whiles we profeſſe to tend the ſpirit. Brethren, hear a little the words of exhortation: The brags of their penal will-worſhip ſhall no whit move us: All this is blown away with a *Quis requiſivit? Baal*'s Prieſts did more then they, yet were never the holier. But for our ſelves, in the fear of God ſee that we do not juſtifie their crimination. Whiles they are in one extreme, placing all Religion in the out-ſide, in *Touch not, taſte not, handle not*: let us not be in the other, not regarding the external acts of due Humiliation. It is true that it is more eaſe to afflict the body then to humble the Soul; a dram of remorſe is more then an ounce of pain. O God, if whippings and hair-cloaths and watchings would ſatisfie thy diſpleaſure, who would not ſacrifice the blood of this vaſſall (his Body) to expiate the ſin of his Soul? who would not ſcrub his skin to eaſe his Conſcience? who would not freez upon an hurdle that he might not frie in hell? who would not hold his eyes open to avoid an eternall unreſt and torment? But ſuch ſacrifices and oblations, O God, thou deſireſt not. *The ſacrifice of God is a broken ſpirit; a broken* B C D E F

A *broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.* Yet it is as true, that it is more easie to counterfeit mortification of spirit then humiliation of body; there is pain in the one, none in the other. He that cares not therefore to pull down his body, will much lesse care to humble his Soul; and he that spares not to act meet and due penalties upon the Flesh, gives more colour of the Souls humiliation. Dear Christians, it is not for us to stand upon niggardly terms with our Maker: he will have both; he that made both, will have us crucified in both. The old man doth not lie in a lim or faculty; but is diffused through the whole extent of Body and Soul, and must be crucified in all that it is. Ὑπωπιάζω, saith the chosen vessel, *I beat down my body*; my
B body as well as my spirit. Give me leave, ye Courtiers and Citizens. Lent is wont to be a penitential time: If ye have soundly and effectually thriven your selves to your God, let me enjoyn you an wholsome and saving Penance for the whole year, for your whole life. Ye must curb your appetites, ye must fast, ye must stint your selves to your painfull Devotions, ye must give peremptory denials to your own wills, ye must put your knife to your throat in *Solomon*'s sense. Think not that ye can climb up to Heaven with full panches, reaking ever of *Indian* smoak and the surfeits of your gluttonous crammings and quaffings. Oh easie and pleasant way to Glory! from our bed to our glasse, from our glasse to our boord, from our dinner to our pipe, from our pipe
C to a visit, from a visit to a supper, from a supper to a play, from a play to a banquet, from a banquet to our bed. Oh remember the quarrel against damned *Dives: He fared sumptuously every day*; he made neither Lents nor Embers; αἰὲν ἑορτὴ, as he said, every day was gaudie and festival, in rich sutes, in dainty morsels, and full draughts; *Intus mulso, foris oleo, Wine within, Oyle without*, as he said: now all the world for a drop, and it is too little. *Væ saturis, woe to the full*, saith our Saviour: but even Nature it self could abominate *bis de die saturum, one that is full twice a day.* One of the sins of our *Sodom* is fulnesse of bread. What is the remedy? It is an old word, that *Hunger cures the diseases of Glattony.* Oh that my words could prevail so far with you, Honourable and
D beloved Christians, as to bring austere abstinence and sober moderation into fashion. The Court and City have led the way to excesse; your example shall prescribe, yea administer, the remedy. The Heathen man could say, *He is not worthy of the name of a man that would be a whole day in pleasure:* what and we alwaies? *In fasting often*, saith S. *Paul:* what and we never? *I fast twice a week*, saith the Pharisee: and we Christians when? I speak not of Popish mock-fasts, in change, not in forbearance; in change of courser cates of the land for the curious dainties of the water, of the flesh of beasts for the flesh of fish, of untoothsome morsels for *forbitiunculæ delicatæ*, as *Hierome* calls them. Let me never feast, if this be fasting. I speak of a true and serious maceration of our bodies,
E by an absolute and totall refraining from sustenance: which howsoever in it self it be not an act pleasing unto God, (for well may I invert Saint *Paul*, *neither if we eat not are we the better, neither if we eat are we the worse*, 1 Cor. 8. 8.) yet in the effect it is; *singulare Sanctitatis aratrum*, as that Father terms it. The plow bears no Corn, but it makes way for it; it opens the soil, it tears up the briers, and turns up the furrows: Thus doth holy Abstinence, it chastises the flesh, it lightens the spirit, it disheartens our vitious dispositions, it quickens our Devotion. Away with all factious Combinations. Every man is master of his own maw: Fast at home and spare not; leave publick exercises of this kinde to the command of Soveraign powers. *Blow*
F *the trumpet in Zion, sanctifie a Fast*, saith *Joel*, 2.15. Surely this trumpet is for none but Royal breath. And now (that what I meant for a suit, may be turned to a just gratulation) how do we blesse the God of Heaven, that hath put it into the heart of his Anointed to set this sacred Trumpet to his lips? Never was it, never can it be more seasonable then now: now that we are fallen into a war of Religion, now that our friends and Allies grone either under miscarriage

Cic. de Fin.

carriage or danger, now that our diſtreſſed neighbours implore our help in tears and blood, now that our God hath humbled us with manifold loſſes, now that we are threatned with ſo potent enemies, now that all Chriſtendome is embroiled with ſo miſerable and perilous diſtempers; oh now it hath ſeaſonably pleaſed your Majeſty to *blow the Trumpet in Zion*, to *ſanctifie a Faſt*, to *call a ſolemn Aſſembly*. The miraculous ſucceſſe that God gave to your Majeſty and your Kingdome in this holy exerciſe, may well incourage an happy iteration. How did the publick breath of our Faſting-prayers cleanſe the aire before them? How did that noiſome Peſtilence vaniſh ſuddenly away, as that which could not ſtand before our powerfull Humiliations? If we be not ſtreightned in our own bowels, the hand of our God is not ſhortned. *O Daughter of Zion, gird thee with ſackcloth, and wallow thy ſelf in aſhes, make thee mourning and moſt bitter lamentation.* Faſt and pray, and proſper. And in the mean time, for us, let us not think it enough to forbear a meal, or to hang down our heads like a bulruſh for a day; but let us break the bands of wickedneſs, and in a true contrition of Soul vow and perform better Obedience. Oh then, as we care to avert the heavy Judgments of God from our ſelves and our Land, as we deſire to traduce the Goſpel with peace to our poſterity, let each man humble one; let each man rend his heart with ſorrow for his own ſins and the ſins of his people: ſhortly, let every man ranſack his own Soul and life, and offer an holy violence to all thoſe ſinfull corruptions which have ſtirred up the God of Heaven againſt us; and never leave, till in truth of heart he can ſay with our bleſſed Apoſtle, *I am crucified.*

Jer. 6. 26.

Ye have ſeen *Chriſt crucified*, S. *Paul crucified*; ſee now both crucified together, *I am crucified with Chriſt.* It is but a cold word this, *I am crucified*; it is the company that quickens it. He that is *the Life*, gives it life, and makes both the word and act glorious; *I am crucified with Chriſt.*

Alas! there is many a one crucified, but not with Chriſt. The Covetous, the Ambitious man is ſelf-crucified; he plaits a crown of thorny cares for his own head; he pierces his hands and feet with toilſome and painfull undertakings; he drencheth himſelf with the vineger and gall of diſcontentments; he gores his ſide and wounds his heart with inward vexations. Thus the man is crucified; but with the world, not with *Chriſt.*

The Envious man is crucified by his own thoughts; he needs no other gibbet then another man's proſperity; becauſe anothers perſon or counſel is preferred to his, he leaps to hell in his own halter. This man is crucified; but it is *Achitophel*'s Croſſe, not *Chriſt*'s.

The Deſperate man is crucified with his own diſtruſt; he pierceth his own heart with a deep, irremediable, unmitigable, killing ſorrow; he paies his wrong to God's Juſtice with a greater wrong to his Mercy, and leaps out of an inward Hell of remorſe to the bottomleſſe pit of damnation. This man is crucified; but this is *Judas*'s Croſſe, not *Chriſt*'s.

The Superſtitious man is profeſſedly mortifi'd. The anſwer of that Eremite in the ſtory is famous, *Why doſt thou deſtroy thy body? Becauſe it would deſtroy me.* He uſeth his body therefore not as a ſervant, but a ſlave, not as a ſlave, but an enemy. He lies upon thorns, with the Phariſee; little eaſe is his lodging, with *Simeon* the *Anachoret*; the ſtone is his pillow, with *Jacob*; the tears his food, with exiled *David*; he lanceth his fleſh, with the *Baalites*; he digs his grave with his nails; his meals are hunger, his breathings ſighs, his linen hair-cloath, lined and laced with cords and wires; laſtly, he is his own willing tormentor, and hopes to merit Heaven by ſelf-murder. This man is crucified, but not with *Chriſt.*

The Felon, the Traitor is juſtly crucified, the vengeance of the Law will not let him live. The *Jeſuitical* Incendiary, that cares only to warm himſelf by the fires of States and Kingdomes, cries out of his ſuffering. The world is too little for the noiſe of our Cruelty, their Patience; whiles it judgeth of our proceedings

A proceedings by our Laws, not by our executions. But if they did ſuffer what they falſly pretend, (as they now complain of eaſe) they might be crucified, but not with Chriſt; they ſhould bleed for Sedition, not Conſcience: They may ſteal the Name of *Jeſus*, they ſhall not have his Society. This is not Chriſts Croſs, it is the croſs of *Barabbas*, or the two malefactors, τῶν συσταυρωθέντων, *Mark* 15.7.

All theſe and many more are crucified, but not, as S. *Paul* was here, *with Chriſt*. How *with Chriſt?* In partnerſhip, in perſon. In Partnerſhip of the ſuffering; every particularity of Chriſts Crucifixion is re-acted in us. Chriſt is the model, we the metal; the metal takes ſuch form as the model gives it: ſo are we ſpred upon the Croſs of Chriſt in an unanſwerable extenſion of all parts,
B to die with him, as the Prophet was upon the dead child, to revive him. Superſtitious men talk of the impreſſion of our Saviours wounds in their Idol S. *Francis:* This is no news; S. *Paul* and every believing Chriſtian hath both the laſhes and wounds and transfixions of his *Jeſus* wrought upon him. The Crown of thorns pierces his head, when his ſinful conceits are mortified; his lips are drencht with gall and vineger, when ſharp and ſevere reſtraints are given to his tongue; his hands and feet are nailed, when he is by the power of God's Spirit diſabled to the wonted courſes of ſin; his body is ſtripped, when all colour and pretences are taken away from him; ſhortly, his heart is pierced, when the life-blood of his formerly-reigning corruptions is let out. He is no true Chriſtian
C that is not thus crucified with Chriſt.

Woe is me, how many faſhionable ones are not ſo much as pained with their ſins? It is no trouble to them to blaſpheme, oppreſs, debauch: yea rather it is a death to them to think of parting with their dear Corruptions: the world hath bewitched their love. That which *Eraſmus* ſaith of *Paris*, that after a man hath acquainted himſelf with the odious ſent of it *(hoſpitibus magis ac magis adlubeſcit)* it grows into his liking more and more; is too true of the world and ſenſual minds. Alas! they rather crucifie Chriſt again, then are crucified with Chriſt. Woe to them that ever they were: for being not dead *with Chriſt*, they are not dead *in Chriſt*; and being not dead in Chriſt, they can-
D not but die eternally in themſelves; *for the wages of ſin is death*; death in their perſon, if not in their ſurety. Honourable and beloved, let us not think it ſafe for us to reſt in this miſerable and deadly condition. As ye love your Souls, give no ſleep to your eyes nor peace to your hearts, till ye find the ſenſible effects of the Death and Paſſion of Chriſt your Saviour within you, mortifying all your corrupt affections and ſinful actions, that ye may truly ſay with S. *Paul*, *I am crucified with Chriſt.*

Six ſeveral times do we find that Chriſt ſhed blood; in his Circumciſion, in his Agonie, in his Crowning, in his Scourging, in his Affixion, in his Tranſfixion. The inſtrument of the firſt was the Knife; of the ſecond, vehemence of
E Paſſion; of the third, the Thorns; of the fourth, the Whips; of the fifth, the Nails; of the laſt, the Spear. In all theſe we are, we muſt be Partners with our Saviour.

In his Circumciſion, when we draw blood of our ſelves by cutting off the foreskin of our filthy (if pleaſing) Corruptions, *Col.*2.11. In his Agony, when we are deeply affected with the ſenſe of God's diſpleaſure for ſin, and terrified with the frowns of an angry Father. In his Crowning with thorns, when we ſmart and bleed with reproches for the name of Chriſt; when that which the world counts Honour, is a pain to us for his ſake; when our guilty thoughts puniſh us, and wound our reſtleſs heads with the ſad remembrance of our ſins. In
F his Scourging, when we tame our wanton and rebellious fleſh with wiſe rigor and holy ſeverity. In his Affixion, when all the powers of our Souls and parts of our body are ſtrictly hampered and unremovably faſtened upon the Royal Commandements of our Maker and Redeemer. In his Tranſfixion, when our hearts are wounded with Divine love (with the Spouſe in the *Canticles*) or our Conſciences with deep ſorrow.

In all theſe we bleed with Chriſt, and all theſe (ſave the firſt onely) belong to his Crucifying. Surely, as it was in the Old Law, χωρὶς αἱματεκχυσίας *without bloodſhed there* was *no remiſſion*, Heb. 9. 22. ſo it is ſtill and ever in the New. If Chriſt had not thus bled for us, no remiſſion; if we do not thus bleed with Chriſt, no remiſſion. A

There is no benefit where is no partnerſhip. If Chriſt therefore bled with his Agony, with his Thorns, with his Whips, with his Nails, with his Spear, in ſo many thouſand paſſages as Tradition is bold to define; and we never bleed, either with the Agony of our ſorrow for ſin, or the Thorns of holy cares for diſpleaſure, or the Scourges of ſevere Chriſtian rigour, or the Nails of holy conſtraint, or the Spear of deep remorſe; how do we, how can we for ſhame ſay, we are *crucified with Chriſt?* B

Epiſt. 120. ad Honoratum. Divine S. *Auſtin*, in his Epiſtle or Book rather to *Honoratus*, gives us all the dimenſions of the Croſs of Chriſt. The Latitude he makes in the tranſverſe; this (ſaith he) pertains to good Works, becauſe on this his hands were ſtretched. The Length was from the ground to the tranſverſe; this is attributed to his longanimity and perſiſtance, for on that his Body was ſtayed and fixed. The Height was in the head of the Croſs above the tranſverſe; ſignifying the exſpectation of ſupernal things. The Depth of it was in that part which was pitcht below within the earth; importing the profoundneſs of his free Grace, which is the ground of all his beneficence. C

In all theſe muſt we have our part with Chriſt. In the Tranſverſe of his Croſs, by the ready extenſion of our hands to all good Works of Piety, Juſtice, Charity: in the Arrectary or beam of his Croſs, by continuance and uninterrupted perſeverance in good: in the Head of his Croſs, by an high elevated hope, and looking for of Glory: in the Foot of his Croſs, by a lively and firm Faith, faſtening our Souls upon the affiance of his free Grace and Mercy. And thus ſhall we be crucified with Chriſt upon his own Croſs.

Yet laſtly we muſt goe further then this, from his Croſs to his Perſon. So did S. *Paul*, and every Believer, die with Chriſt, that he died in Chriſt: For as in the firſt *Adam* we all lived, and ſinned; ſo in the ſecond all Believers died, that they might live. D

The firſt *Adam* brought in death to all mankind, but at laſt actually died for none but himſelf; the ſecond *Adam* died for mankind, and brought life to all Believers. Seeſt thou thy Saviour therefore hanging upon the Croſs? all mankind hangs there with him; as a Knight or Burgeſs of Parliament voices his whole Burrough or Country. What ſpeak I of this? The arms and legs take the ſame lot with the head: Every Believer is a lim of that body; how can he therefore but die with him, and in him? That real union then which is betwixt Chriſt and us, makes the Croſs and Paſſion of Chriſt ours; ſo as the thorns pierced our heads, the ſcourges blooded our backs, the nails wounded our hands and feet, and the ſpear gored our ſides and hearts: by virtue whereof we receive juſtification from our ſins, and true mortification of our corruptions. Every Believer therefore is dead already for his ſins in his Saviour; he needs not fear that he ſhall die again. God is too juſt to puniſh twice for one fault; to recover the ſumme both of the ſurety & principal. All the ſcore of our arrerages is fully ſtruck off by the infinite ſatisfaction of our Bleſſed Redeemer. Comfort thy ſelf therefore, thou penitent and faithful Soul, in the confidence of thy ſafety; thou ſhalt not die, but live, ſince thou art already crucified with thy Saviour; he died for thee, thou dieſt in him. *Who ſhall lay any thing to the charge of Gods elect? It is God that juſtifies? Who ſhall condemn? It is Chriſt that died; yea rather that is riſen again, and lives glorioufly at the right hand of God, making interceſſion for us.* To thee, O Bleſſed *Jeſu*, together with thy Coeternal Father and Holy Spirit, three Perſons in one infinite and incomprehenſible Deity, be all Praiſe, Honour and Glory now and for ever. *Amen.* E F

ONE

ONE OF THE
SERMONS
Preached to the
LORDS
OF THE
High Court of Parliament,

In their ſolemn Faſt held on Aſhwedneſday, *Feb.* 18.

And, by their Appointment, publiſhed, by the
B. of EXCESTER.

Acts 2. 37, 38, 40.

37. *Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts, and ſaid to Peter and the reſt of the Apoſtles, Men and brethren, what ſhall we doe?*

38. *Then ſaid Peter unto them, Repent and be baptized,* &c.

40. *And with many other words did he teſtifie, and exhort them, ſaying, Save your ſelves from this untoward generation.*

WHO knows not that *Simon Peter* was a Fiſher? That was his trade both by Sea and Land: if we may not rather ſay, that as *Simon* he was a Fiſher-man, but as *Peter* he was a Fiſher of men: he that call'd him ſo, made him ſo. And ſurely his firſt draught of Fiſhes which, as *Simon*, he made at our Saviours Command, might well be a true Type of the firſt draught of men which, as *Peter*, he made in this place: for as then the nets were ready to crack, and the ſhip to ſink with ſtore; ſo here, when he threw forth his firſt drag-net of Heavenly Doctrine and reproof, three thouſand Souls were drawn up at once. This Text was as the ſacred Cord that drew the Net together, and pull'd up this wondrous ſhoal of Converts to God. It is the ſumme of Saint *Peter*'s Sermon, if not at a Faſt, yet at a general Humiliation, which is more and better; for wherefore faſt we but to be humbled? and if we could be duely humbled without faſting, it would pleaſe God a thouſand times better then to faſt formally without true Humiliation. Indeed for the time, this was a Feaſt, the Feaſt of Pentecoſt; but for the eſtate of theſe Jews it was *dies cinerum*, a day of contrition, a day of deep hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs; *Men and Brethren, what ſhall we doe?* Neither doubt I to ſay that the Feſtivity of the ſeaſon added not a little to their Humiliation: like as we are never ſo apt to take cold as upon a ſweat; and that winde is ever the keeneſt, which blows cold out of a warm coaſt.

No day could be more afflictive then an Aſhwedneſday that ſhould light upon a ſolemn Pentecoſt: ſo it was here; every thing anſwered well. The Spirit came down upon them in a mighty wind; and behold, it hath ratled their hearts together: the houſe ſhook in the deſcent; and behold here the foundations of the Soul were moved: Fiery tongues appeared; and here their breaſts were inflamed: Cloven tongues; and here their hearts were cut in ſunder. The words were miraculous, becauſe in a ſupernatural and ſudden variety of language; the matter Divine, laying before them both the truth of the *Meſſiah*, and their bloody meaſure offered to that Lord of Life: and now *Compuncti cordibus, they were pricked in their hearts.* Wiſe *Solomon* ſays, *The words of the wiſe are like goads and nails:* here they were ſo. Goads, for they were *compuncti pricked:* yea, but the goad could not goe ſo deep, that paſſeth but the skin; they were Nails, driven into the very heart of the Auditors, up to the head; the great Maſter of the Aſſembly, the divine Apoſtle had ſet them home, *they were pricked in their hearts.* Never were words better beſtowed. It is an happy blood-letting that ſaves the life; this did ſo here. We look to the ſigne commonly in Phlebotomy: it is a ſigne of our idle and ignorant Superſtition. S. *Peter* here ſaw the ſigne to be in the Heart, and he ſtrikes happily; *Compuncti cordibus, they were pricked in their hearts, and ſaid, Men and brethren, what ſhall we doe?*

Oh what ſweet Muſick was this to the Apoſtles ear? I dare ſay none but Heaven could afford better. What a pleaſing ſpectacle was this anguiſh of their wounded Souls? To ſee men come in their zealous Devotions, and lay down their moneys (the price of their alienated poſſeſſions) at thoſe Apoſtolick feet, was nothing to this, that they came in a bleeding contrition, and proſtrated their penitent and humbled Souls at the beautiful feet of the Meſſengers of Peace, with *Men and Brethren, what ſhall we doe?* Oh when, when ſhall our eyes be bleſſed with ſo happy a proſpect? How long ſhall we thunder out God's fearful judgements againſt wilful ſinners? How long ſhall we threaten the flames of Hell to thoſe impious wretches, who *crucifie again to themſelves the Lord of life*, ere we can wring a ſigh or a tear from the rocks of their hearts or eyes? Woe is me that we may ſay too truely, as this *Peter* did of his other fiſhing, *Maſter, we have travailed all the night, and have caught nothing.* Surely it may well goe for night with us, whiles we labour and prevail not. Nothing? not a Soul caught? Lord, what is become of the ſucceſs of thy Goſpel? *Who hath believed our report, or to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?* O God, thou art ever thy ſelf, thy Truth is eternal, Hell is where it was; if we be leſs worthy then thy firſt Meſſengers, yet what excuſe is this to the beſotted world, that through obdurednes and infidelity it will needs periſh? No man will ſo much as ſay with the Jews, What have I done? or with Saint *Peter*'s Auditors, What ſhall I doe? Oh fooliſh ſinners! ſhall ye live here always? care ye not for your Souls? is there not an Hell that gapes for your ſtubborn impenitence? Goe on, if there be no remedy, goe on, and die for ever: we are guiltleſs, God is righteous, your Damnation is juſt. But if your life be fickle, death unavoidable, if an everlaſting vengeance be the neceſſary reward of your momentany wickedneſs; Oh turn, turn from your evil waies, and in an holy diſtraction of your remorſed Souls ſay, with theſe Jews, *Men and Brethren, what ſhall we doe?* This from the general view of the occaſion; we deſcend to a little more particularity.

Luke, the beloved Phyſician, deſcribes Saint *Peter*'s proceeding here much after his own trade, as of a true ſpiritual Phyſician; who finding his Countrymen the Jews in a deſperate and deadly condition, gaſping for life, ſtruggling with death, enters into a ſpeedy and zealous courſe of their cure. And firſt he begins with the Chirurgical part; and finding them ranck of blood, and that foul and putrified, he lets it out, *compuncti cordibus.* Where we might ſhew you the inciſion, the vein, the lancet, the orifice, the anguiſh of the ſtroke.

The

A The Inciſion, *compuncti, they were pricked.* The Vein, *in their hearts.* Smile not now, ye Phyſicians, if any hear me this day, as if I had paſſed a ſoleciſme, in telling you theſe men were pricked in the vein of the heart; talk you of your *Cephalica* and the reſt, and tell us of another ciſtern from whence theſe *tubuli ſanguinis* are derived: I tell you again (with an addition of more incongruities ſtill) that God and his Divine Phyſician do ſtill let blood in the median vein of the heart. The Lancet is the keen and cutting reproof of their late barbarous Crucifixion of their Holy and moſt innocent and benigne Saviour. The Orifice is the ear, *when they heard this.* Whatever the local diſtance be of theſe parts, ſpiritually the ear is the very ſurface of
B the heart; and whoſoever would give a medicinal ſtroke to the heart, muſt paſs it through the ear, the ſenſe of diſcipline and correction. The Anguiſh bewrays it ſelf in their paſſionate exclamation, *Men and brethren, what ſhall we doe?*

There is none of theſe which my ſpeech might not well take up, if not as an houſe to dwell in, yet as an Inne to reſt and lodge in: But I will not ſo much as bait here; onely we make this a through-fare to thoſe other ſacred preſcriptions of ſaving remedies, which are three in number. The firſt is, Evacuation of ſins by a ſpeedy repentance, μετανοεῖτε. The ſecond, the ſoveraign Bath or Laver of Regeneration, Baptiſme. The third, dietetical and prophylactical
C receipts of wholſome Caution; which I mean (with a determinate preterition of the reſt) to ſpend my hour upon: *Save your ſelves from this untoward generation.* But ere I pitch upon this moſt uſeful and ſeaſonable particularity, let me offer to your thoughts the ſpeedy application of theſe gracious remedies. The bleſſed Apoſtle doth not let his Patients languiſh under his hand in the heats and colds of hopes and feares; but ſo ſoon as ever the word is out of their mouths, *Men and brethren, what ſhall we doe?* he preſently adminiſtreth theſe ſoveraign receipts, *Repent, be baptized, ſave your ſelves.* In acute diſeaſes wiſe Phyſicians will loſe no time; onely delay makes ſome diſtempers deadly. It is not for us to let good motions freeze under our fingers. How many gleeds have
D died in their aſhes, which if they had been ſpeedily blown, had riſen into comfortable flames? The care of our zeal for God muſt be ſure to take all opportunities of good. This is the Apoſtles καιρῷ δουλεύειν *ſerving the time*; that is, obſerving it: not for conformity to it when it is naught, (fie on that baſeneſs: no, let the declining time come to us upon true and conſtant grounds, let not us ſtoop to it in the terms of the ſervile yieldance of *Optatus* his Donatiſts, *Omnia pro tempore, nihil pro veritate)* not, I ſay, for conformity to it, but for advantage of it. The Embleme teaches us to take occaſion by the fore-lock, elſe we catch too late. The *Iſraelites* muſt goe forth and gather their Manna ſo ſoon as it is falne; if they ſtay but till the Sun have raught his noon-point,
E in vain ſhall they ſeek for that food of Angels. Saint *Peter* had learnt this of his Maſter; when the ſhoal was ready, Chriſt ſayes, *Laxate retia*, Luk. 5. 14. what ſhould the net doe now in the ſhip? When the fiſh was caught, Chriſt ſayes, *Draw up again*; what ſhould the net doe now in the Sea? What ſhould I adviſe you, Reverend Fathers and Brethren, *(the Princes of* our *Iſrael*, as the Doctors are called, *Judges* 5. 9.) to ſpeak a word in ſeaſon? what ſhould I preſume to put into your hands *theſe apples of gold with pictures of ſilver?* What ſhould I perſwade you (to theſe ἔπεα πτερόεντα) to wing your words with ſpeed, when the neceſſity of endangered Souls cals for them? Oh let us row hard whiles the tide of Grace ſerves; when we ſee *a large door and effectual opened* unto us, let us
F throng in, with a peaceable and zealous importunity to be ſure. Oh let us preach the word εὐκαίρως, ἀκαίρως, *in ſeaſon, out of ſeaſon*; and carefully watch for the beſt advantages of prevailing: and when the iron of mens hearts is ſoftned by the fire of God's Spirit, and made flexible by a meet humiliation, delay not to ſtrike, and make a gracious impreſſion, as S. *Peter* did here, *Repent, be baptized; Save your ſelves from this untoward generation.*

Now to the main and all-ſufficient *Recipe* for theſe feeling diſtempers; *Save your ſelves.* This is the very extracted quinteſſence of Saint *Peter*'s long Sermon, in which alone is included and united the ſoveraign virtue of Repentance, of Baptiſme, of whatſoever help to a converting Soul: ſo as I ſhall not need to ſpeak explicitely of them, whiles I enlarge my ſelf to the treating of this univerſal remedy, *Save your ſelves from this untoward generation.*

Would you think that Saint *Luke* hath given me the diviſion of this, whether Text, or Sermon of Saint *Peter?* Ye ſhall not finde the like otherwhere; here it is clearly ſo: Διεμαρτύρετο, καὶ παρεκάλει, *he teſtifies, he exhorts. He teſtifies,* what he thinks of the times; *he exhorts,* or *beſeeches,* (as the Syriack turns it) to avoid their danger: both of them, as S. *Auſtin* well, referre to this one Divine ſentence. The parts whereof then are, in S. *Luke*'s diviſion, *Peter*'s reprehenſory Atteſtation, and his Obteſtation. His reprehenſory Atteſtation to the common wickedneſs, γενεᾶ σκολιᾶ· His Obteſtation of their freedome and indemnity, Σώθητε, *Save your ſelves.*

To begin with the former. What is a *generation?* what is an *untoward generation?* Either word hath ſome little miſt about it. The very word *generation* hath begot multiplicity of ſenſes: without all perplexedneſs of ſearch, we will ſingle out the properly-intended for this place. As times, ſo we in them, are in continual paſſage; every thing is in motion: the Heavens do not more move above our heads in a circular revolution, then we here on earth do by a perpetual alteration. Now all that are contained in one liſt of time, whether fixed or uncertain, are a Generation of men. Fixed; ſo *Suidas* under-reckons it by ſeven years; but the ordinary rate is an hundred. It is a clear Text, *Gen.* 15.16. *But in the fourth generation they ſhall come hither again:* when is that? (to the ſhame of *Galatinus*, who clouds it with the fancy of the four kinds or manners of mans exiſtence) *Moſes* himſelf interprets it of four hundred years, *verſ.*13. Uncertain; ſo *Solomon, One generation paſſeth, another cometh.* The very term implies tranſitorineſs. It is with men as with Raſps, one ſtalk is growing, another grown up, a third withered, and all upon one root: Or as with flowers, (and ſome kinds of flies) they grow up, and ſeed, and die. Ye ſee your condition, O ye Great men of the earth; it is no ſtaying here: *Orimur, morimur.* After the acting of a ſhort part upon this ſtage, ye muſt withdraw for ever. Make no other account but, with *Abraham*, to ſerve your generation, and away. Ye can never more fitly hear of your Mortality then now that ye are under that roof which covers the monuments of your dead and forgotten Progenitors.

What is an *untoward generation?* σκολιά; It is promiſcuouſly turned *froward, perverſe, crooked.* The oppoſition to τὰ σκολιὰ is, εἰς εὐθεῖαν. All is as one, what ever ſwerves from the right is crooked. The Law is a right line; and what crookedneſs is in Nature, frowardneſs and untowardneſs is in Morality. Shortly, there is a double crookedneſs and untowardneſs; one negative, another poſitive. The firſt is a failing of that right we ſhould either have or be; the ſecond, a contrary habit of vicious qualities: and both theſe are either in *credendis*, or *agendis*, in matter of Faith, or matter of Fact. The firſt, when we do not believe or doe what we ought; the ſecond, when we misbelieve or miſ-live.

The firſt is an untowardneſs of Omiſſion, the ſecond of Commiſſion. The omiſſive untowardneſs ſhall lead the way; and that firſt, in matter of Belief. This is it whereof our Saviour ſpake to the two Diſciples in their warm walk to *Emmaus*, *O fools and ſlow of heart to believe!* whereof the Proto-martyr *Stephen* to his auditors, σκληροτράχηλοι. The ſtiff neck, the uncircumciſed ear, the fat heart, the blinded eye, the obdurate ſoul *(quæ nec movetur precibus, nec cedit minis,* as *Bernard)* are wont to be the expreſſions of this untowardneſs.

If

A If theſe Jews then, after ſo clear Predictions of the Prophets, after ſo miraculous demonſtrations of the Divine power of Chriſt, after ſo many graves ranſack'd, dead raiſed, Devils ejected, lims and eyes new-created; after ſuch teſtimonies of the Starre, Sages, Angels, God himſelf; after ſuch triumphs over death and hell, do yet detrect to believe in him, and to receive him for their *Meſſias*, moſt juſtly are they in this firſt kinde σκολιὰ γενεὰ, *a froward generation.* And ſo is any Nation under Heaven that follows them in the ſteps of their peeviſh incredulity, more or leſs ſhutting their eyes upon the glorious light of Saving Truth; like that ſullen Tree in the *Indies*, which, they ſay, cloſes it ſelf againſt the beams of the riſing Sun, and opens onely B to the dampiſh ſhades of the night. Where we muſt take this Rule with us, a Rule of moſt juſt proportion, That the means of Light to any Nation aggravate the hainouſneſs and damnableneſs of their Unbelief. *The time of that ignorance God regarded not, but now*, ſaith Saint *Paul* to the *Athenians*, Act. 17. 30. *If I had not come and ſpoken to them, they ſhould have had no ſin*, ſaith our Saviour, *Joh.* 15. 22. Thoſe that walk in *Cimmerian*, in *Ægyptian* darkneſs, it is neither ſhame nor wonder if they either erre or ſtumble; but for a man to ſtumble the Sun in the face, or to grope by the walls at noon in the midſt of *Goſhen*, is ſo much more hateful as the occæcation is more willing.

C The latter, which is the negative untowardneſs in Action, is, when any Nation fails palpably in thoſe holy duties of Piety, Juſtice, Charity, which the Royal Law of their God requireth. Of this kinde are thoſe uſual complaints; *The fear of God is not before their eyes. God looked to ſee if there were any that looked after God, and behold there was none. The righteous is periſhed from the children of men. Behold the teares of the oppreſſed, and none comforted them.* The Prophets are full of theſe querulous notes, there is not a page of them free; yea hardly ſhall ye meet with one line of theirs, which doth not brand their *Iſrael* with this defect of Holineſs.

From the negative, caſt your eyes upon the poſitive crookedneſs or un- D towardneſs. That is, in matter of Faith, the maintenance or Impiety, Miſbelief, Hereſie, Superſtition, Atheiſme, and whatever other intellectual wickedneſs. In matter of Fact, Idolatries, Profane carriage, violation of Gods Daies and Ordinances, Diſobediences, Murders, Adulteries, Thefts, Drunkenneſs, Lyes, Detractions, or any other actual rebellion againſt God. Behold, I have drawn forth before you an Helliſh rabble of ſins, enough to marre a world: Whatever Nation now or ſucceſſion of men abounds either in theſe ſinful omiſſons or theſe hainous commiſſions, whether in matter of Judgment or Manners, is σκολιὰ γενεὰ *an untoward generation.* That which makes a man crooked or untoward makes a Generation ſo; for what is a Generation but E a reſultance of men? their number doth not vary their condition. But let not our zeal (as it oft doth) make us uncharitable; when a whole Generation is taxed for untowardneſs, think not that none are free. *No, not one*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, by way of fervent aggravation: *All ſeek their own*, ſaith the Apoſtle; all, in compariſon. But never times were ſo overgrown with iniquity, as that God hath not left himſelf ſome gracious remainders: when the thieviſh *Chaldæans* and *Sabæans* have done their worſt, there ſhall be a meſſenger, to ſay, *I am eſcaped.* Never was harveſt or vintage ſo curiouſly inned, that ſome gleanings were not left in the field; ſome cluſters among the leaves. But theſe few if they may give a bleſſing to the F times, yet they cannot give a ſtyle; the denomination ſtill follows the greater (though the worſe) part; let theſe be never ſo good, the Generation is, and is noted for evil. Let me therefore here commend to your better thoughts theſe three emergent conſiderations. 1. The irreparable wrong and reproach that lewd men bring upon the very Ages and Nations where they live. 2. The difference of times and Ages in reſpect of

the degrees of evil. 3. The warrant of the free cenſure of ill-deſerving Times or Nations.

It were happy if the injury of a wicked man could be confined to his own boſome, that he only ſhould fare the worſe for his ſins; εἰ δὲ παθοι, &c. as the Greek rule runs; if it were but *ſelf-doe, ſelf-have*, as the old word is. But as his lewdneſs is (like ſome odious ſent) diffuſed through the whole room where he is; ſo it reacheth to earth and Heaven, yea to the very times and generations upon which he is unhappily faln. Doubtleſs there were many worthy Saints in theſe very times of St. *Peter*; there was the Bleſſed Mother of Chriſt, the paragon of Sanctity; there was a beavy of thoſe devout and holy dames that attended the Doctrine, bewailed the Death, and would have embalmed the Corps of our Bleſſed Saviour; there were the twelve Apoſtles, the ſeventy Diſciples, the hundred and twenty names that were met in one room at *Jeruſalem*, *Acts* 1. 15. the five hundred brethren that ſaw Chriſt after his glorious and victorious Reſurrection; beſides thoſe many thouſands that believed through their word in all the parts of *Judæa* and *Galilee*: yet for all that, the Apoſtle brands this with σκολιᾶ γενεᾶ, *an untoward generation.*

It is not in the vertue of a few to drown the wickedneſs of the more. If we come into a field that hath ſome good plenty of corn, and ſome ſtore of weeds, though it be red with poppy, or yellow with carlock, or blew with wild-bottles or ſcabious, we ſtill call it a corn-field; but if we come into a barn-floor, and ſee ſome few graines ſcattered amongſt an heap of chaffe, we do not call it a corn-heap, the quantity of the offal devours the mention of thoſe inſenſible grains. Thus it is with Times and Nations: A little good is not ſeen amongſt much ill; a righteous *Lot* cannot make his City to be no *Sodom*. Wickedneſs as it helps to corrupt, ſo to ſhame a very Age. The Orator *Tertullus*, when he would plead againſt *Paul*, ſayes, *We have found this man* λοιμὸν *a peſtilence*, Act. 24. 5. Fooliſh *Tertullus!* that miſtook the Antidote for the Poiſon, the remedy for the diſeaſe. But had S. *Paul* been ſuch as thy miſpriſion ſuppoſed him, he had been ſuch as thy unjuſt crimination now makes thy ſelf, λοιμὸς, *the plague* of thy people. A wicked man is a perfect contagion; he infects the world with ſin, the very Age with infamy. *Malus vir, malum publicum*, is not a more old then true word. Are there then in any Nation under Heaven lewd miſcreants, whoſe hearts are Atheiſts, whoſe tongues are Blaſphemers, whoſe bodies are a Stews, whoſe lips are nothing but a Factory of cloſe villany? let them pleaſe themſelves, and let others (if ye will) applaud them for their beneficial contributions to the publick affairs, in the ſtyle of *bonus civis, a good Patriot*, as men whoſe parts may be uſeful to the weal-publick; yet, I ſay, ſuch men are no better then the bane of their Country, the ſtain of their Age. *Turpis eſt pars, quæ ſuo toti non convenit*, as *Gerſon* well; it is an ill member for which all the body fares the worſe. Hear this then, ye glorious ſinners, that brag of your good affections and faithful ſervices to your dear Country: your hearts, your heads, your purſes, your hands (ye ſay) are preſt for the publick good; yea, but are your hearts Godleſs? are your lives filthy? let me tell you, your ſins doe more diſſervice to your Nation then your ſelves are worth: All your valour, wiſdome, ſubſidiary helps cannot counterpoiſe one dram of your wickedneſs. Talk what ye will: *Sin is a ſhame to any people*, ſaith wiſe *Solomon*; ye bring both a curſe and a diſhonour upon your Nation. It may thank you for the hateful ſtyle of σκολιὰ γενεὰ *a froward generation*. This for our firſt Obſervation.

Never Generation was ſo ſtraight, as not to be diſtorted with ſome powerful ſins; but there are differences and degrees in this diſtortion. Even in the very firſt world were Giants, as *Moſes* tells us, *Gen.* 6. 4. which as our Mythologiſts adde, did στομαχεῖν, bid battel to Heaven.

In

In the next there were mighty hunters, proud *Babel*-builders: after them followed beaſtly *Sodomites*. It were eaſie to draw down the pedigree of evils through all times, till we come to theſe laſt, which the holy Ghoſt marks out for perillous. Yet ſome Generation is more eminently ſinful then other: as the Sea is in perpetual agitation, yet the Spring-tides riſe higher then their fellows. Hence Saint *Peter* notes this his Generation with an emphaſis of miſchief, τῆς γενεᾶς ταύτης· here is a tranſcendencie of evil. What Age may compare with that which hath embrued their cruel hands in the blood of the Son of God? That roaring Lion is never ſtill, but there are times wherein he rageth more; as he did and doth, in the firſt, in the laſt dayes of the Goſpel. The firſt, that he might block up the way of ſaving Truth; the laſt, for that he knows his time is ſhort. There are times that are poiſoned with more contagious Hereſies, with more remarkable villanies. It is not my meaning to ſpend time in abridging the ſacred Chronologies of the Church, and to deduce along the curſed ſucceſſions of damnable Errours from their helliſh original; only let me touch at the notable difference betwixt the firſt and the laſt world. In the firſt (as *Epiphanius* obſerves) ὅπου ἑτεροδοξία, ὅπου ὄνομα αἱρέσεως, οὐδὲ εἰδωλολατρεία, there was *neither diverſity of opinion, nor mention of Hereſie, nor act of Idolatry*; μόνον ἀσέβεια καὶ εὐσέβεια, *only piety and impiety* divided the world: whereas now in the laſt (which is the wrangling and techy dotage of the decrepit world) here is nothing but unquiet claſhings of Opinion, nothing but foul Hereſie, either maintained by the guilty, or imputed to the innocent; nothing but groſs Idolatry in Paganiſme, in miſ-believing Chriſtianity; and (woe is me that I muſt ſay it) a coloured Impiety ſhares too much of the reſt. My ſpeech is glided, ere I was aware, into the third Head of our diſcourſe; and is ſuddenly faln upon the practice of that which S. *Peter*'s example here warrants, the cenſure of ill-deſerving times: which I muſt crave leave of your Honorable and Chriſtian patience with an holy and juſt freedome to proſecute.

It is the peeviſh humour of a factious eloquence to aggravate the evils of the times; which were they better then they are, would be therefore cried down in the ordinary language of male-contented ſpirits, becauſe preſent. But it is the warrantable and neceſſary duty of S. *Peter* and all his true Evangelical ſucceſſors, when they meet with a froward Generation, to call it ſo.

How commonly do we cry out of thoſe querulous *Michaiahs* that are ſtill propheſying evil to us, and not good? No theme but ſins, no ſawce but vineger. Might not one of theſe galled Jewes of S. *Peter*'s Auditory have ſtarted up, and have thus challenged him for this tartneſs, What means this hard cenſure? why do you ſlander the time? *Solomon* was a wiſe man, and he ſayes, *Say not thou, What is the cauſe that the former dayes were better then theſe? for thou doſt not inquire wiſely concerning this:* this is but a needleſs rigour, this is but an envious calumny. The Generation were not untoward, if your tongue were not uncharitable. The Apoſtle feares none of theſe curriſh oblatrations; but contemning all impotent miſacceptions, calls them what he finds them, *A froward generation*. And well might he doe ſo; his great Maſter did it before him, *an evil and adulterous generation*; and the Harbinger of that great Maſter fore-ran him in that cenſure, *O generation of Vipers*, Mat. 3.7. and the Prophets led the ſame way to him in every page. And why do not we follow *Peter* in the ſame ſteps wherein *Peter* followed Chriſt, and Chriſt his Fore-runner, and his Fore-runner the Prophets? Who ſhould tell the times of their ſins, if we be ſilent? Pardon me, I beſeech you, moſt Noble, reverend, and beloved hearers; neceſſity is laid upon me: in this day of our publick mourning, I may not be as *a man in whoſe mouth are no reproofs*. Oh let us be thankful for our Bleſſings, wherein, through the mercy of God, we outſtrip all the nations under Heaven; but withall let us bewail

wail our sins, which are so much more grievous, because ours. Would to God it were no less unjust then unpleasing to complain of this as an untoward Generation. There be four things that are wont both to make up and evince the pravity of any Generation; (woe is me that they are too apparently met in this) multitude of sins, magnitude of sins, boldness of sin, impunity of sinning. Take a short view of them all. You shall see that the Multitude is such, as that it hath covered the earth; the Magnitude such as hath reach'd to Heaven; the Boldness such as out-faceth the Gospel; the Impunity such as frustrates the wholesome Laws under which we live. A

For the Multitude, where is the man that makes true conscience of any the Laws of his God? And if every man violate all the laws of God, what do all put together? Our Forefathers sins were but as drops, ours are as torrents. Instance in some few. Cannot we our selves remember since a debauch'd Drunkard was an Owle among birds, a beast of men, a monster of beasts, abhorred of men, shouted at by children? Is this sight now any news to us? Is not every Tavern a stye of such swine? Is not every street indented with their shameful staggerings? Is there not now as much spent in wanton Smoak as our honest forefathers spent in substantial Hospitality? B

Cannot we remember since Oathes were so geason and uncouth, that their sound startled the hearer, as amazed at the strange language of treason against the God of Heaven? Now they fill every mouth, and beat every eare in a neglected familiarity. What should I tell you of the overgrown frequence of Oppressions, Extortions, Injurious and fraudulent transactions, malicious Suits? The neighbour walls of this famous adjoyning Palace can too amply witness this truth, whose roof if (as they say) it will admit of no Spiders, I am sure the floor of it yields venome enough to poison a Kingdome. What should I tell you of the sensible declination to our once-loathed Superstitions, of the common trade of contemptuous disobediences to lawful Authority, the scornful undervaluing of Gods Messengers, the ordinary neglect of his Sacred Ordinances? what speak I of these and thousands more? There are Arithmeticians that have taken upon them to count how many corns of sand would make up the bulk of Heaven and earth; but no Art can reckon up the multitude of our provoking sins. C D

Neither do they more exceed in number then Magnitude. Can there be a greater sin then Idolatry? Is not this (besides all the rest) the sin of the present *Romish* Generation? One of their own confesses (as he well may) that were not the Bread transubstantiate, their Idolatry were more gross then the heathenish. Lo, nothing excuses them but an impossible Figment. Know, O ye poor ignorant seduced Souls, that the Bread can be no more turned into God, then God can be turned into Bread, into nothing: The very Omnipotent Power of God barrs these impious contradictions. My heart trembles therefore and bleeds to think of your highest, your holiest Devotions. Can there be a greater sin then robbing of God? This is done by our Sacrilegious Patrons. Can there be a greater sin then tearing God out of Heaven with our bloody and blasphemous Oathes, then the famishing of Souls by a wilful or lazie silence, then rending in pieces the bowels of our dear Mother the Church by our headstrong and frivolous dissentions, then furious Murders, then affronts of Authority? These, these are those huge mountains which our Giantlike presumption rolls upon each other, to warre against Heaven. E F

Neither are the sins of men more great then Audacious: yea it is their impudency that makes them hainous; bashful offences rise not to extremity of evil. The sins of excess as they are *opera tenebrarum*, so they had wont to be

be night-works; *They that are drunken, are drunk in the night*, saith the Apostle: now they dare, with *Absolom*'s beastlinesse, call the Sun to record. Saint *Bernard* tells us of a *Dæmon meridianus*, a *noon-Devil*, out of the Vulgar mis-translation of the 90 Psalme. Surely, that ill spirit walks about busily, and haunts the licentious conversation of inordinate men.

Unjust Exactions of griping Officers had wont to creep in under the modest cloak of voluntary courtesie, or faire considerations of a befriended expedition: now they come like *Elie*'s sons, *Nay but thou shalt give it me now, and if not, I will take it by force*, 1 Sam. 2. 16.

The legal Thefts of professed Usurers and the crafty compacts of slie Oppressors dare throw down the gantlet to Justice; and insolent Disobediences doe so to Authority. And when we denounce the fearful Judgments of God against all these abominable wickednesses, the obdured sinner dares jeare us in the face, and, in a worse sense, ask the Disciples question, *Domine, quando fient hæc? Master, when shall these things be?* Yea their self-flattering incredulity dares say to their Soul, as *Peter* did to his Master, *Favour thy self, for these things shall not happen to thee.*

Neither, lastly, would sin dare to be so impudent, if it were not for Impunity; it cannot be but cowardly where it sees cause of fear. Every hand is not to be laid upon evil. If an Errour should arise in the Church, it is not for every unlearned Tradesman to cast away his yard-wand, and take up his pen. Wherefore serve Universities, if every Blew apron may at his pleasure turn Licenciate of Divinity, and talk of Theological questions which he understands not, as if they were to be measured by the Ell? O times! Lord, whether will this presumption grow? *Deus omen*, &c. If folly, if villany be committed in our *Israel*, it is not for every man to be an Officer. *Who made thee a Judge?* was a good question, though ill asked. But I would to God we had more cause to complain of the presumption of them who meddle with what they should not, then the neglect of them who meddle not with what they should. Woe is me, the flood-gates of evil are (as it were) lift open, and the full stream gusheth upon us. Not that I would cast any aspersion upon Sacred Soveraignty: No, blessed be God for his dear Anointed, of whom we may truly and joyfully say, that in imitation of him whom he represents, he *loves Justice, and hates Iniquity*. It is the partiality or slacknesse of the subordinate inferiour executions that is guilty of this prevalence of sin. What can the head doe where the hands are wanting? to what use is the water derived from the cistern into the pipes, if the cock be not turned? What availes it if children are brought to the birth, if they want a midwifry to deliver them? Can there possibly be better Laws then have in our times been enacted against Drunkennesse? where or when are they executed? Can there be a better Law made for the restraint of too-too common Oathes? who urges, who payes that just mulct? Can there be better Laws against wilful Recusancy, against Simony, against Sacriledge? how are they eluded by fraudulent evasions? Against neglect of Divine Service? yet how are they slighted? Against the lawless wandring of lazie Vagabonds? yet how full are our streets, how empty our Correction-houses? Lastly, (for it were easie to be endless) can there be better Laws then are made for the punishment of Fornications, Adulteries, and all other fleshly inordinatenesses? how doth bribery and corruption smother these offences, as if the sins of men served only to inrich covetous Officers? Now put all these together, the Multitude, the Magnitude, the Boldnes, the Impunity of sin, and tell me whether all these do not make this of ours *generationem pravam, a froward generation*. So as we may too well take up *Esay*'s complaint, *Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters*, Esa. 1. 4. Honorable and beloved, how should we be humbled under the hand of our God, in the sense of our many, great, bold and lawless sins? What sackcloth, what

what ashes can be enough for us? Oh that our faces could be covered with confusion; that we could *rend our hearts, and not our garments.* Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep, and thus *Save your selves from this froward generation.*

And so from St. *Peter*'s Attestation to their wickedness, we descend to his Obtestation of their redress, *Save your selves.* We must be so much shorter in the remedy, as we have been longer in the disease. The remedy is but of a short sound, but of a long extent, Σώθητε. I urge not the passiveness of this advice, that it is not, *Save your selves*, but, *Be ye saved.* God is jealous of ascribing to us any power unto good: we have ability, we have will enough to undo our selves, scope enough to hell-ward; neither motion nor will to doe good; that must be put into us by him that gives both *posse, & velle, & posse velle*, power to will, and will to do. This *Saving* comprises in it three great duties; Repentance for our sin, Avoidance of sinners, Reluctation to sin and sinners.

Repentance. Perhaps, as St. *Chrysostome* and *Cyrill* think, some of these were the personal Executioners of Christ. If so, they were the worst of this Generation; and yet they may, they must save themselves from this Generation by their unfeigned Repentance: howsoever they made up no small piece of the evil times, and had need to be saved from themselves by their hearty contrition. Surely those sins are not ours whereof we have truly repented. The skin that is once washed, is as clean from soile as if it had never been foul. Those Legal washings and rinsings shewed them what they must doe to their Souls, to their lives. This remedy as it is universal, so it is perpetual: the warm waters of our teares are the streams of *Jordan* to cure our Leprosie, the *Siloam* to cure our Blindness, the Pool of *Bethesda* to cure all our Lameness and defects of Obedience. Alas! there is none of us but have our share in the common sins; the best of us hath help'd to make up the frowardness of our Generation. Oh that we could un-sin our selves by our seasonable repentance. *Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purge your hearts, ye double-minded.*

Avoidance is the next; avoidance of all unlawful participation. There is a participation Natural, as to live in the same aire, to dwell in the same earth, to eat of the same meat: this we cannot avoid, unless we would go out of the world, as St. *Paul* tells his *Corinthians.* There is a Civil participation, in matter of commerce and humane necessary conversation: this we need not avoid with Jews, Turks, Infidels, Hereticks. There is a Spiritual participation in moral things, whether good or evil: In these lyes this Σώθητε. And yet not universally neither; we are not tied to avoid the services of God and holy duties for the commixture of leud men, as the foolish Separatists have fancied: it is participation in evil that we are here charged to avoid. Although also intireness even in civil conversation is not allowed us with notoriously-wicked and infectious persons. The *Israelites* must hye them from the Tents of *Corah*; and, *Come out of her my people.* Chiefly, they are the sins from which we must save our selves, not the men; if not rather from the men for the sins. *Have no fellowship with the unfruitfull works of darkness*, saith St. *Paul*, *Ephes.* 5. 11. commenting upon this Σώθητε of St. *Peter.*

There is nothing more ordinary with our Casuists, then the nine waies of participation; which *Aquinas*, and the Schools following him, have shut up in two homely verses, *Jussio, consilium*, &c. The summe is, that we do not save our selves from evil if either we command it, or counsel it, or consent to it, or sooth it, or further it, or share in it, or disswade it not, or resist it not, or reveal it not. Here would be work enough (you see) to hold our preaching unto St. *Paul*'s hour, midnight: but I spare you, and would be loath to have any *Eutychus.* Shortly, if we would save our selves from the sin of the time,

we

A we may not command it, as *Jezabel* did to the Elders of *Jezreel*; we may not adviſe it, as *Jonadab* did to *Amnon*; we may not conſent to it, as *Bathſheba* did to *David*; we may not ſooth it, as *Zidkijah* did to *Ahab*; we may not further it, as *Joab* did to *David*; we may not forbear to diſſwade it, as *Hirah* the *Adullamite* to *Judah*; to reſiſt it, as partial Magiſtrates; to reveal it, as treacherous Confeſſaries.

But of all theſe, (that we may ſingle out our laſt and utmoſt remedy) here muſt be a zealous reluctation to evil. All thoſe other negative carriages of not commanding, not counſelling, not conſenting, not ſoothing, not abetting, not ſharing, are nothing without a real oppugnation of ſin. Would we then B throughly quit our ſelves of our froward Generation? we muſt ſet our faces againſt it to diſcountenance it; we muſt ſet our tongues againſt it to controll it; we muſt ſet our hands againſt it to oppoſe it. It goes farre that of the Apoſtle, *Ye have not yet reſiſted unto blood, ſtriving againſt ſin*, Heb. 12. 4. Lo here is a truly heroical exerciſe for you great Ones; to ſtrive againſt ſin, not *ad ſudorem* onely, as Phyſicians preſcribe, but *ad ſanguinem*. Ye cannot better beſtow your ſelves then (in a loyal aſſiſtance of Sacred Authority) upon the debellation of the outragious wickedneſs of the times. Theſe are the Dragons, and Giants, and Monſters, the vanquiſhing whereof hath moralized the Hiſtories of your famous Progenitors. Oh do ye conſecrate your hands and C your hearts to God in beating down the headſtrong powers of evil; and as by repentance and avoidance, ſo by reluctation, *Save your Souls from this untoward generation.*

Now what need I waſte the time in dehorting your Noble and Chriſtian ingenuity from participation of the Epidemical ſins of a froward Generation? It is enough motive to you, that ſin is a baſe, ſordid, diſhonourable thing. But withall let me adde onely one diſſwaſive from the danger, implyed in the very word *Save*, for how are we ſaved but from a danger? The danger both of Corruption, and Confuſion.

Corruption. Ye ſee before your eyes that one yawning mouth makes D many: This pitch will defile us: One rotten kernell of the Pomegranate infects the fellows. Saint *Paul* made that verſe of the Heathen Poet Canonical, *Evil converſation corrupts good manners*. What woful experience have we every day of thoſe, who by this means from a vigorous heat of zeal have declined to a temper of lukewarm indifferencie, and then from a careleſs mediocrity to all extremity of debauchedneſs; and of hopeful beginners, have ended in incarnate Devils? Oh the dangerous and inſenſible inſinuations of ſin! If that crafty Tempter can hereby work us but to one dram of leſs deteſtation to a familiarly-inured evil, he promiſeth himſelf the victory. It is well noted by Saint *Ambroſe*, of that chaſte Patriarch *Joſeph*, E that ſo ſoon as ever his wanton Miſtreſs had laid her impure hand upon his Cloak, he leaves it behind him, that he might be ſure to avoid the danger of her contagious touch. If the Spouſe of Chriſt be *a Lily among Thorns*, (by the mighty Protection of her Omnipotent Husband) yet take thou heed how thou walkeſt amongſt thoſe Thorns for that Lily. Shortly, wouldſt thou not be tainted with wickedneſs? abhorre the peſtilent ſociety of leud men; and by a ſeaſonable ſubduction, thus *Save thy ſelf from a froward generation.*

The laſt and utmoſt of all dangers is Confuſion. That charge of God by *Moſes* is but juſt, *Numb.* 16. 26. *Depart, I pray you, from the tents of* F *theſe men, and touch nothing of theirs, leſt ye periſh in all their ſins.* Lo, the very ſtation, the very touch is mortal. Indeed what reaſon is there to hope or to plead for an immunity? if we ſhare in the work, why ſhould we not take part of the wages? *The wages of ſin is death.* If the Stork be taken damage faiſant with the Cranes, ſhe is enwrapped in the ſame net, and cannot complain to be ſurprized. *Qui cum lupis eſt, cum lupis ululet*, as he

ſaid, *He that is with wolves, let him howl with wolves.* If we be *fratres in malo, brethren in evil*, we muſt look to be involved in the ſame curſe. Be not deceived, Honourable and beloved, here is no exemption of Greatneſs: nay, contrarily, Eminence of place aggravates both the ſin and the judgement. When *Ezra* heard that the hand of the Princes and Rulers had been chief in that great offence, then he rent his cloaths and tore his hair, *Ezra 9. 3.*

Certainly this caſe is dangerous and fearful, whereſoever it lights. Hardly are thoſe ſins redreſſed that are taken up by the Great: Eaſily are thoſe ſins diffuſed that are warranted by great Examples. The great Lights of Heaven, the moſt conſpicuous Planets, if they be eclipſed, all the Almanacks of all Nations write of it; whereas the ſmall Stars of the Galaxy are not heeded. All the Country runs to a Beacon on fire; no body regards to ſee a Shrub flaming in a valley. Know then that your ſins are ſo much greater as your ſelves are: and all the comfort that I can give you without your true repentance, is, That *mighty men ſhall be mightily tormented.* Of all other men therefore be ye moſt careful to keep your ſelves untainted with the common ſins, and to renew your covenant with God. No man cares for a ſpot upon a plain ruſſet riding-ſuit; but we are curious of a rich robe, every mote there is an eye-ſore. Oh, be ye careful to preſerve your Honour from all the foul blemiſhes of corruption; as thoſe that know Vertue hath a greater ſhare in Nobility then Blood. Imitate in this the great frame of the Creation, which ſtill, the more it is removed from the dregs of this earth, the purer it is. Oh *ſave* ye *your ſelves from this untoward Generation*; ſo ſhall ye help to ſave your Nation from the imminent Judgements of our juſt God; ſo ſhall ye ſave your Souls in the day of the appearance of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt: to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, one infinite God, be all Honour and Glory aſcribed now and for ever. *Amen.*

THE

THE HYPOCRITE.

Set forth in

A SERMON

at the Court, *February* 28. 1629.

Being the third Sunday in LENT.

By JOS. *Exon.*

To my ever moſt worthily Honour'd Lord, the *Earl* of NORWICH.

My moſt Honoured Lord,

I Might not but tell the world, that this Sermon which was mine in the Pulpit, is Yours in the Preſs: Your Lordſhip's will (which ſhall never be other then a command to me) fetches it forth into the Light before the fellows. Let me be branded with the Title of it, if I can think it worthy of the publick view, in compariſon of many accurate pieces of others, which I ſee content themſelves daily to die in the ear. Howſoever, if it may doe good, I ſhall bleſs your Lordſhip for helping to advance my gain.

Your Noble and ſincere true-heartedneſs to your God, your King, your Countrey, your Friend, is ſo well known, that it can be no diſparagement to your Lordſhip to patroniſe this Hypocrite; *whoſe very inſcription might caſt a blur upon ſome guilty reputation. Goe on ſtill (moſt noble Lord) to be a great Example of Vertue and Fidelity to an hollow and untruſty Age. You ſhall not want either the Acclamations or Prayers of*

Your Lordſhips ever devoted in all true Duty and Obſervance,

JOS. *Exon.*

THE HYPOCRITE.

2 Tim. 3. 5.

Having a Form of Godlineſs, but denying the Power thereof.

IT is an unperfect Clauſe, you ſee, but a perfect Deſcription of an Hypocrite; and that an Hypocrite of our own times, the laſt: which are ſo much the worſe, by how much they partake more of the craft and diſeaſes of age.

The Prophets were the Seers of the Old Teſtament, the Apoſtles were the Seers of the New; thoſe ſaw Chriſt's day and rejoyced, theſe foreſaw the

reign of Antichriſt and complained. Theſe very times were as preſent to S. *Paul* as to us: our Senſe doth not ſee them ſo clearly as his Revelation. *I am with you in the Spirit*, (ſaith he to his abſent *Coloſſians*) *rejoycing and beholding your order:* he doth as good as ſay to them, I am with you in the Spirit lamenting, and beholding your miſdemeanours. By theſe Divine Opticks he ſees our formal Piety, real Wickedneſs: both which make up the complete Hypocriſie in my Text; *Having a form of Godlineſs, but denying the power thereof.* A

I doubt not but ſome will be ready to ſet this ſacred Prognoſtication to another Meridian. And indeed we know a Generation that loves themſelves too well, much more then Peace and Truth; ſo covetous, that they would catch all the world in S. *Peter*'s net; proud boaſters of their own merits, perfections, ſupererogations: it would be long (though eaſie) to follow all. We know where too many Treaſons are hatched; we know who in the height of minde exalts himſelf above all that is called God; we know where pleaſure hath the moſt delicate and debauch'd Clients; we know where Devotion is profeſſedly formal, and lives impure: and ſurely, were we clearly innocent of theſe crimes, I ſhould be the firſt that would caſt this ſtone at *Rome*. But now that we ſhare with them in theſe ſins, there is no reaſon we ſhould be ſejoyned in the Cenſure. Take it among ye therefore, ye Hypocrites of all profeſſions, for it is your own, *Ye have a form of Godlineſs, denying the power thereof.* B C

What is an Hypocrite but a Player, the *Zani* of Religion (as ye heard lately?) A Player acts that he is not; ſo do ye, act good and are wicked. Here is a ſemblance of good, a form of Godlineſs; here is a real evil, a denial of the power of Godlineſs. There is nothing ſo good as Godlineſs, yea there is nothing good but it; nothing makes Godlineſs to be good, or to be Godlineſs, but the power of it: for it is not, if it work not, and it works not, if not powerfully. Now the denial of good muſt needs be evil; and ſo much more evil, as the good which is denied is more good: and therefore the denial of the power of Godlineſs muſt needs be as ill as the form or ſhew of Godlineſs would ſeem good, and as the power of Godlineſs is good. This is therefore the perfect Hypocriſie of faſhionable Chriſtians; they have the form, they deny the power. Here is then a direct and profeſſed oppoſition betwixt μόρφωσις and δύναμις, the form and the power; and no leſs between the actions employed about them both, the one *having*, the other *denying*; *having the form, denying the power.* D

As all ſin is originally from the Devil, ſo eſpecially Hypocriſie: he is *the father of Lies*; and what is Hypocriſie but a real Lie? that is his Darling: and theſe two are well put together, ἐν ὑποκρίσει ψευδολόγων, 1 *Tim.* 4. 2. *in Hypocriſie ſpeaking Lies.* Now as all things are more eminent in their Cauſes and originals then in the Effects derived from them; ſo it muſt needs be ſaid that the greateſt Hypocrite in the World is the Devil. I know he hears what I ſay, but we muſt ſpeak truth and ſhame him. For *Satan is transformed into an Angel of light*, ſaith the Apoſtle; not he was, but he is; ſo transformed, that he never did, never will put off that counterfeit. And as all his Imps are partakers of the Satanical nature; ſo in every Hypocrite there is both the Angel and the Devil: the ſeeming Angel is the *form of Godlineſs*, the real Devil is the *denial of the power of Godlineſs.* It muſt be in another ſenſe that that Father ſaid, *Innocentia tempore poſterior eſt quàm malitia.* I am ſure the Angel of light was before the Satan; and now becauſe he is Satan, he puts on the Angel of light. Such ſhall be our method in this Hypocrite we treat of; firſt we will begin with the Angel of Hypocriſie, and then ſhew you the Devil in his true ſhape. E F

Firſt then, here is a form, and but *a form of Godlineſs.* A form does well; but if it be but a form, it is an immaterial ſhadow of Piety. Such was this of theſe men; for they were *unnatural, traitors, heady, high-minded*, φιλήδονοι.

Surely

A Surely if they were unnatural, they must needs be unchristian; if they were traitors to their King, they could be no Subjects to God; if heady and high-minded, they had nothing to doe with him whose first Lesson was, *Learn of me, for I am meek*; *Nulla creatura humilior Deo*, as *Laurentius* well: if they had Pleasure for their Idol, they could not have the Lord for their God. So as even without God, they had yet *a form of Godlinesse*. Godlinesse is a thing much talk'd of, little understood. Whiles the ancient School had wont to say, that it is not practical, not speculative, but affective, their meaning was, that it is in all these, in the heart, in the brain, in the hand; but most in the heart. It is Speculative in the knowledge of God; Practical in
B the Service to God; Affective in our fear of him, love to him, joy in him. Shortly then, to apprehend God as he hath revealed, to serve him as he hath required, to be affected to him as we ought, is Godlinesse; and the outward expression and counterfaisance of all these is the *form of Godlinesse*. To this outside of Godlinesse then belongs all that glorious Pageant of fashionable profession which we see made in the World, whether in words, gesture, carriage.

No Creature is more humble then God.

First here is a world of good Words, whether to God, or of him. Here are words of sacred complement with God: for the Hypocrite courts God in his Prayers; no man speaks fairer, no man louder then he. Here is *Saul*'s *benedictus*;
C here is the Pharisees *Lord, I thank thee*; here is the colloguing Jews *Domine, Domine, Lord, Lord.*

And as to him, so of him. Here are words of religious protestation for God, like to the Jews *Templum Domini*, or *Herod*'s προσκυνήσω, *Mat.*2. 8. *I will worship the Babe.* The mans secret fire of zeal smoaks forth into the holy breath of a good confession. Here are words of fervent excitation to the frozen hearts of others; yea, if need be, words of deep censure of the cold moderation which he apprehends in his wiser Brethren: so as he is *comptus in verbo*, if *turpis in facto*, as *Bernard.*

The Temple of the Lord.

Neat in words, if foul in fact.

Yet more, here is a perfect Scene of pious Gestures; knees bowed, hands
D erected, turn'd up eyes, the breast beaten, the head shaken, the countenance dejected, sighs ascending, tears dropping, the Bible hugged and kissed, the ear nailed to the Pulpit: what formality of devout Godlinesse is here unacted? if the man were within as he is without, there were no Saint but he.

Yet this is not all to make up a perfect *form of Godlinesse*, here is a smooth face of holy carriage in Actions. Devout *Saul* will be saving the fattest of the *Amalekitish* flocks and herds for sacrifice to the Lord his God. Good man! he will not have God take up with the worst. Every man is not of this diet; too many think any offall good enough for their Maker: but here is one that
E holds the best fittest for those sacred Altars; when in the mean time the Hypocrite had already sacrificed them to his own Mammon, and God must take up with the reversion. Shall I tell you of another as good, as devout as he? Do ye not remember that *Absolom* would go to pay his vow in *Hebron*? The fair Prince of *Israel* was courteous before, now he will be Godly too. It was Pietie that he would make a Vow to God. Our Gallants have somewhat else to doe then to make holy vows: at every word they protest and vow, and perhaps swear; but all like themselves, vainly and idly: But *Absolom* makes a solemn and religious Vow. It was more piety that he would perform it. This is not every mans care: too many care not how much they run upon God's
F score; this man will pitch and pay. Unnatural Parricide! First he had stoln the subjects hearts, and now he would steal his Fathers Crown; and all this villany must stalk under a beasts hide, a Sacrifice at *Hebron*: Blood was in his thoughts whiles the Sacrifice was in his mouth. The old word is, *Full of courtesie, full of craft*: when ye see too glittering pretences in unapproved persons, suspect the inside. Had you but seen a Jews Fast, you would say so; *Esa.*58.6.

Here was nothing but drooping and aſh-ſtrawed heads, torn garments, bare feet, ſtarved cheeks, ſcrubbed skins, pined maws, afflictive devotions; yet a Jew ſtill. But had you ſeen *Herod*'s formality, you would have ſaid it yet more: mark a little, and ſee *Herod* turn'd Diſciple to *John Baptiſt*. What, *Saul among the Prophets? Herod* among the Diſciples? Surely ſo; for he hears him. Tuſh, hears him? what's that? There are thoſe that hear and would not, forced to hear by compulſion of Laws; who may ſay to Authority, as the Pſalmiſt ſays to God, *Aurem perforaſti mihi, Mine ear haſt thou boared:* their ear is a Proteſtant, while their heart is a Recuſant. There are thoſe that hear and hear not; that come faſhionably, and hear perfunctorily, whoſe ears are like the Pſalmiſts Idols, for form onely, not for uſe. There are thoſe that hear and care not: who is ſo deaf as the wilful? there is *auris aggravata*, *Eſai.* 59.1. there is *auris ſurda*, *Mic.* 7. 16. But *Herod* hears ἡδέως, *gladly*, with pleaſure: he heard becauſe he loved to hear. Yea ſo doth many a hollow heart ſtill: ye ſhall have ſuch an one liſten as if he were *totus auris*, *all ear*, as if he would latch every word from the Preachers mouth ere it could get out: perhaps it is new, perhaps witty, perhaps elegant, or ſome way pleaſing. Yea there are ſome not onely willing, but greedy hearers, they have *aures bibulas*, they hear hungrily and thirſtily; but it is but to catch advantages; ſomewhat they hope may fall to pay the Preacher. *Herod* is better then ſo, σωεθήρει, *he obſerved*, he reſpected, he countenanced this rough-hewn Chaplain. Yea, ſo doth many a lewd Patron for his own turn; either the eaſie paſſage of his Simoniacal ſubductions, or for a favourable connivency at his guilty debauchedneſs. Good looks are good cheap. Perhaps a meals meat may come in for a further obligation too; but here is no good action the while. *Herod* is better then ſo, πολλὰ ἐποίει, *he did* too, and did *many things*. Lo here, he doth not hear, but doe: and not ſome things, but many. It may be this Camel-hair'd Monitor told him of ſome outragious diſorders in his Court; thoſe he was willing to amend: perhaps he told him of ſome bribery of his Officers, unjuſt or hard meaſures offered by oppreſſive Miniſters to his poor Subjects; thoſe he was ready to reform: πολλὰ ἐποίει *he did many things*. One would think *Bernard* ſhould not need to brand his *Abailardus* with *intus Herodes, foris Johannes*; his very out-ſide was generally good, elſe he had not done many things. Here was *a form of godlineſs*, but let me tell you, an higher form then many of us (for ought I ſee) care to climb up unto. There is hearing, and talking, and profeſſing enough in the world; but where is the doing? or if there be doing, yet it is ſmall doing (God wot.) Some things we may be drawn to doe, not many; one good deed in a life is well; one fault amended meriteth: to doe many is not incident to many. So as too many of us are upon a form of Godlineſs; but it is a lower form then *Herod*'s, who heard, and heard gladly, and obſerv'd his teacher, and did, and did many things; yet a groſs Hypocrite ſtill, becauſe he did but many. Ἢ ὅλως, ἢ μὴ ὅλως, is Gods Rule.

What ſhould I weary you with inſtances? Do you ſee an *Ananias* and *Sapphira* making God their heir of their half-ſhared Patrimony? Do you ſee a griping Uſurer build Schools and Hoſpitals with ten in the hundred? Do you ſee a man whoſe ſtomack inſatiably craves new ſuperadditions upon the indigeſted morſels of his laſt hours Lecture, and yet nauſeates at the publick Prayers of the Church? Do you ſee a ſuperſtitious Votary looking rufully from his knees upon his adored Crucifix, and, as *Iſaac* the *Syrian* preſcribes, living like a dead man in a ſolitary Sepulcher, yet making no bones of killing Kings?

Nay, to aſcend unto an higher key of pretended Holineſs, Do ye ſee ſome of the elect *Manichees* lying upon hard Mats, which S. *Auſtin* ſays were therefore called *Mattarii*? Do ye ſee the penances of the three ſuper-mortified Orders of the Mahumetan Saints? Do ye ſee an illuminate Elder of the Anabaptiſts rapt in divine extaſies? Do ye ſee a ſtigmatical Frier laſhing himſelf to

Heavy ear. Deaf ear.

Herod within, *John* without.

Either all, or none at all.

A B C D E F

A to blood, wallowing in the ſnow naked, returning the lice into his boſome? Do ye ſee a nice humoriſt, that will not dreſs a diſh, nor lay a cloth, nor walk abroad on a Sunday, and yet make no conſcience of couzening his neighbour on the work-day?

All theſe and many others of the ſame kind are Swans, which under white feathers have a black skin. Theſe have a form of Godlineſs, and are the worſe for it. For as it is the moſt dangerous and killing flattery that is brought in under a pretence of liberty; ſo it is the moſt odious and perilous Impiety that is hid under *a form of Godlineſs.*

Theſe men, I ſay, have a form, and nothing elſe ſave a form of Godlineſs.
B But withall let me adde, that whoſoever makes a good profeſſion hath this form; and is ſo farre commendable, as he profeſſes well. If there be not matter to this form, the fault is in what is not, and not in what there is. Certainly Religion is not *Chaos* like without form. As not Civility, ſo Godlineſs cannot be without due form: ye cannot think Gods Service to be all lining, no out-ſide; a form there muſt be. It was a Law written in Greek and Latin Letters over the gate of the firſt peculiar partition of the Temple, which was *atrium Judæorum, Every ſtranger that paſſes into the Holy place muſt dy.* If he had not the mark of a Jew upon his fleſh, it was capital to tread in thoſe holy Courts. The Temple was the type of the Church: If we have not ſo
C much as *a form of Godlineſs, procul, ô procul: without ſhall be dogs*; and, *if a Beaſt touch the Mount, it ſhall dye.* What ſhall we ſay to thoſe Gallants that hate to have ſo much as *a form of Godlineſs?* there cannot be a greater diſparagement caſt upon them, then the very ſemblance of Devotion. To ſay Grace at meales, to bow a knee in Prayer, to name God other then in an Oath, to once mention Religion, is a baſe, mortifi'd, puſillanimous tenderneſs. What talk ye of a Sermon? a Play if you will: What ſpeak you of weeping for ſins? talk of drinking healths, ſinging of rounds, courting of Dames, revels, matches, games, any thing ſave goodneſs. What ſhould we ſay of theſe men? even this, He that hath but a form is an Hypocrite; but
D he that hath not a form is an Atheiſt. I know not whether I ſhould ſever theſe two; both are humane Devills well met: An Hypocrite is a masked Devil; an Atheiſt is a Devil unmasked. Whether of them ſhall without their repentance be deeper in Hell, they ſhall once feel, I determine not. Onely let me aſſure them, that if the infernal *Tophet* be not for them, it can challenge no gueſts.

Thus much for the *form of Godlineſs*, which is the Angel of Hypocriſie: our ſpeech deſcends to the Devil in Hypocriſie, which is the *deniall of the power of Godlineſs.* But whiles I am about to repreſent unto you the ugly face of that wicked one, God meets us in the way, and ſtays my thoughts and ſpeech
E upon the *power of Godlineſs*, ere we fall upon the *deniall* of that *power.* What *power* then is this of *Godlineſs?* what doth it? what can it doe? The weakneſs of it is too apparent. If we look to the Author of it Chriſt *Jeſus*, alas! he is Σημεῖον ἀντιλεγόμενον, a But or mark for oppoſition to ſhoot at; whereas true Power is an *Al-chum*, that bars reſiſtance, *Prov.* 30. If to the Means of Godlineſs, here is *the fooliſhneſs of preaching*, 1 *Cor.* 1. 21. If to the Effects of Godlineſs, here is weak Grace, ſtrong corruption, *Rom.* 7. If to the Oppoſites of Godlineſs, here is *a Law fighting.* Fighting? perhaps ſo it may be, and be foiled: nay, but here is αἰχμαλωτίζων, a *conquering* and *captivating* Law,
F *Rom.* 7. 23. whereby I am not onely made a ſlave, but ſold for a ſlave, πεπραμένος, *Rom.* 7. 14. So then here is an oppoſed Saviour, a fooliſh preaching, a feeble grace, a domineering corruption; and where then is the power of Godlineſs all this while? Know, O thou fooliſh man, that God is לאל, *the ſtrong God*; and yet there is a Devil. He could call in the Being of that malignant Spirit, but he will not; he knows how to magnifie his Power by an oppoſite. Chriſt will be ſpoken againſt, not for impotence to reſiſt, but for the glory of

his prevailing: ſo we have ſeen a well-tempered Target ſhot at to ſhew the impenetrableneſs of it. A

Preaching is *fooliſhneſs*, but it is *ſtultitia Dei*; and *the fooliſhneſs of God is wiſer then the wiſedome of men.* Grace is weak where Corruption is ſtrong; but where Grace prevails, Sin dares not ſhew his head. Sin fights and ſubdues his own Vaſſals; but the *power of Godlineſs* foils it in the Renewed; ſo as if it live, yet it reigns not. Great then is *the power of Godlineſs:* great every way; great in reſpect of our enemies, great in reſpect of our ſelves; of our enemies, the Devil, the World, the Fleſh.

So great firſt, that it can reſiſt the Devil; and it is no ſmall matter to reſiſt the powers and Principalities of Hell: *whom reſiſt, ſtedfaſt in the Faith.* B

Reſiſt? Alas, what is this? The weak may perhaps reſiſt the ſtrong, the Whelp the Lion: We may reſiſt the Spirit of God himſelf: *Semper reſtitiſtis*, ſaith Saint *Stephen* of the Jews. Loe here is reſiſtance to God; and not for a brunt, but perpetual, *ye have alwaies reſiſted.* So the Ship reſiſts the Rock againſt which it is ſhattered; ſo the cruſhed Worm turns towards the foot that treads it. Yea, but here is a prevalent reſiſtance; *Reſiſt the Devil, and he ſhall flee from you*, James 4. 7. Loe, Godlineſs can make a Coward of the great Prince of Darkneſs. He ſhall flee. But if, *Parthian*-like, he ſhall ſhoot fleeing, as he doth; loe, this *ſhall quench all the fiery darts of Satan*, Epheſ. 6. 16. If he betake himſelf to his hold, this can batter and *beat down the ſtrong holds of ſin* about his eares; this can *enter*, *and bind the ſtrong man.* Shortly, it can conquer Hell, yea make us *more then Conquerors.* Lo, to conquer is not ſo much as to make another a Conqueror; but more then a Conqueror is yet more. Is there any of you now that would be truely great and victorious? it is the *power of Godlineſs* that muſt doe it. *Pyrrhus* his word concerning his Souldiers was, *Tu grandes, ego fortes.* Surely if our Profeſſion make us great, our Faith muſt make us valiant and ſucceſsful. I tell you, the conqueſt of an evil ſpirit is more then the conqueſt of a world of men. O then, what is it to conquer Legions? C D

And as it foils Satan, ſo the World: No marvel, for if the greater, much more the leſs. The World is a Subject, Satan a Prince, *the Prince of this world.* The world is a bi-got, Satan is a *God*, *The God of this World.* If the Prince, if the God be vanquiſh'd, how can the ſubject or ſuppliant ſtand out? What do we talk of an *Alexander* or a *Cæſar* conquering the world? Alas! what ſpots of earth were they which they bragged to ſubdue? Inſomuch that *Rome*, which in two hundred forty three yeares had gained but ſome fifteen miles about, in *Seneca*'s time, when her Dition was at the largeſt, had the neighbouring *Germanie* for the bounds of it. Loe here a full conqueſt of the whole world. *Mundus totus in maligno.* To conquer the whole material world is not ſo happy, ſo glorious a work, as to conquer the malignant: and this *the power of Godlineſs* only can doe; *this is the victory that overcomes the world, even your Faith.* And now, what can the Fleſh doe without the World, without the Devil? Surely were it not for the Devil, the World and the Fleſh were both good; and if it were not for the Devil and the World, the Fleſh were our beſt friend: now they have debauch'd it, and turn'd it traitor to God and the Soul; now this proud Fleſh dares warre againſt Heaven. Godlineſs doth ὑπωπιάζειν, beat it black and blew; yea, kill it dead (*Mortifie your earthly members*, Coloſ. 3. 5.) ſo as it hath not a lim to ſtir, not a breath to draw. *Anacharſis* his charge was too hard for another, but performable by a Chriſtian, γλώσσης, γαστρὸς, ἀφροδισίων κρατεῖν. He can rule his tongue, his gut, his luſt. *Sampſon* was a ſtrong man, yet two of them he could not rule: *the power of Godlineſs* can rule all. Oh then *the* great *power of Godlineſs* that can trample upon the Fleſh, the World, the Devil; *Super aſpidem, upon the Aſpe*, the Dragon, the Lion; or, as the Pſalmiſt, *Pſal.* 91. 13. upon that roaring Lion of Hell,

The whole world is ſet in evil. E F

A Hell, upon that ſinuous Dragon the World, upon that cloſe-biting Aſpe the Fleſh!

And as great in reſpect of our Enemies, ſo no leſs great in reſpect of our Selves; great, and beneficial. What wonders are done by Godlineſs? Is it not a great wonder to make a Fool wiſe, to make the Blind ſee? This Godlineſs can doe, *Pſal.* 19. 7, 8. Let me be bold to ſay, we are naturally like *Solomon*'s child, *Folly is bound to our heart*, Prov. 22. 15. In things pertaining to God ἦμεν ἀνόητοι, *We were fooliſh*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *Titus* 3. 3. Would any of us that are thus born Naturals (to God) be wiſe to Salvation? That is the true Wiſdome indeed; all other is but folly, yea madneſs, to that. The
B Schools cannot teach us this; Philoſophy, whether Natural or Moral or Politick, can doe nothing to it: if ye truſt to it, it is but κενὴ ἀπάτη *vain deceit*, as Saint *Paul*, *Coloſ.* 2. 8. *Triobolaris & vilis*, as *Chryſoſtome*. It is onely Godlineſs muſt doe it. Pleaſe your ſelves how you liſt without this, ye great Politicians of the world, the wiſe God hath put the py'd coat upon your backs, and paſt upon you his ἀμωρίαν, *Rom.* 1. 22. If ye were Oracles to men, ye are *Idiots* to God. *Malitia occæcat intellectum*, as he ſaid: ye quick-ſighted Eagles of the world, without this ye are as blinde as Beetles to Heaven. If ye would have eyes to ſee him that is inviſible, the hand of your Omnipotent Saviour muſt touch you, and at his bidding you muſt waſh off your worldly clay with the *Siloam* of Godlineſs.

Wickednes blinds the underſtanding.

C Is it not a wonder to raiſe the dead? We are all naturally not ſick, not qualming, not dying, but *dead in ſin*, *Coloſ.* 2. 13. yea, with *Lazarus*, *quatriduani*, and ill-ſenting; yea (if that will adde any thing) as St. *Jude*'s trees, or (as they ſay of acute *Scotus*) twice dead. Would ye ariſe? It is only Godlineſs that can doe it. *Ye are riſen up through the faith in the operation of God*, Col. 2. 12. This only can call us out of the grave of our ſins. *Ariſe thou that ſleepeſt, and ſtand up from the dead, and Chriſt ſhall give thee life.* Chriſt is the Author, Godlineſs is the means. All ye that hear me this day, either ye are alive, or would be: Life is ſweet; every one challenges it. Do ye live willingly in your ſins? Let
D me tell you, ye are dead in your ſins: This life is a death. If you wiſh to live comfortably here and gloriouſly hereafter, it is Godlineſs that muſt mortifie this life in ſin, that muſt quicken you from this death in ſin. Flatter your ſelves how you pleaſe, ye great Gallants of both Sexes: ye think your ſelves goodly pieces; without Godlineſs ye are the worſt kinde of carkaſſes: for as death or not-being is the worſt condition that can befall a creature; ſo death in ſin is ſo much the worſt kind of death, by how much Grace is better then Nature. A living Dog or Toad is better then a thus-dead ſinner. Would ye riſe out of this loathſome and woful plight? it is Godlineſs that muſt breath Grace into your dead lims, and that muſt give you the motions of holy Obe-
E dience.

Is it not a wonder to caſt out Devils? I tell you, the corporal poſſeſſion of ill ſpirits is not ſo rare, as the ſpiritual is rife. No natural man is free. One hath *the ſpirit of errour*, 1 Tim. 4. 1. another *the ſpirit of fornications*, Oſe 4. 12. another *the ſpirit of fear*, 2 Tim. 1. 7. another *the ſpirit of ſlumber*, another *the ſpirit of giddineſs*, another *the ſpirit of pride*: all have *ſpiritum mundi*, *the ſpirit of the world*, 1 Cor. 2. 12. Our ſtory in *Guliel. Neubrigenſis* tells us of a Countryman of ours, one *Kettle* of *Farnham*, in King *Henry* the Second's time, that had the faculty to ſee ſpirits; by the ſame token that he ſaw the Devils ſpitting over the Drunkards ſhoulders into their pots: the ſame faculty is recor-
F ded of *Antony* the Eremite, and *Sulpitius* reports the ſame of Saint *Martin*. Surely there need none of theſe eyes to diſcern every natural mans Soul haunted with theſe evil Angels. Let me aſſure you, all ye that have not yet felt *the power of Godlineſs*, ye are as truely (though ſpiritually) carried by evil ſpirits into the deeps of your known wickedneſs, as ever the *Gadarene* hogs were carried by them down the precipice into the Sea. Would you be free from this

helliſh

helliſh tyranny? only *the power of Godlineſs* can doe it. 2 *Tim.* 2. 26, 27. *If peradventure God will give them repentance, that they may recover themſelves out of the ſnares of the Devil:* and Repentance is, you know, a main part of Godlineſs. If ever therefore ye be diſpoſſeſſed of that Evil one, it is *the power of Godlineſs* that muſt doe it. A

The right hand of the moſt High.

What ſpeak I of power? I had like to have aſcribed to it the acts of Omnipotencie: And if I had done ſo, it had not been much amiſs; for what is Godlineſs but one of thoſe rayes that beams forth from that Almighty Deity? what but that ſame *Dextra Excelſi*, whereby he works mightily upon the Soul? Now, when I ſay the man is ſtrong, is it any derogation to ſay his arme is ſtrong? Faith and Prayer are no ſmall pieces of Godlineſs; and what is it that God can doe, which Prayer and Faith cannot doe? Will ye ſee ſome inſtances of the further acts of Godlineſs? Is it not an act of Omnipotence to change Nature? *Jannes* and *Jambres*, the *Ægyptian* Sorcerers, may juggle away the Staffe, and bring a Serpent into the room of it; none but a Divine power (which *Moſes* wrought by) could change the Rod into a Serpent, or the Serpent into a Rod. Nothing is above Nature but the God of Nature; nothing can change Nature but that which is above it: for Nature is regular in her proceedings, and will not be croſt by a finite power, ſince all finite Agents are within her command. Is it not a manifeſt change of the nature of the *Wolf* to *dwell* quietly *with the Lamb*, of *the Leopard* to dwell with the *Kid*; of *the Lion to eat ſtraw with the Oxe*, of *the Aſpe to play with the child?* How ſhall this be? It is an idle conceit of the Hebrews, that ſavage beaſts ſhall forgo their hurtful natures under the *Meſſias*. No, but rational beaſts ſhall alter their diſpoſitions. The ravenous Oppreſſor is the *Wolf*, the tyrannical Perſecutor is the *Leopard*, the venemous Heretick is the *Aſpe*; theſe ſhall turn innocent and uſeful by the power of Godlineſs: for then *the earth ſhall be full of the knowledge of the Lord*, Eſay 11. 6, &c. Is it not a manifeſt change of nature for the *Ethiopian* to turn white, for the *Leopard* to turn *ſpotleſs?* This is done when *thoſe doe good which are accuſtomed to evil*, Jer. 13. 23. And this Godlineſs can doe. Is it not a manifeſt change of nature for the *Camel to paſs through a needles eye?* this is done when through *the power of Godlineſs* ye Great and rich men get to Heaven. Laſtly, it is an eaſie thing to turn men into beaſts (a cup too much can doe it;) but to turn beaſts into men, men into Saints, Devils into Angels, it is no leſs then a work of Omnipotencie. And this Godlineſs can doe. B C D

But to riſe higher then a change: Is it not an act of Omnipotencie to create? Nature can go on in her track whether of continuing what ſhe actually finds to be, or of producing what ſhe finds to be potentially in pre-exiſting Cauſes; but to make new matter tranſcends her power. This Godlineſs can doe: here is καινὴ κτίσις *a new Creature*, 2 *Cor.* 5. 17. There is in Nature no prediſpoſition to Grace; the man muſt be no leſs new then when he was made firſt of the duſt of the earth, and that earth of nothing: *Novus homo*, *Eph.* 4. 24. How is this done? by Creation: and how is he *created? in righteouſneſs and holineſs*; Holineſs to God, Righteouſneſs to men; both make up Godlineſs. A Regeneration is here a Creation. *Progenuit* is expreſſed by *Creavit*, *Jam.* 1. 18. and this *by the word of truth. Old things are paſſed*, ſaith the Apoſtle, *all* muſt *be new*. If we will have ought to doe with God, our bodies muſt be renewed by a glorious Reſurrection ere they can enjoy Heaven; our Souls muſt be renewed by Grace ere we can enjoy God on earth. Are there any of us pained with our heart of ſtone? We may be well enough: the ſtone of the reines or bladder is a woful pain, but the ſtone of the heart is more deadly. He can by this power take it out, *and give* us *an heart of fleſh*, Ezec. 11. 19. Are there any of us weary of carrying our old *Adam* about us? a grievous burden I confeſs, and that which is able to weigh us down to Hell: do we groan under the load, and long to be eaſed? none but the Almighty hand can doe E F

A doe it, by the power of Godlineſs creating us anew to the likeneſs of that *ſecond Adam which is from heaven, heavenly*; without which there is no poſſibility of Salvation: for *fleſh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdome of God.* In a word, would we have this earth of ours tranſlated to Heaven? it is only *the power of godlineſs* can doe it.

And as this *power of Godlineſs* is great, ſo no leſs beneficial: beneficial every way, both here and hereafter. Here it frees us from evil, it feoffes us in good. Godlineſs is an Antidote againſt all miſchief and miſery: yea ſuch is the power of it, that it not onely keeps us from evil, but turns that evil to good; *All things work together to the beſt to them that love* and fear *God*,
B ſaith the Apoſtle. Lo, all things; Croſſes, Sins; Croſſes are bleſſings, Sins are advantages. Saint *Paul*'s Viper befriended him; Saint *Martin*'s Ellebore nouriſhed him; *Saluti fuere peſtifera*, as *Seneca* ſpeaks. And what can hurt him that is bleſſed by Croſſes, and is bettered by Sins? It feoffes us in good, Wealth, Honour, Contentment. The Apoſtle puts two of them together, *Godlineſs is great gain with contentment*, 1 Tim. 6. 6. Here are no ifs or ands; but *gain*, *great gain*, and *gain* with ſelf-ſufficiencie or *contentment*. Wickedneſs may yield a gain, ſuch as it is, for a time; but it will be gravel in the throat, gain farre from contentment. *Length of dayes are in the right hand of* true wiſedome, *and in her left hand riches and honour*, Prov.
C 3. 16. Lo, honour and wealth are but gifts of the left hand; common and mean favours: length, yea eternity, of dayes is for the right, that is the height of bounty. *Godlineſs hath the promiſes of this life and of that which is to come*, ſaith the Apoſtle: the promiſe, that is enough; Gods promiſes are his performances; with men to promiſe and to pay are two things, they are one with God. *To them that by patient continuing in well-doing ſeek glory and honour and immortality, eternal life*, Rom. 2. 7. Briefly (for I could dwell here alwaies) it is Godlineſs that onely can give us the beatifical ſight of God. The ſight? yea the fruition of him, yea the union with him; not by appoſition, not by adheſion, but by a bleſſed *participation of the divine nature*,
D 2 Pet. 1. 4. I can goe no higher; no, the Angels and Arch-angels cannot look higher then this.

To ſumme up all then; Godlineſs can give wiſedome to the fool, eyes to the blind, life to the dead; it can eject Devils, change the courſe of Nature, create us anew, free us from evil, feoffe us in good, honour, wealth, contentment, everlaſting happineſs. O the wonderful, O the beneficial *power of Godlineſs!* And now what is the deſire of my Soul, but that all this could make you in love with Godlineſs; that in ſtead of the ambitions of Honour, the tradings for Wealth, the purſuit of Pleaſure, your hearts could be ſet on fire with the zealous affectation of true Godlineſs? Alas! the leaſt overture of any of
E theſe makes us mad of the world; if but the ſhadow of a little Honour, Wealth, Promotion, Pleaſure be caſt before us, how eagerly do we proſecute it to the eternal hazard of our Souls? Behold, the ſubſtance of them all put together offers it ſelf in Godlineſs. How zealouſly ſhould we embrace them, and never give reſt to our Souls, till we have laid up thoſe true grounds of Happineſs, which ſhall continue with us when all our Riches and earthly Glory ſhall lye down with us in the duſt? Alas, Noble and Chriſtian hearers, ye may be outwardly great, and inwardly miſerable: it was a great *Cæſar* that ſaid, *I have been all things, and am never the better.* It is not your Bags, ye wealthy Citizens, that can keep the Gout from your joints, or Care from your hearts: It
F is not a Coronet, ye great Peers, that can keep your heads from aching; all this earthly pomp and magnificence cannot keep out either death or conſcience. Our Proſperity preſents us as goodly Lilies, which whiles they are whole look fair and ſmell ſweet, but if once bruiſed a little as naſty both in ſight and ſent. It is only Godlineſs that can hold up our heads in the evil day, that can bid us make a mock at all the bluſtering ſtorms of the world, that can protect us

from

from all miſeries, (which if they kill, yet they cannot hurt us) that can improve our ſufferings, and inveſt us with true and eternal Glory. O then be covetous, be ambitious of this bleſſed eſtate of the Soul: and as *Simon Maccabæus* with three yeares labour took down the top of mount *Acra* in *Jeruſalem*, that no hill might ſtand in competition of height with the Temple of God; ſo let us humble and proſtrate all other deſires to this one, that true Godlineſs may have the ſway in us.

Neither is this conſideration more fit to be a whetſtone to our zeal, then a touchſtone to our condition. Godlineſs? why, it is an herb that grows in every ſoil. As *Platina* obſerves that for 900 yeares and upwards, none of thoſe Popes to whom Sanctity is aſcribed in the abſtract, were yet held Saints after their death, except *Celeſtine* the 5, which gave up the Pontifical Chair after ſix Moneths weary ſitting in it; ſo on the contrary, we may live Ages ere we heare a man profeſs himſelf God-leſs, whiles he is abominably ſuch. He is too bad that will not be thought Godly; as it is a brazen-fac'd Curtezan that would not be held honeſt.

That which *Lactantius* ſaid of the Heathen Philoſophers, that they had many Scholars, few followers, I cannot ſay of the Divine; we have enough to learn, enough to imitate, but few to act. Be not deceived, Godlineſs is not impotent; whereever Godlineſs is there is power. Hath it then prevailed to open our eyes, to *ſee* the great *things of our peace?* hath it raiſed us up from the grave of our ſins, ejected our helliſh corruptions, changed our wicked natures, new created our hearts? well may we applaud our ſelves in the confidence of our Godlineſs. But if we be ſtill old, ſtill corrupt, ſtill blind, ſtill dead, ſtill deviliſh; away, vain Hypocrites, ye have nothing to doe with Godlineſs, becauſe Godlineſs hath had no power on you. Are ye godly, that care to know any thing rather then God and ſpiritual things? Are ye godly, that have neither ability nor will to ſerve that God whom ye faſhionably pretend to know? Are ye godly, which have no inward awe of that God whom ye pretend to ſerve, no government of your Paſſions, no Conſcience of your Actions, no care of your Lives? Falſe Hypocrites! ye do but abuſe and profane that name which ye unjuſtly arrogate. No, no; Godlineſs can no more be without power then the God that works it. Shew me your Godlineſs in the true fervor of your Devotions, in the effectual ſanctification of your hearts and tongues, in the conſcionable carriage of your lives; elſe *to the wicked ſaith God, what haſt thou to doe to take my Covenant in thy mouth, ſeeing thou hateſt to be reformed?* Pſal. 50. 16.

Ye have heard *the power of Godlineſs*; hear now *the denial of* this *power*. How then is it denied? Surely there is a verbal, there is a real denial; *& rebus & verbis*, as *Hilary*. It is a miſtaking of Logicians, that Negation is the affection of a Propoſition onely: No; God and Divinity find it more in practice. This very *power* is as ſtoutly challenged by ſome men in words, as truely denyed in actions. As one ſayes of the Phariſees anſwer concerning *John*'s Calling, *verum dicebant, & mentiebantur*; ſo may I of theſe men. It is not in the power of words to deny ſo ſtrongly as deeds can: both the hand and the tongue interpret the heart, but the hand ſo much more lively, as there is more ſubſtance in acts then ſounds. As he ſaid, *Spectamur agendo*; we are both ſeen and heard in our actions. He that ſayes there is no God, is a vocal Atheiſt; he that lives as if there were no God, is a vital Atheiſt: he that ſhould ſay Godlineſs hath no power, is a verbal Atheiſt; he that ſhall live as if Godlineſs had no power, is a real Atheiſt: they are Atheiſts both. We would fly upon a man that ſhould deny a God with *Diagoras*, though (as *Anſelm* well) no man can do this *interius, from within*; we would burn a man that ſhould deny the Deity of Chriſt with *Arrius*; we would rend our cloths at the blaſphemy of that man who, with the *Epicures* and *Apelleians*, ſhould exempt the cares and operations of God from the things below; we would ſpit at a man that durſt ſay,

They told truth, and yet lyed.

There

A There is no *power* in *Godlineſs*. Theſe monſters (if there be ſuch) hide their ugly heads, and find it not ſafe to look on the light. Faggots are the beſt language to ſuch miſcreants. But theſe reall denials are ſo much more rife and bold, as they can take the advantage of their outward ſafety and unconvincibleneſs.

Their words are honey, their life poiſon, as *Bernard* ſaid of his *Arnoldus*. And theſe actions make too much noiſe in the world. That which S. *Chryſoſtome* ſaies of the Laſt day, that mens works ſhall ſpeak, their tongues ſhall be ſilent; is partly true in the mean time; their works crie out, whiles their tongues whiſper. There is then really a double *deniall of the power of Godlineſs*; the one in not doing the good it requires, the other in doing the evil it forbids: the
B one a privative, the other a poſitive deniall.

In the former, what power hath Godlineſs if it have not made us good? A feeble Godlineſs it is that is ineffectual: If it have not wrought us to be devout to God, juſt to men, ſober and temperate in the uſe of God's creatures, humble in our ſelves, charitable to others, where is the Godlineſs? where is the power? If theſe were not apparently done, there were no form of Godlineſs; if theſe be not ſoundly and heartily done, there is a palpable *deniall* of *the power of Godlineſs*. Hear this then, ye ignorant and ſeduced ſouls, that meaſure your Devotions by number, not by weight; or that leaning upon your idle elbow, yawningly patter out thoſe Prayers whoſe ſound or ſenſe ye un-
C derſtand not; ye that bring liſtleſſe ears ſevered from your wandring hearts to the Meſſages ſent from Heaven; ye that come to God's boord as a ſurfeited ſtomack to an Hony-comb, or a ſick ſtomack to a Potion; ſhortly, ye that pray without feeling, hear without care, receive without appetite: ye *have a form of Godlineſs, but deny the power of it.*

Hear this, ye that wear out the floor of God's houſe with your frequent attendance; ye that have your ears open to God's Meſſengers, and yet ſhut to the cries of the Poor, of the Orphan, of the Labourer, of the diſtreſſed Debtor; ye that can lift up thoſe hands to Heaven in your faſhionable Prayers, which ye have not reached out to the relief of the needy members of your
D Saviour; (whiles I muſt tell you by the way that hard rule of *Laurentius*, *Magis delinquit dives non largiendo ſuperflua, quàm pauper rapiendo neceſſaria, The rich man offends more in not giving his ſuperfluities, then the poor man in ſtealing neceſſaries*) ye that have a fluent tongue to talk unto God, but have no tongue to ſpeak for God, or to ſpeak in the cauſe of the dumb: ye *have a form of Godlineſs, but deny the power thereof.*

Shortly, ye that have no fear of God before your eyes, no love to Goodneſs, no care of Obedience, no conſcience of your actions, no diligence in your Callings; ye have *denied the power of Godlineſs.* This very privative deniall
E ſhall, without your repentance, damn your Souls. Remember, oh remember that there needs no other ground of your laſt and heavieſt doom then, *Ye have not given, Ye have not viſited:* But the poſitive denial is yet more irrefragable. If very Privations and ſilence ſpeak, much more are Actions vocal. Hear this then, ye vizors of Chriſtianity, who notwithſtanding all your civil ſmoothneſſe, when ye are once moved, can tear Heaven with your Blaſphemies, and bandy the dreadfull name of GOD in your impure mouths by your bloody Oaths and Execrations; ye that dare to exerciſe your ſawcie wits in profane ſcoffs at Religion; ye that preſume to whet your lawleſſe tongues, and lift up your rebellious hands againſt lawfull Authority whether in Church or State;
F ye that grinde faces like edge-tools, and ſpill blood like water; ye that can neigh after ſtrange fleſh, and upon your voluptuous beds act the filthineſs of *Sodomitical Aretiniſmes*; ye that can quaff your drunken carouſes till you have drowned your Reaſon in a deluge of deadly Healths; ye whoſe foul hands are belimed with Briberie, and beſmeared with the price of blood; ye whoſe Sacrilegious throats have ſwallowed down whole Churches and Hoſpitals, whoſe maws have put over whole Pariſhes of ſold and affamiſhed Souls; ye

whoſe faction and turbulency in novel Opinions rends the ſeamleſſe Coat, not conſidering that of *Melanchthon*, that Schiſm is no leſſe ſin then Idolatry, and there cannot eaſily be a worſe then Idolatry; either of them both are enough to ruine any Church under Heaven (now the God of Heaven ever keep this Church of ours from the miſchief of them both) ye whoſe tongues trade in Lies, whoſe very profeſſion is Fraud and cozenage; ye cruell Uſurers, falſe Flatterers, lying and envious Detractors; in a word, ye, whoever ye are, that goe reſolutely forward in a courſe of any known ſins, and will not be reclaimed: ye, ye are the men that ſpit God in the face, and *deny* flatly *the power of Godlineſſe*. Woe is me, we have enough of theſe Birds every where at home. I appeal your eyes, your ears; would to God they would convince me of a ſlander.

But what of all this now? *The power of Godlineſſe* is *denied* by wicked men: How then? what is their caſe? Surely inexplicably, unconceivably fearfull. *The wrath of God is revealed from Heaven againſt all ungodlineſſe*, ſaith the Apoſtle. How revealed? ſay you; wherein differ they from their neighbours, unleſſe it be perhaps in better fare? no gripes in their Conſcience, no afflictions in their life, *no bands in their death: Impunitas auſum, auſus exceſſum parit*, as *Bernard*, *Their impunity makes them bold, their boldneſs outragious*. Alas, wretched Souls! The world hath nothing more wofull then a Sinners welfare. It is for ſlaughter that this Ox is fatned: *Eaſe ſlayeth the ſimple, and the proſperity of fools ſhall deſtroy them*, Prov. 1. 32. This *bracteata felicitas* which they injoy here, is but as Carpets ſpread over the mouth of Hell: For if they *deny the power of Godlineſs*, the God of power ſhall be ſure to deny them; *Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I know you not*. There cannot be a worſe doom then *Depart from me*; that is, depart from peace, from bleſſedneſs, from life, from hope, from poſſibility of being any other then eternally, exquiſitely miſerable. *Qui te non habet, Domine Deus, totum perdidit, He who hath not thee, O Lord God, hath loſt all*, as *Bernard* truly. Dying is but departing; but this departing is the worſt dying; dying in Soul, ever dying: ſo as if there be an *Ite, depart*, there muſt needs be a *maledicti, depart ye curſed*; curſed that ever they were born, who live to die everlaſtingly: For this departure, this curſe ends in that fire which can never, never end. Oh the deplorable condition of thoſe damned Souls that have ſlighted *the power of Godlineſs*! what tears can be enough to bewail their *everlaſting burnings*? what heart can bleed enough at the thought of thoſe tortures which they can neither ſuffer, nor avoid? Hold but your finger for one minute in the weak flame of a farthing Candle, can fleſh and blood indure it? With what horror then muſt we needs think of Body and Soul frying endleſly in that infernal *Tophet*? Oh think of this ye that forget God, and contemn Godlineſſe; with what confuſion ſhall ye look upon the frowns of an angry God rejecting you, the ugly and mercileſſe Fiends ſnatching you to your torments, the flames of Hell flaſhing up to meet you? with what horror ſhall ye feel the gnawing of your guilty Conſciences, and hear that helliſh ſhrieking, and weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing? It is a pain to mention theſe woes, it is more then death to feel them: *Perhorreſcite minas, formidate ſupplicia*, as *Chryſoſtome*. Certainly, my beloved, if wicked ſinners did truly apprehend an Hell, there would be more danger of their deſpair and diſtraction then of their ſecurity. It is the Devil's policy, like a Raven, firſt to pull out the eyes of thoſe that are dead in their ſins, that they may not ſee their imminent damnation. But for us; tell me, ye that hear me this day, are ye Chriſtians in earneſt, or are ye not? If ye be not, what doe ye here? If ye be, there is an hell in your Creed. Ye do not leſſe believe there is an Hell for the godleſſe, then an Earth for men, a Firmament for Stars, an Heaven for Saints, a God in Heaven: and if ye do thus firmly believe it, caſt but your eyes aſide upon that fiery gulf, and ſin if ye dare. Ye love your ſelves well enough to avoid a known pain; we know there are Stocks, and Bride-wells, and

A and Gaols, and Dungeons, and Racks, and Gibbets for malefactors, and our very feare keeps us innocent: were your hearts equally assured of those Hellish torments, ye could not, ye durst not continue in those sins for which they are prepared.

But what an unpleasing and unseasonable subject am I fallen upon, to speak of Hell in a Christian Court, the embleme of Heaven? Let me answer for my self with devout *Bernard*, *Sic mihi contingat semper beare amicos terrendo salubriter, non adulando fallaciter, Let me thus ever blesse my friends with wholesome frights, rather then with plausible soothings. Sumenda sunt amara salubria*, saith Saint *Austin*: Bitter wholsome is a safe receipt for a Christian: and what is
B more bitter or more wholsome then this thought? The way not to feel an Hell, is to see it, to fear it. I fear we are all generally defective this way; we do not retire our selves enough into the Chamber of Meditation, and think sadly of the things of another world. Our Self-love puts off this torment (notwithstanding our willing sins) with *David*'s plague, *non appropinquabit, It shall not come nigh thee.* If we do not make a league with Hell and Death, yet with our selves against them. *Fallit peccatum falsâ dulcedine*, as Saint *Austin*, *Sin deceives us with a false pleasure.* The pleasure of the world is like that *Colchian* honey, whereof *Xenophon*'s souldiers no sooner tasted, then they were miserably distempered; those that took little were drunk, those that took more were
C mad, those that took most were dead: thus are we either intoxicated, or infatuated, or kil'd out-right with this deceitfull world, that we are not sensible of our just fears; at the best we are besotted with our stupid security, that we are not affected with our danger. Woe is me, the impenitent resolved sinner is already faln into the mouth of Hell, and hangs there but by a slender twig of his momentany life; when that hold fails, he falls down headlong into that pit of horrour and desolation. Oh ye my dear brethren, so many as love your Souls, have mercy upon your selves: Call aloud out of the deeps of your sins to that compassionate Saviour, that he will give you the hand of Faith, to lay hold upon the hand of his *mercy* and *plenteous redemption*, and pull you
D out of that otherwise-irrecoverable destruction; else ye are gone, ye are gone for ever. Two things, as *Bernard* borrows of Saint *Gregory*, make a man both good and safe, *To repent of evil, To abstain from evil.* Would ye escape the wrath of God, the fire of Hell? Oh wash you clean, and keep you so. There is no Laver for you but your own teares, and the blood of your Saviour: Bathe your Souls in both of these, and be secure. Consider how many are dying now which would give a world for one hour to repent in. Oh be ye carefull then to improve your free and quiet hours in a serious and hearty contrition for your sins: say to God with the Psalmist, *Deliver me from the evil man*, that is, from my self, as that Father construes it. And for the sequel, in stead
E of the *denying the power of Godlinesse*, resolve to deny your selves, to *deny all ungodlinesse and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world*; that having felt and approved *the power of Godlinesse* in the illuminating our eyes, in raising us from our sins, in ejecting our corruptions, in changing our lives, and creating our hearts anew, we may at the last feel the happy consummation of this power, in the full possessing of us in that eternall Blessednesse and Glory which he hath prepared for all that love him. To the perfect fruition whereof he bring us that hath dearly bought us, *Jesus Christ the righteous*: to whom, &c.

F

THE BEAUTY AND UNITY OF THE CHURCH;

In a SERMON preached at *White-hall*

By *J. H.*

Cant. 6.9.

My Dove, my Undefiled is One.

OUR laſt daies diſcourſe was (as you heard) of War and diſſipation; this ſhall be of Love and unity. Away with all profane thoughts: Every ſyllable in this Bridal-ſong is Divine. Who doubts that the Bride-groom is Chriſt, the Bride his Church? the Church, whether at large in all the Faithfull, or abridged in every faithfull Soul. Chriſt the Bride-groom praiſes the Bride his Church for her Beauty, for her Entireneſſe. For her Beauty, ſhe is *Columba, a Dove*; ſhe is *perfecta, undefiled.* Her Entireneſs is praiſed by her Propriety in reſpect of him, *Columba mea, my Dove*; by her Unity in reſpect of her ſelf, *Una, one* alone. *My Dove, my undefiled is but one.* So as the beautifull Sincerity, the dear Propriety, the indiviſible Unity of the whole Church in common, and of the Epitome thereof every Regenerate Soul, is the matter of my Text, of my ſpeech. Let your holy attention follow me, and finde your ſelves in every particular.

The two firſt titles, *Columba* and *perfecta*, are in effect but one. This creature hath a pleaſing Beauty, and an innocent Simplicity: *Columba* imports the one, and *perfecta* the other; yea, each both: for what is the Perfection which can be attained here, but Sincerity? and what other is our honeſt Sincerity, then thoſe gracefull proportions and colours which make us appear lovely in the eyes of God?

The *undefiled* then interprets the *Dove*, and convertibly: for therefore is the Church undefiled, becauſe ſhe is a Dove; ſhe is, as Chriſt bade her, *ἀκέραιος innocent*, Mat. 10. 16. and therefore is ſhe Chriſt's Dove, becauſe ſhe is undefiled with the gall of ſpiritual bitterneſs.

Had ye rather ſee theſe Graces apart? Look then firſt at the Lovelineſs, then at the Harmleſneſs of the Church, of the Soul.

Every thing in the Dove is amiable; her Eyes, *Cant.* 1. 15. her Feathers, *Pſal.* 68. 13. and what not? So is the Church in the Eyes of Chriſt: And therefore the vulgar Tranſlation puts both theſe together, *Columba mea, formoſa mea*, Cant. 2. 10. which *Lucas Brugenſis* confeſſes not to be in the Hebrew, yet addes, *Nè facilè omittas.*

My dove, my fair one.

Thy Dove, O God? yea, why not thy Raven rather? I am ſure ſhe can ſay of her ſelf, *I am black:* And *if our own hearts condemn us, thou art greater.* Alas! what canſt thou ſee in us but the Puſtles of Corruption, the Morphews of Deformity, the hereditary Leproſie of Sin, the Peſtilential ſpots of Death? and doſt thou ſay, *My Dove, my undefiled?* Let malice ſpeak her worſt. The Church ſaies ſhe is *black*, but ſhe ſaies ſhe is *comely:* and that is fair that pleaſeth. Neither doth God look upon us with our eyes, but with his own; *He ſees not as man ſeeth. The Kings daughter is all glorious within:* finite eyes reach not thither. The skin-deep Beauty of earthly faces is a fit object for our ſhallow ſenſe, that can ſee nothing but colour.

Have

A Have ye not ſeen ſome Pictures which being look'd on one way ſhew ſome ugly beaſt or bird, another way ſhew an exquiſite face? Even ſo doth God ſee our beſt ſide with favour, whiles we ſee our worſt with rigour. Not that his Juſtice ſees any thing as it is not; but that his Mercy will not ſee ſome things as they are. *Bleſſed is the man whoſe ſin is covered*, Pſal. 32. 1. If we be foul, yet thou, O Saviour, art glorious: Thy Righteouſneſſe beautifies us, who are blemiſhed by our own Corruptions. But what? ſhall our borrowed Beauty blemiſh the whiles thine infinite Juſtice? ſhall we taint thee to clear our ſelves? Doſt thou juſtifie the wicked? doſt thou feather the Raven with the wings of the Dove? whiles the cloth is fair, is the skin naſtie? Is it no more but to
B deck a Blackmore with white? even with the long white robes which are the juſtifications of Saints? God forbid. Curſed be he (O Lord) that makes thy Mercies unjuſt. No; whom thou accounteſt holy, thou makeſt ſo: whom thou juſtifieſt, him thou ſanctifieſt. No man can be perfectly juſt in thee, who is not truly, though unperfectly, holy in himſelf. Whether therefore as fully juſt by thy gracious imputation, or as inchoately juſt by thy gracious inoperation, we are in both *thy Dove, thy undefiled.* In ſpight of all the blemiſhes of her outward adminiſtrations, Gods Church is beautifull; in ſpight of her inward weakeneſſes, the faithfull Soul is comely; in ſpight of both, each of them is a Dove, each of them undefiled. It is with both, as he ſaid long ſince of Phyſicians, *The*
C *Sun ſees their ſucceſſes, the earth hides their errours.* None of their unwilling infirmities can hinder the God of Mercies from a gracious allowance of their integrity. Behold thou art all fair. But let no idle *Donatiſt* of *Amſterdam* dream hence of an *Utopical* perfection. Even here is the Dove ſtill; but *Columba ſeducta*, or *fatua* (as *Tremelius* reads it) *Ephraim, Ephraim is a ſilly ſeduced Dove*, Oſe 7. 11. The rifeneſs of their familiar excommunications may have taught them to ſeek for a ſpotleſneſs above: And if their furious cenſures had left but one man in their Church, yet that one man would have need to excommunicate the greater half of himſelf, the Old man in his own boſome. Our Church may too truly ſpeak of them in the voice of God, *Woe to them,*
D *for they have fled from me*, Oſe 7. 13. It is not in the power of their uncharity to make the reſt of God's Church, and ours, any other then what it is, *The Dove* of Chriſt, *the undefiled.*

The Harmleſneſs follows. A quality ſo eminent in the Dove, that our Saviour hath hereupon ſingled it out for an Hieroglyphick of Simplicity. Whence it was, queſtionleſſe, that God of all fowls choſe out this for his Sacrifice; *Sin ex aliqua volucri*, Levit. 1. 14. And before the Law, *Abraham* was appointed no other (*Gen.* 15. 9.) then a Turtle and a Pigeon: neither did the Holy Virgin offer any other at her Purifying then this embleme of her ſelf and her bleſſed Babe. Shortly, hence it was that a Dove was imployed for the meſſenger of the
E exſiccation of the Deluge; no fowl ſo fit to carry an Olive of peace to the Church, which ſhe repreſented. And laſtly, in a Dove the Holy Ghoſt deſcended upon the meek Saviour of the world; whence (as *Illyricus* and ſome ancients have gueſſed) the ſellers of Doves were whipt out of the Temple, as Simoniacal chafferers of the Holy Ghoſt. The Church then is a Dove. Not an envious Partridge, not a careleſſe Oſtridge, not a ſtridulous Jay, not a petulant Sparrow, not a deluding Lapwing, not an unclean-fed Duck, not a noiſome Crow, not an unthankfull Swallow, not a death-boding Schrich-owl; but an harmleſſe Dove, that fowl in which alone envy it ſelf can finde nothing to
F tax. Hear this then, ye violent ſpirits, that think there can be no Piety that is not cruell; the Church is a Dove: not a Glead, not a Vultur, not a Falcon, not an Eagle, not any bird of prey or rapine. Who ever ſaw the rough foot of the Dove armed with griping talons? who ever ſaw the beak of the Dove bloody? who ever ſaw that innocent bird pluming of her ſpoil, and tiring upon bones? Indeed we have ſeen the Church crimſon-ſuited, like her celeſtial Husband, of whom the Prophet, *Who is this that cometh from Edom, with*

died garments from Bozrah? and ſtraight, *Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garment like him that treadeth in the wine-preſs?* Eſay 63. 1,2. but it hath been with her own blood ſhed by others, not with others blood ſhed by her hand. She hath learned to ſuffer what ſhe hateth to inflict. Do ye ſee any Faction with knives in their hands, ſtained with maſſacres; with firebrands in their hands, ready to kindle the unjuſt ſtakes, yea woods of Martyrdome; with piſtols and poniards in their hands, ambitiouſly affecting a canonization by the death of God's Anointed; with matches in their hands, ready to give fire unto that powder which ſhall blow up King, Prince, State, Church; with thunderbolts of cenſures, ready to ſtrike down into Hell whoſoever refuſes to receive novell opinions into the Articles of Faith? If ye finde theſe diſpoſitions and actions Dove-like, applaud them, as beſeeming the true Spouſe of Chriſt, who is ever like her ſelf, *Columba perfecta*, yea, *perfecta columba*, a true Dove for her quiet Innocence. For us, let our Dove-ſhip approve it ſelf in meekneſs of Suffering, not in actions of Cruelty. We may, we muſt delight in blood; but the blood ſhed for us, not ſhed by us. Thus let us be *Columba in foraminibus petræ*, Cant. 2. 14. *a Dove in the clifts of the rock*; that is, *in vulneribus Chriſti*, (as the Gloſſe) in the gaſhes of him that is the true Rock of the Church. This is the way to be innocent, to be beautifull, a Dove, and undefiled.

In the wounds of Chriſt.

The Propriety follows; *My Dove.* The Kite, or the Crow, or the Sparrow, and ſuch like are challenged by no owner; but the Dove ſtill hath a Maſter. The World runs wilde, it is *feræ naturæ*: but the Church is Chriſts, domeſtically, intirely his; *My Dove*, not the worlds, not her own. Not the worlds; for, *If ye were of the world*, ſaith our Saviour, *the world would love his own: but becauſe ye are not of the world, but I have choſen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you*, Joh. 15. 19. Not her own; ſo S. *Paul* 1 *Cor.* 6. 19,20. *Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.* Juſtly then may he ſay, *My Dove.* Mine, for I made her; there is the right of Creation: Mine, for I made her again; there is the right of Regeneration: Mine, for I bought her; there is the right of Redemption: Mine, for I made her mine; there is the right of ſpiritual and inſeparable Union. O God, be we thine, ſince we are thine: we are thine by thy Merit; let us be thine in our Affections, in our Obedience. It is our honour, it is our happineſs that we may be thine. Have thou all thine own. What ſhould any piece of us be caſt away upon the vain glory and traſh of this tranſitory world? Why ſhould the powers of darkneſs run away with any of our ſervices in the momentany pleaſures of ſin? The great King of Heaven hath caſt his love upon us, and hath eſpouſed us to himſelf in truth and righteouſneſs; oh then, why will we caſt roving and luſtfull eyes upon adulterous rivals, baſe drudges? yea why will we run on madding after ugly Devils? How juſtly ſhall he loath us, if we be thus ſhamefully proſtituted? Away then with all our unchaſt glances of deſires, all unclean ribaldry of converſation: let us ſay mutually with the bleſſed Spouſe, *My beloved is mine, and I am his*, Cant. 2. 16.

My Dove; mine, as to love, ſo to defend. That inference is natural, *I am thine, ſave me*: Intereſt challenges protection. The Hand ſaies, It is my Head, therefore I will guard it; the Head ſaies, It is my Hand, therefore I will deviſe to arm it, to withdraw it from violence: The Soul ſaies, It is my Body, therefore I will caſt to cheriſh it; the Body ſaies, It is my Soul, therefore I would not part with it. The Husband ſaies, *Bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh*, and therefore θάλπει he makes much of her, *Epheſ.* 5. 29. And as ſhe is *deſiderium oculorum, the delight of his eyes* to him, *Ezec.* 24. 16. ſo is he *operimentum oculorum, the ſhelter of her eyes* to her, *Gen.* 20. 16. In all caſes it is thus. So as if God ſay of the Church *Columba mea, my Dove*, ſhe cannot but ſay of him, *Adjutor meus, my helper.* Neither can it be otherwiſe ſave where is lack either of love or power. Here can be no lack of either: not of Love; he ſaith, *Whoſo toucheth Iſrael toucheth the apple of mine eye:* not of power; Our *God doth whatſoever he will both in heaven and earth.*

Band

A Band you your ſelves therefore, ye bloody Tyrants of the world, againſt the poor deſpiſed Church of God; threaten to trample it to duſt, and when you have done, to carry away that duſt upon the ſoles of your ſhoes: *He that ſits in Heaven laughs* you *to ſcorn, the Lord hath* you *in deriſion. O Virgin Daughter of Sion, they have deſpiſed thee: O daughter of Jeruſalem they have ſhaken their heads at thee. But whom have ye reproched and blaſphemed? and againſt whom have ye exalted your voice, and lift up your eyes on high? Even againſt the Holy one of Iſrael*, who hath ſaid, *Columba mea, my Dove.*

Yea, let all the *ſpiritual wickedneſſes in heavenly places*, all the legions of Hell troup together, they ſhall as ſoon be able to pluck God out of his throne of B Heaven, as to pull one feather from the wing of this Dove. This Propriety ſecures her: She is *Columba mea, my Dove.*

From the Propriety, turn your eyes to the beſt of her Properties, Unity. Let me leave Arithmeticians diſputing whether Unity be a number. I am ſure, it is both the beginning of all numbring numbers, and the beginning and end of all numbers numbred. All Perfection riſes hence, and runs hither; and every thing the nearer it comes to perfection, gathers up it ſelf the more towards Unity; as all the virtue of the Loadſtone is recollected into one point. Jehovah our God is one; from him there is but one World, one Heaven in that world, one Sun in that Heaven, one uniform face of all that glorious Vault: C the nature of the holy Angels is one and ſimple as creatures can be: the head of Angels and Saints, one Saviour; whoſe bleſſed Humanity if it carry ſome ſemblance of compoſition, yet it is anſwered by a threefold Union of one and the ſame Subject, a double union of the Deity with the Humanity, a third union of the Humanity in it ſelf. So that as in the Deity there is one Eſſence and three Perſons; in Chriſt is one Perſon, and three Eſſences united into that one. If from Heaven we look to earth, from God to men; we have but one Earth, one Church in that earth, one King in that Church, and (for us) one Deputy of that King, one Scepter, one Law of both; *one Baptiſm, one Faith; Cor unum, viam unam:* and all theſe make up *Columbam unam, one Dove.* It would per- D haps be no unneceſſary excurſion to take hereupon occaſion to diſcourſe of the perfecteſt form of Church-government, and to diſpute the caſe of that long and buſie competition betwixt Monarchy and Ariſtocracy. Ingenuous *Richier*, the late eye-ſore of the *Sorbon*, hath made (methinks) an equal arbitration, That the State is Monarchical, the Regiment Ariſtocratical. The State abſolutely Monarchical in Chriſt, diſpenſatively Monarchical in reſpect of particular Churches; foraſmuch as that power which is inherent in the Church, is diſpenſed and executed by ſome prime Miniſters, like as the faculty of Seeing given to the man, is exerciſed by the Eye, which is given for this uſe to man. And if, for the Ariſtocratical Regiment, there be in the native Senate E of the Church (which is a General Council) a power to enact Canons for the wielding of this great body, (as more eyes ſee more then one) yet how can this conſiſt without Unity? *Concilium* is not ſo much a *concalando*, as *Calepine* hath miſtaken, as a *conciliando*, or, as *Iſidore*, *à ciliis oculorum*, which ever move together. In this Ariſtocracy there is an Unity; for, as that old word was long ſince, *Epiſcopatus unus eſt, cujus à ſingulis in ſolidum pars tenetur.* In a word, no Regiment, no State can have any form, but deformity, without Unity.

Neither is there more Perfection then Strength in Unity. Large bodies, if of a ſtronger compoſition, yet becauſe the ſpirits are diffuſed, have not that vigor and activity which a well-knit body hath in a more ſlender frame. The praiſe F of the invincible ſtrength of *Jeruſalem* was not ſo much in the natural walls, the hills round about it, as in the mutual compactedneſſe within it ſelf. And *Solomon* tells us, it is the twiſted Cord that is not eaſily broken. The Rule of *Vegetius* that he gives for his beſt ſtratagem is, (that which our *Jeſuites* know too well) to ſet ſtrife where we deſire ruine. Our Saviour ſaies that of every City which one ſaid anciently of *Carthage*, That diviſion was the beſt engine to

batter it. *A City divided cannot ſtand.* On the contrary, of every happy Church, of every firm State is that verified which God ſpeaks in the whirlewinde of *Leviathan*'s ſcales, *una uni conjungitur; One is joyned to another, that the winde cannot paſſe between them: they ſtick together that they cannot be ſundred*, Job 41. 16, 17. A

That there is Perfection and Strength in Unity cannot be doubted; but how agrees this Unity to Chriſt's Dove, his Church? It ſhall be thus abſolutely *in patria*, at home; but how is it *in via*, in the paſſage? Even here it is One too: not divided, not multiplied. To begin with the former. It hath been a ſtale quarrel that hath been raiſed from the diviſions of the Chriſtian world, worn thredbare even by the pens and tongues of *Porphyrie*, *Libanius*, *Celſus*, *Julian*: and after them *Valens* the Emperour was puzzled with it, till *Themiſtius*, that memorable Chriſtian Philoſopher, in a notable Oration of his convinced this idle cavil, telling the Emperour, "He ſhould not wonder at the diſſenſions of "Chriſtians; that theſe were nothing in compariſon of the differences of the "Gentile Philoſophers, which had above three hundred ſeverall Opinions in "agitation at once; and that God meant by this variety of judgments to illu- "ſtrate his own Glory, that every man might learn ſo much more to adore his "Majeſty, by how much harder it is rightly to apprehend him. The juſtice of this exception hath been confeſſed and bewailed of old by the antient Fathers: St. *Chryſoſtome* ſhall ſpeak for all; *Deridiculo facti ſumus & Gentibus & Judæis, dum Eccleſia in mille partes ſcinditur, We are made a ſcorn to Jews and Gentiles* (ſaith he) *whiles the Church is torn into a thouſand pieces.* Little do theſe fools, that ſtumble at theſe contentions, know the weight of S. *Paul*'s *Oportet, There muſt be hereſies*: little are they acquainted with Gods faſhions in all his works. Hath he not ſet contrary motions in the very Heavens? Are not the Elements (the main ſtuffe of the world) contrary to each other in their forms and qualities? Hath he not made the natural Day to conſiſt of light and darkneſſe? the Year of ſeaſons contrarily tempered? yea all things (according to the gueſſe of that old Philoſopher) *ex lite & amicitia?* And ſhall we need to teach God how to frame his Church? Will theſe wiſe cenſurers accuſe the Heavens of miſplacing, the Elements of miſtemper, or check the Day with the deformity of his darkneſſe, or upbraid the fair beauty of the Year with ice-icles and wrinkles? or condemn that reall Friendſhip that ariſes from debate? If the wiſe and holy Moderator of all things did not know how by theſe fires of contradiction to trie men, and to purifie his Truth, and to glorifie himſelf, how eaſie were it for him to quench them, and confound their Authors? B C D

Can they commend it in a wiſe *Scipio*, that he would not have *Carthage* (though their greateſt enemy) deſtroied, *ut timore libido premeretur, libido preſſa non luxuriaretur, that riot might be curbed with fear*, as S. *Auſtin* expreſſes it; and ſhall not the moſt wiſe God have leave to permit an exerciſe to keep his children in breath, that they be not ſtuft up with the foggy unſound humors of the world? When theſe preſuming fools have ſtumbled, and faln into the bottome of hell, the Spouſe of Chriſt ſhall be ſtill his Dove, in the clefts or ſciſſures of the Rocks; and ſhe ſhall call him her *Roe, or yong Hart* (על הרי בתר) *upon the hills of Diviſion*, Cant. 2. 17. E

But yet when all is done, in ſpight of all diſſentions, the Church is *Columba una, one Dove.* The word is not more common then equivocal: whether ye conſider it as the aggregation of the outward, viſible, particular Churches of Chriſtian profeſſors, or as the inward, ſecret, univerſal company of the Elect, it is ſtill One. To begin with the former. What is it here below that makes the Church one? *One Lord, One Faith, One Baptiſm. One Lord*, ſo it is one in the Head; *One Faith*, ſo it is one in the Heart; *One Baptiſm*, ſo it is one in the Face. Where theſe are truly profeſſed to be, though there may be differences of adminiſtrations and ceremonies, though there may be differences in opinions, yet there is *Columba una*: all thoſe are but diverſly-coloured feathers of the ſame F

Dove.

A Dove. What Church therefore hath one Lord, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous, one Faith in that Lord, one Baptiſm into that Faith, it is the One Dove of Chriſt. To ſpeak more ſhort, one Faith abridges all. But what is that one Faith? what but the main fundamental Doctrine of Religion neceſſary to be known, to be believed unto Salvation? It is a golden and uſefull diſtinction that we muſt take with us, betwixt Chriſtian Articles and Theological Concluſions. Chriſtian Articles are the Principles of Religion neceſſary to a Believer; Theological Concluſions are School-points, fit for the diſcourſe of a Divine. Thoſe Articles are few and eſſential; theſe Concluſions are many, and unimporting (upon neceſſity) to Salvation either way. That Church then which holds thoſe
B Chriſtian Articles both in terms and neceſſary conſequences (as every viſible Church of Chriſt doth) however it vary in theſe Theological Concluſions, is *Columba una*. Were there not much latitude in this Faith, how ſhould we fetch in the antient Jewiſh Church to the unity of the Chriſtian? Theirs and ours is but one Dove, though the feathers, according to the colour of that fowl, be changeable. It is a fearfull account then that ſhall once be given before the dreadfull Tribunal of the Son of God, the only Husband of this one Church, by thoſe men who, not like the children of faithfull *Abraham*, divide the Dove, multiplying Articles of Faith according to their own fancies, and caſting out of the boſome of the Church thoſe Chriſtians that differ from their either falſe or
C unneceſſary concluſions. Thus have our great Lords of the Seven hills dared to doe, whoſe faction hath both devoured their Charity and ſcorned ours, to the great prejudice of the Chriſtian world, to the irreparable damage of the glorious Goſpel of our Lord *Jeſus*. The God of Heaven judge in this great caſe betwixt them and us; us, who firmly holding the foundation of Chriſtian Religion in all things according to the antient, Catholick, Apoſtolick Faith, are rejected, cenſured, condemned, accurſed, killed, for refuſing their gainfull Novelties. In the mean time we can but lament their fury no leſſe then their errours, and ſend out our hopeleſſe wiſhes that the ſeamleſſe coat might be darn'd up by their hands that tore it.

D From them, to ſpeak to our ſelves, who have happily reformed thoſe errours of theirs, which either their ambition or profit would not ſuffer them to part with; ſince we are one, why are we ſundred? One ſaies, I am *Luther*'s for Conſubſtantiation; another, I am *Calvin*'s for Diſcipline; another, I am *Arminius*'s for Predeſtination; another, I am *Barrow*'s or *Brown*'s for Separation. What frenzy poſſeſſes the brains of Chriſtians thus to ſquander themſelves into Factions? It is indeed an envious cavil of our common adverſaries, to make theſe ſo many Religions. No; every branch of different Opinion doth not conſtitute a ſeveral Religion: were this true, I durſt boldly ſay, old *Rome* had not more Deities then the modern *Rome* hath Religions. Theſe things, though
E they do not vary Religions and Churches, yet they trouble the quiet unity of the Church. Brethren, ſince our Religion is one, why are not our tongues one? why do we not bite in our ſingular conceits, and binde our tongues to the common Peace? But if from particular viſible Churches (which perhaps you may conſtrue to be the threeſcore Queens here ſpoken of) you ſhall turn your eyes to the true, inward, univerſal company of Gods Elect and ſecret ones, there ſhall you more perfectly finde *Columbam unam, one Dove*: for what the other is in profeſſion, this is in truth; that *one Baptiſm* is here the true *Laver of Regeneration*; that *one Faith* is a ſaving repoſal upon Chriſt; that *one Lord* is the Saviour of his Body. No natural body is more one then this myſtical: one
F Head rules it, one Spirit animates it, one ſet of joynts moves it, one Food nouriſhes it, one Robe covers it. So it is one in it ſelf, ſo one with Chriſt, as Chriſt is one with the Father; *That they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me*, John 17. 22. Oh bleſſed Unity of the Saints of God, which none of the makebates of Hell can ever be able to diſſolve!

And now, ſince we are thus and every other way one, why are we not united in

in Love? why do we in our ordinary converſation ſuffer ſlight weakneſſes to ſet off our Charity? *Mephiboſheth* was a cripple; yet the perfect love of *Jonathan* either cures or covers his impotency. We can no more want infirmities, then not be men; we cannot ſtick at infirmities if we be Chriſtians. It is but a poor love that cannot paſſe over ſmall faults; even *quotidianæ incurſionis*, as that Father ſpeaks. It is an injurious niceneſs to condemn a good Face in each other for a little mole. Brethren, let us not aggravate, but pity each others weakneſſes; and ſince we are but one Body, let us have but one Heart, one Way: And if we be the Dove of Chriſt, and his Dove is one, oh let us be ſo one with each other as he is one with us. A

And as the Church and Commonwealth are twins, ſo ſhould this be no leſſe one with it ſelf and with her temporal head. *Diviſum eſt cor eorum, Their heart is divided*, was the judgment upon *Iſrael*, *Oſe* 10.2. Oh how is every good heart divided in ſunder with the grief for the late diviſions of our *Reuben*? We do not mourn, we bleed inwardly for this diſtraction. But I do willingly ſmother theſe thoughts; yea my juſt ſorrow choaks them in my boſome, that they cannot come forth but in ſighs and groans. O thou that art the God of peace, unite all hearts in Love to each other, in loyal Subjection to their Soveraign Head. *Amen.* B

As the Church is one in not being divided; ſo ſhe is but one in not being multiplied. Here is *unus*, *uni*, *unam*, as the old word is. He, the true Husband of the Church, who made and gave but one *Eve* to the firſt *Adam*, will take but one wife to himſelf, the ſecond *Adam*. There are many particular Churches; all theſe make up but one univerſal: as many diſtinct lims make up but one intire body, many grains one bach, many drops and ſtreams one Ocean. C

So many Regions as there are under Heaven that do truly profeſſe the Chriſtian name, ſo many National Churches there are; in all thoſe Nations there are many Provincial, in all thoſe Provinces many Dioceſan, in all thoſe Dioceſes many Parochial Churches, in all thoſe Pariſhes many Chriſtian Families, in all thoſe Families many Chriſtian Souls: now all thoſe Souls, Families, Pariſhes, Dioceſes, Provinces, Nations make up but one Catholick Church of Chriſt upon earth. The God of the Church cannot abide either Conventicles of Separation, or pluralities of profeſſions, or appropriations of Catholiciſm. Catholick *Romane* is an abſurd *Donatian* Soleciſm: This is to ſeek *Orbem in urbe*, as that Council ſaid well. Happy were it for that Church, if it were a ſound lim (though but the little toe) of that mighty and precious body, wherein no believing Jew or *Indian* may not challenge to be jointed. Neither difference of time, nor diſtance of place, nor rigor of unjuſt cenſure, nor any uneſſential errour can barre our intereſt in this bleſſed Unity. As this flouriſhing Church of great *Britain* (after all the ſpightfull calumniations of malicious men) is one of the moſt conſpicuous members of the Catholick upon earth; ſo we in her Communion do make up one body with the holy Patriarchs, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, Confeſſors and faithfull Chriſtians of all ages and times. We ſucceed in their Faith, we glory in their Succeſſion, we triumph in this Glory. Whither go ye then, ye weak, ignorant, ſeduced ſouls, that run to ſeek this Dove in a forein cote? She is here, if ſhe have any neſt under Heaven. Let me never have part in her or in Heaven, if any Church in the world have more part in the Univerſal. Why do we wrong our ſelves with the contradiſtinction of Proteſtant and Catholick? We do only proteſt this, that we are perfect Catholicks. Let the pretenſed look to themſelves; we are ſure we are as Catholick as true Faith can make us; as much one as the ſame Catholick Faith can make us: and in this undoubted right we claim and injoy the ſweet and inſeparable communion with all the bleſſed members of that myſtical body, both in earth and Heaven; and by virtue thereof, with the glorious Head of that dear and happy body, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous, the Husband to this one Wife, the Mate to this one Dove: to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, three Perſons and one God, be given all Praiſe, Honour and Glory, now and for ever. *Amen.* D E F F

THE

THE FASHIONS OF THE WORLD;

Laid forth in a SERMON at *Grayes*-Inne on Candlemas day.

By *J. H.*

Rom. 12. 2.

Faſhion not your ſelves like to this World; but be ye changed by the renewing of your minde, &c.

THAT which was wont to be upbraided as a ſcorn to the Engliſh, may be here conceived the Embleme of a Man; whom ye may imagine ſtanding naked before you with a paire of ſheers in his hand ready to cut out his own faſhion. In this deliberation, the World offers it ſelf to him with many a gay, misſhapen, fantaſticall dreſſe: God offers himſelf to him with one onely faſhion, but a new one, but a good one. The Apoſtle (like a friendly monitor) adviſeth him where to pitch his choice; *Faſhion not your ſelves like to this world; but be ye changed by the renewing of your minde.*

How much Chriſtianity croſſes Nature, we need no other proof then my Text. There is nothing that Nature affects ſo much as the Faſhion, and no faſhion ſo much as the worlds; for our uſuall word is, *Doe as the moſt.* And behold that is it which is here forbidden us, *Faſhion not your ſelves like to this world.*

All faſhions are either in Device, or Imitation. There are vain heads that think it an honour to be the founders of Faſhions: there are ſervile fools that ſeek onely to follow the Faſhion once deviſed. In the firſt rank is the World, which is nothing but a mint of Faſhions; yet (which is ſtrange) all as old as miſ-beſeeming. We are forbidden to be in the ſecond: If the World will be ſo vain as to miſ-ſhape it ſelf, we may not be ſo fooliſh as to follow it.

Let us look a little (if you pleaſe) at the Pattern here damn'd in my Text, *The world.* As in extent, ſo in expreſſion the World hath a large ſcope; yea there are more Worlds then one. There is a world of creatures, and within that there is a world of men, and yet within that a world of believers, and yet within all theſe a world of corruptions. More plainly, there is a good world, an evil world, an indifferent. A good world, as of the creatures in regard of their firſt birth, ſo of men in regard of their ſecond, a world of renewed Souls; in the firſt act of their renovation believing, *Joh.* 17. 20. upon their belief reconciled, 2 *Cor.* 5. 19. upon their reconcilement ſaved, *Joh.* 3. 16.

An evil world, yea ſet in evil, 1 *Joh.* 5. 19. a world of corrupt unregeneration, that hates Chriſt and his, *Joh.* 15. 18. that is hated of Chriſt, *Jam.* 4. 4.

An indifferent world, that is good or evil as it is uſed; whereof St. *Paul, Let thoſe that uſe the world be as not abuſing it*, 1 Cor. 7. 31. This indifferent world

world is a world of commodities, affections, improvement of the creature; which (if we will be wiſe Chriſtians) we muſt faſhion to us, framing it to our own bent, whether in want or abundance. A

The good world is a world of Saints, whoſe *Souls are purified in obeying the truth through the Spirit*, 1 Pet. 1.22. To this world we may be faſhioned. The evil world is a world of mere men and their vicious conditions. God hath made us the lords of the indifferent world; himſelf is the Lord of the good; Satan is lord of the evil, *Princeps hujus Seculi*. And that is moſt properly the world, becauſe it contains the moſt, as it is but a chaffe-heap wherein ſome grains of wheat are ſcattered. To this evil world then we may not faſhion our ſelves in thoſe things which are proper to it as ſuch: in natural, in civil actions we may, we muſt follow the world; ſingularity in theſe things is juſtly odious; herein the World is the true maſter of Ceremonies, whom not to follow is no better then a Cynicall irregularity: in things poſitively or morally evil we may not. B

There is no material thing that hath not his form; the outward form is the faſhion; the faſhion of outward things is variable with the times; ſo as every external thing, cloaths, building, plate, ſtuffe, geſture is now in, now out of faſhion: but the faſhions of Morality, whether in good or evil, are fixed and perpetual. *The world paſſeth and the faſhion of it*; but the evil of the faſhions of the world is too conſtant and permanent, and muſt be ever the matter of our deteſtation, *Faſhion not your ſelves like to this world.* C

But becauſe evils are infinite, as wiſe *Solomon* hath obſerved; it will be requiſite to call them to their heads, and to reduce theſe forbidden faſhions to the ſeveral parts whereto they belong. I cannot dream with *Tertullian*, that the Soul hath a Body; but I may well ſay that the Soul follows the body; and as it hath parts aſcribed to it according to the outward proportion, ſo are theſe parts ſuited with ſeverall faſhions. Let your patient attention follow me through them all.

Begin with the Head, a part not more eminent in place then in power. What is the head-tire of the world? Surely, as outwardly we ſee in this Caſtle of the Body the flag of vanity hang'd out moſt conſpicuouſly in feathers, perukes, wires, locks, frizzles, powders, and ſuch other traſh; ſo the inward diſguiſe of this part is no leſſe certain, no leſſe obvious to wiſe and holy eyes. And what is that but fancies, miſ-opinions, miſ-judgment? all, whether vain thoughts, *Pſal.* 94. 11. or evil thoughts, *Eſa.* 59.7. To this head refer novelties of device, Hereſies, capricious, ſuperſtitious conceits, whereof the inſtances would have no end. And theſe errors of the Minde are either in falſe Principles or falſe Concluſions: and both whether in matter of Speculation or Practice. D

It is a world to ſee what falſe Maximes the world laies down to it ſelf; all which are as ſo many grounds of diſguiſes of this great and graceleſſe head. I do not tell you that *the fool hath ſaid, there is no God*; or, hath pent up that God in the circle of the Heavens; or whatever other imagination the very impudence of the world is aſhamed to juſtifie, (as even in outward Pride there are certain *pudenda myſteria*, which vain Dames uſe, but hide:) I ſpeak of received and current Axioms, which the world takes for granted, and fears not to aver; ſuch as theſe, We muſt doe according to cuſtome; If it be κακὸν φυτεύμενον, an ill weed wel rooted, we may not pull it up; Wrongs may not be offered, they may be returned; There can be no better Juſtice then retaliation; The Lye muſt be anſwered with a blow, the Challenge with a combat; Our Honour muſt be tendred, whatever becomes of our Soul; Reaſon muſt be done in drinking, though without reaſon; We may lye for an advantage; We may ſwear upon provocation; We may make the beſt of our own; Each man for himſelf; Youth muſt have a ſwindge; It is good ſleeping in a whole skin; Religion muſt be tuned to reaſons of State; and a thouſand of this kind. And from theſe falſe Premiſſes are raiſed pernicious Concluſions of reſolution to the Soul. What ſhould I ſpeak of profane and wilde thoughts, of ſenſuall and beaſtly E F

A beaſtly thoughts, of cruell and bloody thoughts? Theſe are the faſhions of the world whereto we may not faſhion our ſelves, remembring that of wiſe *Solomon*, *The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord*, Prov. 15. 26. Theſe dreſſes, perhaps, ſeem not uncomely to carnall eyes; but God tells us how he likes them: they are as naught as old; he ſpits at them in a juſt deteſtation, and will ſpit at us for them. Say not now therefore, Thought is free: No; it is ſo farre from that, as that it may be unpardonable, as *Simon Peter* intimates to *Simon Magus*, Acts 8. 22. Away then with all the falſe poſitions and miſconcluſions, all the fantaſticall or wicked thoughts of the world: It is *filthy, let it be filthy ſtill. Let not us faſhion our Heads like unto the world.*

B Now not onely the whole Head in common, but every part, every power of ſenſe in this Head, hath a faſhion of its own, that we muſt not follow in the world. Look firſt at the Eyes. The Eyes of the world have a four-fold evil caſt that we may not imitate; the adulterous, the covetous, the proud, the envious. The adulterous roves and looks round about, the covetous looks downward, the proud looks a oft, the envious looks aſquint.

The firſt are *eyes full of Adulteries*, 2 Pet. 2. 14. every glance whereof is an act of beaſtlineſſe: βλέπων ἐμοίχευσεν ſaith our Saviour, *Mat.* 5. 28. the very ſight is a kind of conſtupration. The ſame word in the Greek (κόρη) ſignifies both *the apple of the eye* and *a virgin*: I may not now diſcuſſe the reaſon. Sure C I am, many an eye proves a bawd to the Soul; and I may ſafely ſay, Virginity is firſt loſt in the eye.

The ancient Philoſophers before *Ariſtotle*, that held the Sight to be by ſending out of beams, imagined the Eye to be of a fiery nature; wherein they were the rather confirmed, for that they found, that if the Eye take a blow, fire ſeems to ſparkle out of it. But certainly how wateriſh ſoever better experience hath found the ſubſtance of the Eye, it is ſpiritually fiery; fiery both actively and paſſively. Paſſively, ſo as that it is inflamed by every wanton beame; actively, ſo as that it ſets the whole heart on fire with the inordinate flames of concupiſcence. What ſhould a Chriſtian doe with a burning-D glaſſe in his head, that unites pernicious beams for the firing of the heart? I mean, a beaſtly and fornicating eye (*Ezec. 6. 9.*) Out with it, if it thus offend thee, as thou lookſt to eſcape the fire of hell. For this flame, like that unnaturall one of *Sodome*, ſhall burn downward, and never leave till it come to the bottome of that infernall *Tophet*. Make covenants with your eyes, O ye Chriſtians, as *Job* did; and when ye have done, hold them cloſe to your covenants once made: and if they will needs wilfully break, take the forfeit to the utmoſt. How much better were it for a man to be blind, then to ſee his own damnation? Thus faſhion not your eye to the Uncleanneſſe of the world.

The Covetous follows. Even this is a *luſt of the eye* too, 1 *Joh.* 2. 16. *Libido* E *æris*, as *Ambroſe* calls it. As the eye in its own nature is covetous, in that it *is not ſatisfied with ſeeing*, Eccleſ. 1. 8. ſo the eye of the covetous hath a more particular inſatiableneſſe. *Non ſatiatur oculus divitiis, The eye is not ſatisfied with riches*, Eccleſ. 4. 8. And yet theſe riches can goe no further then his eye; the owner hath nothing but their ſight, 5. 11. Hence wiſe *Solomon* parallels Hell and deſtruction with the eye; neither are ſatisfiable, *Prov.* 27. 20. He that is a true glutton of the world, may fill his belly, his eye never. For it is in theſe deſires as in Drunkenneſſe, his drought increaſeth with his draughts, and the more he hath the leſſe he thinks he hath, and the more he would have. This diſeaſe is popular and, as the Prophet tells us, *à minimo ad maximum*, *Jer.* 6. 13. F The world could not be ſo wicked, if it had not this caſt of the eye; for this φιλαργυρία *love of money, is the root of all evil*, 1 Tim. 6. 10. From hence come Simonies in the Spiritualty, Sacriledge in the Laity, immoderate fees in Lawyers, unreaſonable prices in Merchants, exactions in Officers, oppreſſions in Landlords, incroachments in neighbourhood, falſhood in ſervants, and laſtly cozenages in all ſorts. But, *woe to him that increaſeth that which is not his, and to*

him that ladeth himſelf with thick clay, ſaith *Abacuc* 2.6. Was there ever a more perfect conviction of a vice? This deſired metall is *not his*, firſt; and then if it were his, it is but *denſiſſimum lutum, thick clay*; it may load him, it cannot eaſe him. Away therefore with thoſe *two* greedy *daughters* of the *Horſeleach, that cry ſtill, Give, give*, Prov. 30. 15. Give is for Chriſtians; but Give, give, is for worldlings; as it was the doubling of the ſtroke upon the Rock that offended. If we be Chriſtians, we are richer then the world can make us. *Having therefore food and raiment, let us be therewith content*, 1 Tim. 6. 8. But if thou wilt needs inlarge thy boundleſſe deſires, take this with thee, there is ſomewhat as unſatiable as thine eye; *The grave and hell never ſay, It is enough*, Prov. 30. 16. Thus faſhion not your eye to the Covetouſneſſe of the world. A

The next is the Proud looks. *There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes! and their eye-lids are lifted up*, Prov. 30. 13. There is? nay, where is there any other? The world is all ſuch? admiring it ſelf, ſcorning all others. And if ever, now is that of the Prophet verified, *The childe ſhall behave himſelf proudly againſt the ancient, and the baſe againſt the honourable*, Eſa. 3. 5. One prides himſelf in his bags, another in his gay coat; one in his titles, another in his fame; one in agility, another in skill; one in ſtrength, another in beauty: Every one hath ſomething to look big upon. Oh fools, either ignorant, or forgetfull of what ye are, of what ye ſhall be! goe on to wonder at your poor miſerable glory and greatneſs: ye are but lift up for a fall: your height is not ſo ſure as your ruine; ruine to the duſt, yea to hell. *Him that hath a proud heart will I not ſuffer*, ſaith God, *Pſal.* 101. 5. Faſhion not your eye therefore to the Pride of the world. B C

The laſt is the Envious eye; by an eminence called *Oculus nequam, an evil eye. Is thine eye evil, becauſe I am good?* ſaith the Houſholder, *Mat.* 20. 15. As if Envy had ingroſſed all malignity into her own hands. This caſt of the eye the World learned of the Devil, who, when himſelf was fallen, could not abide that man ſhould ſtand. Far be it from us to learn it of the World. As happy is, this vice is executioner enough to it ſelf: *Putredo oſſium invidentia, Envy is the rotting of the bones*, Prov. 14. 30. And where other earthly torments die with men, this follows them into Hell, and ſhall there torture them eternally. *The wicked ſhall ſee it, and ſhall be grieved, (& frendens contabeſcet,) and ſhall gnaſh and pine*, Pſal. 112. 10. Faſhion not your eye therefore to the Envy of the world. D

We have done with the Eye in the Uncleanneſs, Covetouſneſs, Pride, Envy of it: we might have taken the Forehead in our way; that is the ſeat of Impudency; it is *frons ærea, a brow of braſſe*, Eſa. 48. 4. yea *meretricia, an whores forehead, that refuſes to be aſhamed*, Jer. 3. 4. yea γιγαντώδης, *giant-like*, confronting Heaven, which *Eccleſiaſticus* prayes to be delivered from, *Ecclus.* 23. 5. that can boldly bear out a ſin committed, either out-facing the fact, as *Gehezi*, or the fault, as *Saul*. This is the faſhion of the world, by lyes, imprecations, perjuries to outbrave the moſt juſt reproof; *A wicked man hardneth his face*, Prov. 21. 29. This faſhion is not for us Chriſtians. If we cannot be guiltleſſe, we cannot be ſhameleſſe: at leaſt we can bluſh at our ſins. The dye of our Repentance ſtrives with the crimſon of our Offence; and we can out of the true remorſe of our Souls ſay with the Prophet, *We lie down in our ſhame, and our confuſion covereth us; for we have ſinned againſt the Lord our God*, Jer. 3. 25. Thus, faſhion not your Forehead to the Impudence of the world. E

We paſſe to the Eare; wherein there is a double faſhion to be avoided. Firſt, there is a Deaf eare, ſhut up againſt all inſtruction, like the Adder's againſt the charm, *Pſal.* 58. 5. How ſhut up? A filme or fore-skin is grown over it, which hinders the way of the voice: *Jer.* 6. 10. *Behold, their eare is uncircumciſed, and they cannot hearken.* Hence it is that we preach in vain, we labour in vain: to what purpoſe do we tear our throats, and ſpend our lungs, and force our ſides, in ſuing to a deaf world? *Who hath believed our report, or to whom is the* F

arm

A *arm of the Lord revealed?* If ever we will hear the voice of the Son of God and live, we muſt therefore have our eares opened, this our fore-skin muſt be pierced. *Aurem perforaſti mihi, Thou haſt digged my eare*, as the word originally ſounds, *Pſal.* 40. 6. The finger of our Omnipotent Saviour muſt doe it, and his *Ephphatha*, Mar. 7. 34. Let the deaf world periſh in their infidelity and diſobedience; but for us, let us ſay with *Samuel, Speak, Lord, for thy Servant heareth.*

Secondly, there is an Itching eare, 2 *Tim.* 4. 3. that out of a wanton curioſity affects change of doctrine. How commonly do we ſee a kinde of Epicuriſme in the eare? which when it hath fed well of many good diſhes, longs to ſurfeit of a ſtrange compoſition. Yea there is an *appetitus caninus*, that paſſing by
B wholſome viands, falls upon unmeet and foul-feeding morſels. We have heard Sermons enough; Oh now for a Maſſe: We have heard our owne Divines; Oh for a *Jeſuite* at a Veſpers. Oh fooliſh *Iſraelites*! who hath bewitched you, that loathing the Manna of Angels, your mouth ſhould hang towards the *Egyptian* garlick? God hath a medicine in ſtore for this itch, if we prevent him not: *Tinnient aures*, ſaith he, *Jer.* 19. 3. If our eares itch after ſtrange doctrine, others ears ſhall tingle at our ſtrange Judgements. The God of Mercy prevent it: and ſince we accurſe our ſelves if we ſpeak any other words then our Maſters, ſay you to Chriſt ſpeaking by us, *Maſter, whither ſhall we goe from thee? thou haſt the words of eternall life.* Thus faſhion not your Eare to the deafneſſe,
C to the inconſtancy of the world.

The ill faſhions of the Tongue call me to them; whereof the variety is no leſſe infinite then of words forbidden and offenſive. The Eye and the Eare are receivers, but the Tongue is a ſpender; and it layes out according to the ſtore of the heart: For, *out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh*, ſaith our Saviour. No words can expreſſe the choice of ill words. I will limit my ſpeech to three ill faſhions of the Tongue, Falſhood, Maliciouſneſſe, Obſcenity.

1. The world hath a Falſe tongue in his head: falſe every way; in broaching of errours, in ſophiſtry of their maintenance, in deceits and cozenages of contracts, in lies, (whether aſſertory, which breed miſreports, or promiſſory,
D which cauſe diſappointments) in perjuries, in equivocations, in flatteries, and humouring of men or times. What a world of untruth offers it ſelf here to us? Lord, whom can a man ſpeak with that he dares believe? whom dares he believe that deceives him not? How is that of the Pſalm verified, *Diminutæ ſunt veritates, Truth is miniſhed from the children of men?* Yea, let it be from the children of men, it is a ſhame it ſhould be thus with Chriſtians; Let us *ſpeak truth every man to his neighbour.* Farre, farre be it from any of you to have a mercenary tongue, either ſold or let out to ſpeak for injury, for oppreſſion. Where the juſtice of the cauſe ſeems to hang in an even poiſe, there exerciſe the power of your wit and eloquence in pleadings: but where the caſe is foul,
E abhor the Patrocination; diſcourage an unjuſt, though wealthy, Client, and ſay rather, Thy gold and *thy ſilver periſh with thee*; reſolving that the richeſt fee is a good conſcience; and therefore, with the Apoſtle, that ye *can doe nothing againſt the truth, but for the truth.* Thus faſhion not your Tongue to the falſhood of the world.

2. The world hath a tongue as Malicious as falſe; he carries poiſons, arrows, ſwords, razors in his mouth, whether in reviling the preſent, or backbiting the abſent. What have our tongues to walk in but this round of detraction? Barre this practice, there would be ſilence at our bords, ſilence at our fires-ſide, ſilence in the Tavern, ſilence in the way, ſilence in the Barbers-ſhop,
F in the Mill, in the Market, every where; yea very Goſſips would have nothing to whiſper. Lord, what a wilde licentiouſneſſe are we grown to in this kinde? Every mans mouth is open to the cenſures, to the curſes of their betters; neither is it cared how true the word be, but how ſharp. Every Fidler ſings Libels openly; and each man is ready to challenge the freedome of *David*'s Ruffians, *Our tongues are our own, who ſhall controll us?* This is not a faſhion for Chri-

stians, whose tongues must be ranged within the compasse, as of Truth, so of Charity and silent Obedience: we know our charge, *Diis non detrahes, Thou shalt not revile the Gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people*, Exod. 22. 28. No, *not in thy bed-chamber*, no, *not in thy thoughts*, Eccles. 10. 20. And for our equalls, God hath said it, *Whoso privily slandereth his Neighbour, him will I cut off*, Psal. 101. 5.

The spightfull tongue as it is a fire, and is kindled by the fire of hell, *Jam.* 3. 6. so shall it be sure once to torment the Soul that moves it with flames unquenchable. Thus, fashion not your Tongue to the maliciousnesse of the world.

3. As the world hath a spightfull tongue in his anger, so a Beastly tongue in his mirth. No word sounds well that is not unsavoury: The onely minstrell to the world is ribaldry. Modesty and sober Merriment is dulnesse. There is no life but in those *cantiones cinædicæ*, which are too bad even for the worst of red Lattices: yea even those mouths which would hate to be palpably foul, stick not to affect the witty jests of ambiguous obscenity. Fye upon these impure brothelries. Oh that ever those tongues which dare call God Father, should suffer themselves thus to be possessed by that unclean spirit: that ever those mouths which have received the Sacred body and blood of the Lord of Life, should indure these dainty morsels of the Devil! For us, *Let no corrupt communication proceed out of our mouth, but that which is edifying and gracious*, Ephes. 4. 29. and such as may become those tongues which shall once sing *Alleluiahs* in the Heavens. Fashion not your Tongues to the obscenity of the world.

From the Tongue we passe to the Palate, which (together with the gulf, whereto it serves, the throat and the paunch) is taken up with the beastly fashion of Gluttony and excesse, whether wet or dry, of meats or liquors; surfeits in the one, drunkennesse in the other: insomuch as that the vice hath taken the name of the part, *Gula*; as if this piece were for no other service. The Psalmist describes some wicked ones in his time by, *Sepulcrum patens guttur eorum, Their throat is an open Sepulchre*, Psal. 5. 9. How many have buried all their Grace in this tomb? how many their Reputation? how many their Wit? how many their Humanity? how many their Houses, Lands, Livings, Wives, Children, Posterity, Health, Life, Body and Soul? Saint *Paul* tels his *Philippians*, that their false teachers made their *belly* their *God*. Oh God, what a Deity is here? what a nasty Idol? and yet how adored every where? The Kitchins and Taverns are his Temples; the Tables his Altars. What fat Sacrifices are here of all the beasts, fouls, fishes, of all three Elements? what pouring out, yea what pouring in of drink-offerings? what incense of *Indian* smoak? what curiously-perfumed cates, wherewith the nose is first feasted, then the maw?

More then one of the Ancients, as they have made *Nebuzaradan principem Coquorum*, Jer. 52. 12. the chief Cook of *Nebuchadnezzar*, so they have found a mysticall allusion in the story; that the chief Cook should burn the Temple and Palace, both Gods house and the Kings, and should destroy the walls of *Jerusalem*. Surely gluttonous excesse destroies that which should be the Temple of the Holy Ghost; and is enough to bring a fearfull vastation both upon Church and State. I could even sink down with shame to see Christianity every where so discountenanced with beastly Epicurisme: what street shall a man walk in, and not meet with a Drunkard? what rode shall he passe, and not meet some or other hanging upon the stirrup, waving over the pummel? Saint *Peter*'s argument from the third hour of the day, and Saint *Paul*'s from the night, would be now a *non sequitur*; Day is night, night is day, no hour is priviledged. I cannot speak a more fearfull word then that of Saint *Paul*, *Whose belly is their God, whose end is damnation.* Oh wofull, wofull condition of that damned glutton in the Gospel! Oh the flames of that delicious tongue, which beg'd for a drop, but should in vain have been quenched with rivers, with Oceans! As ye desire to be freed from those *everlasting burnings*,

Awake

A *Awake ye drunkards, and howl ye drinkers of wine*, Joel 1. 5. Return your ſuperfluous liquors into tears of repentance, which onely can quench that fire; and for the ſequel, put your knife to your throats: *Take heed leſt at any time your hearts be overtaken with ſurfeiting and drunkenneſſe*, Luk. 21. 34. Thus faſhion not your ſelves to the Exceſſe of the world.

From the pampered Belly we paſſe to the proud Back of the world: whereon he is blind that ſees not a world of faſhions; in all which, the price of the ſtuffe ſtrives with the vanity of the form. There is a Luxury in very Cloaths, which it is hard to look beſides. O God, how is the world changed with us ſince our Breeches of fig-leaves and Coats of skin? The Earth yields Gold,
B Silver, rich Stones, the Sea Pearls, the Aire feathers, the Field his ſtalks, the Sheep her Fleece, the Worm her web; and all too little for one back. After neceſſity, Cloaths were once for diſtinction, as of Sexes, ſo of Degrees. How curious was God in theſe differences? the violation whereof was no leſſe then deadly, *Deut.* 22. 5. What ſhall we ſay to the Dames, yea to the Hermaphrodites of our time, whom it troubles that they may not be all man? But if Sexes be known by cloaths, what is become of Degrees? Every baſe *Terrivagus* wears *Artaxerxes* his coat: ſoft raiments are not for Courts, Peaſants degenerate into Gallants, and every *Midianitiſh* Camel muſt ſhine with gold, *Judg.* 8. 26. But oh the mad diſguiſes of the world, eſpecially in that weaker Sex,
C which in too much variety is conſtant ſtill to a prodigious deformity of attire, to the ſcorn of other Nations, to the diſhonour of their Husbands, to the ſhame of the Goſpel, to the forfeit of their modeſty, to the miſshaping of their bodies, to the proſtitution of their Souls, to the juſt damnation of both. It is not for me to urge this here in a maſculine aſſembly; wherein I fear there cannot be want of faults enough in this kind. Away with this abſurd and apiſh vanity of the world. *They that gliſter in ſcarlet, ſhall once embrace danghils*, Lam. 4. 5. Yea it were well if no worſe. Let us that are Chriſtians affect that true bravery which may become the bleſſed Spouſe of Chriſt; *The Kings Daughter is all glorious within*; and ſay, with the Prophet, *My ſoul ſhall be joyfull in my*
D *God, for he hath cloathed me with the garments of ſalvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteouſneſſe*, Eſay 61. 10. Thus faſhion not your Back to the diſguiſe of the world.

We had like to have forgotten the Neck and Shoulders of the world, which have an ill faſhion of ſtiffneſſe and inflexible obſtinateneſſe, ſtubbornly refuſing to ſtoop to the yoke of the Law, of the Goſpel. This is every where the complaint of God; *They have hardened their necks*, Exod. 32. 9. Amongſt all faſhions of the world this is the worſt; and that which gives an height to all other wickedneſſes. Let all the other parts be never ſo faulty, yet if there be
E a readineſſe to relent at the Judgements of God, and a meek pliableneſſe to his Corrections, there is life in our hopes. But if our iron ſinews will not bowe at all, bearing up themſelves with an obdured reſolution of ſinning, the caſe is deſperate: what can we think other, then that ſuch a ſoul is branded for Hell? *He that being often reproved hardneth his neck, ſhall ſuddenly be deſtroyed, and that without remedy*, Prov. 29. 1. Faſhion not your Neck therefore to the ſtiffneſſe of the world.

But the Cyclopean furnace of all wicked faſhions, the Heart, calls my ſpeech to it; which I could not have forborn thus long, were it not that beſides the importunity of theſe other parts, I have heretofore at large out of this place diſplaied to you and the world the wicked faſhions thereof. Shortly yet, (for
F we may not utterly balk them) all the corrupt deſires and affections of the Soul are ſo many ill faſhions of the Heart to be avoided. Theſe affections are well known: inordinate Love, uncharitable Hate, immoderate Grief, intemperate Joy, unjuſt Fears, unſound Hopes, and whatſoever either diſtemper or miſplacing of theſe Paſſions. If we love the world more then God, if we hate any enemy more then Sin, if we grieve at any loſſe more then of the

favour of God, if we joy in any thing more then the writing of our names in Heaven, if we fear any thing more then offence, if we hope for any thing more then Salvation; and much more if we change Objects, loving what we ſhould hate, joying in what we ſhould grieve at, hoping for what we ſhould feare, and the contrary; in one word, if our deſires and affections be earthly, groveling, ſenſuall, not ſpirituall, ſublimed, heavenly; we fall into the damnable faſhion of the world. Away therefore with all evil concupiſcence, all ambitious affectations, all ſpightfull emulations, all worldly ſorrows, all cowardly fears, all carnall heats of falſe joy. Let the World *dote upon vanity, and follow after lyes*; let our *Affections and converſation be above, where Chriſt Jeſus ſitteth at the right hand of God.* Let the baſe earthworms of this world be taken up with the beſt of this vain traſh; the deſires of us Chriſtians muſt ſoar aloft, and fix themſelves upon thoſe Objects which may make us perfectly and unchangeably bleſſed. Thus faſhion not your Hearts to the carnall deſires and affections of the world. A B

Affections eaſily break forth into Actions; and Actions perfect our Deſires. Let us from the heart look to the Hands and Feet, the inſtruments of motion and execution of the world. Faſhion not your ſelves laſtly therefore to the practice and carriage of the world. The World makes a God of it ſelf, and would be ſerving any God but the true one. Hate ye this curſed Idolatry, and ſay with *Joſhua, I and my houſe will ſerve the Lord.* C

The World would be framing Religion to Policy, and ſerving God in his own forms. Hate ye this Will-worſhip, Superſtition, Temporizing, and ſay with *David, I eſteem all thy precepts to be right, and all falſe waies I utterly abhorre*, Pſal. 119. 128.

The World cares not how it rends and tears the Sacred Name of their Maker with Oaths and Curſes and Blaſphemies. Oh hate ye this audacious Profaneneſſe, yea this profane Deviliſme, *and tremble at the dreadfull Majeſty of the name of the Lord our God.*

The World cares not how it ſlights the Ordinances of God, violates his Daies, neglects his Aſſemblies. Hate ye this common Impiety; ſay with the Pſalmiſt, *Oh how ſweet is thy Law, how amiable thy Tabernacles!* D

The World is ſet to ſpurn at Authority, to deſpiſe Gods Meſſengers, to ſcorn the nakedneſſe of their ſpirituall Fathers. Hate ye this lawleſſe Inſolency, and ſay, *Quàm ſpecioſi pedes! How beautifull are the feet of them that preach the Goſpel of peace!* Eſa. 52. 7. Rom. 10. 15.

The World is ſet upon Cruelty, Oppreſſion, Violence, Rapine, Revenge, ſieging, ſacking, cutting of throats. Hate ye this bloody Savageneſſe: *Put on (as the elect of God, holy and beloved) bowels of mercies, kindneſſe, meekneſſe, long ſuffering*, Coloſ. 3. 12.

The World is a very brothel, given over to the proſecutions of noiſome and abominable luſts. Hate ye this Impurity, and poſſeſſe your veſſels in holineſſe and honour. E

The World is a cheater, yea (to ſpeak plain) a thief; every where abounding with the tricks of legall fraud and cozenage, yea with ſly ſtealths, yea with open exortions. Hate ye this Injuſtice, and with quietneſſe work, and eate your own bread, 2 *Theſ.* 3. 12. Thus, faſhion not your ſelves to the actuall Wickedneſſes of the world. All theſe are the unfruitfull works of darkneſſe; they are not for our fellowſhip, they are for our abomination and reproof.

And now I have laid before you ſome patterns, if not models, of the ill faſhions of the World, in the thoughts, diſpoſitions, affections, actions thereof. Like them if ye can, O ye Chriſtian Hearers, and follow them. I am ſure, from our outward faſhions of Attire we need no other diſſwaſive then their ugline ſſe and misbecoming. And what ſhall I need to tell you how loathſomely deformed theſe faſhions of the world make us to appear in the ſight of God? The Toad or the Serpent are lovely objects to us, in compariſon of theſe diſ- F

guiſes

guiſes to the pure eyes of the Almighty: yea ſo perfectly doth God hate them, that he profeſſes thoſe hate him that like them. *Whoſoever will be a friend to the world, is an enemy to God*, Jam. 4. 4. Oh then, if we love our Souls, let us hate thoſe faſhions that may draw us into the deteſtation of the Almighty; for *our God is a conſuming fire.*

Beſides misbeſeeming, it is a juſt plea againſt any Faſhion that it is painfull. For though there be ſome Pain allowed in all Pride, yet too much we indure not: and behold theſe Faſhions ſhall pinch and torture us to death, to an everlaſting death of body and Soul. The ill gueſt in the Parable was thus clad, Mat. 22. 12. the King abhorres his ſuit, and after expoſtulation gives the ſentence, *Binde him hand and foot, and take him away, and caſt him into utter darkneſs, where ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.* Oh, fear and tremble at the exſpectation of this dreadfull doom, all ye that will needs be in the faſhion of the world. If ye be ſo fooliſh as to flatter your ſelves here in the conceit of your Liberty, there ſhall be binding; in the conceit of a lightſome and reſplendent Magnificence, there ſhall be darkneſſe; in the conceit of Pleaſure and Contentment, there ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.

Laſtly, commonneſſe and age are the uſuall diſparagements of Faſhions. The beſt may not goe like every body: where a Faſhion is taken up of the baſeſt, it is diſdained of the eminent. Behold, theſe are the faſhions, if not of all, I am ſure of the worſt; the very ſcum of the world is thus habited. Let us that are Chriſtians, in an holy pride, ſcorn to be ſuited like them.

As common, ſo old faſhions are in diſgrace. That man would be ſhouted at that ſhould come forth in his great-grandſires ſuit, though not rent, not diſcoloured. Behold, theſe are the overworn and miſshapen rags of the old man: Away with them to the frippery of darkneſſe, yea to the brokery of Hell: Let us be for a change. *Old things are paſſed, all things are become new.* As we look to have theſe *bodies* once *changed from vile to glorious*, ſo let us now change the faſhions of our bodies and Souls from corrupt and worldly, to ſpirituall and heavenly; and loathing all theſe misbelieving, painfull, common, old faſhions of the world, let us *put on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt*; that being clad with the robes of his Righteouſneſſe here, we may be cloathed upon with the robes of his Glory in the higheſt Heavens. *Amen.*

THE ESTATE OF A CHRISTIAN,

Laid forth
In a SERMON preached at *Grayes*-Inne
on Candlemas day.

By JOS. HALL.

Rom. 12. 2.
But be ye changed (or *transformed*) *by the renewing of your minds*, &c.

THE true method of Christian practice is first destructive, then astructive; according to the Prophet, *Cease to doe evil, learn to doe good.* This our Apostle observes; who first unteacheth us ill fashions, and then teacheth good. We have done with the negative duty of a Christian, what he must not doe; hear now the affirmative, what he must doe: wherein our speech, treading in the steps of the blessed Apostle, shall passe through these four heads; First, that here must be a change; secondly, that this change must be by transformation; thirdly, that this transformation must be by renewing; fourthly, that this renewing must be of the minde: *But be ye changed*, or *transformed, by the renewing of your minds.* All of them points of high and singular importance; and such as do therefore call for your best and carefullest attention.

Nothing is more changing then the fashion of the world: *Mundus transit, The world passeth away*, saith S. *John.* Yet here, that we may not fashion our selves to the world, we must be changed; we must be changed from these changeable fashions of the world to a constant estate of Regeneration. As there must be once a perfect change of this mortall to immortality, so must there be onwards, of this sinfull to gracious: and as holy *Job* resolves to *wait all the daies of his appointed time*, for that *changing*; so this change contrarily waits for us,

1 Joh. 2. 17.

A us, and may not be put off one day. What creature is there wherein God will not have a change? They needed not as he made them; nothing could fall from him but good: we marr'd them; and therefore they both are changed, and muſt be. Even of the very Heavens themſelves it is ſaid, *As a veſture ſhalt thou change them, and they ſhall be changed:* how much more theſe ſublunary bodies that are never themſelves? We know the Elements are in a perpetual tranſmutation; ſo are thoſe bodies that are compounded of them: as he ſaid of the River, we cannot ſtep down twice into the ſame ſtream. And every ſeven years (as Philoſophy hath obſerved) our bodies are quite changed from what they were. And as there is a natural change in our favours, colour, complexion,
B temper; ſo there is no leſſe voluntary change in our diets, in our diſpoſitions, in our delights. With what ſcorn do we now look upon the Top which our Childhood was fond on? how do we either ſmile or bluſh in our mature age, to think of the humours and actions of our youth? How much more muſt the depravedneſs of our ſpiritual condition call for a change?

It is a rule in Policy, Not to alter a well-ſetled evil. I am ſure it holds not in the Oeconomy of the Soul, wherein length of preſcription pleads rather for a ſpeedy removal: no time can prejudice the King of Heaven. In ſome caſes indeed change is a ſign of a weak unſetledneſs: It is not for a wiſe man, like Shel-fiſh, to riſe or fall with the Moon; rather, like unto the Heaven, he muſt
C learn to move, and be conſtant. It was a good word of *Baſil* to the Governour, *Utinam ſempiterna ſit hæc mea deſipientia, Let me dote thus alwaies.* It was not for nothing that *Socrates* had the reputation of Wiſdome: tha t famous Shrew of his, *Xantippe*, could ſay, ſhe never but ſaw him return with the countenance that he went out with. Give me a man that in the changes of all conditions can frame himſelf to be like an Auditors counter, and can ſtand either for a thouſand, or an hundred, or (if need be) for one: this man comes neareſt to him *in whom there is no ſhadow of turning.* But in caſe of preſent ill, there can be no ſafety but in change. I cannot blame the Angels and Saints in Heaven, that they would not change; I bleſſe them that they cannot, becauſe they are not
D capable of better, and every motion is out of a kind of need. I cannot wonder at the damned ſpirits, that they would be any thing but what they are. We that are naturally in the way to that damnation, have reaſon to deſire a change; worſe we cannot be upon earth then in a ſtate of ſin. Be changed therefore, if ye wiſh well to your own Souls; that it may be ſaid of you, in S. *Paul*'s words, *Such ye were.* What an enemy would upbraid by way of reproch, is the greateſt praiſe that can be, Faults that were. Oh happy men that can hear, Ye were profane, unclean, idolatrous, oppreſſive, riotous! Their very ſins honour them; as the very Devils that *Mary Magdalen* had, are mentioned for her glory; ſince we do not hear of them, but when they were caſt out. As there
E are ſome careleſſe naſty creatures, that can abide to weare none but their old, patched, ſordid rags (ſuch as that miſcreant *Ciſtercian*, Spaniſh Deiſt, whom we ſaw walk in and pollute our ſtreets) men that out of ſullenneſſe or affection are habited as the *Gibeonites* were out of craft; ſo there are ſpiritually ſuch, natural men, yea natural fools, that pleaſe themſelves in a falſe conſtancy, and brag they are no changelings, *whoſe glory is their ſhame, whoſe end* (if they go on ſo) *is damnation.* Let the great Bridegroom come in, and finde one of theſe crept into his Feaſt, he ſhall be ſure to ſend him out with a miſchief; *How cameſt thou in hither? Binde him hand and foot, and caſt him into utter darkneſs, there ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth*, Mat. 22. 13. Away with this frippery
F of our Nature. *Old things are paſſed:* if ever we look to have any party in God, in Heaven, we muſt be changed.

But ſecondly, every change will not ſerve the turn. The word is not ἀλλοίωσις *alteration*, nor μεταβολὴ, but *Metamorphoſis*; a word whoſe ſound we are better acquainted with then the ſenſe: the meaning is, There muſt be a change in our very form. There is no motion, no action we paſſe through without a change;

change; as there is no ſtep wherein we change not our Meridian, ſo there is no act which works not ſome mutation in us. But there are ſlight changes, wherein the places, habits, actions vary, without any change of the form; as *Cælum, non animum*, was an old word; and we know the Body is the ſame, whiles the Sutes are divers. And again, there are changes that reach to the very forms, whence all actions ariſe; as when of evil we are made good, of carnal ſpiritual: This is the Metamorphoſis that is here called for. Indeed it hath been a not more antient then true obſervation, that the change of ſome things makes all things ſeem changed: as when a man comes into an houſe wherein the partitions are pulled down, the roof raiſed up, the floor paved, bay-windows ſet out, the out-ſide rough-caſt, he ſhall think all the frame new, and yet the old foundation, beams, ſtuds, roof ſtand ſtill; ſo it is here, the very ſubſtance of the Soul holds ſtill, but the Diſpoſitions and qualities and the very caſt of it are altered, as when a round piece of paſt is formed into a ſquare; or, which is the higheſt of all patterns, as our Bleſſed Saviour was transformed in the Mount *Tabor*. His Deity was the ſame, his Humanity the ſame, the ſame Soul, the ſame body; yet he was μεταμορφωθεὶς, (it is the very word that the Holy Ghoſt uſes both there and here) in that the Deity did put a glorious ſplendor upon his humane body which before it had not. Thus it muſt be in our Transformation, onwards; the Spirit of God doth thus alter us through Grace, whiles we are yet for eſſence the ſame. *Can a Leopard change his ſpots, or a Blackmore his skin?* ſaith the Prophet. See, I beſeech you, how this change is not eaſie, though not ſubſtantial. The ſpots are not of the eſſence of that beaſt; the blackneſs is not of the eſſence of an *Æthiopian*: yet how hard theſe are to put off, we know.

Our Mythologiſts tell us of many ſtrange Metamorphoſes, of men turn'd into Beaſts, Birds, Trees; wherein doubtleſſe they had morall alluſions: Let me tell you of a Metamorphoſis as ſtrange as theirs, and as true as theirs fabulous. They tell us of men turn'd into Swine by *Circe*; I tell you of Swine turn'd into men, when Drunkards and obſcene perſons turn ſober and well-governed. They tell you of men turn'd into Stones, and of ſtones turn'd into men, immediately upon their Deluge; I tell you that of very ſtones Sons are raiſed up to *Abraham*. They tell us of a *Lycaon* turn'd into a Wolf; I tell you of a Wolf turn'd into a man, when a ravenous Oppreſſor turns mercifull. They tell us of men turn'd into Oaks and Rocks; I tell you of the oaky, rocky, flinty hearts of men turn'd into fleſh, as *Ezekiel* ſpeaks. They tell us of an *Actæon* turn'd into the beaſt which he loved to hunt, and devoured of thoſe beaſts wherewith he was wont to hunt; I tell you of a voluptuous beaſt abandoning thoſe pleaſures which had wont to ſpend him. They tell us of a ſelf-loving man turn'd to a Flower; I tell you of a fading tranſitory creature changed into the image of the Son of God. They tell us of a *Proteus* turn'd into all forms; I tell you of a man of all hours, all companies, all religions, turn'd into a conſtant Confeſſour and Martyr for the name of Chriſt. They tell us, laſtly, of their *Jupiter* and other Deities turn'd into the ſhape of beaſts, for the advantage of their Luſt; I tell of men naturally of a beſtial diſpoſition made the Sons of God, *partakers of the Divine nature*, as the Apoſtle ſpeaketh. Theſe changes are not imaginary, as in the caſe of Lycanthropie and deluſions of jugling Sorcerers, but reall and unfeigned; truly wrought by God, truly felt by us, truly ſeen by others. Not that we can alwaies judge of theſe things by the mere outſides: for even Satan himſelf is transformed into an Angel of light; neither do any faces look fairer then the painted: But *ex fructibus* is the rule of our Saviour, that will trie out the truth of all our Transformations. Let us not flatter our ſelves, (Honourable & beloved) we are all born Wolves, Bears, Tigers, Swine, one beaſt or other: It muſt needs be a notable change if of beaſts we become men, of men Saints. Thus it muſt be, elſe we are not transformed.

Neither

A Neither is this transformation reall only, but totall, not reſting in the parts, but enlarged to the whole perſon: and therefore the charge is μεταμορφοῦσθε, *Be ye transformed*; not ſome pieces of you, but the whole. There are thoſe which are changed in the face (that look civil at leaſt, if not Saint-like;) but their *mouths are full of curſing, and bitterneſs*, and blaſphemies. There are thoſe whoſe tongues are ſmooth-filed, abounding not only with plauſible words, but holy and ſeemingly gracious too; when *their right hand is a right hand of wickedneſs*. If they have the faces and tongues of men, they have the talons of Griſons, full of rapine, cruelty, oppreſſion. There are thoſe whoſe one half (the upper part) is man, the lower is ſtill, Centaur-like, no other, no better then
B beaſt; as if, according to that old fooliſh Hereſie, God had not made both. There are thoſe whoſe hands are white, and clean from bribes, from extortion; but *their feet are* yet *ſwift to ſhed blood* upon their own private revenge. Let not theſe men ſay they are transformed. Let the firſt ſay their face is changed; let the next ſay their tongue is changed; let the other ſay their breaſts or hands are changed: but unleſſe face, and tongue, and breaſt, and hand, and foot, and all be changed, the man is not changed. God be mercifull to us; the world is full of ſuch monſters of Hypocriſie, who care onely for an appearing change of ſome eminent and noted part, neglecting the whole: as ſome ſorry Taphouſe white-limes and glazes the front towards the ſtreet, and ſets out a pain-
C ted ſign, when there is nothing in the inward parts but ſticks, and clay, and ruines, and cold earthen floors, and ſluttery. This is to no purpoſe. If any piece of us be unchanged, we are ſtill our old ſelves, odious to God, obnoxious to death.

But (as all motions have their termes) what is that into which we muſt be transformed? I ſee transformations enough every where; God knows, too many. I ſee zealous Profeſſors transformed to key-cold worldlings, reformed Catholicks turn'd to Romiſh Factioniſts: I ſee men transformed into women, in their effeminate diſpoſitions and demeanours; women transform'd to men, in their affectation of maſculine boldneſs and faſhions: I ſee men and women
D transform'd into Beaſts of all kindes; ſome into drunken Swine, others into cruell Tigers, others into ranck Goats, others into mimick Apes; yea I ſee thoſe beaſts transform'd again into Devils, in the delight they take in ſin, in their miſchievous tempting of others to ſin. All theſe are transformed ſo as it is, from good to ill, from bad to worſe; ſo transformed that, as *Cyprian* ſaid of painted faces, it is no marvell if God know them not, for they have made themſelves quite other from what he made them. That whereinto we muſt be transformed, is the image of God, 2 *Cor.* 3. 18. conſiſting in holineſſe and righteouſneſs, *Epheſ.* 4. 24. That Image we once had and loſt; and now muſt recover by our tranſformation. Oh bleſſed change, that of the Sons of men, we
E become the children of the ever-living God; of the firebrands of hell (ſuch we are naturally) we become the heirs of Heaven! That as the eternal Son of God, having the form of God, did yet graciouſly change this glorious habit for the form of a ſervant; ſo we that are the ſons of men, ſhould change the ſervile form of our wretched nature into the Divine form of the Son of God! This is a change not more happy then needfull. It was another change that *Job* ſaid he would wait for: but of this change we muſt ſay, *I will not ſuffer mine eyes to ſleep nor mine eye-lids to ſlumber, untill* an happy change have wrought this heart of mine (which by Nature is no better then a ſtie of unclean devils) to be *an habitation for the God of Jacob*. Wo be to the man whoſe
F laſt change overtakes him ere this change be wrought in him. There is nothing more wretched then a mere man. We may brag what we will, how noble a creature man is above all the reſt; how he is the Lord of the world, a world within himſelf, the mirrour of Majeſty, the viſible model of his Maker: but let me tell you, if we be but men, it had been a thouſand times better for us to have been the worſt of beaſts. Let it not ſeem to ſavour of any

any Miſanthropie to ſay, that as all thoſe things which are perfections in creatures are eminently in God, ſo all the vicious diſpoſitions of the creature are eminently in man: in that debauch'd and abuſed Reaſon is the quinteſſence of all Beſtialitie. What ſpeak I of theſe ſilly brutes? In this ſtreight triangle of man's Heart there is a full Conclave of Cardinal wickedneſſes, an Incorporation of Cheaters, a Gaol of Malefactors, yea a legion of Devils. Seeſt thou then the moſt loathſome Toad that crawls upon the earth, or the moſt deſpiſed Dog that creeps under thy feet? thou ſhalt once envy their condition, if thou be not more then a man. Thou ſeeſt the worſt of them, thou canſt not conceive the worſt of thine own. For *fleſh and blood cannot inherit the kingdome of God*; and *fores canes, without ſhall be Dogs*, Revel. 22. 15. When they ſhall be vaniſhed into their firſt nothing, thou ſhalt be ever dying in thoſe unquenchable flames, which ſhall torment thee ſo much the more, as thou hadſt more Wit and Reaſon without Grace. But oh, what a wofull thing it is to conſider, and how may we bemone our ſelves to Heaven and earth, that yet men will not be transformed? All the menaces, all the terrors of God cannot move men from what they are; but *he that is filthy* will *be filthy ſtill*. In ſpight of both Law and Goſpel, men have obdured their ſelves againſt the counſel of God: they have an *iron neck*, Eſa. 48.4. an *uncircumciſed eare*, Jer. 6.10. a *brawny heart*, Mark 3.5. Say God and man what they will, theſe enchanted creatures will rather be beaſts ſtill, then return to men. If we will not change, be ſure God will not; He hath ſaid it, and he will perform it, *After thine hardneſs and heart that cannot repent, thou treaſureſt up unto thy ſelf wrath againſt the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God*, Rom. 2.5. Far, far be this obſtinacy from us (Honorable and beloved.) For God's ſake, for your Souls ſake yield your ſelves willingly into the hands of God, and ſay, *Convert me, O Lord, and I ſhall be converted*. As we love our ſelves, and fear hell, let us not content our ſelves with the ſhape, with the faculties of men, but let us be transformed; and think that we were only made men, that we might paſſe through the eſtate of humanity to Regeneration. This for the Transformation: See now that this tranſformation muſt be by Renewing.

The ſame Spirit that by *Solomon* ſaid, *There is nothing new under the Sun*, ſaith by S. *Paul*, *All things are become new*. Nothing is ſo new that it hath not been: All things muſt be ſo new as they were. This ἀναχαίνωσις *renovation*, implies that which once was, and therefore was new before. That God who is *the Antient of daies*, doth not diſlike any thing for mere Age; for Time is his: and continuance of Time is ſo much more excellent as it comes nearer to the duration of Eternity. *Old age is a crown of glory*. Neither is ought old in relation to God, but to us; neither is age faulty in reſpect of Nature, but of corruption: for as that word of *Tertullian* is true, *Primum verum, the firſt is true*; ſo may I as truly ſay, *Primum bonum, the firſt is good*. Only now, as our Nature ſtands depraved, our Old man is the body of corruptions, which we brought with us, and carry about us; and there can be no ſafety, unleſſe we be transformed by renovation. *Behold*, God ſaies, *I make all things new, a new Heaven and a new earth*, Eſay 65.17. The year renews; and to morrow (we ſay) is a new day: we renew our clothes when they are worn, our leaſes when they grow towards expiring; only our hearts we care not to renew. If all the reſt were old, ſo that our Heart were new, it were nothing. Nothing but the main of all is neglected. What ſhould I need any other motives to you then the view of the eſtate of both theſe? Look firſt at the old; *Put off, concerning the former converſation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitfull luſts*, Epheſ. 4.22. Lo, the old man is corrupt; this is enough to caſhier him: what man can abide to carry rotten fleſh about him? If but a wound feſter and gather dead fleſh, we draw it, we corrode it, till it be clear at the bottome. Thoſe that make much of their old man, do, like that monſtrous twin, willingly carry about a dead half of themſelves, whoſe noiſomneſſe doth torment and kill the living. Look at the

A the new; *Being freed from ſin, and made ſervants to God, ye have your fruit in holineſs, and the end everlaſting life*, Rom. 6. 22. Holineſs is a lovely thing of it ſelf: there is a *beauty of Holineſs*, *Gloria Sanctitatis*, as the Vulgar turns it, Pſal. 144. and goodneſs doth amply reward it ſelf: Yet this Holineſs hath beſides infinite recompence attending it. Holineſs is life begun; eternal life is the conſummation of Holineſs: Holineſs is but the way; the end whereto it leads is everlaſting life. As therefore we would avoid the annoiance and danger of our ſinful corruptions, as we would ever aſpire to true and endleſs bleſſedneſs, Oh let us be transformed by renewing. But how is this renewing wrought, and wherein doth it conſiſt? Surely as there
B are three ways whereby we receive a new being, by Creation, by Generation, by Reſuſcitation: ſo according to all theſe is our ſpiritual renewing; it is by Creation, *Whoſoever is in Chriſt is a new Creature*, 2 Cor. 5. 17. it is by Regeneration, *Except a man be born again, he cannot ſee the Kingdome of God*, Joh. 3. 3. it is by Reſuſcitation, *Even when we were dead in ſins, hath he quickened us together with Chriſt*, Epheſ. 2. 5. From whence ariſes this double Corollary.

1. That we can give (of our ſelves) no active power to the firſt act of our Converſion; no more then *Adam* did to his firſt Creation, no more then the child doth to his own Conception, no more then the dead man to his raiſing
C from the grave.

2. That there muſt be a Privation of our old corrupt forms, and a reducing us from our either nothing, or worſe, to an eſtate of Holineſs and new Obedience. This is that which is every where ſet forth unto us by the Mortification of our earthly members, and putting off the old man, on the one part; and by the firſt reſurrection, and putting on the new, on the other. Nothing is more familiar then theſe reſemblances. But of all Similes, none doth ſo fitly (methinks) expreſs the manner of this renewing as that of the Snake, which by leaving his old ſlough in the ſtreights of the Rock, glides forth glib and nimble. I remember *Holcot* urges the Similitude thus; To turn off the Snakes skin *In librum Sapientiæ.*
D (ſaith he) two things are requiſite. The firſt is, *foraminis anguſtia, the ſtreightneſs of the paſſage*; elſe he muſt needs draw the old skin through with him: the latter is *ſtabilitas ſaxi*, the *firmneſs of the ſtone*; elſe in ſtead of leaving the skin he ſhall draw the ſtone away with him. So muſt it be in the buſineſs of our renovation: Firſt, we muſt paſs through the ſtreight way of due Penitence; ſecondly, we muſt hold the firm and ſtable purpoſe of our perſeverance in good. True ſorrow and contrition of heart muſt begin the work, and then an unmoved conſtancy of endeavour muſt finiſh it. Whoſoever thou art therefore, if thy heart have not been toucht, yea torn and rent in pieces, with a ſound Humiliation for thy ſins, the old ſlough is ſtill upon thy back; thou art
E not yet come within the ken of true Renovation. Or if thou be gone ſo farre, as that the skin begins to reave up a little in a ſerious grief for thy ſins, yet if thy reſolutions be not ſteadily ſetled and thine endeavours bent to go through with that holy work, thou comeſt ſhort of thy renewing; thine old looſe filme of corruption ſhall ſo cumber thee, that thou ſhalt never be able to paſs on ſmoothly in the ways of God.

But becauſe now we have a conceit that man (as we ſay of fiſh) unleſs he be new, is naught; every man is ready to challenge this honour of being renewed: and certainly there may be much deceit this way. We have ſeen plate or other veſſels that have look'd like new, when they have been but new guilded
F or burniſh'd; we have ſeen old faces that have counterfeited a youthly ſmoothneſs and vigorous complexion; we have ſeen Hypocrites act every part of renovation, as if they had falne from Heaven. Let us therefore take a trial by thoſe proofs of examination that cannot fail us: And they ſhall be fetcht from thoſe three ways of our renewing which we have formerly ſpecified.

If we be renewed by Creation, here muſt be a clean Heart. *Cor mundum crea,* A
ſaith the Pſalmiſt, *Pſal.*51.10. For as at the firſt God look'd on all his works, and found them very good; ſo ſtill, no work of his can be other then like himſelf, holy and perfect. If thy heart therefore be ſtill full of unclean thoughts, wanton deſires, covetouſneſs, ambition, profaneneſs, it is thine old heart of Satans marring: it is no new heart of God's making; for nothing but clean can come from under his hands. But if we plead the cloſeneſs of the heart, which may therefore ſeem impervious even to our own eyes, ſee what the Apoſtle ſaith, Epheſ.2.10. *We are his workmanſhip created unto good works.* The cleanneſs of the heart will ſhew it ſelf in the goodneſs of the Hands. But if our hands may deceive us, as nothing is more eaſily counterfeited then a good action, yet B
our Feet will not, I mean the trade of our wayes. That therefore from our Creation we may look to our Regeneration; if we be the ſons of God, we are renewed: and how ſhall it appear whether we be the ſons of God? It is a golden Rule, *Whoſoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God,* Rom. 8.14. Yet if in both theſe life could be counterfeited, death cannot. That therefore from our Creation and Regeneration we may look to our Reſuſcitation, and from thence back to our grave; *Mortifie your members which are on earth,* Col.3.5. There is a death of this body of ſin; and what manner of death? *Thoſe that are Chriſt's, have crucified the fleſh with the affections and luſts,* Gal.5.24. Lo, as impoſſible as it is for a dead man to come down from his gibbet, C
or up from his coffin, and to doe the works of his former life; ſo impoſſible it is that a renewed man ſhould doe the old works of his unregeneration. If therefore you find your Hearts unclean, your Hands idle and unprofitable, your Ways crooked and unholy, your Corruptions alive and lively, never pretend any renewing; you are the old men ſtill; and however ye may go for Chriſtians, yet ye have denied the power of Chriſtianity in your lives: and if ye ſo continue, the fire of Hell ſhall have ſo much more power over you, for that it finds the Baptiſmal water upon your faces.

Our laſt head is the ſubject of this *Renewing, The Minde.* There are that D
would have this Renovation proper to the inferiour (which is the affective) part of the Soul; as if the τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, as they call it, the ſupreme powers of that Divine part needed it not. Theſe are met with here by our Apoſtle, who placeth this renewing upon the Mind. There are contrarily that ſo appropriate this renewing to the Mind, which is the higheſt loft of the Soul, as that they diffuſe it not to the lower rooms, nor to the out-houſes of the body; as if onely the Soul were capable as of Sin, ſo of Regeneration. Both theſe ſhoot too ſhort, and muſt know that as the Mind, ſo not the Mind only, muſt be renewed. That part is mentioned not by way of excluſion, but of principality. It is the man that muſt be renewed; not one piece of him. Except ye pleaſe to ſay according to E
that old Philoſophical Adage, *The Mind is the man*; and the Body, as the wiſeſt Ethnick had wont to ſay, nothing but the Caſe of that rich Jewel. To ſay as it is, the moſt Saint-like Philoſophy was ſomewhat injurious in diſparaging the outward man. Whatever they thought, this Body is not the hang-by, but the partner of the Soul; no leſs intereſſed in the man then that Spirit that animates it, no leſs open to the inhabitation of God's Spirit, no leſs free of Heaven. Man therefore that is made of two parts, muſt be renewed in both: but as in the firſt birth whole man is born, onely the Body is ſeen; ſo in the ſecond, whole man is renewed, onely the Soul is inſtanced in. Our Apoſtle puts both together, 1 Theſ.5.23. *The God of peace ſanctifie you wholly, that your whole ſpirit and ſoul and body may be preſerved blameleſs to the coming of our Lord Jeſus.* F
Why then is the Mind thus ſpecified? Becauſe it is the beſt part, becauſe as it enlivens and moves, ſo it leads the reſt. If the Mind therefore be renewed, it boots not to urge the renovation of the body. For as in Nature we are wont to ſay, that the Soul follows the temperature of the Body; ſo in Spiritual things we ſay rather more truly, that the Body follows the temper and guidance of the Soul.

Theſe

A Theſe two companions, as they ſhall be once inſeparable in their final condition, ſo they are now in their preſent diſpoſitions. Be renewed therefore in your Minds, and, if you can, hold off your earthly parts. No more can the Body live without the Soul, then the Soul can be renewed without the Body.

Firſt then the Mind, then the Body. All defilement is by an extramiſſion (as our Saviour tels us.) *That which goeth into the body defileth not the man*; ſo as the ſpring of corruption is within. That muſt be firſt cleanſed, elſe in vain do we ſcour the channels. Ye ſhall have ſome Hypocrites that pretend to begin their renewing from without. On foul hands they will wear white
B Gloves; on foul hearts, clean hands, and then all is well. Away with theſe Phariſaical diſhes, filthy within, clean without, fit onely for the ſervice of unclean Devils. To what purpoſe is it to lick over the skin with precious oyle, if the Liver be corrupted, the Lungs rotten? To what purpoſe is it to crop the top of the weeds, when the root and ſtalk remains in the earth? Pretend what you will, all is old, all is naught, till the Mind be renewed.

Neither is the Body more renewed without the Mind, then the renewing of the Mind can keep it ſelf from appearing in the renewing of the Body. The Soul lies cloſe, and takes advantage of the ſecrecy of that Cabinet whereof
C none but God keeps the Key; and therefore may pretend any thing: we ſee the man, the Soul we cannot ſee; but by that we ſee we can judge of that we ſee not.

He is no Chriſtian that is not renewed; and he is worſe then a beaſt that is no Chriſtian. Every man therefore lays claim to that renovation whereof he cannot be convinced; yea there want not thoſe, who though they have a ribaldiſh tongue and a bloody hand, yet will challenge as good a Soul as the beſt. Hypocrite, when the Conduit-head is walled in, how ſhall we judge of the ſpring, but by the water that comes out of the pipes? Corrupt nature hath taught us ſo much craft as to ſet the beſt ſide out-
D ward. If therefore thou have obſcene lips, if bribing and oppreſſing hands, if a gluttonous tooth, a drunken gullet, a lewd converſation, certainly the Soul can be no other then abominably filthy: It may be worſe then it appears, better it cannot lightly be. The Mind then leads the Body, the Body deſcries the Mind; both of them at once are old, or both at once new. For us, as we bear the face of Chriſtians, and profeſs to have received both Souls and Bodies from the ſame hand, and look that both Bodies and Souls ſhall once meet in the ſame Glory, let it be the top of all our care, that we may *be transformed in the renewing of our minds*; and let the renewing of our Minds bewray it ſelf in the renewing of our Bodies. Where-
E fore have we had the powerful Goſpel of our Lord *Jeſus* Chriſt ſo long amongſt us, if we be ſtill our ſelves? What hath it wrought upon us, if we be not changed? Never tell me of a Popiſh Tranſubſtantiation of men; of an inviſible, inſenſible, unfeiſible change of the perſon, whiles the *ſpecies* of his outward life and carriage are ſtill the ſame. Theſe are but falſe Hypocritical juglings to mock fools withall. If we be transformed and renewed, let it be ſo done, that not onely our own eyes and hands may ſee and feel it, but others too; that the by-ſtanders may ſay, How is this man changed from himſelf? He was a blaſphemous Swearer, a profane Scoffer at goodneſs; now he ſpeaks with an awful reverence of God and holy things: He was a Luxurious wanton;
F now he poſſeſſeth his veſſel in Holineſs and honour: He was an unconſcionable Briber, and abettor of unjuſt cauſes; now the world cannot fee him to ſpeak for wrong: He was a wild roaring Swaggerer; now he is a ſober Student: He was a Devil; now he is a Saint. Oh let this day (if we have ſo long deferr'd it) be the day of the renovation, of the purification of our Souls. And let us begin with a ſound humiliation, and true ſorrow for our former and preſent wickedneſſes.

It hath been an old (I ſay not how true) note that hath been went to be ſet on this day, that if it be clear and ſun-ſhinie, it portends an hard weather to come; if cloudy and louring, a milde and gentle ſeaſon inſuing. Let me apply this to a ſpiritual uſe, and aſſure every hearer, that if we overcaſt this day with the clouds of our ſorrow and the rain of our penitent tears, we ſhall find a ſweet and hopeful ſeaſon all our life after. Oh let us renew our Covenants with God, that we will now be renewed in our Minds. The comfort and gain of this change ſhall be our own, whiles the honour of it is Gods and the Goſpels; for this gracious change ſhall be followed with a glorious. Onwards, this onely ſhall give us true peace of Conſcience; onely upon this ſhall the Prince of this world find nothing in us: How ſhould he, when we are changed from our ſelves? And when we ſhall come to the laſt change of all things, even when the Heavens and Elements ſhall be on a flame, and ſhall melt about our ears, the Conſcience of this change ſhall lift up our heads with joy, and ſhall give our renewed Souls an happy entry into that new Heaven: Or, when we ſhall come to our own laſt change, in the diſſolution of theſe earthly Tabernacles, it ſhall bleſs our Souls with the aſſurance of unchangeable happineſs, and ſhall bid our renewed bodies lie down in peace, and in a ſweet exſpectation of being *changed to the likeneſs of the glorious body of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, and of an eternal participation of his infinite glory. Whereto he who ordained us graciouſly bring us, even for the merits of his Son, our Saviour *Jeſus* Chriſt, the Juſt: To whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Praiſe, Honour and Glory, now and for ever. *Amen.*

A B C D E F

THE

THE FALL of PRIDE;

Out of PROVERBS 29. verſ. 23.

By JOS. HALL.

PROV. 29. verſ. 23.

A mans Pride ſhall bring him low; but Honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit.

THat which was the ordinary Apophthegm of a greater then *Solomon*, (*He that exalteth himſelf ſhall be brought low, but he that humbleth himſelf ſhall be exalted,* which our Saviour uſed thrice *in terminis*, oft in ſenſe) is here the Aphoriſm of wiſe *Solomon*. Neither is it ill gueſſed by learned *Mercerus*, that our Saviour in that ſpeech of his alludes hither.

I need not tell you how great, how wiſe *Solomon* was. The Great are wont to be moſt haunted with pride; the Wiſe can beſt ſee the danger of that Pride which haunts the great: Great and wiſe *Solomon* therefore makes it one of his chief common-places, the crying down of Pride: a Vice not more general then dangerous; as that which his witty Imitator can tell us is *initium omnis peccati, the beginning of all ſin.* Now Pride can never be ſo much ſpighted as by honouring her contemned rival, Humility. Nothing could ſo much vex that inſolent *Agagite*, as to be made a Lacky to a deſpiſed Jew. Beſides her own portion therefore, which is Ruine, *Solomon* torments her with the advancement of her abaſed Oppoſite. Eccluſ. 10. 13.

My Text then is like unto *Shuſhan*, in the ſtreets whereof Honour is proclaimed to an humble *Mordecai*; in the Palace whereof is erected an engine of death to a proud *Haman*; *A mans Pride ſhall bring him low; but Honour ſhall uphold the humble.*

The Propoſitions are Antithetical; wherein Pride is oppoſed to Humility, Honour to Ruine. Hear, I beſeech you, how wiſe *Solomon* hath learn'd of his Father *David* to *ſing of Mercy and Judgement:* Judgement to the Proud, Mercy to the Humble; both together with one breath. The Judgement to the Proud is their humbling; the Mercy to the Humble is their raiſing to Honour.

It is the noted courſe of God to work ſtill by contraries: as indeed this is the juſt praiſe of Omnipotence, to fetch light out of darkneſs, life out of death, order out of confuſion, Heaven out of Hell, honour out of humility, humiliation out of pride; according to that of the ſacred Way-maker of Chriſt,

Every hill ſhall be caſt down, every valley raiſed. But in this particular above all other; he delights to croſs and abaſe the Proud, to advance the Humble, as bleſſed *Mary* in her *Magnificat*, to *pull down the mighty from their ſeat, and to exalt the humble and meek.* For God hath a ſpecial quarrel to the Proud as thoſe that do more nearly conteſt with his Majeſty, and ſcramble with him for his Glory. He *knows the Proud afarre off*, and hath a ſpecial favour in ſtore for the Humble, as thoſe that are veſſels moſt capable of his Mercy, becauſe they are empty. This in common: we deſcend to the ſeveral parts. A

The Judgement begins firſt, as that which is fit to make way for Mercy. Therein there are two ſtrains; one is the Sin, the other is the Puniſhment. The Sin is *a mans Pride. A mans*, not for the diſtinction of one Sex from another, but Firſt, for the comprehenſion of both Sexes under one. The Woman was firſt proud, and it ſticks by her ever ſince: She is none of the daughters of *Eve* that inherits not her childs-part in this ſin. Neither is this Feminine Pride leſs odious, leſs dangerous. Rather the weakneſs of the Sex gives power and advantage to the vice; as the fagot-ſtick will ſooner take fire then the log. B

Secondly, for the intimation of the reflex action of Pride. A mans Pride therefore is the Pride of himſelf. Indeed the whole endeavour, ſtudy, care of the proud man, is the hoiſing of himſelf; yea, this Himſelf is the adequate ſubject of all ſinful deſires. What doth the Covetous labour but to inrich himſelf? the Voluptuous but to delight himſelf? the Proud but to exalt himſelf? whether in contempt of others, or in competition with God himſelf. For Pride hath a double caſt of her eye; downwards to other men in ſcorn, upwards to God in a rivalty. To men firſt, as the proud Phariſee, *I am not as others, nor as this Publican.* He thinks he is made of better clay then the common lump; it is others happineſs to ſerve him. He magnifies every act that fals from him, as that proud *Nebuchadnezzar, Is not this great Babel that I have built?* yea his own very excretions are ſweet and fragrant, whiles the perfumes of others are ranck and ill-ſented. C

To God, ſecondly. For whereas Piety makes God our Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; the beginning to which we aſcribe all, the end whereto we referre all: the Proud man makes himſelf his own Alpha, thanks himſelf for all; makes himſelf his own Omega, ſeeks himſelf in all; begins at himſelf, ends at himſelf. D

Which muſt needs be ſo much more odious to God, as it conforms us more to the enemy of God, of whom we ſay commonly, *As proud as the Devil.* For that once-glorious Angel looking upon his own excellency wherewith he was inveſted in his creation, began to be lift up in himſelf, made himſelf his own Alpha and Omega, acknowledging no eſſential dependance upon God as his beginning, no neceſſary reference to God as his end; and therefore was tumbled down into that bottomleſs dungeon, and *reſerved in everlaſting chains of darkneſs unto the judgement of the great day.* This is it which ſome think Saint *Paul* alludes to, when he charges that a Biſhop ſhould *not be a novice, leſt he ſhould be puffed up, and fall* εἰς κρῖμα τῦ διαβόλυ, *into the condemnation of the Devil*, 1 Tim. 3. 6. E

Now there are ſo many kinds of Pride as there are imaginary cauſes of ſelf-exaltation; and there are ſo many cauſes imagined hereof, as there are things reputed more precious and excellent in the eyes of the world. I might ſend you to *Hugo*'s Chariot of Pride, drawn with four horſes, (that Age knew no more) and the four wheels of it, if I liſted to mount Pride curiouſly: but I will ſhew you her on foot. To ſpeak plainly therefore, Theſe five things are wont commonly to be the matter of our Pride, Honour, Riches, Beauty, Strength, Knowledge. Every of them ſhall have a word. F

Thoſe that are tainted with the firſt, are State-proud; Bladders puft up with the wind of Honour. Thus *Ninive, Behold I ſit as a Queen; I am, and there is none elſe:* Thus the inſolent officer of *Sennacherib, Who art thou, that thou*

A *thou deſpiſeſt the leaſt of my Maſters ſervants? Vicina potentibus ſuperbia*, as that Father ſaid, *Pride is an uſual neighbour to greatneſs.* How hard is it for eminent Perſons, when they ſee all heads bare, all knees bowed to them, not to be raiſed up in their conceits, not to applaud their own glory, and to look overly upon the ignoble multitude, as thoſe which are *Terræ filii*, muſhroms, worthy of nothing but contempt? Hence it is that proud ones are incompatible with each other. Look upon other Vices, ye ſhall ſee one Drunkard hug another, one debauch'd Wanton love another, one Swearer, one Profane beaſt delight in another: but one Proud man cannot abide another; as one twig cannot bear two Red-breaſts. Both would be beſt: *Cæſar* will not indure an equal, nor *Pom-*
B *pey* a ſuperiour.

The ſecond are Purſe-proud. *Vermis divitiarum ſuperbia*, as St. *Auſtin* wittily, *Pride is in the Purſe, as the worm* in the Apple. Thus *Nabal*, becauſe he hath money in his bags and ſtock on his ground, ſends a ſcornful meſſage to poor *David*, though a better man then himſelf; *Many ſervants run away from their Maſters now adaies.* How many examples meet us every where of this kind; of them which having ſcrap'd together a little money more then their neighbours, look big upon it, and ſcorn the need of the better deſerving, and bluſter like a tempeſt, and think to bear down even good cauſes before them? *Secundas fortunas decent ſuperbiæ*, as the Comedian, *Pride becomes the wealthy.* Thus
C *Solomon* notes in his time that the rich ſpeaks with commands; the words weigh according to the Purſe.

The third are the Skin-proud; for Beauty goes no deeper: ſuch as with *Jezebel* lick themſelves, and with *Narciſſus* dote upon their own Faces; thinking it a wrong in any that ſees them, and admires them not; ſpending all their thoughts and their time in faſhions and complexion, as if their Soul lay in their hide; deſpiſing the ordinary forms of vulgar perſons, yea of the moſt beneficial nature. *Elatus erat animus tuus propter pulcritudinem, Thine heart was lifted up becauſe of thy beauty*, ſaith *Ezekiel* 28. 17.

The fourth are the Sinew-proud, which preſume upon their own Strength
D and vigor. *Elatum cor robore*, ſaies the ſame *Ezekiel* 28. 5. As *Goliah*, who dares in the confidence of his own arm challenge the whole hoaſt of God, and ſcorns the dwarfs and ſhrimps of *Iſrael.*

The fifth is the Skill-proud, puffed up with the conceit of Knowledge; as Knowledge is indeed of a ſwelling nature. There is much affinity betwixt Knowledge and Pride: both came out of one Country; for Pride is alſo *natione cæleſtis*, as *Hierom* well: and ſince ſhe cannot climbe up thither again, ſhe will be mounting as high as ſhe can towards it.

Every ſmatterer thinks all the Circle of Arts confined to the cloſet of his breaſt; and, as *Job* ſpeaks of his haughty friends, that *all wiſdome lives in him,*
E *and dyes with him.* Hence is that curioſity of knowing vain querks of ſpeculation; hence ſingularity of opinion hating to go in the common track; hence impatience of contradiction; hence contempt of the mediocrity of others. Out of this impatience *Zidkijah* could ſmite *Michaiah* on the eare, and, as bufeting him double, ſay, *Which way went the Spirit of God from me to thee?* Out of this contempt the Scribes and Phariſees could ſay, *Turba hæc, this Laity, that knows not the Law, is accurſed.*

But beſides theſe five a man may be proud of any thing, yea of nothing, yea of worſe then nothing, Evil. There may be as much Pride in rags as in tiſſues. *Diogenes* tramples upon *Plato*'s pride, but with another pride. And we com-
F monly obſerve, that none are ſo proud as the fouleſt. In what kind ſoever it be, the more a man reflects upon himſelf, by ſeeking, loving, admiring, the more proud he is, the more damnable is his Pride. But as in all other caſes Pride is odious to God; ſo moſt of all in point of Religion, and in thoſe matters wherein we have to doe with God. A proud face, or a proud back, or a proud arm, or a proud purſe are hateful things: but a proud Religion is ſo much worſe as the ſubject

ſhould be better. Let this then be the juſt κριτήριον or Teſt of true or falſe Religion; That which teacheth us to exalt God moſt, and moſt to depreſs our ſelves, is the true: that which doth moſt pranck up our ſelves and detract from God, is the falſe. It was the rule of *Bonaventure*, whom the *Romaniſts* honour for a Saint, *Hoc piarum mentium eſt*, &c. *This is the part of pious Souls, to aſcribe nothing to themſelves, all to the Grace of God.* So as how much ſoever a man attributes to the Grace of God, he ſhall not ſwerve from Piety in detracting from Nature; but if he ſubſtract never ſo little from the Grace of God, and give it to Nature, he indangers himſelf, and offends. A

In the ſafety of this proof our Doctrine triumphs over the *Romiſh* in all thoſe Points wherein it oppoſeth ours. Ours ſtands ever on Gods ſide, exalting his free Grace and mere Mercy as the cauſes of our Salvation; theirs dividing this great work betwixt God and themſelves, Gods Grace and mans Free-will, and aſcribing that to Merit which we to Mercy. Herein Popery is pure Phariſaiſme, and comes within the verge of Spiritual Pride, *Solomon*'s גאוה. Inſolent men, that will be climbing to Heaven by ladders of their own making, with *Aceſius* in *Jerome*! what other iſſue can they exſpect from the jealous God but a fearful precipitation? Neither doubt I but this is one main ground of the Angels proclamation in the Apocalyps, *Cecidit, cecidit Babylon, It is fallen, it is fallen, Babylon the great City.* B

Thus from the Sin, which is Pride, we deſcend to the Puniſhment, which is Ruine; *A mans Pride ſhall bring him low.* How can a bladder ſink? Yet Pride, though it be light in reſpect of the inflation, is heavie in reſpect of the offence: The guiltineſs is as a milſtone to which it is tied, that will bear it down to the bottome of the deep. As therefore there is a reflex action in the Sin, ſo is there in the Puniſhment; it ſhall ruine it ſelf. No other hands ſhall need to be uſed in the Judgement beſides her own. As the lightning hath ever a ſpight at the high ſpires and tall pines, ſtriking them down or firing them, when the ſhrubs and cotages ſtand untouched: ſo hath the God that made it, at a ſelf-advanced Greatneſs; whether out of a ſcorn of rivality, or a juſt puniſhment of theft; for the Proud man both in a curſed emulation makes himſelf his own Deity, and ſteales glory from God to ſet out himſelf. For both theſe, ταπεινωθήσεται ſaith our Saviour; he ſhall be brought down ſaith *Solomon.* Down, whither? to the duſt, to Hell; by others, by God himſelf, temporally here, eternally hereafter. Inſomuch as *Æſop* himſelf (we have it in *Stobæus*) when he was ask'd what God did, anſwers, *Excelſa deprimit, extollit humilia.* Beſides the odiouſneſs of a proud man amongſt men, commonly God is even with him here. How many have we known that have been faſtidious of their Diet, which have come to leap at a cruſt, to beg their bread, yea to rob the hogs with the Prodigal? How many that have been proud of their Beauty have been made (ere they died) the loathſome ſpectacles of deformity? That of *Eſay* ſtrikes home, *Becauſe the daughters of Sion are haughty, and walk with ſtretched-out necks and wanton eyes*, &c. *Therefore the Lord will ſmite with a ſcab the crown of the head of the daughter of Zion*, Eſay 3. 16. How many, that from the height of their over-weening have been brought to *Benhadad*'s halter, or have been turn'd to graze with *Nebuchadnezzar? The Lord roots up the houſe of the proud*, Prov. 15. 25. But if they eſcape here (as ſometimes they do) hereafter they ſhall not: For *the proud man is an abomination to the Lord*, Prov. 16. 5. God *cannot indure him*, Pſ. 101. 5. And what of that? *Tu perdes ſuperbos, Thou ſhalt deſtroy the proud*, Pſ. 119. 21. The very Heathens deviſed the proud Giants ſtruck with thunder from Heaven. And *if God ſpared not the Angels* whom he placed in the higheſt Heavens, *but* for their pride *threw them down headlong to the nethermoſt hell*; how much leſs ſhall he ſpare the proud duſt and aſhes of the ſons of men, and ſhall caſt them from the height of their earthly altitude to the bottome of that infernall dungeon? *Humility makes men Angels, Pride made Angels Devils*, as that Father ſaid; I may well adde, makes Devils of men. Ἀλλὰ ζωνέτω; C D E F

A ζωέας ὕπνος ἀμφὶ γεγὼς δίκλω, saies the Heathen Poet *Menander*, *Never ſoul eſcaped the revenge of Pride*, never ſhall eſcape it. So ſure as God is juſt, Pride ſhall not go unpuniſhed. I know now we are all ready to call for a Baſon, with *Pilate*, and to waſh our hands from this foul ſin. Honourable and beloved, this Vice is a cloſe one, it will cleave faſt to you; yea ſo cloſe, that ye can hardly diſcern it from a piece of your ſelves: this is it that aggravates the danger of it. For, as *Aquinas* notes well, ſome ſins are more dangerous *propter vehementiam impugnationis, for the fury of their aſſault*, as the ſin of Anger; others for their correſpondence to Nature, as the ſins of Luſt; others *propter latentiam ſui, for their cloſe ſculking* in our boſome, as this ſin of Pride. Oh let us look ſeriouſly
B into the corners of our falſe hearts, even with the Lantern of Gods Law, and find out this ſubtile Devil; and never give peace to our Souls till we have diſpoſſeſſed him. Down with your proud plumes, O ye glorious Peacocks of the World; look upon your black legs and your ſnake-like head; be aſhamed of your miſerable infirmities: elſe God will down with them and your ſelves in a fearful vengeance. There is not the holieſt of us but is this way faulty: Oh let us be humbled by our Repentance, that we may not be brought down to everlaſting confuſion; let us be caſt down upon our knees, that we may not be caſt down upon our faces. For God will make good his own word one way, *A mans pride ſhall bring him low.*

C The ſweeter part of this Ditty follows, which is of Mercy; Mercy which hath two ſtrains alſo, the Grace, the Reward. The gratious diſpoſition, (for a Vertue properly it is not) is Humility, expreſſed here in the Subject, *The humble in ſpirit.* Not he that is forcibly humbled by others, whether God or man; (ſo a wicked *Ahab* may walk ſoftly and droop for the time, and be never the better: What thank is it if we bow when God ſets his foot upon us?) but he that is voluntarily humble in ſpirit. And yet there are alſo vicious kinds of this ſelf-humility.

As firſt, when man having only God *ſupra ſe*, and therefore owing religious worſhip to him alone, worſhips Angels or Saints that are but *juxta ſe*. It is the
D charge that S. *Paul* gives to his *Coloſſians, Let no man deceive you in a voluntary humility, and worſhipping of Angels:* much leſs then of ſtocks and ſtones. Theſe very walls, if they had eyes and tongues, could teſtifie full many of theſe impious and Idolatrous cringes and proſtrations. So as if wood or ſtone could be capable of pollution, here was enough; till this abuſed frame was happily waſhed by the clear ſtreams of the Goſpel, and re-ſanctified by the Word and Prayer. This is a Superſtitious Humility.

2. When a man baſely ſubjects himſelf to ſerve the humors of the Great by groſs ſupparaſitation, by either unjuſt or unfit actions and offices; yielding himſelf a ſlave to the Times, a pander to Vice. This is a Servile Humility.

E 3. When a man affects a courteous affability and lowly carriage for oſtentation, for advantage; or when a man buries himſelf alive in an homely cowle, in a pretence of mortification; as if he went out of the world, when the world is within him. *To be proud of Humility*, as a Father ſaid well, *is worſe then to be ſupercilioufly and openly proud.* This is an Hypocritical Humility.

4. When out of puſillanimity or inordinateneſs a man proſtitutes himſelf to thoſe unworthy conditions and actions of ſinful pleaſure that miſ-beſeem a man, a Chriſtian. This is a Brutiſh Humility. All theſe ſelf-humiliations are thankleſs and faulty. It will be long enough ere the Superſtitious, Servile, Hypocritical, Brutiſh Humility ſhall advance us other then to the ſcaffold of our
F execution.

The True Humility is, when a man is modeſtly lowly in his own eyes, and ſincerely abaſed in his heart and carriage before God. And this ſelf-humiliation is either in reſpect of Temporal or Spiritual things. Of Temporal, when a man thinks any condition good enough for him; and therefore doth not unduly intrude himſelf into the preferments of the world, whether in Church or Com-

Commonwealth. When he thinks meanly of his own parts and actions, highly and reverently of others; and therefore in giving honour goes before others, in taking it behind them.

Of Spiritual, when he is vile in himſelf, eſpecially in reſpect of his ſins, and therefore abhors himſelf in ſackcloth and aſhes: when the Grace that he hath he can acknowledge, but not over-rate; yea he takes it ſo low as he may do without wrong to the giver: when for all Bleſſings he can awfully look up to his Creator and Redeemer, aſcribing all to him, referring all to him, depending for all upon him; ſo much more magnifying the Mercy of God, as he is more ſenſible of his own Unworthineſs.

This is the true, though ſhort, character of Humility. A plain Grace, ye ſee, but lovely. From which let it pleaſe you to turn your eyes to the Bleſſing allotted to it: which is ſo expreſſed in the Original, that it may either run, *The humble in ſpirit ſhall enjoy honour*, as in the former Tranſlation; or, *Honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit*, as in the latter. In both, Honour is the portion of the humble; for the raiſing of him in the one, for the preſerving of him in the other.

Honour, from whom? From God, from men. Even the good man of the houſe will ſay, *Friend, ſit up higher.* For though with vain men he is moſt ſet by that can moſt ſet out himſelf: yet with the wiſer, the more a man dejects himſelf, the more he is honoured. It cannot ſtand with the juſtice of the truly-vertuous to ſuffer a man to be a loſer by his Humility: Much leſs will God abide it. *A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt; and, *Pullati extolluntur ſalute, The mourners are exalted with ſafety*, ſaith *Eliphaz* in *Job* 5. 11. *The Lord lifteth up the meek*, ſaith *David*, out of good proof; and needs muſt he riſe whom God lifteth. What ſhould we need any other precedent of this Vertue, or other example of this Reward, then our Bleſſed Saviour himſelf? all other are worthy of forgetfulneſs in compariſon: *Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equall with God; but made himſelf of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a ſervant*, &c. *and being found in faſhion as a man, he humbled himſelf, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Croſs.* O God, what an incomprehenſible dejection was here! that the living God ſhould deſcend from the higheſt Glory of Heaven, and put upon him the rags of our Humanity; and take on him not the man onely, but the ſervant, yea the malefactor; abaſing himſelf to our infirmities, to our indignities, to be reviled, ſpat upon, ſcourged, wounded, crucified: yea all theſe are eaſie tasks to that which follows; to be made a mark of his Fathers wrath in our ſtead, ſo as in the bitterneſs of his Soul he is forced to cry out, *My God, My God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* What heart of man, yea what apprehenſion of Angels can be capable of ſadoming the depth of this Humiliation?

Anſwerable to thy dejection, O Saviour, was thine exaltation; as the conduit-water riſes at leaſt as high as it falls. Now is thy *name above every name; that at the name of* JESUS *every knee ſhould bow, of things in Heaven, in earth, under the earth.* Neither meaneſt thou to be our Saviour onely, but our pattern too. I do not hear thee ſay, Learn of me for I am Almighty, I am Omniſcient; but, *Learn of me that I am meek.* If we can go down the ſteps of thine Humiliation, we ſhall riſe up the ſtairs of thy Glory. Why do we not then ſay, *I will be yet more vile for the Lord?* Oh *caſt down* your *crowns* with the twenty four Elders (*Apoc.* 4. 10.) *before the Throne of God: Humble your ſeves in the ſight of the Lord, and he ſhall lift you up*, Jam. 4. 10.

Indeed there is none of us but hath juſt cauſe to be humbled, whether we conſider the wretchedneſs of our Nature or of our Eſtate. What is the beſt fleſh and blood but a pack of duſt made up together into a ſtirring heap, which in the diſſolution molders to duſt again?

When I conſider the Heavens, and ſee the Sun, the Moon and the Stars as they ſtand

A *ſtand in their order; Lord, what is man, that thou regardeſt him?* what a Worm? what an Ant? what a nothing? who beſides his homelineſs is ſtill falling aſunder; for even of the greateſt and beſt-compoſed is that of the Pſalm verified, *Univerſa vanitas omnis homo, Every man is all vanity.*

Alas then, what is it we ſhould be proud of? Is it Wealth? What is the richeſt metal but red and white earth? And that whereof too we may ſay, as the Sons of the Prophets of their hatchet, *Alas, Maſter, it was but lent.* What ſpeak I of this, when our very breath is not our own? The beſt praiſe of Coin is, that it is current, it runs from us; yea it is *volatile*, as wiſe *Solomon*, *Riches have wings*: and if they leave not us, we muſt them. *We*
B *brought nothing hither*, and (according to the proclamation of that great King) *we muſt carry nothing with us* but our winding-ſheet; yea rather that muſt carry us.

Is it our Land? How long is that ours? That ſhall be fixed when we are gone, and ſhall change, as it hath done, many Maſters. But withall, where is it? I remember what is reported of *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*, (*Ælian* tells the ſtory.) *Socrates* ſaw *Alcibiades* proud of his ſpacious fields and wide inheritance; he calls for a Map, looks for *Greece*, and finding it, asks *Alcibiades* where his lands lay. When he anſwered they were not laid forth in the Map. Why (ſaid *Socrates*) art thou proud of that which is no part of the earth? What
C a poor ſpot is the dominion of the greateſt King? but what a nothing is the poſſeſſion of a Subject? A ſmall parcel of a Shire, not worthy the name of a Chorographer. And had we, with *Licinius*, as much as a Kite could fly over, yea if all the whole Globe were ours, ſix or ſeven foot will ſerve us at the laſt.

Is it our Honour? Alas, that is none of ours; for Honour is in him that gives it, not in him that receives it. And if the Plebeians will be ſtubborn or uncivil and reſpectleſs, where is Honour? and when we have it, what a poor puffe is this? how windy, how unſatisfying? Inſomuch as the great Emperour could ſay, *I have been all things, and am never the better.* Have ye
D Great ones all the incurvations of the knee, the kiſſes of the hand, the ſtyles of Honour, yea the flatteries of Heralds? let Gods hand touch you but a little with a ſpotted Fever, or girds of the Colick, or belking pains of the Gout, or ſtoppings of the bladder, alas! what eaſe is it to you that you are laid in a Silken bed, that a potion is brought you on the knee in a Golden cup, that the Chirurgion can ſay, he hath taken from you Noble blood? As *Eſau* ſaid of his birth-right, ye ſhall ſay *(mutatis mutandis)* of all theſe ceremonies of Honour, *What are theſe to me, when I am ready to dye for pain?*

Is it Beauty? What is that? or wherein conſiſts it? Wherein, but in mere opinion? The *Æthiopians* think it conſiſts in perfect Blackneſs; we
E *Europeans*, in white and red: and the wiſeſt ſay, *That is fair that pleaſeth.* And what Face is it that pleaſeth all? Even in the worſt ſome eyes ſee features that pleaſe; in the beſt ſome others ſee lines they like not. And if any Beauty could have all voices, what were this but a waſt and worthleſs approbation? Grant it to be in the greateſt exquiſiteneſs, what is it but a Bloſſome in May, or a Flower in Auguſt, or an Apple in Autumn, ſoon faln, ſoon withered? Should any of you, glorious Dames, be ſeized upon with the naſty puſtles of the ſmall Pox, alas! what pits do thoſe leave behind them to bury your Beauties in? Or if but ſome languiſhing Quartan ſhould arreſt you, how is the delicate skin turn'd tawnie? How doth an unwelcome Dropſie
F (wherein that diſeaſe too often ends) bag up the eyes, and miſ-ſhape the face and body, with unpleaſing and unkindly tumors? In ſhort, when all is done, after all our coſt and care, what is the beſt hide but *ſaccus ſtercorum*, as *Bernard* ſpeaks, which if we do not finde noiſome, others ſhall? Well may I therefore ask, with *Eccleſiaſticus*, *Quid ſuperbit terra & cinis? Why is* this *earth and aſhes proud?* though it were as free from ſin as it is from perfection.

ction. But now when wickedneſs is added to vanity, and we are more abominable by ſin then weak by nature, how ſhould we be utterly aſhamed to look up to Heaven, to look upon our own faces?

Surely therefore, whenſoever you ſee a Proud man, ſay there is a Fool; (πᾶς ὁ μὴ φρονῶν, &c.) the heathen *Menander* could ſay ſo: for if he were not a mere ſtranger in himſelf, he could be no other then confounded in himſelf. We ſee our own outward filthineſs in thoſe loathſome excretions which the pureſt nature puts forth: but if we could as well ſee our inward Spiritual beaſtlineſs, we could not but be ſwallowed up of our confuſion.

It falls out with men in this caſe as with ſome old foul and wrinkled dames, that are ſoothed up by their Paraſites in an admiration of their Beauty, to whom no glaſs is allowed but the picturers, that flatters them with a ſmooth, fair and young image. Let ſuch a one come caſually to the view of a Glaſs, ſhe falls out firſt with that mirrour, and cries out of the falſe repreſentation: but after, when upon ſtricter examination ſhe finds the fault in her ſelf, ſhe becomes as much out of love with her ſelf as ever her flatterers ſeemed to be enamour'd of her. It is no otherwiſe with us. We eaſily run away with the conceit of our Spiritual Beauty, of our innocent Integrity; every thing feeds us in our over-weening opinion. Let the Glaſs of the Law be brought once and ſet before us, we ſhall then ſee the ſhameful wrinkles and foul morphews of our Souls, and ſhall ſay with the Prophet, *We lye down in our ſhame, and our confuſion covereth us, for we have ſinned againſt the Lord our God,* Jer. 3.25. Thus if we be humbled in ſpirit, we ſhall be raiſed unto true Honour; even *ſuch Honour* as *have all his Saints.* To the participation whereof, that God who hath ordained, graciouſly bring us, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous: to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, one infinite God, be all Honour and Glory now and for ever. *Amen.*

CHRIST

CHRIST AND CÆSAR.

A SERMON preached at *Hampton-Court*,

By JOS. HALL.

Joh. 19. 15.

The chief Prieſts anſwered, We have no King but Cæſar.

THere cannot be a more loyal ſpeech as it may be uſed; One Sun is enough for Heaven, one King for earth: But as it is uſed, there cannot be a worſe. For in ſo few words, theſe Jews flatter *Cæſar*, reject Chriſt, oppoſe Chriſt to *Cæſar*. Firſt, pretending they were *Cæſar*'s ſubjects; ſecondly, profeſſing they were not Chriſts ſubjects; thirdly, arguing, that they could not be Chriſt's ſubjects becauſe they were *Cæſar*'s. The firſt by way of affirmation, *Cæſar is our King*: the ſecond by way of negation, *No King but Cæſar*: the third by way of implication, *Chriſt is not our King, becauſe Cæſar is.*

The firſt was a truth; *Cæſar* was indeed now their King, but againſt their wils. Conqueſt had made his name unwelcome. They ſay true then, and yet they flatter. Wonder not at this; a man may flatter, yea lye, in ſpeaking truth, when his heart believes not the title that his tongue gives. So it was with theſe Jews; they call'd him King, whom they malign'd as an Uſurper. For they feeding themſelves with the conceit of being God's free people, wherein *Judas Gaulonites* and *Sadducus* the Phariſee had ſoothed them, hated him as an enemy, whom they were forced to fear as their King, holding it no better then a ſinful vaſſalage to ſtoop unto an Heathen ſcepter. Ye know the queſtion moved upon the Tribute-money, *Matth.* 22.17. *Is it lawful to pay tribute to Cæſar?* Lo, they ſay not, *Is it needful?* but, *Is it lawful?* The *Herodians* were a Faction that had never moved this queſtion, unleſs the Phariſees and their ſcrupulous clients had denied it. They make it a difficulty not of purſe, but of conſcience, *Licetne? Is it lawful?* Yet here, *Regem habemus Cæſarem, Cæſar is our King.*

They liked well enough to have a King; yea hereupon they were ſo ready to ſwagger with God and his *Samuel*: They had learn'd of Nature and experience the beſt form of Government (εἷς κοίρανος) but they would have had him of their own. As God ſaid of the great Prophet, ſo they are glad to hear him ſay of their King, *De numero fratrum tuorum, From among thy brethren.* Propriety is in nothing more pleaſing then in matter of Government. It is a joy

to think we have a King of our own; our own blood, our own Religion; according to the motto of our Princes, **Ich Dien**: Otherwise next to Anarchy is Heterarchy; neither do we find much difference betwixt having no head at all, and having another mans head on our shoulders. The Bees love to have a King, but one that is of their own hive: If an Hornet come in and offer to rule amongst them, (though stronger) they abide not the colour. It was *Edomitish* blood that made *Herod* so hateful, though otherwise of no small merit. Now *Cæsar*, though he were their King actually in regard of power, yet they held him no better then an Intruder in regard of right. For at first here was no more but συμμαχία and φιλία, *a partnership and* league of *love* betwixt the *Romans* and *Jews*, as 1 *Maccab.* 8.20. but after, when *Pompey* had vanquish'd *Hyrcanus* and *Aristobulus*, now *Judæa* was glad to turn tributary, and of a friend became a vassal, as ye see in the taxation of *Augustus*, *Luk.* 2.1. and so continued with no small regret. *Cæsar* therefore was to them a Pagan for Religion, a Tyrant for Usurpation; at the best, *an alien from the Commonwealth of Israel*; and therefore (as they imagined) not capable of being the head of *Israel*. This of the *Romans* is taken for that *regnum Gentium*, *the Kingdome of the Gentiles*, *Hagg.* 2.22. by an Antonomasie; which was therefore so much more hated, as it was more prevalent and imperious. And ye know their fearful suggestion, *Venient Romani*, *the Romans will come*, Joh. 11.48. It was observed of old by *Hierome*, and since by *Galatinus* and others, indeed who could look beside it? that the *Thalmud* and the ancient Rabbins, whersoever they find the name of *Edom* or *Idumæa* in the Old Testament, there they think straight *Rome* understood; and this was with them that *Onus Duma*, in the Prophet *Esay*. A misprision that arises (as *Jerome* guesses aright) by occasion of the letters of *Duma* and *Roma*; for the Hebrew *R* and *D* are so like that they can hardly be distinguished, and the same letter in the Hebrew forms both *o* and *u*. Hence they gave out *Cæsar* for an *Idumæan*, and branded all that Nation with the curses of *Edom*. Absurdly, as we well know; for *Edom*, or *Esau*, was *Isaac*'s Son, whereas we *Europæans* came of *Japhet*. But this shews their good will both to *Cæsar* and his Country; no Nation under Heaven was more odious to them, against whom they heartily praied in their sense, *Remember*, *O Lord*, *the children of Edom*, Psal. 137.7. Yet here, *Regem habemus Cæsarem*, *Cæsar is our King*. Neither was this the note of the chief Priests onely, which had learn'd to flatter by art; but of the hollow multitude, who had said (verf. 12.) *If thou let this man go*, *thou art not Cæsar's friend*. As if all were now grown fond of that Soveraignty which they hated.

Esay 21.11.

This is enough to let our *Cæsar* see that fair tongues are not alwaies true. In the Psalm which our late *Augustus* of ever-Blessed Memory chose for the Anniversaries of his deliverance both from the *Gowries* and the Powder, (*Psal.* 18.) ye find this clause (verf. 45.) *strange children shall dissemble with me*; which in our last Translation runs, *Strangers shall submit themselves to me*. Marvel not at the difference; the Hebrews take the word יכחשו for both, either *mentiuntur* or *humiliabuntur*, to signifie either *curtesie* or *craft*: wherefore? but to shew us that estranged hearts, whiles they submit, do but dissemble; and none more submiss then the falsest; some whereof, whiles with deep protestations of fidelity they were writing quodlibetical invectives against the perfidiousnes of some busie spirits of their own Faction, we have seen fall foul upon a convicted Treason. It was not for nothing that under the picture of that lame Souldier which at last hath shouldred into the Calender, was written, *Cavete vobis*, *Principes*, *Look to your selves*, *ye Great Ones*. Believe Actions, believe not Words. If those that refuse to profess Allegeance must needs be unsound, would to God they were all sound that swear it. Even *Judas* could say, *Hail*, *Master*; and these colloguing Jews, *Regem habemus Cæsarem*, *We have Cæsar for our King*. Do ye not mark how this note is changed? The chief Priests said here, *Non habemus Regem nisi Cæsarem*, *We have no King but Cæsar*: Now there is an High-

A High-Priest that says, *Non habemus Regem Cæsarem*; yea *Cæsar* is his Escuier, or his Lacky. The exemption of the Spiritualty from *Cæsar*, the subjection of *Cæsar* to the head of the Spiritualty, are points that would have been as strange to the chief Priests of those times as they are familiar to ours. But, O Souls not unworthy of a proud insultation, that thus willingly abase their Crowns to a tyrannous Mitre!

It was too good a word this for Jews, *Regem habemus, we have a King*: That which they held their misery, was more happiness then they could deserve, to be Subjects. The very name of a King carries protection, order, peace: For *Rex judicio*, &c. *The King by judgement establisheth the Land*, saith *Solomon*, B *Prov.* 29.4. Who knows not that, *Judg.* 17.6. *In those days there was no King in Israel*: and what of that? *Every one did that which was right in his own eyes.* Anarchy is lawless, dissolute, confused. What other is the King then the Head of the body, the Eye in the head, the Ball in that eye? *Lucernam aptavi uncto meo, I have prepared a light for mine anointed*, Psal. 132.17. without which the whole State must needs, like a blinded *Polyphemus*, reel, and stagger, and grovel. If *Solomon* note it as a wonder in the Locusts, *That they have no King, and yet go forth by bands*; S. *John* notes it in the infernal Locusts, that *they have a King, and his name is Abaddon*, Revel. 9.11. Not to speak of Heaven or Earth then, even Hell it self stands not without a Government; the very region of Confu- C sion consists not without so much Order: Take this away, Earth would be Hell, and what would Hell be?

There are Nations, I doubt not, that may say, *Dedisti Regem in ira, Thou hast given us a King in thine anger*, Hos. 13.11. But for us, we may say, *ut ros super herbam, His favour is as the dew upon the grass*, Prov. 19.12. and shall justly shut up with old *David*, *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath thus replenished our Throne, as our eyes see it this day*, 1 Kings 1.48. And if we do in the joy of our hearts say, *Habemus Regem*; why should not he with equal reflection of joyful heart say, *Habemus Subditos*. Tribute, Honour, Fear, Prayers, Love, Life is not too dear for our *Cæsar*.

D This is enough for the Affirmation, *Cæsar* is our King: the Negation follows, *We have no King but Cæsar*. The negative as it is universal, excluding all; so it specially singles out Christ, whom *Pilate* had lately nam'd for their King. None, therefore not this *Jesus*. A Rebellious protestation, and no better then Blasphemie in the mouth of Jews, of Priests: For could they be ignorant of the Kingdome of the *Messiah*? yea of this *Messiah*? Was not this King of the Jews Fore-figured by *Melchisedec* King of *Salem*? *Sedec*, we know, is *Justice*, *Salem* is *Peace*; the fruit of his Justice is Peace. Fore-propheſied to be *the Prince of Peace*? Esay 9.6. *the government* is *upon his shoulder*, saith that Evangelical Seer: yea, which of the Prophets is silent of this Style? Constituted? *Behold,* E *I have set my King upon Sion*, Psal. 2.6. Acknowledged by the Sages? *Where is he that is born King of the Jews? We have seen his star*, Mat. 2.2. Usher'd in by the Angel *Gabriel*? *The Lord shall give him the throne of his Father David*, Luke 1.32. Anointed? he is *Christus Domini*, and *Christus Dominus*; *anointed with the oyle of gladness above his fellows.* Proclaimed? *Behold, thy King cometh to thee*, saith *Zachary*: *Hosanna, Blessed be the Kingdome that comes in the name of the Lord*, said the Children in the streets. Enthronized? *Thy throne, O God, is for ever, and the scepter of thy Kingdome is a right scepter.* Honoured with due homage? *The Kings of the earth shall bring presents to thee*, saith the Psalmist.

F And yet this King, thus Prefigured, Fore-propheſied, Constituted, Acknowledged, Usher'd in, Anointed, Proclaimed, Enthronized, Adored, is cast off with a *Nolumus hunc, No King but Cæsar*. And were they not well served, think we? Did or could ever any eye pity them? Because they say, Christ is not our King, but *Cæsar*, therefore Christ shall plague them by *Cæsar*; that very Roman Government which they honoured in a corrivality and opposition

to Christ, shall revenge the quarrel of Christ in the utter subversion of these unthankful Rebels. *Oh foolish people and unjust! do ye thus requite the Lord?* Did he empty himself of his Celestial Glory, and put on weak Manhood and all the symptoms of wretched Mortality; and do ye despise him for this Mercy? Is he so vile to you, because he was so vile for you? Did his Love make him humble, that his Humility should make him contemptible? Did *he chuse* you *out of all the kingdomes of the earth*, and do ye wilfully reject him? Hear therefore, ye despisers, and tremble; hear the just doom of him who will be your Judge, if he shall not be your Saviour: *Those mine enemies that would not I should reign over them, bring them hither, and slay them before me*, Luk. 19.27.

Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. Do we think that Christ hath no Rebels but Jews? Would to God we sinners of the Gentiles had not said, *Disrumpamus vincula, Let us break his bonds, and cast his cords from us.* What are his bonds but his Laws; his cords but Religious institutions? These flie about mens ears like rotten tow, binding none but the impotent. The bounds of his *Kingdome* are *the ends of the earth.* It is an hard word (yet I must say it;) Oh that there were not more Traitors in the world then Subjects! Tell not me what mens Tongues say; their Lives say loud enough, *Nolumus hunc*, Christ is no King for us. Obedience is the true touch-stone of Loyalty; not Protestations, not outward Cringes, not disbursement of Tribute. We have all solemnly sworn allegeance to the God of Heaven; we are ready to bow at the dear name of *Jesus*; we stick not, perhaps, to give *obedientiam bursalem*, as *Gerson* cals it, to God: but when it comes once to the deniall of our selves, to the mortifying of our corruptions, to the strangling of the children of our own accursed wombs, to the offering up our *bodies* and Souls *as a reasonable and lively sacrifice*; *hic Rhodus, hic saltus.* Kings rule by their Laws. Be not deceived; if slips of weakness marre not our Fealty, certainly continuance in wilful sins cannot stand with our Subjection. *Quomodo legis? How readest thou* then? as our Saviour asks. What saies thy Law-giver in *Sinai? Thou shalt have no other Gods but me.* If now thou rear up in thy bosome altars to the *Astaroth* of Honour, to the *Tammuz* of Lust, to the *Mammon* of Wealth, thou hast defied Christ for thy King. God saies, *Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain.* If now thine unhallowed tongue will not be beaten out of the hellish track of Oaths, Blasphemies, prophane Scoffs, thou hast defied Christ. God sayes, *Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.* If now thou shalt spend it altogether upon thy self, or else thinkest, with that wise Heathen, thou dost *septimam ætatis partem perdere*, thou defiest Christ. God saies, *Thou shalt not commit adultery.* If now, like an enraged stallion, thou neighest after every object of impure Lust, thou hast defied Christ. God saies, *Non in comessationibus & ebrietate, Not in surfeiting and drunkenness.* If now we shall pour our health and our reason down our throats, and shall sacrifice our Souls to our bellies, what do we say but, *Nolumus hunc?* But, O foolish Rebels that we are! do we think thus to shake off the yoak of Christ? In spight of men and devils, he will be their King who do most grin and gnash at his Soveraignty. Feel, O ye wilful sinners, if ye will not learn, that as he hath a golden Scepter, *Virgam directionis*, Psal. 45.6. so he hath also an *iron Scepter*, Psal. 2.9. *Virgam furoris*, Esay 10.5. *Beauty and Bands*, Zach. 11.10,14. If ye will not bow under the first, yea must break under the second. He *shall break* you *in pieces like a Potters vessel*, to mammocks, to dust. Ye shall find that the Prince of darkness can no more avoid his own torment, then he can cease from yours; and every knee, not onely in Heaven and in earth, but under the earth too, shall mal-grè bow to the name of that *Jesus* whom they have scornfully rejected with *Nolumus hunc*, Christ is no King to us.

But I perswade my self better things of you all that hear me this day: There is none of you (I hope) but would be glad to strew his garments, his olive-boughs, yea his myrtles and lawrels, yea crown and scepter under the feet

A feet of Christ, and cry, *Hosanna altissimo.* Oh then if you be in earnest, take the Psalmists counsel, *Osculamini filium:* Give him the kiss of Homage, of Obedience. Let me have leave to say that this charge is there given to the great Princes and Rulers of the earth; they who honour others with a kiss of their hand, must honour themselves with the humble kiss of his: No Power can exempt from this sweet Subjection. *Ecce servus tuus, Behold, I am thy servant,* saith *David*; yea and, *vilior ero, I will be yet more vile for the Lord.* Tremble before his footstool, O ye Great ones, that *bindeth Kings with chains and Nobles with fetters of iron,* Psal. 149. 8. Your very Height inforces your Obedience; the detrectation whereof hath no other, but, *Potentes potenter punientur,*
B *Mighty ones shall be mightily tormented. As an Angel of God so is my Lord the King,* as that wise *Tekoan* said. Do ye not see how awful, how submiss the Angels of Heaven are? Before his throne they hide their faces with their wings; and from his throne, at his command, they wait upon base and sinful flesh. It was a great praise that was given to *Placilla* the Wife of *Theodosius* in *Theodoret*'s history, *Neque enim imperii principatu extollebatur, &c.* Her throne had not over-carried her thoughts, but inflamed her holy desires the more; for the largeness of Gods blessing so much more intended her love to the giver. Let me be bold to say, we have seen, we have seen the incomparable favours of God to your Sacred Majesty; we that were witnesses both of the weakness of
C your Cradle and the strength of your Throne: and what loyal heart did not feel the danger of your late Southern Voiage, and the safety of your return? Go on happily to fear and honour that God who hath so blessed you, and us in you. Yield still unto the Son of God the faithful kisses of your reverence, loyalty, observance: he shall return unto you the happy kisses of his Divine Love and Favour, and after a long and safe Protection, the dear imbracements of an eternal welcome to Glory.

Thus much of the Negation, *Christ is not our King.* The Implication follows, *Christ is not our King, because Cæsar is.* The Anabaptist and the Jew are so cross, that I wonder how one *Amsterdam* can hold them both: The Anabaptist saies,
D *Cæsar* is not our King, because Christ is; the Jew saies, Christ is not our King, because *Cæsar* is: Both of them equally absurd. Could there be a more ignorant Paralogisme then this wherewith the foolish Jews beguiled themselves? as if these two, Christ and *Cæsar*, had been utterly incompatible. This senseless misprision was guilty of all the plots against Christ. *Herod* no sooner hears of a King of the Jews, then he startles up, and is straight jealous of his Crown: the Jews hear of a King, and they are jealous of *Cæsar*'s Crown: the *Cæsars* following hear of a King, and they are jealous of the Jews; for, as *Suetonius* tels us in the Life of *Vespasian, Percrebuerat in Oriente toto vetus & constans opinio, esse in fatis ut Judæi hoc tempore rerum potirentur, It was an old and constant*
E *conceit all the East over, that the Jews were about this time destin'd to rule.* This was on all hands an ignorant, an injurious scrupulosity. O vain men! could they but have known that this was he that truly said, *Per me Reges regnant, By me Kings reign,* they had concluded, *Cæsar* could be no King but from him: Earthly jurisdiction is derived from this Heavenly. It is he that makes this a Monarch, that a Prince, that other a Peer; *Omnis potestas, All power is given to* him *both in Heaven and earth*, and from him to men. *Cæsar* hath his Crown from Christ; so farre is Christ from pulling the Crown from *Cæsar.*

There were two points of State, which if they had known, would have se-
F cured them from these idle fears; the Subordination, the Diversity of Christs Kingdome and *Cæsar*'s. Subordination, for Christ is the founder of all just Soveraignty, he can be no enemy to it. Plainly, Christ is *Cæsar*'s Lord, *Cæsar* is Christs Deputy: The deputed power is not against the Original, but as by it, so for it. As *Cæsar* was Christs Lord *in forma servi*; (ye know his charge, *Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's*; and the liquid cofer of the Sea shall

rather yield the *Didrachma* then he will not pay it, *Matth.* 17. 27.) so Christ is *Cæsar*'s Lord in the Soveraignty of his Deity; *Solus supra Cæsarem Deus, qui fecit Cæsarem, None above Cæsar, but the God that made Cæsar*, as that Father said. There can be no Contrariety in Subordination. So is *Cæsar* to Christ, as Earth is to Heaven; under, not against it. All the life and motion of any earthly creature is from the influences of Heaven; without which this whole Globe were nothing but a dull and drossie clod. A

And as here is Subordination one way, so Diversity another. *Pilate* question'd our Saviour punctually of his Kingdome, *Art thou a King?* He denies not, but distinguishes; *My Kingdome is not of this world*, Joh. 18. 36. Lo, Christs Kingdome was not of this world; *Cæsar*'s was not of the other: here can be no danger of opposition. *Audite Judæi, audite Gentes*, as S. *Austin* wittily, *Hear, O Jews, hear, O Gentiles, I hinder not your Dominion in this world, for mine is of another. Fear not* Herod's *vain fear, who killed the Infants to rid Christ (timendo magis quàm iracundo crudelior) more cruel in his fear then in his rage. My Kingdome*, he saies, *is not of this world. Oh come then to that Kingdome which is not of this world; come in believing, and do not tyrannize in fearing.* Thus he. *This King came not into the world to subdue Kings by fighting, but to win them by dying*, as *Fulgentius* well. *Neither doth he take away mortal Kingdomes who gives Heavenly*, as the Christian Poet said aright. B

Upon both these grounds therefore, it is a blasphemous inconsequence, *Cæsar* is our King, therefore not Christ: yea, therefore *Cæsar*, because Christ. Religion doth not cross Policy, but perfects it rather. Give me leave, I beseech you, to press this Point a little. C

It is Religion that teacheth us that God hath ordained Kingly Soveraignty, *Rom.* 13. 1. ordained it immediately. That Position was worthy of a Red Hat, *Potestas Principis dimanavit à populo, Pontificis à Deo*, in the Recognition of the book *de Laicis*; purposely raised to depress the Dignity of Kings, to advance the Priesthood. I am sure, *Samuel* (when it was) said, *Ecce, præfecit vobis Jehova Regem, Behold, God hath set a King over you*, 1 Sam. 12. 13. And Kings are wont to have no less title then *Unctus Jehovæ*, the *Anointed of the Lord*; not *unctus populi*, the anointed of the people, 1 *Sam.* 24. 6. 2 *Sam.* 1. 14. *Daniel* could say of God, *He removes Kings, and setteth up Kings*, Dan. 2. 21. What need I perswade Christian Kings and Princes, that they hold their Crowns and Scepters as in fee from the God of Heaven? *Cyrus* himself had so much Divinity, *Ezra* 1. 2. D

Bellarm. Recogn.

It is Religion that teaches us that the same power which ordained *Cæsar*, injoyns all faithful Subjection to *Cæsar*; *not for fear, but for conscience*, Rom. 13. 5. *Tribute to whom tribute, honour to whom honour*; yea all devout prayers for a *Nero* himself, 1 *Tim.* 2. 2. curbing both the tongue and the heart, *Thou shalt not curse the King in thy thoughts, nor the rich in thy Bed-chamber*, Eccles. 10. 20. It is Religion that teaches us that vengeance shall be sure to follow Rebellion, *Nuntius crudelis*, Prov. 17. 21. yea, no less then Hell and Damnation, *Rom.* 13. 2. E

Cursed be they that say Religion is onely to keep men in awe; and cursed be he that says there is any so sure way to keep men in awe as Religion. Go ye crafty Politicks, and rake hell for reasons of State; ye shall once find that *there is no wisdome, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord.* It was a true and well-grounded resolution of *Constantius*, That *they cannot be faithful to their King, who are perfidious to their God.*

Let the great *Cæsars* of the world then know, that the more subject they are to Christ, the more sure they are of the Loyalty of their Subjects to them. Neither is there in all the world any so firm and streight bond to tye the hearts of their people to them, as true Religion to God. To conclude therefore, Christ is not *Cæsar*'s rival, but *Cæsar*'s Lord and Patron. *Cæsar* rules by his Laws, Christ by Religion. If Execution be the Life of Laws, I am sure Religion F

A gion is the life of Execution. In short, Religion is the strongest pillar of Policy, the base of the Palace, the feet and armes of the Chair of State, the frame of the Councel-bord. As ye love your Peace, ye Great ones, make much of it; plant it where it is not, enlarge it where it is, maintain it at home, incourage it abroad. And if distressed Religion shall come with her face blubber'd and her garments rent, wringing her hands and tearing her hair, and shall prostrate her self at the feet of earthly Greatness for lawful succour, with *veni opitulari, come and help*, as *Macedonia* in the *Acts*; wo be to the power that fails it; and blessed, thrice blessed from Heaven be that hand that shall raise her on her feet, and wipe off her teares, and stretch out it self mightily for her
B safe-guard. Let me never prosper if that hand make not that head immortally glorious.

For us, blessed be God, we live here in the warm Zone, where the hot beams of the Sun of Righteousness beat right down upon our heads. But what need I tell your Sacred Majesty that in the North-west part of your Dominions, there are some that live in the frozen and dark Climate of Ignorance and Superstition, whose eyes have seldome (if ever) been blest with so much as an oblique irradiation of the Gospel? I know the bowels of your Princely compassion cannot but be stirred with the misery of these poor *Cimmerian* souls, that have not so much light as to wish more. Oh may it please your Gra-
C cious Majesty to shine into those darksome corners, by improving your Soveraign Authority to the commanding of a Learned and Powerful Ministry amongst them. Let true Religion be letled in them, and true Religion shall settle their hearts to your Majesty more then all conquests, lawes, violences, oaths, indearments whatsoever. And for these happy Regions which are comfortably illuminated with the saving Doctrine of *Jesus* Christ, may it please you to forbid their impuration by the noisome fogs and mists of those mis-opinions, whose very Principles are professedly rebellious; as being well assured that the more your Majesty shall advance the Spiritual Kingdome of Christ, the more he shall advance the strength and glory of your Temporal: the more
D perfectly he is your Christ, the more unmoveably shall you be his *Cæsar*. And may he still and ever be yours, and you his, till earth and time be no more; till he shall have delivered up his mediatory Kingdome into the hands of his Father. To whom, &c.

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THE DEFEAT OF CRUELTY PRAIED FOR,

And laid forth in a Sermon preach'd at a Solemn Faſt at *White-hall*,

By JOS. HALL, Dean of *Worceſter*, &c.

Pſal. 68. 30.

Rebuke the company of Spear men, the multitude of the Bulls, with the Calves of the people, till every one ſubmit himſelf with pieces of ſilver: Scatter thou the people that delight in warre.

THE ſame Pſalme that lately yielded us a Song of Thankſgiving, now affords us a Prayer for Victory: Such variety of ſpiritual Flowers grows in every bed of this Divine Garden. Our occaſions cannot change ſo oft, as God can fit us with change of notes. The laſt verſe before my Text, was a prediction of Kings bringing Preſents to God; this is a Prayer for diſſipation of enemies. It is not for nothing that the Pſalmiſt interrupts his Prophecy with a Petition. Hoſtility blocks up the way to Devotion. Even the Laws of God are ſilent in the claſhing of Armes; That Kings may bring preſents to God, God muſt give an happy ceſſation of armes to them. It is not long ſince we ſaw the Lords Anointed approach to this altar of God with preſents of Thankſgiving, for our late deliverance from the raging Peſtilence: Now we come to ſue, and expect that God would crown his Royal head with garlands of Victory; and *rebuke the company of ſpear-men, the multitude of Bulls, with the calves of the people*; and *ſcatter the people that delight in war.* May it pleaſe you, firſt, to ſee the Enemies, then the Defeat. The Enemy is deſcribed by a threefold title. 1. *Fera arundinis, the company of the ſpear-men*, or, *beaſts of the reeds.* 2. *The multitude of Bulls, with the calves of the people.* 3. *The people that delight in warre.* The Defeat is double, *Increpa*, and *Diſſipa*, *Rebuke*, and *Scatter*. *Rebuke* is for the two firſt; yet not abſolutely, but with limitation, (*Till they ſubmit themſelves with pieces of ſilver.*) *Diſſipation* is for the laſt; *Scatter the people that delight in warre.* Thoſe that will be unjuſtly warring are worthy of rebuke; but thoſe that delight in warre are fit for nothing but confuſion.

To

To begin with the firſt. Why doth the ſame Hebrew word ſignifie *a Beaſt*, and *a Company*? Is it becauſe the Multitude is *bellua multorum capitum, a beaſt of many heads*? Or is it becauſe of the ſociable nature even of brute creatures, which ſtill affect to herd and flock together? For, leſt any man ſtumble at the word, that which is here tranſlated *fera*, is by the ſame hand turned *pecus*, ver. 11.

Both the ſenſes doe well, a Beaſt, or a Company: The one implyes the qualities of the Churches Enemies, that they are of a fierce and beſtial diſpoſition; the other, their number and combination. For the former, Who can expreſs the ſavage Cruelty of the enemies of the Goſpell? Look into the ancient ſtory of the infancy of Chriſtianity, ye ſhall ſee how men ſet their wits on the rack to deviſe torments. To ſhew you that in a painted table which poor Chriſtians felt, would be a ſpectacle of too much horror. What ſhould I lay before you their Gibbets, Wheels, Stakes, Caldrons, Furnaces, and all their fearful pomps of death? What ſhould I tell you of men dreſſed every way that meats were for the palate? Here was flaying, frying, boiling, broiling, roaſting, baking, haching, and all poſſible kinds of hideous forms of Murder. To forget all old immanities, what ſhould I ſhew you the flames of our late *Marian* times? what ſhould I bring you into the holy inquiſition, and ſhew you there all the bloody engines of torture, an Hell upon earth? what ſhould I preſent you with the whips, halters and knives of Eighty eight? or raiſe up your hair with the report of thoſe *Spaniſh* Cruelties which were exerciſed upon our men in the *Indies* during the late warre? Death was but a ſport in reſpect of the torments in dying. Lo here, a Beaſt; yea, not *Beſtia*, but *Fera*, a Savage beaſt; yea worſe then either. Did ever man doe thus to beaſt? If a *Baptiſta Porta* have deviſed a way to roaſt a Foul quick; or ſome *Italian* executioner of gluttony have beaten a Swine dead with gentle blows, to make a Cardinals morſel; every ingenuous man is ready to cry out of this barbarous Tyranny, yea the very *Turks* would puniſh it with no leſs then death: yea if a *Syracuſan* boy ſhall but pick out a Crows eyes, thoſe Pagans could mulct him with baniſhment. Nay, what beaſt did ever thus to man? nay, did ever one beaſt doe thus to another? If they gore and graſp one another in their fury, or feed on each other in the rage of their hunger, that is all; they do not take pleaſure in ſaucing each others death with varieties or delaies of pain. None but man doth thus to man; and in none lightly but the quarrel of Religion. Falſe Zeal takes pleaſure in ſurfeits of blood, and can injoy others torment. Hence are bloody Maſſacres, treacherous Aſſaſſinations, helliſh Powder-plots, and whatever ſtratagem of miſchief can be deviſed by that ancient man-ſlayer; from whoſe malicious and ſecret machinations good Lord deliver us.

As the enemies of the Church are *Fera, a Beaſt*, ſo they are *cætus, a Company*, yea, a multitude. Well may they ſay with the Devil in the poſſeſſed man, *My name is Legion, for we are many*; a Legion of many thouſands: yea, *Gad, for an hoaſt cometh*; an Hoaſt of many Legions: yea, a combination of many Hoaſts: *Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek, the Philiſtins with them that dwell at Tyre, Aſhur alſo is joyned to them.* Here is ἐκκλησία πονηρευομένων, *the Church of the malignant*: a Church? yea a world; *mundus in maligno.* Divide the world (with our Learned *Breerwood*) into thirty parts, nineteen of them are Pagans; and they are enemies. Of thoſe eleven that remain ſix are Mahumetans; and they are enemies. Of thoſe other five that remain, there is an Antichriſtian Faction that challenges univerſality; and they are enemies. Stand now with me upon the hill, and take a ſurvay of the enemies; ſee them lye ſcattered like graſhoppers in the valley, and tell me whether the Church have not reaſon to ſay, *Lord, how many are they that riſe up againſt me?* Yet when all is done, (that no man may be diſcouraged) if we have but our eyes opened with *Eliſha*'s ſervant, to ſee the hoaſt of Heaven glittering about us, we ſhall boldly ſay, *There are more with us then againſt us.*

Yet

Yet if theſe that are againſt us were many, and not united, it were nothing. A large ſhowr loſeth it ſelf, whiles the drops are ſcattered in the ſands; but many drops met make a torrent, yea an Ocean. Here is *cætus*; their heads, their hearts, their hands are laid together. And why do not we learn wit and will of thoſe that hate us? why are we ſeveral, whiles they are conjoyned? why ſhould partial Factions and private fancies diſtract us, when the main Cauſe of God is on foot? Beleague your ſelves, ye Chriſtian Princes and Potentates; combine your ſelves, ye true-hearted Chriſtians, and be gathered by the voice of Gods Angel to a bleſſed and victorious *Armageddon*. A

But why *fera arundinis, the beaſt of the reeds?* I do not tell you of S. *Jerome*'s deſcant upon *beſtia calami, the beaſt of the quill*, that is, writers for falſhood; though theſe, theſe are the great Incendiaries of the world, and well worthy of the deepeſt increpation. Here doubtleſs, either the beaſts of the reeds are the beaſts that lye among the reeds; (as *Caſſiodorus* hath given us an hint, *Leones domeſtica canneta reliquerunt, The Lions have left the reedy thickets*) or elſe the reed is here the ſpear, or dart. We know ſome regions yield groves of reeds; ye would think them ſo many ſaplings or ſamplars at the leaſt; *arboreſcere ſolent calami*, as *Calvin*. Theſe were of uſe in warre for darts or ſpears. The vant-gard therefore of *David*'s enemies are Spear-men or Darters; for they were wont to dart their ſpears (as you ſee in *Saul*, 1 *Sam.* 20. 33.) And why this? In a ſword-fight we come to cloſe hand-blows; ſuch as a quick eye and nimble hand may perhaps avoid: but the ſpear and dart ſtrikes afarre off, pierces where it ſtrikes, ſmites unſeen, unevitably. For the remoteneſs, violence, irreſiſtableneſs of the blow, are the enemies of the Church deſcribed by the ſpear and dart; where they cannot come, they ſend dangerous emiſſaries, headed on purpoſe to wound the beſt State to death; felt ere they can be ſeen, and ſo ſoon as they are felt, killing. What doe theſe but follow their General, whoſe ſpiritual weapons are fiery darts? *Epheſ. 6. 16.* Much and lamentable experience hath this State (if ever any) had of theſe miſchievous engines of commotion, that have been hurled hither from beyond the *Alpes* and *Pyrenees*. What is the remedy, but the ſame which is againſt the Devil, *the ſhield of prevention?* Stir up your vigilant care, O ye great Leaders of *Iſrael*, by the ſtrict execution of wholeſome laws, to avoid the dint of theſe murderous ſubornations. And when ye have done your beſt, it muſt be the Lord of hoaſts, the great protectour of *Iſrael*, that muſt *break the bow, and knap the ſpear in ſunder*, Pſal. 46. 9. B C D

Their ſecond title is *Bulls*, for their ferocity, for their ſtrength. The Lion is a more Lordly beaſt, but the Bull is ſtronger; and, when he is enraged, more impetuous. Such are the Enemies of the Church. How furiouſly do they bellow out threats, and ſcrape up the earth, and advance their creſt, and brandiſh their horns, and ſend out ſparkles from their eyes, and ſnuffe out flames from their noſtrils, and think to bear down all before them? What ſhould I tell you of the fierce aſſalts of the braving enemies of the Church, whoſe Pride hath ſcorned all oppoſition, and thinks to puſh down all contrary powers, not of men only, but of God himſelf? *Let us break their bonds, and caſt their cords from us. Who is the Lord, that I ſhould let Iſrael goe? Where is the God of Hamath, and of Arpad? where are the Gods of Sepharvaim, Hena and Ivah? have they delivered Samaria out of my hand? Who are they among the Gods of the Countries, that have delivered their country out of my hand, that the Lord ſhould deliver Jeruſalem out of my hand?* ſaith proud *Rabſhakeh*, 2 *Kings* 18. 34. Heark how this *Aſſyrian* Bull roars out Blaſphemie againſt the Lord of Hoaſts; and all the reſt of that wild herd have no leſs graſs on their hornes: ſtay but a while, and ye ſhall ſee him with'd, and halter'd, and ſtak'd, and baited to death. Here only is the comfort of the poor E F

A poor menaced Church, that the mighty God of *Iſrael*, who ſayes to the raging Sea, *Here ſhalt thou ſtay thy proud waves*, can tame at pleaſure theſe violent beaſts, or break their necks with their own fury. *So let thine enemies periſh, O Lord.*

Theſe Bulls are ſeconded with their own brood, *the Calves of the people.* Who are they, but thoſe which follow, and make up the herd? the credulous ſeduced multitude, which not out of choice, but example, join in oppoſition to God. Silly calves, they go whither their dams lead them, to the field or to the ſlaughter-houſe. Blinde obedience is their beſt guide. Are they bidden to adore a God which they know the baker made? they fall
B down upon their knees, and thump their breaſts, as beating the heart that will not enough believe in that paſtry-Deity. Are they bidden to goe on pilgrimage to a Chappel that is a greater pilgrim then themſelves, that hath four ſeveral times removed it ſelf, and changed ſtations, (as *Turſelline* confidently:) they muſt goe, and adore thoſe wandring walls. Are they bidden to forſwear their Allegiance, and to take armes againſt their Lawful and native Soveraign? they ruſh into the battel without either fear or wit; though for the aide of a ſure enemy, which would make them all (as he threatned in Eighty eight) alike good Proteſtants. Very calves of the people, whoſe ſimplicity were a fitter ſubject for pity, then their fury can be of malice; were
C it not that their power is wont to be imployed to the no ſmall prejudice of the cauſe of God. And would it boot ought to ſpend time in perſwading theſe Calves that they are ſuch? to lay before them the ſhame of their ignorance and ſtupidity? *Hear now this, O fooliſh people and without underſtanding, which have eyes and ſee not, which have eares and hear not*, Jer. 5. 20. How long will ye ſuffer your ſelves to be befooled and beſlaved with the tyranny of Superſtition? God hath made you men; why will ye abide men to make you *vitulos populorum, the calves of the people?* We muſt leave you as ye are, but we will not leave praying for your happy change; that God would conſecrate you to himſelf, as the calves of his altar, that ye may be offered up to
D him *an holy, lively, reaſonable, acceptable ſacrifice* in your bleſſed Converſion. Amen.

The laſt and worſt title of theſe enemies is, *The people that delight in warre.* Warre is to the State as *Ignis* and *Ferrum, the Knife* and *the Searing-iron*, to the body; the laſt and moſt deſperate remedy: alwaies evill, if ſometimes neceſſary; it is not for pleaſure, it is for need. It muſt needs be a cruel heart that delights in warre. He that well conſiders the fearful effects of warre, the direption of goods, the vaſtation of Countries, the ſacking and burning of Cities, the murdering of men, raviſhing of women, weltring of the horſe and rider in their mingled blood, the ſhrieks and horror of the dying, the ghaſtly
E rage of the killing, the helliſh and tumultuous confuſion of all things; and ſhall ſee the ſtreets and fields ſtrewed with carkaſſes, the chanels running with ſtreams of blood, the houſes and Churches flaming, and, in a word, all the woful tyrannies of death; will think the heathen Poets had reaſon to deviſe Warre ſent up from Hell, uſhered and heralded by the moſt peſtilent of all the Furies, every of whoſe haires were ſo many ſnakes and adders to affright and ſting the world withall. Little pleaſure can there be in ſuch a ſpectacle. It is a true obſervation of St. *Chryſoſtome*, that warre to any Nation is as a tempeſt to the Sea, toſſing and claſhing of the waves together. And fain would I hear of that Mariner that takes delight in a Storm. The executio-
F ners of peaceable Juſtice are wont to be hateful; no man abides to conſort with a publick Headſman: and what metal then ſhall we think thoſe men made of who delight in cutting of throats, and joy to be the furious executioners of a martial vengeance? where, beſides the horror of the act, the event is doubtful. The dice of Warre run ſtill upon hazard. *David* could ſend this meſſage to *Joab*, *The ſword devoures at randome*, ſo, and ſuch, 2 *Sam.* 11. 25. Victory

ctory is not more ſweet then uncertain. And what man can love to periſh? It is true that Warre is a thing that ſhould not, but muſt be; neither is it other then an unavoidable act of vindicative Juſtice; an uſeful enemy, an harſh friend; ſuch an enemy as we cannot want, ſuch a friend as we entertain upon force, not upon choice; becauſe we muſt, not becauſe we would: It challenges admittance if it be juſt, and it is never juſt but where it is neceſſary; if it muſt, it ought to be. Where thoſe three things which *Aquinas* requires to a lawful warre are met, Supreme Authority, a warrantable Cauſe, a juſt Intention; a Supreme Authority in commanding it, a warrantable Cauſe in undertaking it, a juſt Intention in executing it; it is no other then *Bellum Domini, Gods warre*; God made it, God owns it, God bleſſes it. What talk I of the good Centurion? the very Angels of God are thus, Heavenly ſouldiers. The wiſe *Lacedamonians* had no other ſtatues of their Deities but armed. Yea, what ſpeak I of theſe Puppets? the true God rejoyces in no title more then of *the Lord of Hoaſts*. In theſe caſes ſay now, *Bleſſed be the Lord who teaches my hands to warre and my fingers to fight*. But if Ambition of enlarging the bounds of dominion, Covetouſneſs of rich booties, emulation of a rival Greatneſs, ſhall unſheath our ſwords; now every blow is Murder. Wo to thoſe hands that are thus imbrued in blood: Wo to thoſe Tyrants that are the authors of this laviſh effuſion; every drop whereof ſhall once be required of their guilty Souls. God thinks he cannot give a worſe Epithet to thoſe whom he would brand for death then, *Wicked and blood-thirſty men. David* might not be allowed to build God an Houſe, becauſe he had a bloody hand; the cauſe was holy, yet the colour offends. How hateful muſt thoſe needs be to the God of Mercies that delight in Blood? the true brood of him that is the man-ſlayer from the beginning. There are ſtrange diets of men, as of other creatures; whereof there are ſome that naturally feed on poiſon and fatten with it; and it may be there are Cannibals that finde mans blood ſweet: yet I think it would be hard to finde a man that will profeſs to place his felicity in a cruel hazard. So doth he that delights in warre: and if no man (for ſhame) will be known to doe ſimply and directly ſo, yet in effect men bewray this diſpoſition, if they be, firſt, *Oſores pacis, haters of peace*, as the Pſalmiſt calls them, *Pſ.* 120. 7. ſtubbornly repelling the fair motions and meet conditions thereof: if, ſecondly, they take up ſlight and unjuſt cauſes of warre, as it is noted by *Suetonius* of *Julius Cæſar* (which this Iland had experience of) that he would refrain from no occaſion of warre if never ſo unjuſt; contrary to the better temper and reſolution of wiſer *Romans* then himſelf, who would rather ſave one Subject then kill a thouſand Enemies: if, thirdly, they give wilful provocations of this publick revenge by groſs, open, intolerable injuries; as *Hanun* did to *David*; ſuch are incroachments upon their neighbour-territories, violating the juſt covenants of league and commerce by main violences: if, fourthly, they refuſe to give juſt ſatisfaction where they have unjuſtly provoked; as the *Benjamites* in caſe of the Sodomitical villany of their *Gibeah*. Where all, where any of theſe are found, well may we brand that people with delight in warre. And ſince they will needs delight in warre, God ſhall fit them accordingly. *With the froward thou ſhalt ſhew thy ſelf froward, Pſ.* 18. 26. He ſhall delight in warring againſt them. He ſhall *rouze up himſelf as a Giant refreſhed with new wine. Therefore thus ſaith the Lord of Hoaſts, the mighty one of Iſrael, Ah, I will eaſe me of my adverſaries, and revenge me of mine enemies*, Eſ. 1. 24.

Theſe are the Enemies. The Defeat follows, *Rebuke and ſcatter*. The two firſt, though bad enough, muſt be rebuked; the laſt muſt be ſcattered. All Gods enemies may not be to us alike, neither *æquè* nor *æqualiter*. Some are *Calves*, ſimple, though violent; ſome others are *Bulls*, fierce and furious; ſome other Lions from among the reeds, ravenous and devouring: all theſe, though cruel, yet perhaps are not malicious; an *increpa* is enough for them. *Saul* was

A was one of these wild Buls, *breathing out threatnings against the Church*, and tossing upon his horn many worthy Christians; had it not been pity he had been destroyed in that height of his rage? an increpation brought him home: God had never such a Champion. Now, *certamen bonum certavi, I have fought a good fight*, saith he justly of himself, 2 *Tim.* 4. 7. This *increpa* then is, Discountenance them, dishearten them, discomfit them, disband them. *Put them down, O Lord, and let them know they are but men:* humble them to the very dust, but not to the dust of death; to correction, as *Habacuc* speaketh, not to a full destruction; onely till they humbly bring pieces of silver, till they come in with the tributes of peacefull submission, of just satisfaction. The end of all
B just war is Peace. As we are first bidden to *inquire of Abel* ere we inferre it, (*offeres ei pacem*, Deut. 20. 10.) so when we hear of *Abel* we must stint it. Warre to the State is Physick to the body. This is no other then a civil evacuation, whether by potion or phlebotomy. What is the end of Physick but health? when that is once recovered, we have done with the Apothecary. He wantons away his life foolishly that, when he is well, will take Physick to make him sick. It is far from us to wish the confusion of the ignorant and seduced enemies of God's Church, those that follow *Absalom* with an upright heart: No, we pity them, we pray for them. Oh that they would come in with their pieces of silver, and tender their humble obediences to the apparent Truth of God, and
C yield to the laws of both Divine and humane Justice! Oh that God would perswade *Japhet* to *dwell in the tents of Sem! Father, forgive them, for they know not what they doe. O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thy self into thy scabbard, rest and be still*, Jer. 47. 6.

But for those other that delight in war, *Dissipa, Domine, Scatter them, O Lord.* Confusion is but too good for them; bring them to worse then nothing. The perfection and suddenness of this dissipation is expressed emphatically in the beginning of this Psalm by a double Metaphor; *as smoak before the wind, as wax before the fire*, so scatter them. Of all light bodies nothing is more volatile then smoak, of all solid none more flitting then wax: As wind is to the smoak,
D and fire to the wax, so are the Judgements of God to his enemies; the wax melteth, the smoak vanisheth before them. The conceit is too curious of those that make the Gentiles to be smoak, who mount up in the opinion of their wisdome and power; the Jews wax, dropp'd from the honey-comb of their many Divine priviledges. No, all are both, smoak and wax. Even so do thou scatter them, O Lord; and be not merciful to *them that offend on malicious wickedness.*

Two thoughts onely remain now for us. The first, that it must be God onely who must rebuke and scatter. The second, that it is our Prayer onely that must obtain from God this rebuke, this dissipation. Both which when I have touched
E a little, I shall put an end to this exercise of your patient Devotion.

It is God onely that must doe it; for *vain is the help of man.* And how easie is it for the Almighty to *still the enemy and avenger?* They are as a potters vessel to his iron Scepter; as the thorns or wax to his fire; as chaff or smoak to his wind. To our weakness the opposite powers seem strong and unconquerable; the *Canaanitish* wals reach up to Heaven; and who can stand before the sons of *Anak?* When we see their Bulwarks, we would think they roll *Pelion* upon *Ossa* with the old Giants; when we see their Towers, we would think they would scale Heaven with the builders of *Babel*; when we see their Mines, we would think they would blow up the earth. Let the wind of Gods Power but
F breath upon them, they vanish as smoak; let the fire of his wrath but look upon them, they melt as wax. Tyrannous *Ægypt* had long made slaves of God's people, and now will make slaughter of them; following them armed at the heels into the chanel of the Sea. *Stand still, and see the Salvation of the Lord; for the Ægyptians which you have seen to day, ye shall see no more for ever*, Exod. 14. 13.

The great Hoaſt of proud *Benhadad* will carry away all *Samaria* in their pockets for pin-duſt: Ere long ye ſhall ſee their haughtie King come in haltred and proſtrate. Vaunting *Sennacherib* comes crowing over poor *Jeruſalem*, and he will *lend* them *two thouſand horſes, if they can ſet riders on them*; and ſcorns their King, and defies their God: Stay but till morning, all his hundred fourſcore and five thouſand ſhall be dead corpſes. Vain fools! What is a finite power in the hands of an infinite? Where there is an equality of force, there may be hard tugging; but where braſs meets with clay, how can that brittle ſtuff eſcape unſhattered? Let this cool your courages, and pull down your plumes, O ye inſolent enemies of God. When ye look to your own ſword, there is no rule with you; *Mihi perfacile eſt, &c. It is eaſie for me* (ſaith *Uldes* in the ſtory) *to deſtroy all the earth that the Sun looks upon*: but when God takes you to task, what toyes, what nothings ye are? Behold, *we come againſt you in the Name of the Lord of Hoaſts*: It is he that ſhall rebuke and ſcatter you.

He will doe it; but he will doe it upon our Prayers. Not that our poor Petitions can put mercy into God, who is infinitely careful for the good of his Church above all poſſible reaches of our deſires; but that we may be raiſed up to a meet capacity of Mercy. God cannot hate his enemies or love his own ever the more upon our intreaties; yet he will be ſued to for the particular effects of both, if ever we look to taſt of his Mercy in either. If we have not a heart to pray, God hath not an hand to help. So did God hate *Amalek*, that he commanded it to be rooted out of the earth; ſo did he love *Iſrael* as the apple of his eye: Yet unleſs *Moſes* hold up his hand, *Amalek* ſhall prevail againſt *Iſrael*. Theſe are our beſt, our ſureſt weapons, even our Prayers; and bleſſed be God that hath put it into the heart of his Anointed to ſeek his face in theſe powerful Humiliations. We ſought him againſt the Peſtilence, and prevailed almoſt miraculouſly againſt that deſtroying Angel; why ſhould we not hope to find him againſt unſeaſonable Clouds, againſt the oppoſite powers of fleſh and blood? Here is your ſafety, here is your aſſurance of victory, O ye great Princes and Potentates of the earth: if ye truſt to the arm of fleſh it will fail you. Let your Navies be never ſo well rigg'd and mann'd; let your Forces be never ſo ſtrong and numberleſs; let them have not onely hands and feet (that is, horſemen and footmen) but a bulk of body too, that is, full ſubſtance of wealthy proviſion, (as the word of *Flaminius* was;) let your counſel be vigilant, your munition ready, your troops trained and valiant; yet if there be not Devotion enough in our boſome to make God ours, in vain ſhall we hope to ſtand before our enemies. This onely (whatſoever the profane heart of Atheous men may imagine) this is the great Ordnance which can batter down the wals of our enemies, yea the very black gates of Hell it ſelf; in compariſon whereof all humane powers are but paper-ſhot. Yea this is that Petar which onely can blow open the gates of Heaven, and fetch down victory upon our heads, and make us another *thundring Legion*.

What is it that made us ſo happily ſucceſsful in Eighty eight beyond all hope, beyond all conceit, but the fervency of our humble Devotions? That Invincible Navie came on dreadfully floating like a moving wood in the ſight of our coaſt; thoſe vaſt Veſſels were as ſo many lofty Caſtles raiſed on thoſe liquid foundations: Then ſtraight, as if thoſe huge bottoms had been ſtuft with Tempeſts, there was nothing but thunder and lightning and ſmoak, and all the terrible apparitions of death. We, what did we? we fought upon our knees, both Prince and people. Straight God fought for us from Heaven. Our Prayers were the gale, yea the guſt that tore thoſe miſ-conſecrated flags and ſails, and ſcattered and drencht thoſe preſumptuous piles, and ſent them into the bottom of the deep, to be a Parlour for Whales and Sea-monſters. There lay the Pride of *Spain*, the Terrour of *England*. And is the hand of our God ſhortned? Is he other then what he was? We may be (as we are) weakned and effeminated by

A by a long, luxurious peace: Our God is *yesterday, and to day, and the same for ever.* If we be not wanting to him in our Prayers, he cannot be wanting to our Protection.

Look up to him (O dear Christians) that is the God of our Salvation. Behold, the Lions out of their reeds, the Buls out of their forests, and these in banded multitudes conspire against us; and the mis-led Calves of the people are apt enough to back their attempts. Neither is this a fair hostility; our enemies are those that hate peace, and delight in war, offering insolent provocations to our State, in dis-inheriting part of the Royal Issue, violating their faiths, maintaining their unjust affronts, ambitiously aspiring to undue Soveraignty. What
B shall we then doe? O *put not your trust in Princes, nor in the sons of men, whose breath is in their nostrils.* O *put not* your *trust*, ye Princes and Peers, *in* your *sword, in* your *bow*; in your powers and confederacies. Trust onely to the great God of hoasts, who alone can but blow upon all the proudest preparations of your enemies, and scatter them to the lowest Hell. Come to him in your humble devotions, with an *Increpa* and *Dissipa*; he *shall* soon *make your enemies to lick the dust.*

But what shall I say (Honorable and Beloved?) we have pray'd, and have not been heard; and thou, O Lord, *hast not* of late *gone forth with our hoasts*: yea thou hast rebuked us, in stead of our enemies. Alas! we can more grieve then
C wonder at this issue.

Israel in the hot chace of all their victory, is foiled more then once by a *Canaanite.* Whence was this? There was a pad in the straw, an *Achan* in the camp. Theft and Sacriledge fought against *Israel* more then the men of *Ai:* the wedge of Gold wounded them more then the enemies steel; the *Babylonish* garment disarmed and stripped them: *Israel* had sinned, and must flee. Alas, my brethren, what do we pray for victory over our enemies, when our sins (which are our deadliest enemies) conquer us? To what purpose are our Prayers loud, when our sins are louder? to what purpose are our Bodies this day empty, if
D our Souls be full of wickedness? whiles we provoke God to his face with our abominable licentiousness, with our fearful profanations, with our outragious lives, how do we think to glaver with him in our formal Devotions? What cares he for our smooth tongues, when our hearts are filthy? what cares he for an elevated eye, when our Souls are depressed to vile lusts? what cares he for the calves of our lips, when the iniquity of our heels compasses us about? The very Sacrifice of the wicked is abomination to the Lord; his very Prayer is turned into sin, even that whereby he hopes to expiate it. *Oh that my people had hearkned to me, and Israel had walked in my waies* (saith God;) *I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries: The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves to him; but their time should*
E *have endured for ever*, Psal. 81. 13, 14, 15.

Oh then *cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purge your hearts, ye double-minded; wash your hands in innocence*, and then *compass the Altar of God.* Then shall the God of our righteousness hear in his holy Heavens, and rise up mightily for our defence; then shall he be a wall of brass about our Iland; then shall he wound the head of our enemies, and make the tongues of our dogs red with their bloud; then shall he cover our heads in the day of battel, and make this Nation of ours victoriously glorious to the ends of the world, even to all ages and times; then shall he be known to be our God, and we shall be known to be his people for ever: Which he of his infinite mercy vouchsafe to grant us for
F the sake of the Son of his Love, *Jesus* Christ the Righteous; to whom, &c.

S^t. PAULS COMBAT.

IN TWO SERMONS

Preached at the Court to his MAJESTIE, in Ordinary Attendance.

By *J. H.*

1 Cor. 15. 32.

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, &c.

Ἐθηριομάχησα.

OUR Saviour foretold us that these last days should be quarrelsome; all the world doth either act or talk of fighting: Give me leave therefore to fall upon the common Theme of the times, and to tell you of an holy Combat. Saint *Peter* tels us there are many knots in S. *Paul*'s Epistles: this may well go for one of them, which is the relation of his Conflict at *Ephesus*. There are that have held it literal, and those not mean nor onely modern Authors. *Nicephorus* tels us a sound tale of S. *Paul*'s commitment to prison by *Hieronymus* the Governour of *Ephesus*, his miraculous deliverance for the Christening of *Eubula* and *Artemilla*, his voluntary return to his Gaole, his casting to the Lion, of the beast couching at the feet of the Saint, of the hail-storm sending away the beholders with broken heads and the Governour with one ear shorn off, of the Lions escape to the mountains. It is a wonder in what mint he had it. There was indeed a Theatre at *Ephesus* for such purposes; and, *Christianos ad leonem*, was a common word, as we find in *Tertullian*. *Ignatius*, *Tecla*, *Prisca*, and many other blessed Martyrs were corn allotted to this mill. But what is this to S. *Paul*'s Combat? It is one thing to be cast to the beasts as an offender, another thing to fight with beasts as a Champion; a difference which I wonder the sharp eyes of *Erasmus* saw not. Those were forced by the sentence of condemnation, these Voluntaries as in the *Fogo de toros*; those were brought to suffer, these came to kill; those naked, these armed. Can any man be so senseless as to think that S. *Paul* (*tricubitalis ille*, as *Chrysostome* cals him) would put himself into the Theatre with his sword and target to maintain a duel with the Lion? Thus he must doe, else he did not according to the Letter θηριομαχεῖν. But if it be pleaded that some bloody sentence might cast him into the Theatre to be devoured, and his will and natural care of self-preservation incited him to his own defence; is it possible that so faithful an Historian as S. *Luke* should in his Acts omit this passage more memorable then all the rest that he hath recorded? Indeed S. *Paul*, who had reason to keep the best register of his

Nicol. 2. c. 25.

Act. 19. 29.

A own life, hath reported ſome things of himſelf which S. *Luke* hath not particularized: he tels us of five ſcourgings, three whippings, three ſhipwracks; whereas S. *Luke* tels us but of one ſhipwrack *Act.*27. of one ſcourging, *Act.* 16.23. But ſo eminent an occurrence as this could not have paſſed in ſilence; at leaſt amongſt that catalogue of leſs dangers his own Pen would not have ſmothered it. Yea let me be bold to ſay that this not onely was not done, but could not be. *Paul* was a Citizen of *Rome*; if that priviledge ſaved him from laſhes, *Act.*22.25. much more from the beaſts; their contemptible jaws were no death for a *Roman.* I am with thoſe Fathers, (*Tertullian, Chryſoſtome, Jerome, Theophylact,* others) who take this metaphorically of men in ſhape, beaſts B in condition, paralleling it with 2 *Tim.*4.17. *I was delivered out of the mouth of the Lion,* that is, *Nero:* and with that of the Pſalmiſt, *Ne tradas beſtiis animas confitentes tibi, Give not unto the beaſts the ſouls that confeſs thee,* as the Vulgar reads, *Pſal.*74.19.

Who then were theſe beaſts at *Epheſus?* Many and great Authors take it of *Demetrius* his Faction and their buſie tumult, *Acts* 19. Neither will I ſtrictly examine with S. *Chryſoſtome,* whether S. *Paul* ſent away this former Epiſtle from *Epheſus* before thoſe broils of their *Diana* and her Silver-ſmiths, as may ſeem to be gathered by conferring of S. *Luke*'s journal with S. *Paul*'s Epiſtle. Others take it of thoſe *Epheſian* Conjurers, *Acts* 19. *Tertullian* hits it home, C whiles in a generality he conſtrues it of thoſe beaſts of the *Aſiatick* preſſure, whereof S. *Paul* ſpeaks 2 *Cor.*1.8. That text gloſſes upon this at large; turn your eyes to that Commentary of S. *Paul: For we would not have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Aſia, that we were preſſed out of meaſure above ſtrength; inſomuch as that we deſpaired of life. But we had the ſentence of death in our ſelves.* Lo here the Beaſts; lo here the Combat. *Epheſus* was the mother-City of *Aſia*; there S. *Paul* ſpent three years with ſuch perpetual and hot bickerings, that his very life was hopeleſs. As ſome great Conquerour therefore deſires to have his prime and moſt famous victory ingraven in his laſt Monument, ſo doth our Apoſtle ſingle out this *Epheſian*; *I fought with beaſts* D *at Epheſus.*

My Text then ſhall be this one word ἐθηριομάχησα. But as this word is a compound, ſo it compounds my Text and diſcourſe of two parts: the firſt comprehends the Beaſts wherewith S. *Paul* conflicts; the latter the conflicts that he had with thoſe Beaſts. Both of them worthy of your moſt careful attention. My firſt ſubject is harſh, and therefore will need a fair conſtruction.

The world is a wide Wilderneſs, wherein we converſe with wild and ſavage creatures; we think them men, they are beaſts. It is contrary to the deluſions of Lycanthropy: there, he that is a man thinks himſelf a beaſt; here, he that is a E beaſt thinks himſelf a man, and draws others eyes into the ſame errour. Let no man miſconſtrue me, as if, in a *Timon*-like or Cynick humour, I were fallen out with our creation. I know what the Pſalmiſt ſaies, *Thou haſt made man little lower then the Angels* (Pſal.8.5.) there is but *paulò minùs*; I know ſome of whom it is ſaid *ſicut Angeli, as the Angels* of God; yea yet more, there are thoſe of whom it is ſaid, *Dii eſtis, ye are Gods*; beſides theſe, every renewed man is a Saint, his Regeneration advances him above the ſphere of mere Humanity: but let him be but a very man, that is, a man corrupted, I dare ſay, though he be *ſet in honour,* he is more then *compared to the beaſt that periſheth.* Far be it from us then to caſt mire into the face of our Creator: God never made man F ſuch as he is; it is our ſin that made our Soul to grovel; and if the mercy of our Maker have not condemned our hands to fore-legs, how can that excuſe us from beſtiality? Neither let us be thought to ſtrike Grace through the ſides of Nature: when it pleaſeth God to breath upon us again in our Renovation, we ceaſe to be what we made our ſelves; then do we uncaſe the beaſt, and put on an Angel. It is with depraved man in his impure naturals, that we muſt main-

2 Cor.11.14.

tain this quarrel: we cannot challenge a worſe enemy then what we were, and what in part we are, and what without Gods mercy we ſhould be. A

Let degenerated Nature then fee her beſt Advocate at this barre; he can but plead Shape, Speech, Ratiocination to make himſelf no beaſt: and if theſe prove but ſome jugling miſts to make him ſeem other then he is, he ſhall be forced to grant himſelf other then he ſeems, a beaſt.

To begin with the firſt. The true eſſence of Humanity lies not in the outſide: God hath hid the Form of every creature deeper, much more of him that ſhould be reaſonable. Let us give leave to holy *Auſtin*'s credulity, that a man was by a piece of an inchanted Cheeſe turned into an Aſs: tell me now, ye Philoſophers, what creature ye will call this. His Soul is the ſame, the Shape is altered: Reaſon is where ſhe was, but otherwiſe attended. If ye dare ſay, it might be a beaſt with Reaſon, your beſt fort is loſt. The Hide was now rough, the Ears long, the Hooves round and hard, and the whole Habit beſtial; but if Reaſon had not more power to make him no beaſt then theſe outward parts had to make him no man, I have what I would. You muſt of force therefore ſay it was a man clothed with a beaſt, and ſo ſhall fall upon that of *Cleanthes*, which *Epiphanius* mentions, that the *Soul is the man.* What is the Body then but the Habit of this Spirit, which it may change or put off without change, as under divers ſutes we ſtill wear the ſame skin? If we had been on the Scaffold to ſee a man challenging the dogs in the diſguiſe of a Bears-hide, would we have ſaid, Now two beaſts are fighting? The Shape therefore may well belie the Subſtance. Our Engliſh Navigations report that on ſome *Indian* ſhores men have been ſeen with the faces of beaſts; and ye know the old verſe, *Simia quàm ſimilis?* Yea both our ſtories and the Netherlandiſh tell us of Sea-monſters that have been taken up in the full form of men: if the outſide ſeemed humane, whiles the inſide was mute and reaſonleſs, who would honour that creature with the ſtyle of man? What ſhould I tell you that evil ſpirits have not ſeldome appeared in the ſhapes of men, as that Devil of *Endor* in *Samuel*'s likeneſs? If the outward Figure could have made the man, the Prophet had ſurvived his death. To theſe let me adde, that the Shape is changed with diſeaſe or caſualty or age, whiles the man is the ſame: The Face that was fair, is now diſtorted and morphew'd; the Hair that was yellow or black, turn'd white or vaniſhed; the Body that was erect, bowed double; the Skin that was white and ſmooth, turn'd tawnie and writhel'd; and the whole frame ſo altered, as if it had been molded anew, that whiles all others miſ-know it, he that dwels in that tenement can ſcarce know it to be his own: and yet the owner will not ſay with that mortified ſpirit, *Ego non ſum ego.* What ſhall we ſay of the proud Monarch of *Babylon*, *Nebuchadnezzar*, during the ſeven years of his tranſformation? His outward Shape was not changed, his heart was; it was the word of his Viſion, *Let his heart be changed from mans, and let a beaſts heart be given unto him*, Dan. 4. 16. What was he now for the time but a beaſt even in his own ſenſe? His diet was with the oxen, his hair like Eagles fethers, his nails like birds claws; all was, *obbruteſcebat animus*, his heart was beſtial in a caſe of humane fleſh. It is not therefore the Shape that can forbid man to be a beaſt. And it was not for nothing that the Cynick ſought in the full ſtreets for a man, and would not allow that acclamation to *Doxippus* in the Olympian games, *Doxippus viros vicit.* B C D E

Let us ſee what Speech and Reaſon can doe, *Ratio & Oratio.* Every living creature hath a peculiar ſound whereby to expreſs it ſelf; and that not without ſome variety of ſignification and change of note. If man onely ſpeak articulately words of voluntary formation and arbitrary impoſition, yet even brutes have ſuch natural language as whereby each of the ſame kind do mutually underſtand other; and what can our words obtain more? If an *Apollonius Tyaneus* could conſtrue them in their ſenſe, it is all one as if he liſtened to his Goſſips. But beſides the natural tone, have we not heard Birds taught ſo to imitate the F

voice

A voice of men, that they have received replies, as not distinguished? Do not our books tell us of the *Hyæna*, that learns the Shepherds name, and calls him forth to his cost, so cunningly counterfeiting the voice that the man paies his blood for his credulity? A dumb man is no less a man then a pratler. *Balaam's* Ass was a beast still, and yet not only spake, but spake in a mans voice, 2 *Pet.* 2.16. Besides that, man when he comes to his best, shall have no use of Speech; (although there want not some, as *Gerson, Salmeron* and others, that hold a vocal Quire in Heaven.) The Angels praise God and understand each other, without use of a tongue; once we shall be like them. It is not Speech therefore that makes the man, since man shall be most himself when he shall B not speak.

It is Reason that mainly differenceth man from beast, and the improvement of it in a free deduction of consequences and conclusions: that Divine power dwells onely in the immortal Soul of man, and is not communicable to the lower forme of creatures. Let me have leave still to put you in mind that I speak not of man created in innocence; I speak not of man as renewed by Grace, and by that initiated in Glory: I speak of man as depraved by sin. Now he hath indeed the light of Reason, but so dim and duskie, that we may well say he looks through horn, not through Crystal: He that was an Eagle, is now an Owle to this Sun. As his best Graces are lost, so his se- C cond powers are marr'd: he is therefore now *become like the beast that perisheth*, not in frailty only, but in ignorance; for it follows, *This their way is their folly*, Psal. 49. 13.

Besides, we see the outside of those creatures we call brute, we see not what is within them. Not to speak of the excellency of their Common sense and strength of Memory; surely their Phantasie yields such inferences as would seem to evince an inferiour and mungrel kind of Ratiocination. Who that should see *Plutarch's* Crow coming to the pail to drink, and finding it not full enough for her reach, carrying stones to raise up the water; who that should see the Beavers framing their den, or some Birds building their D nests; who that should see the Lion plaining the impression of his paws with his sterne; who that should see the Cranes ballasting themselves when they are to fly over the mountains; who that shall see the wily tricks of the Fox, or the witty feats of the Monkey or Baboon; who that shall read of the Elephant learning letters and numbers, and plotting his cunning revenges, would not say that these, and a thousand the like, must needs argue a baser kinde of sensitive discourse, such as wherein Imagination doth notably counterfeit Reason, and in some weak subjects so transcend it, as that *Lactantius* dares say, (I dare not) *Ista non facerent, nisi inesset illis intelligentia & cogitatio?* It is true, our reasonable Soul is furnished with higher powers; but E it is not more honour to have had them, then shame to have impair'd them. If God doth not breath upon our dim glasses and wipe them clear, they shew us nothing. To speak plainly; Indeed it is our Illumination that perfects Reason; and that Illumination is from the Father of lights, without whose Divine light natural Reason is but as a Dial without the Sun, eyes without light: *For the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned*, 1 Cor. 2. 14. And in that person it is that *Agar* the Son of *Jakeh* speaks, *I am more brutish then man, I have not the understanding of a man*, Prov. 30. 2. Why this? *I have not the knowledge of the holy*, vers. 3. The word is remarkable; no other F then בער, whence is בעיר *Jumentum, a Beast*; the same that *Ezekiel* uses, when he sayes, *I will give thee over into the hands of brutish men*, Ezec. 21. 31. and the Psalmist, when he saies, *Oh ye foolish*, or *brutish, among the people, when will ye understand?* So as, notwithstanding this muddy and imperfect Reason, God sees a kinde of brutality in the natural man. Whereto it may please you to adde, that in a man debauch'd Reason is so much worse then brutishness,

De Ira Dei, l. 1. c. 7.

by how much wickedneſs is worſe hainous then ſimplicity; and if want of Reaſon make a Beaſt, abuſe of Reaſon makes a Devil. It is a miſerable advantage that makes us onely apt to evil, and capable of an Hell: ſmall cauſe have we to brag of thoſe powers which ſo diſtinguiſh us from beaſts, that they make us worſe then beaſts. In ſhort therefore, notwithſtanding Shape, Speech, Reaſon, a natural (and thereby a vicious) man may well paſs for a beaſt.

And now that we ſee it apparent that he is ſo, let us a little inquire how he became ſo. Certainly, God made man upright, as in ſhape, ſo in diſpoſition: What wrought this miſerable Metamorphoſis? What could do it but Sorcery? and what Witch could this be but the old *Circe* of the world, Senſuality? Man is led and informed by Reaſon, Beaſts by Senſe: now when man abandons Reaſon, and gives himſelf up to Senſe, he caſts off the man, and puts on the beaſt. Neither is this ſenſuality in the Affection only, but it goes through the whole Soul: there is a ſenſual Underſtanding as well as a ſenſual Appetite: the one makes a beaſt in Opinion, the other in Practice. Groſs Errour doth the one, Vice the other. Whoſoever therefore is tranſported with either, is turn'd Beaſt. Give me a man that is given up to his filthy Luſts, give me a man whoſe Reaſon is drawn through his maw or his ſpleen; let him be otherwiſe what he will, I dare ſay he is no other then a beaſt.

And now what variety think you is there of ſeveral kinds? no wilderneſs affords ſo many. *Nero* is a Lion, 2 *Tim.* 4. 17. *Herod* a Fox, *Luke* 13. 32. the Jewiſh falſe-teachers Dogs, *Phil.* 3. 2. *David*'s perſecutors Bulls of *Baſan*, and Unicorns, *Pſ.* 22. 12, 21. the *Ægyptian* enemies Dragons, *Pſ.* 74. 13. the Scribes and Phariſees Serpents, Vipers, *Mat.* 23. 33. the *Babylonian* Monarch an Eagle-winged Lion, the *Perſian* a Bear, the *Macedonian* a Leopard, *Dan.* 7. 4, 5, 6. the enemies of the Church wild Boares, *Pſ.* 80. 13. Greedy Judges evening Wolves, *Zeph.* 3. 3. Schiſmaticks Foxes cubs, *Cant.* 2. 15. The time and my breath would fail me if I ſhould reckon up all the ſeveral kinds of beaſts in the skins of men. Surely as there is thought to be no beaſt upon earth which hath not his fellow in the ſea, and which hath not his ſemblance in Plants; ſo I may truly ſay, there is no beaſt in the vaſt deſart of the world which is not parallel'd in man. Yea, as Effects and Qualities are in an higher degree found in Cauſes and Subjects equivocal then in their own, (as Heat is more excellently in the Sun then in the Fire;) ſo certainly is brutiſhneſs more eminent and notorious in man then in beaſt.

Look into all heards and droves, and ſee if you can find ſo very a beaſt as the Drunkard. It was S. *Auſtin*'s reaſon of old, Thoſe beaſts will drink no more then they think enough; and if the Panther (which they ſay is the drunkenneſt beaſt) or the Swine be overtaken with unaccuſtomed liquor, it is upon ignorance of the power of it; (ſo a *Noah* himſelf may be at firſt miſtaken.) But mans Reaſon foretells him that thoſe intoxicating draughts will bereave him of Reaſon, yet he ſwills them down wilfully, as if it were a pleaſure to forgoe that whereby he is a man. The beaſt when he hath his load, may friſk a little, and move inordinately, and then lye down in an ordinary poſture of harmleſs reſt: but for the Drunkard, his tongue reels ſtraight either into railing or ribaldry, his hands into ſwaggering and bloodſhed; all his motions are made of diſorder and miſchief, and his reſt is no leſs odious then his moving. See how he lies wallowing in his own filthy excretions, in ſo loathſome a faſhion as were enough to make the beholder hate to be a man. And now, when we have all done, after all the ſhame and ſcorn, here is *Sus ad volutabrum.* All the world cannot reclaim an habituated Drunkard; that which the beaſts know not how to doe, his wit projects when he is ſober how he may be drunk; and, which St. *Chryſoſtome* well obſerves, as more tranſcending all humors of beaſts, how he may force others to his own ſhameful exceſs.

A exceſs. Far, far be this abominable vice from any of you, Courtiers. That which the *Lacedæmonians* ſcorned in their very Slaves, that which our former times had wont to diſdain in Beggers, let not that ſtain the honour of a Chriſtian Court. Or if any ſuch ſhould hear me this day, *Awake ye drunkards and weep, and howle ye drinkers of wine,* Joel 1. 5. return back your ſuperfluous liquor into teares: or if ye will not weep, ye ſhall howl; if ye will not weep with penitents, ye ſhall howl with hell-hounds; and ye that now pour down veſſels more to make then quench thirſt, ſhall one day in vain wiſh to give all the world for but one drop of water to cool that flaming tongue which a whole Ocean cannot ſo much as moiſten.

B Look if in all the mountains or ſtalls there be any ſuch Goat or Stallion as the Voluptuous man. Thoſe ſilly beaſts are carried with the ſway of their natural deſires into thoſe actions of luſt which are uncapable both of ſhame and ſin; but in their own ſeaſons, and within their own line: theſe high-fed ſteeds are ever neighing after ſtrange fleſh, and, as was ſaid of beaſtly *Meſſalina*, may be wearied, cannot be ſatisfied. Thoſe beaſts affect not to go in any other then the ordinary road of Nature: but theſe prodigies of Sodomitical lewdneſs, as St. *Paul* ſpeaks to his *Romans* (even then infamous, for this not-to-be-named villany) *burn in luſt one towards another, and man with man work that which is unſeemly.* In that impure City beaſts

C might have been Saints to the men; even out of that reaſon which the wanton *Roman* Dame gave of old for their ſilly innocence, becauſe they are beaſts.

Look into all the cribbs and troughs of brutiſh diet, and ſee whether you can finde ſuch a beaſt as a Glutton. Thoſe irrational creatures take that ſimple proviſion which Nature yields them but to a ſufficiency; not affecting curioſity of dreſſings, varieties of mixtures, ſurcharges of meaſures: whereas the liquorous palate of the Glutton ranges through ſeas and lands for uncouth delicacies, kills thouſands of creatures for but their tongues or giblets, makes but one diſh of the quinteſſence of an hundred fouls or fiſhes, praiſes that for

D the beſt fleſh that is no fleſh, cares only to ſolicit that which others would be glad to ſatisfie, appetite. What ſhall I ſay more? this Gourmand ſacrifices whole hecatombs to his paunch, and whiffs himſelf away in Necotian Incenſe to the Idol of his vain intemperance, and teares his own bowels, yea his Soul, with his teeth.

Look into all the caves and dens of the wildeſt deſart, ſee if there be any ſuch Tiger or Wolf as an Enemy, as an Uſuring oppreſſor. Even the ſavageſt beaſts agree with themſelves, elſe the wilderneſs would ſoon be unpeopled of her four-footed inhabitants. Cruel man falls upon his own kinde, and ſpills that blood which, when both are ſhed, he cannot diſtinguiſh from his own.

E The fierceſt beaſt, if he ſeize upon a weaker prey, is incited by a neceſſity of hunger, and led by a natural law of ſelf-preſervation, which once ſatisfind, puts an end to his cruelty: man is carried with a furious deſire of revenge, which is as unſatiable as hell it ſelf. Hence are Murders of men, rapes of Virgins, braining and broaching of Infants, mangling of carkaſſes, carouſing of blood, refoſſion of graves, torturing of the ſurviving, worſe then many deaths; firing of Cities, demoliſhing of Temples, whole Countries buried in rubbiſh and aſhes, and even the Chriſtian World turn'd to a Shambles or Slaughter-houſe.

It were too eaſie for me to proſecute the reſt, and in every vicious man to

F find more beaſts then hides, or horns, or hoofs, or paws can diſcover. Brag of thy ſelf therefore, O man, that thou art anoble creature, and vaunt of thine own perfections, look big and ſpeak high; but if thou be no other then thou haſt made (yea marr'd) thy ſelf, the very brute beaſts, if they could ſpeak as thou doſt, would in pity call thee, as the Philoſopher did in *Laertius*, τριανθρωπε, *Thrice man,* in ſtead of thrice miſerable. God and his

An-e's

Angels and good men look upon thee with no leſs ſcorn then thou look'ſt upon that which thou art and think'ſt not, a beaſt; yea it were well if no worſe. Let me ſay, there is not the moſt loathly and deſpicable creature that crawls upon the earth, which thou ſhalt not once envy, and wiſh to have been rather then what thou art. Raiſe up thy ſelf therefore from this woful condition of depraved humanity (*naturam vincat inſtitutio*, as *Ambroſe*) and let it be thine holy ambition to be advanced to the bleſſed participation of the Divine nature, and thereby to be more above thy ſelf then the beaſt is below thee. Fight with thy ſelf till thou haſt beaten away the beaſt; and wreſtle with God till his bleſſing have ſent the Angel away with thee.

But from the common view of theſe beaſts may it pleaſe you to caſt down your eyes to the ſpecials. There are beaſts of Game, there are beaſts of Service: neither of theſe are for this place. They are harmful beaſts with which this fight is maintained, and yet not every harmful beaſt neither. Ye know the Philoſopher, when he was ask'd which was the harmfulleſt of all beaſts, anſwered, Of tame, the Flatterer; of wild, the Detractor. We have nothing to doe with the former; and never may that peſtilent beaſt have ought to doe with this Preſence: thoſe Serpents that ſwell up the Soul with a plauſible poiſon, that kill a man laughing and ſleeping, thoſe Dogs that worry their maſters, thoſe Vultures that feed on the eyes, on the hearts of the Great; Hell is a fitter place for them then Chriſtian Courts. The Detractor is a ſpightful beaſt; his *teeth are ſpears and arrows, his tongue a ſharp ſword*, Pſ. 57. 4. (It was a great vaunt that the witty Captain made of his ſword, that it was ſharper then Slander) and, which is moſt dangerous, this beaſt is a cloſe one, *mordet in ſilentio*, bites without noiſe, *Eccleſ.* 10. 11. He *carries the poiſon of Aſpes under his tongue*, as *David* ſpeaks; and *in lingua diabolum*, as *Bernard. Deliver my ſoul, O God, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.* St. *Paul* was vexed with two kinds of them; 1 the Sophiſters, 2 the Idolaters: 1 the wrangling adverſaries of the Goſpel, 2 the ſuperſtitious abettors of *Diana*, *Act.* 19. Both of them had *fœnum in cornu.*

The firſt, after three months confutation, not onely remained refractary, but blaſphemous, κακολογοῦντες, railing on Chriſtianity, and that openly before the multitude. What beaſts were theſe every way? Beaſts, in that they would not be convinced by the clear and irrefragable demonſtrations of truth, by the undeniable Miracles of the Apoſtles; in that as they had no Reaſon, ſo they would hear none. Beaſts, in that they bellow'd out blaſphemies againſt the ſacred name of Chriſt. In analogy whereto let me ſafely and not uncharitably ſay, that whoſoever he is that wilfully ſtands out againſt a plain evidence of truth, and ſharpens his tongue againſt the way of God, is no other then a beaſt. There is a faction of men, ἀποστρεφομένων (*Tit.* 1. 14.) that do not onely turn their backs upon that bright-ſhining truth whoſe clear beams have theſe hundred years glared upon their faces; but alſo ſpend their clamorous mouths in barking againſt this glorious light. What marts of invectives, what Bulls of cenſure, what thunderbolts of Anathemas do we ſtill receive from theſe ſpightful enemies of peace? What doth this argue but the litter of the Beaſt? *Revel.* 13.

The latter were the ſuperſtitious *Demetrians*, the doting Idolaters of *Diana*: Beaſts indeed, as for their ſottiſhneſs, ſo for their violence and impetuoſity.

Their Sottiſhneſs is notable even in their ring-leader *Demetrius*. Do you hear his exception againſt St. *Paul*? verſ. 26. No other then this; He ſayes that *they are not Gods that are made with hands*. Did ever any *Epheſian* beaſt bray out ſuch another challenge? Is it poſſible that humane reaſon ſhould be ſo brutified as to think a man may make his own God, as to ſeek a Deity in

A in liveleſs metals, as to bow his knees to what hath faln from his fingers? O Idolatry, the true Sorcereſs of the world! what beaſts do thine inchantments make of men! Even the fine *Athenian* (not the groſs *Theban*) wits were fain to be taught that the Godhead is not like to gold, or ſilver, or ſtone. And would to God the modern Superſtition were leſs foppiſh. Hear this, ye ſeduced ſouls that are taught to worſhip a paſtry-God. *Ergo adeo ſtolidi opifices ab ſe fabrefieri Deos credunt?* ſaith our Jeſuite *Lorinus* of theſe *Epheſians*, *Theſe ſo fooliſh workmen think they can make their Gods.* And why not of Gold as well as of Grain? why not the Smith as well as the Baker? Change but the name, the abſurdity is but one. To hold
B that a man can make his own fingers, or that thoſe fingers can make that wheat whereof the wafer is made, were a ſtrange folly: but that a man can make the God that made him, and eat the God that he hath made, is ſuch a monſter of Paradoxes as puts down all the fancies of Paganiſme, and were enough to make a wavering ſoul ſay with *Averroes*, *Sit anima mea cum Philoſophis.* I remember their learned *Montanus* upon *Luke* 22.19. conſtrues that *Hoc eſt corpus meum*, thus, *Verum corpus meum in hoc Sacramento panis continetur ſacramentaliter, & etiam corpus meum myſticum, My true body is ſacramentally contained in this Sacrament of bread, as alſo my body myſtical*; and withall, as willing to ſay ſomething if he durſt ſpeak out, addes, *cujus arca-*
C *nam & myſteriis refertiſſimam rationem, ut explicatiorem habeant homines Chriſtiani, dabit aliquando Dominus, whoſe ſecret and moſt deeply-myſtical meaning, God will one day more clearly unfold to his Chriſtian people.* Now the God of Heaven make good this honeſt Propheſie, and open the eyes of poor miſ-led ſouls, that they may ſee to diſtinguiſh betwixt a ſlight corruptible wafer, and an incomprehenſible immortal God. And if from this ἀρτολατρεία *Bread-worſhip*, I ſhould lead you to their σταυρολατρεία *Croſs-worſhip*, and from thence to their εἰκονολατρεία *Image-worſhip*, you would finde reaſon enough why that man of Sin, the author of theſe Superſtitions, ſhould be called the Beaſt.

D The Violence and impetuoſity of theſe *Epheſians* was anſwerable: for here was ταραχὴ *Trouble*, verſe 23. then συνδρομὴ *Concourſe*, verſe 40. then Σύγχυσις *Confuſion*, and that in the whole City, verſe 29. and more then that, ὁρμὴ *a furious ruſhing* into the Theatre, and then συναρπαγμα a boiſterous *ſnatching* of thoſe that were conceived oppoſites, beſides all their ſhouting, and out-cries, and ſavage uproar. What ſhould I need to tell you, that this furious proſecution is no other then an ordinary ſymptom of Idolatry? and to make it good, what ſhould I need to lay before your eyes all thoſe turbulent effects that in our daies have followed malicious Superſtition, thoſe inſtigations of publick Invaſions, thoſe conſpiracies againſt malig-
E ned Soveraignty, thoſe ſuffoſſions of walls, thoſe powder-trains, thoſe ſhameleſs Libels, thoſe patrocinations of Treaſons; and, to make up all, thoſe late Bulls that bellow out prohibitions of juſtly-ſworn allegeance, thoſe bold abſolutions from ſacred Oaths (ἔτε βωμὸς, ἔτε πίςις, ἔτε ὅρκος, as he ſaid of the *Lacedæmonians?*) In all theſe we too well feel that we have to doe with the beaſt; with S. *John*'s beaſt, no whit ſhort of S. *Paul*'s.

God knows how little pleaſure I take in diſplaying the enormities of our fellow-Chriſtians. Although, to ſay as it is, not the Church, but the Fac-
F tion, is it that by their practice thus merits the title of ſavageneſs. Of that Faction let me ſay with ſorrow of heart, that their wilful oppoſition to truth, their uncharitable and bloody courſes, their palpable Idolatry hath powred ſhame and diſhonour, and hath brought infinite loſs and diſadvantage to the bleſſed Name of Chriſt.

And now ye ſee by this time that in the generality natural and vicious men are no other then beaſts; that ſpecially all contentious adverſaries to the Truth and impetuous Idolaters are beaſts of S. *Paul*'s Theatre. Wherefore then ſerves

all

all this, but to ſtir us up to a threefold uſe; of holy Thankfulneſs, of Pity, of Indignation? A

The two firſt are thoſe *duo ubera Sponſa, the two breaſts of* Chriſts *Spouſe*, as *Bernard* calls them, Congratulation and Compaſſion.

The former, of Thankfulneſs to our good God that hath delivered us, as from the wretchedneſs of our corrupt Nature, ſo from blinde and groſs miſdevotion, yea from the tyranny of Superſtition. Alas! what are we better, what other then our neighbours, that our *Goſhen* ſhould be ſhined upon, whiles their *Ægypt* is covered with darkneſs? What are we that we ſhould be *renewed in the ſpirit of* our *mindes*, and be *created according to the Image of God*, whiles they continue in the woful deformation of their beſtial corruptions? that our Underſtanding ſhould be inlightned with the beams of Divine truth, whereas thoſe poor ſouls are left in the natural dungeon of their ignorance, or groveling to baſe earthly unreaſonable traditions? O God of mercies, had it pleaſed thee to give them our illumination and attraction, and to have left us in their miſerable darkneſs and indocility, we had been as they are, and they perhaps had been as we ſhould be. *Non nobis, Domine, Not unto us, Lord, not unto us, but to thy Name let the praiſe* be given of this thy gracious ſequeſtration; and thou that onely haſt done it, take to thy ſelf the glory and improvement of thine own work. B

Of Pity and yearning of bowels; whether to thoſe careleſs unregenerates that cannot ſo much as complain of their too-pleaſing corruptions, but applaud themſelves in the free ſcope of their own brutiſh ſenſuality, as if they had *made a covenant with death, an agreement with hell*; or whether to our poor ſeduced brethren, that are nurſed up in an invincible ignorance of Truth, and are held down with the imperious ſway of Antichriſtian uſurpation. Alas! it is too true which our learned *Spalatenſis* (why ſhould I not call him ours, who ſealed up that truth of ours, which his pen had ſo ſtoutly maintained, with his laſt blood?) hath obſerved and publiſhed, *Nam & plebem rudiorem*, &c. that the ruder multitude under the Papacy are carried commonly with more inward religious affection toward the Bleſſed Virgin, or ſome other Saint, then towards Chriſt himſelf. Whoſe heart would not bleed at the thought of this deplorable irreligion? and yet theſe poor ſouls think they doe ſo well, as that they cry out of our damnation for not accompanying them. *At tu, Domine, uſque quò?* How long, Lord, how long wilt thou ſuffer the world to be deluded with theſe foul and pernicious impoſtures? how long ſhall thy Church groan under the heavie yoke of their ſinful impoſitions? O thou that art the great Shepherd, look down and viſit thy wandring flock; and at laſt let looſe thoſe ſilly ſheep of thine that are faſt intangled in the briars of Antichriſtian exaction. And we, why do not we as heartily labour to reclaim them, as they to withdraw us? why ſhould they burn with zeal, whiles we freeze with indifferency? Oh let us ſpend our ſelves in prayers, in tears, in perſwaſions, in unweariable endevours for the happy converſion of thoſe ignorant miſ-guided ſouls, who having not our knowledge, yet ſhame our affections. C D E

Of Indignation laſtly, as on the one ſide, at thoſe practical revolters, that having *begun in the ſpirit* will needs *end in the fleſh*; that having made a ſhew of godlineſs, deny the power of it in their lives, returning with that impure beaſt to their own vomit; ſo on the other, at thoſe ſpeculative relapſers, that have out of policy or guiltineſs abandoned a known and received truth. Pity is for thoſe ſilly creatures that could never be bleſſed with Divine Reaſon and upright formes; but for a *Gryllus*, that was once a man, to quit his humanity, and to be in love with four feet, what ſtomack can but riſe at ſo affected a transformation? The Cameleon is for a time beautiful with all pleaſing varieties of colours, in the end no skin is more naſty. Wo is me, the ſwept houſe is repoſſeſſed with ſeven Devils: This recidivation is deſperate: although F

A though indeed there would not be a revolt, without an inward unſoundneſs. Do ye ſee an apple fall untimely from the tree? view it, ye ſhall finde it worm-eaten, elſe it had held. *Avolent, quantum volent, paleæ iſtæ levis fidei*, as that Father ſaid, *Let this light chaffe flie whither it will*; it ſhews it to be but chaffe. God's heap ſhall be ſo much the purer: and, in the mean time, what do they make themſelves fit for, but the fire? What ſhall we ſay to theſe abſurd changes? Our fore-fathers thought themſelves in Heaven when firſt the bright beams of the Goſpel brake forth in their eyes; and ſhall we, like thoſe fond ſubterraneous people that *Rubruquis* ſpeaks of, curſe thoſe glorious beams of the Sun now riſen up
B to us, and lay our eares cloſe to the ground, that we may not hear the harmony of that motion? Our Fathers bleſſed themſelves in this Angelical Manna; and ſhall our mouths hang towards the onions and garlick of *Ægypt?* *Revertimini filii averſantes*, *Return ye backſliding children*, return to the fountains of living waters which ye have exchanged for your broken ciſternes. *Recordamini priorum*, as *Eſay* ſpeaks 46. 9. But if their will do lie ſtill in their way, it were happy for them if authority would deal with them as confident riders do with a ſtartling horſe, ſpur them up, and bring them back to the block they leap'd from. But if ſtill their ob-
C ſtinacy will needs, in ſpight of contrary endeavours, feoffe them in the ſtyle of *filii deſertores*, it is a fearfull word that God ſpeaks to them, *Væ eis quoniam vagantur à me*, *Wo to them, for they have wandered from me*, Oſe 7. 13. Now the God of Heaven reclaim them, confirm us, ſave both them and us in the day of the Lord *Jeſus:* to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, one infinite God, be given all Praiſe, Honour and Glory, now and for ever. *Amen.*

D

E

F

St. PAUL'S COMBAT.

THE SECOND PART.

1 Cor. 15. 32.
Ἐθηριομάχησα.

I Have carried you into S. *Paul*'s Theatre at *Epheſus*, I have ſhew'd you his Beaſts; you muſt now ſee his Fight. It was his charge to *Timothy* that he ſhould be an example; know then that what he bids, he practiſes. It is an exemplary combat which S. *Paul* fought, and that wherein we muſt follow him as Teachers, as Chriſtians.

Here he ſaies, *I have fought*; afterwards, in imitation of him that ſaw his own works and approved them, he ſaies, *I have fought a good fight*; doubtleſs, as with principalities and powers elſewhere, ſo even with theſe beaſts at *Epheſus*.

Let it pleaſe you to ſee, firſt, the perſon of the combatant; then, ſecondly, the manner of the fight.

In the former ye may not look at S. *Paul* as a common ſouldier, but as a ſelected Champion of God; not merely as *Paul*, but as an Apoſtle, as a publick perſon, as the ſpiritual Leader of God's people: ſo ἐθηριομάχησα, *I have fought with beaſts*.

There is no trained man in the whole troup of God but muſt have his bout with the beaſts of the Time. *Vita hominis militia ſuper terram*; we are here in a militant Church. As we have all received our preſs-money in Baptiſme, ſo we muſt every one according to our ingagement maintain this fight againſt the world. But if a man be ἀφωρισμένος, as S. *Paul*, ſingled out to a publick calling, now he muſt think himſelf made for combats, becauſe for victories: for *Bellum durius contra victores*, as *Gregory* ſpeaketh.

It was the charge of the Apoſtle, that a Biſhop ſhould be no ſtriker, and *Clericus percuſſor* is an old brand of irregularity: But if in this kind he ſtrike not, I muſt ſay of him as S. *Paul* to *Ananias*, *God ſhall ſmite thee, thou whited wall*. All his whole life muſt be ſpent in theſe blows: he muſt be, as *Jeremy* ſpeaks of himſelf, איש ריב ואיש מדון, *a man of ſtrife and contention*; there is no beaſt comes in his way but he muſt have a fling at him. When *Gregory Nazianzen* ſpeaks of *Baſil* deſigned to the Biſhoprick of *Cæſarea*, If any man, ſaith he, pretend his weakneſs, *non athletem, ſed doctorem creabitis*. But in this ſpiritual ſenſe, if he be a Doctor in the Chair, he muſt be a Champion in the Theatre. No S. *Martin* may plead here, *I am Chriſts Souldier, I may not fight*; yea therefore muſt he fight, becauſe he is Chriſts Souldier. Whoſoever then would be a fit combatant for God, to enter into theſe liſts againſt the beaſts of the world, muſt be a S. *Paul* in proportion; ſo muſt he *be a follower of him, as he is of Chriſt*. Will it pleaſe you to ſee him firſt qualified, then armed.

Jer. 15. 10. *Epiſt.* 23.

Qualified firſt, with Holineſs, Skill, Courage. Holineſs: For he muſt be a man

A man of God, and, as the Apoſtle charges, ἀμεμπτον. *irreprehenſible*; otherwiſe he is a beaſt himſelf, and had need of ſome body to bait him. Wo be to thoſe Champions of God that take upon them to wield the ſword of the Spirit with unclean hands. That divine weapon is not ſo fit to wound any as their own Souls. *Ex ore tuo, ſerve nequam.* Let me ſay truly, It were an happy and hopeful thing, that even our external and ſecular Wars ſhould be managed with pure and innocent hands. I ſhall tell you that which perhaps few of you have either known or conſidered, that of old a ſouldier was a ſacred thing; and it is worth your notice what in former times was the manner of our Anceſtors in conſecrating a Souldier or a Knight to the wars. Some ſix hundred years
B agoe and upward, as I find in the hiſtory of *Ingulphus*, the manner was this; *Anglorum erat conſuetudo, quod qui militiæ legitimæ conſecrandus eſſet, &c.* He that ſhould be devoted to the trade of war, the evening before his conſecration came to the Biſhop or Prieſt of the place, and in much contrition and compunction of heart made a confeſſion of all his ſins; and, after his abſolution, ſpent that night in the Church, in watching, in prayers, in afflictive devotions: on the morrow being to hear Divine Service, he was to offer up his Sword upon the Altar, and after the Goſpel, the Prieſt was with a ſolemn benediction to put it about his neck; and then after his communicating of thoſe ſacred myſteries, he was to remain *miles legitimus.* Thus he; who tels us how that
C valiant and ſucceſsful Knight *Heward* came thus to his uncle, one *Brandus*, the devout Abbot of *Peterborough*, for his conſecration; and that this Cuſtome continued here in *England* till the irreligious *Normans* by their ſcorns put it out of countenance, accounting ſuch a one *non legitimum militem, ſed equitem ſocordem, & Quiritem degenerem.* This was their ancient and laudable manner (ſome ſhadow whereof we retain, whiles we hold ſome Orders of Knighthood Religious.) And can we wonder to hear of noble victories atchieved by them, of Giants and Monſters ſlain by thoſe hands that had ſo pious an initiation? Theſe men profeſſed to come to their combats as *David* did to *Goliah*, in the name of the Lord; no marvel if they proſpered. Alas! now, *Nulla*
D *fides pietáſque*, &c. ye know the reſt: the name of a ſouldier is miſconſtrued by our Gallants as a ſufficient warrant of debauchedneſs; as if a Buff-Jerkin were a lawful cover for a profane heart. Wo is me for this ſinful degeneration. How can we hope that bloody hands of lawleſs Ruffians ſhould be bleſſed with palms of triumph; that adulterous eyes ſhould be ſhaded with garlands of victory; that profane and atheous inſtruments, if any ſuch be imployed in our wars, ſhould return home loaded with ſucceſs and honour? How ſhould they proſper whoſe ſins fight againſt them more then all the ſwords of enemies; whoſe main adverſary is in their own boſome and in Heaven? If the God of Heaven be the Lord of hoſts, do we think him ſo laviſh that he will grace impiety? Can
E we think him ſo in love with our perſons, that he will overlook or digeſt our crimes? Be innocent, O ye warriours, if ye would be ſpeedful; be devout, if ye would be victorious. Even *upon the Bridles of the horſes* in *Zachary* muſt be written, *Holineſs to the Lord:* how much more upon the fore-heads of his Prieſts, the Leaders of his ſpiritual war? With what face, with what heart can he fight againſt beaſts that is a beaſt himſelf?

It is not Holineſs yet that can ſecure us from blows: *Job*'s *Behemoth*, as he is conſtrued, durſt ſet upon the holy Son of God himſelf. To our Holineſs therefore muſt be added Skill; skill to guard, and skill to hit; skill in choice of weapons, places, times, ways of aſſault or defence: elſe we cannot but be wound-
F ed and toſſed at pleaſure. Hence the Pſalmiſt, *Thou teacheſt my hands to war and my fingers to fight.* The title that is given to *David*'s Champions was not *diſpoſiti ad clypeum*, as *Montanus* hath it (ערכי נבה) but *diſponentes*, ſuch as *could handle the ſhield and the buckler*, 1 Chron. 12. 8. Alas, what is to be look'd for of raw, untaught, untrained men, (if ſuch ſhonld be called forth of their ſhops on the ſudden) that know not ſo much as their files or motions or poſtures,

but either flight or filling of ditches? He that will be a *Petus* in *Jovius* his history, or a *Servilius* in *Plutarch*, to come off an untouch'd victor from frequent challenges, had need to pass many a guard and *Veny* in the fence-school. So skilful must the man of God be, that he must know (as S. *Paul*) even τὰ νοήματα, the very plots and devices of that great challenger of hell. We live in a knowing age; and yet how many teachers are very novices in the practick part of this πνευμαχία, and therefore are either born down, or tossed up with the vices of the Time? whose miscarriages would God it were as easie to remedy as to lament.

Lastly, what is Skill in our weapon without an heart and hand to use it? *Rabshakeh* could say, *Counsel and strength are for the warre*, 2 Kings 18.20. Strength without Counsel is like a blind Giant, and Counsel without Strength is like a quick-sighted Cripple. If heart and eyes and limbs meet not, there can be no fight, but *tu pulsas, ego vapulo*. What are men in this case but *lepores galeati*, or as Sword-fishes, that have a weapon, but no heart? Hear the spirit of a right Champion of Heaven; *I am ready not to be bound onely, but to die for the name of the Lord Jesus*. Here was a man fit to grapple with beasts. It is the word of the sluggish Coward, *There is a Lion* or a Bear *in the way*. What if there be? If thou wilt be a *Sampson*, a *David*, incounter them. There is no great glory to be look'd for but with hazard and difficulty. When the Souldier said, *The enemy is strong*, it was bravely answered of the Captain, *The victory shall be so much more glorious*.

I have shew'd you the man Qualified; I should stay to shew you him Armed; armed with Authority without, with Resolution within: but I long to shew you the Fight.

A Fight it must be; which I beseech you observe in the first place. Neither doth he say, I plai'd with beasts, except you would have it in *Joab*'s phrase; as neither did the beasts play with him, except, as *Erasmus* speaks, *Ludus exiit in rabiem*: He saies not, I humor'd their bestiality; I struck up a league or a truce with the vices of men: No, S. *Paul* was far from this; he was at a perpetual defiance with the wickedness of the times, and, as that valiant Commander said, would die fighting.

The world wanted not of old plausible spirits, that, if an *Ahab* had a mind to go up against *Ramoth*, would say, *Go up and prosper*, and would have horns of iron to push him forward. S. *Paul* was none of them, neither may we. He hath indeed bidden us *(if it be possible) to have peace with all men*; not with beasts. If wickedness shall go about to glaver with us, *Is it peace, Jehu?* we must return a short answer, and speak blows. Far, far be it from us to fawn upon vicious Greatness, to favour even Court-sins. If here we meet with bloody Oaths, with scornful Profaneness, with Pride, with Drunkenness, we must fly in the face of it with so much more fierceness as the eminence of the sin may make it more dangerously-exemplary: *quò grandius nomen, eò grandius scandalum*, as *Bernard*. Let the clearest water mix with the best earth, it makes but mire. If we be the true Sons of Thunder, even the tallest Cedar-sins must be blasted with our Lightning, and riven with our bolts. *Cato* would not (they say) have a dumb souldier; I am sure Christ will not. *Wo be to* us *if* we *preach not the Gospel*: yea, wo be to us if we preach not the Law too; if we do not lash the guilt of the Great with the scorpions of Judgement. What stand we upon bulk? if the Sin be an Elephant, harnessed, and carrying Castles upon his back, we must with *Eleazar* creep under his belly, and wound that vast enemy with the hazard of our own crushing. It is the charge of God, *Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins*, Es. 58.1. The words are Emphatical, whereof the first signifies a straining of the throat with crying; and the next (the *trumpet*) implies a sound of war. This same *bellū cum vitiis, war with sins*, must be ἄσπονδος πόλεμος, uncapable of so much as a truce, yea as a respiratiō. As that undaunted souldier therefore held first with his right hand, and when that

A that was cut off, with his left, and when both were cut off, with his teeth; ſo muſt we reſolve to doe. That which is the praiſe of the Maſtives of our Nation, muſt be ours, to leave our life with our hold. *Profectò ſtabimus, & pugnabimus uſque ad mortem, We will ſtand, and fight it out to the very death,* as *Bernard* ſpeaks.

The manner of the Fight follows, and that muſt needs vary according to the divers faſhions of the onſet. For all beaſts aſſail not alike: one fights with his tusks, another with his paws, another with his horn, another with his heel, another with his ſting; one rampeth upon us, another leaps in to us, a third either ruſheth us down, or caſts us upward, a fourth galls us afarre, a fifth
B wounds us unſeen; one kils by biting, another by ſtriking, another by piercing, another by envenoming. According to theſe manifold changes of aſſaults muſt the expert champion diſpoſe of himſelf. To ſpeak morally; as theſe Men-beaſts are either Beaſts of Opinion, or beaſts of Practice, and both of them maintain the fight either by cloſe ſubtilty or by open violence; ſo did S. *Paul*'s oppoſition ſuit them, ſo muſt ours, whether for defence or for offence. The beaſts of Opinion were either Idolatrous Ethnicks, or refractary Jews; the one worſhipping *Diana* for their Goddeſs, the other refuſing the true *Meſſias* for their Saviour. The one he beats with the down-right blows of right Reaſon; the other he hews with the two-edged ſword of the Spirit, the
C Word of God. The beaſts of Practice he ſmites through with the darts of the Law, whereof *Exod.*19.13. If a beaſt touch the Mount he ſhall be ſhot through. Their ſubtilty he declined by a wiſe evaſion, their violence he repelled with an irreſiſtible force. The particularities would be infinite; neither do any of you exſpect that I ſhould turn the Pulpit into a Fence-ſchool or a Paris-garden. Onely let me reduce S. *Paul*'s practice herein to ſome few uſeful rules, as to expreſs his beaſt-combat, ſo to direct our own. Whereof the firſt (to begin with the beaſts of Opinion) was and ſhall be, To fight ſtill at the head. When he comes to the Theatre of *Epheſus,* he deals not with collateral matters of a ſecondary nature, but flies upon the main heads of the higheſt contradiction,
D whether one true God onely ſhould be worſhipped, whether Chriſt ſhould be acknowledged for the *Meſſiah.* No doubt, *Epheſus* was full of curious and nice ſcruples: the wiſe Apoſtle waves all theſe; and, as ſome magnanimous Maſtive, that ſcorns to ſet upon every Curre that barks at him in the way, he reſerves himſelf for theſe Lions and Tigers of Errour. Oh how happy were it for Chriſtendome, if we that profeſs to ſit at S. *Paul*'s feet (as he at *Gamaliel*'s) could learn this wit of him! It is true which *Chromatius* hath, *Non ſunt parva quæ Dei ſunt, None of Gods matters are ſlight:* but yet there is a difference, and that would be obſerved. The working brains of ſubtile man have been apt to mince Divinity into infinite Atomes of ſpeculation; and every one
E of thoſe ſpeculations breeds many queſtions, and every queſtion breeds troubles in the Church; like as every corn of powder flies off and fires his fellow. Hence are thoſe μωρολογίαι, &c. *fooliſh and unlearned diſquiſitions,* 2 Tim. 2.23. that have ſet the whole Chriſtian world together by the ears. *Ex utraque parte ſunt qui pugnare cupiunt,* as *Tully* ſaid of his time, *There are enough on both ſides that would fight.* The main Fort of Religion is worth not our ſweat, but our blood: thus muſt we ſtrive *pro aris:* ſo even Hereſie ſhall be found (as *Chryſoſtome* obſerves) not more dangerous then profitable. But if it be onely matter of rite, or of unimporting conſequence, *(de venis capillaribus,* as he ſaid) Oh what madneſs is it in us to draw the world into ſides, and to pour out the
F ſouls of Gods people like water? what is this, but as if ſome generous Bandog ſhould leave the Bear or Lion *(primæ formæ feram)* which he comes to bait, and run after a Mouſe? *Melanchthon* cites and approves that ſaying of *Dionyſius* of *Corinth* in *Euſebius,* that Schiſme is no leſs ſin then idolatry. And if the Fiſh be the better where the ſeas are moſt unquiet, I am ſure the Souls are worſe where the Church is tumultuous. I cannot skill of theſe Swans eggs that are never

hatcht without thunder, nor of that unnatural brood that eats through the dam to make paſſage into the light of reputation. Oh for *the unity of the ſpirit in the bond of peace.* Juſtly did *Ageſilaus* lament the ſtate of *Greece*, that had loſt as many ſouldiers in domeſtick wars as might have made them Maſters of the world. Let me ſay, Had all our ſwords and pens been happily bent againſt the common enemy of Chriſtendome, long agoe had that *Mahumetan* Moon waned to nothing, and given way to the glorious Sun of the Goſpel.

Our ſecond rule muſt be, When we do ſmite, to ſtrike home: It is S. *Paul's*, *I ſo fight, ὡς οὐκ ἀέρα δέρων as not beating the aire*, 1 Cor. 9.26. Here is not a blow loſt, *non verberat ictibus auras.* How doth he cut the throat of the *Epheſian* beaſt, Idolatry, whiles he argues, They are not Gods that are made with hands? All the Silver-ſmiths of *Diana* cannot hammer out a reply to this charge. It is no flouriſhing when we come to this combat. Weak proofs betray good cauſes, Demonſtrations muſt have place here, not Probabilities. How powerfully doth he convince the unbelieving Jews of *Epheſus* and *Rome, out of Moſes and the Prophets*, Act. 28. 23. This, this is the weapon whereby our grand Captain vanquiſhed the great challenger of the bottomleſs pit, *Scriptum eſt.* All other blades are but Lead to this Steel. Councils, Fathers, Hiſtories are good helps; but *ad pompam* rather then *ad pugnam.* Theſe Scriptures are they whereof S. *Auguſtin* juſtly, *Hæc fundamenta, hæc firmamenta.* What do we multiply volumes, and endleſly go about the buſh? That of *Tertullian* is moſt certain, *Aufer ab hæreticis quæcunque Ethnici ſapiunt, ut de Scripturis ſolis quæſtiones ſuas ſiſtant, & ſtare non poterunt, Take from Hereticks what they borrow of Pagans, and hold them cloſe to the trial by the Scriptures alone, they cannot ſtand.* Bring but this fire to the wildeſt beaſt, his eye will not indure it; he muſt run away from it: for theſe kind of creatures are all (as that Father) *Lucifugæ Scripturarum.* What worlds of volumes had been ſpared, how infinite diſtractions of weak and wavering ſouls had been prevented, if we had confined our ſelves to S. *Paul's* fence?

Our third rule muſt be, To redouble our ſtrokes unceſſantly, unweariably, not giving breath to the beaſt, not fainting for want of our own. S. *Paul* laid on three months together in the Synagogue of *Epheſus*; two years more in the ſchool of *Tyrannus*, Act. 19.8,9. and accordingly gives us our charge, *State ergo, Stand* cloſe to it, *Eph.* 6.14. If when we have dealt ſome few unſucceſsful blows, we throw up the bucklers, or lean upon our pummels, we loſe our life with the day. I could, as the caſe might ſtand, eaſily be of the minde of that ſouldier, who when he heard *Xenophantus* by his muſick ſtirring up *Alexander* to the fight, wiſht rather to hear a Muſician that could take him off: but ſince we have to doe with an enemy which *nec victor nec victus novit quieſcere*, as *Annibal* ſaid of *Marcellus*, there is no way but to fight it out. *Ye have not yet reſiſted unto blood*, ſaith the Apoſtle: If need be, we muſt do ſo. *Serpens, ſitis, ardor arena, Dulcia virtuti*, as he ſaid. Oh be conſtant to your own holy reſolutions, if ever ye look for an happy victory. Well did the dying Prophet chide the King of *Iſrael*, that he ſtruck but thrice; *Thou ſhouldſt have ſmitten often, then thou ſhouldſt have ſmitten Syria till thou hadſt conſumed it*, 2 Kings 13.19. Let neither buggs of fear, nor ſuppalpations of favour weaken your hands from laying load upon the beaſt of Errour: Fight zealouſly, fight indefatigably, and prevail. In the battails of Chriſt, as S. *Chryſoſtome* obſerves, the iſſue is ſo aſſured that the crown goes before the victory; but when ye once have it, *hold faſt that you have, that no man take your crown*, Revel. 3.11.

Our laſt rule is, To know our diſtance; and where we find invincible reſiſtance, to come off fairly. So did S. *Paul* in the Theatre of the *Epheſian* Synagogue, when after three months diſputation ſome were hardened, and in ſtead of believing blaſphemed the way of God, ἀποστὰς ἀφώρισε, *he departed*, and *ſeparated*, Act. 19.9. Thoſe beaſts we cannot maſter, we muſt give up: If *Babylon* will not be

A be cur'd, ſhe muſt be left to her ſelf. To apply this to the Theatre of the times. There is no challenge either more frequent or more heavy then that we have left that Church which they miſcal our Mother. Had we gone from her that is gone from her ſelf, we had but followed her in leaving her; had we left her that hath blaſphemed her forſaken truth, we had but followed S. *Paul*: but now let the world know, we have not left her, ſhe hath abandon'd us; *Non fugimus, ſed fugamur*, as *Caſaubon* cites from our late Learned Soveraign. It is her violence, not our choice, that hath excluded us: Becauſe we could not but leave her errors, ſhe hath ejected our perſons. This ſchiſm ſhall one day before that great Tribunal of Heaven fall heavily upon thoſe perverſe ſpirits,
B that had rather rend the Church then want their will, and can be content to ſacrifice both Truth and Peace, together with millions of Souls, to their own ambition.

Let this ſuffice for the beaſts of Opinion, which are Errours. Turn your eyes now (if you pleaſe) to S. *Paul*'s fight with the beaſts of Practice, Vices. And in the firſt place, ſee how the *Epheſian* beaſts fought with S. *Paul*, *Act.* 19.28,29. Ye find them as ſo many enraged Bulls, ſcraping the earth with their feet, and digging it with their horns, ſnuffing up the aire with their raiſed noſtrils, ruſhing furiouſly into the Theatre, toſſing up *Gaius* and *Ariſtarchus*, *Paul*'s companions, into the aire, and with an impetuous violence carrying all before
C them. This hath been ever the manner of wickedneſs, to be headſtrong in the purſuit of it's own courſes, impatient of oppoſition, cruel in revenge of the oppoſers. Doth *Eliah* cry out againſt the murders and Idolatries of *Ahab*? the beaſt hath him in chace for his life, and earths him in his cave. Doth *Michaiah* croſs the deſignes of the falſe Prophets in the expedition of *Ramoth*? the beaſt with the iron-horns puſheth him in the face, and beats him down into the dungeon. Doth *John Baptiſt* bend his *Non licet* againſt *Herodias*'s inceſt? the beaſt flies in his throat, and with one graſp tears his head from his ſhoulders. So it ever was, ſo it ever will be. *Am I become your enemy becauſe I tell you the truth?* ſaith S. *Paul*. *Stetiſſe lego judicandos Apoſtolos*, ſaith *Bernard*. If ſtill there-
D fore heart-burnings and malicious cenſures attend the faithful delivery of Gods ſacred errand, the Beaſt is like it ſelf. *Sagittant in obſcura luna rectos corde*, as St. *Chryſoſtome* reads that in the Pſalm.

In the mean time what doth S. *Paul*? Doth he give in? doth he give out? No, here was ſtill παῤῥησία, *Epheſ.* 6.20. He traverſes his ground indeed for his advantage, from *Epheſus* to *Macedonia*; but ſtill he galls the beaſt where-ever he is: as Idolaters, ſo all ſorts of flagitious ſinners, felt the weight of his hand, the dint of his ſtroke; all which, whereſoever he finds them, he impartially pierces through with the darts of denounced Judgement, that is the *verbum aſperum* and *ſagitta volans* in *Pſal.* 91. *the curſe of the Law*, Gal.3.13. See how
E he wouuds thoſe other beaſts of *Epheſus*; *No whoremonger, nor unclean perſon, nor covetous man, which is an Idolater, hath any inheritance in the Kingdome of God*, Epheſ. 5.5. and, *For theſe things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of diſobedience*, verſe 6. *Tribulation and anguiſh to every ſoul that doth evil: In flaming fire rendring vengeance to thoſe that know not God and obey him not.* And why do not we, in imitation of this noble champion of God, ſtrike through the loyns of wickedneſs whereever we finde it, that, if it be poſſible, it may riſe up no more? Why do not we ſpend the whole quiver of Gods threatned vengeance upon wilful ſinners? And thus muſt we bait the beaſt.

Is it a Drunken beaſt we are committed with? *Wo to them that riſe up early*
F *to follow ſtrong drink*, Eſa. 5.11. *Wo to him that giveth his neighbour drink to make him drunk*, Abac. 2.15. *The cup of the Lords right hand ſhall be turned to* that man, *& vomitus ignominioſus ad gloriam*, verſe 16. Oh it is a bitter cup, this of the Lords right hand, whereof he ſhall wring out the dregs unto that ſoul; ſo as in ſtead of quaffing the exceſſive healths of others, he ſhall drink up his own death and eternal confuſion.

Is it a Gluttonous beast? Wo to him, his *God is* his *belly*, his *glory shall be in* his *shame, and* his *end damnation*, Phil. 3. 19. *Whiles the flesh* is *yet between* his *teeth, ere it be chewed, the wrath of the Lord* is *kindled against* him, Numb. 11. 33. Yea, but it goes down sweetly. Oh fool, *the meat in* thy *belly shall be turned into the gall of Asps* within thee, *Job* 20. 14. *Væ saturis, Wo be to the full, for they shall hunger*; they shall famish to death, and dye famishing, and live dying, and have enough of nothing but fire and brimstone.

Is it a Ravenous beast, a Covetous oppressour? His tooth, like a mad dogs, envenomes and emphrensies; so saith *Solomon*, that knew the nature of all beasts, *Oppression makes a wise man mad*, Eccles. 7. 7. *Tabifici sunt*, Ps. 79. 7. *Wo be to* you *that joyn house to house*, Es. 5. 8. Wo be to *the mighty sins* of them whose *treadings are upon the poor*, that *afflict the just*, that *take bribes, and turn away the poor in the gates*, Amos 5. 11, 12. *Therefore the Lord, the God of Hosts saith thus, Wailing shall be in all their streets, and they shall say in all high-waies, Alas, alas!* verse 16. They have robbed their poor Tenants, and oppressed the afflicted in the gate, therefore the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.

Is it an Unclean beast? *Whoso committeth adultery with a woman destroyeth his own soul*, Prov. 6. 32. *A fornicator in the body of his flesh will never cease till he have kindled a fire*, Ecclus. 23. 16. His fire of lust flames up into a fire of disease, and burns down into the fire of Hell.

Is it a Foul-mouth'd beast that bellows out Blasphemies and bloody Oaths? *There is a word that is cloathed about with death; God grant it be not found in the heritage of Jacob*, Ecclus. 23. 12. *A man that useth much swearing shall be filled with iniquity, and the plague shall never depart from his house*, verse. 11.

Thus must we lay about us, *spiritu oris*, yea *gladio spiritûs*, and let drive at the Beast of what kind soever. But if we shall still find that which blind *Homer* saw, τὰ χερείονα πίκτ̃ν, *that the worse hath the better*, and that this spiritual edge shall either turn again, or (through our weak wieldance) not enter the stubborn and thick hide of obdured hearts; give me leave, most Gracious Soveraign, and ye honorable Peers, to whom is committed the sword of either supreme or subordinate Justice, to say, that both God and the world expects that this Beast of sin should be baited by you in another fashion. It is not for nothing that God hath set you so conspicuously in this great Amphitheatre, where the eyes of Angels and men are bent upon you, and that he hath given into your hands the powerful instruments of death. If this pernicious beast dare contest with our weakness, and oft-times leave us gasping and bleeding on this pavement, yet we know that it cannot but fall under the power of your mercy, yea your vengeance. Oh let it please you to rouze up your brave and Princely spirits, and to give the fatal blow to presumptuous wickedness. If that monster of impious Sacriledge, of atheous Profaneness, of outragious Inordinateness dares lift up his hated head in the sight of this Sun, let him be straight crushed with the weight of that Royal Scepter, let him be hewn in pieces with the sharp sword of your Sacred Authority. As we abound with wholesome Laws for the repressing of vice, so let it please you in an holy zeal to revive their hearty and effectual execution; that the precious Gospel of our Lord *Jesus*, which we profess, may not be either shamed or braved by insolent wickedness; that Justice and Peace may flourish in our Land, and that your Crown may long and happily flourish upon that Royal head, until it shall receive a late and blessed exchange for a Crown of Glory and Immortality in the highest Heavens. Amen.

THE

THE OLD RELIGION.

A TREATISE,

Wherein

Is laid down the true State of the difference betwixt the

REFORMED and ROMANE CHURCH,

and the blame of this Schiſm is caſt upon the true Authors.

Serving for the

Vindication of our Innocence, for the ſetling of wavering mindes, for a Preſervative againſt Popiſh Inſinuations.

With an *ADVERTISEMENT* for ſuch Readers as formerly ſtumbled at ſome paſſages in the Book.

By JOS. HALL, *B. of Exon.*

LONDON,
Printed by *James Fleſher*, in the year M DC LXI.

TO
My new and dearly-affected CHARGE, the Dioceſe of
EXCESTER,

All Grace and Benediction.

THE truth of my heart gives me boldneſs to profeſs before him who onely knows it, that the ſame God who hath called me to the over-ſight of your Souls, hath wrought in me a zealous deſire of your Salvation. This deſire cannot but incite me to a careful prevention of thoſe dangers which might threaten the diſappointment of ſo happy an end. Thoſe Dangers are either Sins of Practice, or Errours of Doctrine. Againſt both theſe I have faithfully vowed my utmoſt endeavours. I ſhall labour againſt the firſt by Preaching, Example, Cenſures; wherein it ſhall be your choice to expect either the Rod, or the Spirit of meekneſs. Againſt the latter my Pen hath riſen up in this early aſſault. It hath been aſſured me that in this time of late Vacancie, falſe Teachers, catching the fore-lock of Occaſion, have been buſie in ſcattering the tares of Errours amongſt you. I eaſily believe it, ſince I know it is not in the power of the greateſt vigilancie to hinder their attempts of evil. Even a full See is no ſufficient barre to crafty Seducers; their Suggeſtions we cannot prevent, their Succeſs we may. This I have here aſſay'd to doe, bending my ſtyle againſt Popiſh Doctrine with ſuch Chriſtian moderation as may argue zeal without malice, deſire to win Souls, no will to gall them. And ſince the commoneſt of all the grounds of Romiſh deceit is the pretence of their Age and our Novelty, and nothing doth more dazle the eyes of the ſimple then the name of our Fore-fathers, and the challenge of a particular recital of our Profeſſours before Luther's revolt; I have (I hope) fully cleared this coaſt, ſo as out of the right apprehenſion of theſe differences my Reader ſhall evidently ſee the vanity of this cavill, and finde cauſe to bleſs God for the ſafety of his ſtation in ſo pregnant and undeceivable a truth.

For me, I ſhame not to profeſs, that I have paſſed my moſt and beſt hours in quiet Meditations; wherein I needed not bend mine edge againſt any Adverſary but Satan and mine own corruptions. Theſe controverſary points I have rather croſt in my way, then taken along with me. Neither am I ignorant what incomparably-clear beams (in this kind) ſome of the worthy Lights of our Church have caſt abroad into all eyes, to the admiration of preſent and future times; no corner of truth hath lyen unſearch'd, no plea unargued: the wit of man cannot make any eſſential additions either to our proofs or anſwers. But as in the moſt perfect diſcovery, where Lands and Rivers are ſpecially deſcribed, there may be ſome ſmall obſcure inlets reſerved for the notice of following experience; ſo is it in the buſineſs of theſe ſacred quarrels: that brain is very unhappy which meets not with ſome traverſe of diſcourſe more then it hath borrowed from anothers Pen. Beſides which, having faln upon a method and manner of Tractation which might be of uſe to plain underſtandings, the familiarity whereof promiſed to contribute not a little to the information

A mation and setling of weaker Souls, I might not hide it from you, to whose common good I have gladly resolved to sacrifice my self. Let it be taken with the same construction of love wherewith it is tendred. And that you may improve this and all other my following labours to a sensible advantage, give me leave to impart my self to you a little in this short and free Preamble.

It is a large body, I know, and full of ordinate variety, to which I now direct my words: Let me a while in these lines sever them, whom I would never abide really disjoined.

Ye, my dear fellow-labourers (as my immediate Charge) may well challenge B the first place. It is no small joy to me to exspect so able hands, upon whom I may comfortably unload the weight of this my spiritual care. If Fame do not over-speak you, there are not many soils that yield either so frequent Flocks or better fed. Goe on happily in these high steps of true Blessedness, and save your selves and others. To which purpose let me commend to you (according to the sweet experience of a greater Shepherd) two main helps of our Sacred trade; first, the tender Pastures, and secondly, the still Waters: By the one I mean an inuring of our people to the principles of wholesome Doctrine; by the other, an immunitie from all Faction and disturbance of the publick peace.

C It was the observation of the learnedst King that ever sate hitherto on the English Throne, that the cause of the miscarriage of our People into Popery and other Errours was, their ungroundedness in the points of Catechism. How should those Souls be but carried about with every winde of Doctrine, that are not well ballasted with solid informations? Whence it was that his said late Majestie (of happy memory) gave publick order for bestowing the latter part of Gods Day in familiar Catechising; then which nothing could be devised more necessary and behoveful to the Souls of men. It was the Ignorance and ill-disposedness of some cavillers that taxed this course, as prejudicial to Preachings; since, in truth, the most useful of all Preaching is Catechetical. This D layes the Grounds, the other raiseth the Walls and Roof; this informs the Judgment, that stirs up the Affections. What good use is there of those Affections that run before the Judgment, or of those walls that want a Foundation? For my part, I have spent the greater half of my life in this station of our holy service; I thank God, not unpainfully, not unprofitably. But there is no one thing whereof I repent so much, as not to have bestowed more hours in this publick Exercise of Catechism; in regard whereof I could quarrel with my very Sermons, and wish that a great part of them had been exchanged for this Preaching conference. Those other Divine Discourses enrich the Brain and the Tongue, this settles the Heart; those other are but the descants to E this plain-song. Contemn it not, my Brethren, for the easie and noted homelines: the most excellent and beneficial things are most familiar. What can be more obvious then Light, Aire, Fire, Water? Let him that can live without these, despise their commonness. Rather, as we make so much more use of the Divine bounty in these ordinary benefits, so let us the more gladly improve these ready and facile helps to the Salvation of many Souls; the neglect whereof breeds instability of Judgment, misprision of necessary Truths, fashionableness of profession, frothiness of discourse, obnoxiousness to all Errour and Seduction. And if any of our people loath this Manna because they may gather it from under their Feet, let not their palates be humour'd in this F wanton nauseation. They are worthy to fast, that are weary of the bread of Angels. And if herein we be curious to satisfie their roving appetite, our favour shall be no better then injurious. So we have seen an undiscreet School-master, whiles he affects the thanks of an over-weening Parent, marre the progress of a forward child, by raising him to an higher form and Authour, ere he have well learned his first rules; whence follows an

empty

empty ostentation, and a late disappointment. Our fidelity and care of profit must teach us to drive at the most sure and universal good, which shall undoubtedly be best attained by these safe and needful groundworks. A

From these tender Pastures let me leade you (and you others) to the still Waters. Zeal in the Soul is as natural heat in the body; there is no life of Religion without it: But as the kindliest heat, if it be not tempered with a due equality of moisture, wastes it self and the body; so doth Zeal, if it be not moderated with discretion and charitable care of the common good. It is hard to be too vehement in contending for main and evident truths; but litigious and immaterial verities may soon be overstriven for: in the prosecution whereof, I have oft lamented to see how heedless too many have been of the publick welfare; whiles in seeking for one scruple of truth, they have not cared to spend a whole pound-weight of precious Peace. B

The Church of England, *in whose Motherhood we have all just cause to pride our selves, hath in much Wisdom and Piety delivered her judgement concerning all necessary points of Religion, in so compleat a body of Divinity as all hearts may rest in: These we reade, these we write under, as professing not their truth onely, but their sufficiency also. The voice of God our Father in his Scriptures, and (out of these) the voice of the Church our Mother in her Articles, is that which must both guide and settle our resolutions: Whatsoever is besides these, is but either private, or unnecessary and uncertain. Oh that whiles we sweat and bleed for the maintenance of these oracular Truths, we could be perswaded to remit of our Heat in the pursuit of Opinions! These, these are they that distract the Church, violate our peace, scandalize the weak, advantage our enemies. Fire upon the Hearth warms the Body, but if it be misplaced, burns the House. My brethren, let us be Zealous for our God; every hearty Christian will pour Oyle and not Water upon this holy flame: But let us take heed lest a blind self-love, stiffe prejudice and factious partiality impose upon us, in stead of the causes of God. Let us be suspicious of all New Verities, and careless of all unprofitable; and let us hate to think our selves either wiser then the Church, or better then our Superiours. And if any man think that he sees further then his fellows in these Theological prospects, let his tongue keep the counsel of his eyes; lest whiles he affects the fame of deeper learning, he embroile the Church, and raise his glory upon the publick ruines.* C

And ye worthy Christans, whose Souls God hath entrusted with our spiritual Guardianship, be ye alike minded with your Teachers. The motion of their tongues lies much in your eares: your modest desires of receiving needful and wholesome Truths shall avoid their labour after frivolous and quarrelsome Curiosities. God hath blessed you with the reputation of a wise and knowing people: In these Divine matters let a meek Sobriety set bounds to your inquiries. Take up your time and hearts with Christ and Him crucified, with those essential Truths which are necessary to Salvation: leave all curious disquisitions to the Schools, and say of those Problems as the Philosopher did of the Athenian *shops,* How many things are here that we have no need of? *Take the neareſt cut you can, ye shall find it a side-way to Heaven; ye need not lengthen it with undue circuitions. I am deceived if (as the times are) ye shall not find work enough to bear up against the oppositions of professed hostility. It is not for us to squander our thoughts and hours upon useless janglings; wherewith if we suffer our selves to be still taken up, Satan shall deal with us like some crafty Cheater, who whiles he holds us at gaze with tricks of jugling, picks our pockets.* D E F

Dear Brethren, whatever become of these worthless driblets, be sure to look well to the free-hold of your Salvation. Errour is not more busie then subtile;

ſubtile; Superſtition never wanted ſweet inſinuations: make ſure work againſt theſe plauſible dangers. Suffer not your ſelves to be drawn into the net by the common ſtale of the Church. Know that outward Viſibility may too well ſtand with an utter excluſion from Salvation. Salvation conſiſts not in a formalitie of Profeſſion, but in a Soundneſs of Belief. A true body may be full of mortall diſeaſes: So is the Roman *Church of this day; whom we have long pitied, and labored to cure in vain. If ſhe will not be healed by us, let us not be infected by her. Let us be no leſs jealous of her contagion, then ſhe is of our remedies. Hold faſt that precious Truth which hath been long taught you by faithful Paſtors, confirmed by clear evidences of Scriptures, evinced by ſound Reaſons, ſealed up by the blood of our bleſſed Martyrs: So whiles no man takes away the crown of your conſtancie, ye ſhall be our* Crown and rejoycing in the day of our Lord Jeſus; *to whoſe all-ſufficient Grace I commend you all, and vow my ſelf*

Your common Servant in him whom

we all rejoice to ſerve,

JOS. EXON.

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THE

THE OLD RELIGION.

CHAP. I.

The extent of the Differences betwixt the Churches.

THE first bleſſing that I daily beg of my God for his Church is, our Saviours Legacy, Peace; that ſweet Peace which in the very name of it comprehends all happineſs both of eſtate and diſpoſition. As that Mountain whereon Chriſt aſcended, though it abounded with Palms and Pines and Myrtles, yet it carried onely the name of Olives, which have been an ancient Embleme of Peace. Other Graces are for the Beauty of the Church; this for the Health and Life of it. For howſoever *(a)* even Waſps have their Combes, and Hereticks their Aſſemblies, (as *Tertullian*) ſo as all are not of the Church that have Peace; yet ſo eſſential is it to the Church in S. *(b) Chryſoſtome*'s opinion, that the very name of the Church implies a conſent and concord. No marvel then if the Church labouring here below, make it her daily ſuit to her glorious Bridegroom in Heaven, *Da pacem, Give Peace in our time, O Lord.* The means of which happineſs are ſoon ſeen, not ſo ſoon attained; even that which *(c) Hierome* hath to his *Ruffinus, Una fides:* Let our Belief be but one, and our hearts will be but one.

But ſince, as *(d) Eraſmus* hath too truly obſerved, there is nothing ſo happy in theſe humane things wherein there are not ſome intermixtures of diſtemper, and Saint *(e) Paul* hath told us *there muſt be Hereſies*, and the Spouſe in *Solomon*'s Song compares her bleſſed Husband to *a young Hart upon the Mountain of Bether*, that is, Diviſion; yea rather, as under *(f) Genſericus* and his *Vandals* the Chriſtian Temples flamed higher then the Towns, ſo for the ſpace of theſe laſt hundred years there hath been more combuſtion in the Church then in the Civil State: my next wiſh is, that if differences in Religion cannot be avoided, yet that they might be rightly judged of, and be but taken as they are. Neither can I but mourn and bleed to ſee how miſerably the World is abuſed on all hands with prejudice in this kind. Whiles the adverſe part brands us with unjuſt cenſures, and with loud clamours cries us down for Hereticks: on the other ſide ſome of ours do ſo ſlight the Errours of the *Romane* Church, as if they were not worth our Contention, as if our Martyrs had been raſh and our quarrels trifling; others again do ſo aggravate them, as if we could never be at enough defiance with their Opinions, nor at enough diſtance from their Communion. All theſe three are dangerous extremities; the two former whereof ſhall (if my hopes fail me not) in this whole Diſcourſe be ſufficiently convinced: wherein as we ſhall fully clear our ſelves from that hateful ſlander of Hereſie or Schiſme; ſo we ſhall leave upon the Church of *Rome* an unavoidable imputation of many no leſs foul and enormous then novel Errours, to the ſtopping of the mouths of thoſe Adiaphoriſts, whereof *Melanchthon* ſeems to have long agoe propheſied, *Metuendum eſt*, &c. *It is to be feared* (ſaith he) *that in the laſt Age of the World this errour will reign*

John 14.27.

Adrichom. deſc. Hiero. fol. fig. 192.

a *Faciunt favos & veſpæ, faciũt Eccleſias & Marcionitæ.* Tertull. adverſ. Marcion. lib. 4. cap. 5.

b *Eccleſiæ nomẽ conſenſim concordiæque eſt.* Chryſoſt. com. in Ep. ad Gal.

c *Sit inter nos una fides, & illico pax ſequetur.* Hier. adverſ. Ruff.

d Eraſm. Epiſt. lib. 10. Paulo Decimario.

e 1 Cor. 11.19.

f Victor. Perſiar. Atric. lib. 5.

Spalat. de hiſtor. Eccleſ. tom. ult. lib. 7.

Melancht. Poſtil. de Baptiſmo Chriſt.

reign amongſt men, that either Religions are nothing, or differ onely in words.

Diog. Laert.

The third comes now in our way. That which *Laertius* ſpeaks of *Menedemus*, that in diſputing his very ears would ſparkle, is true of many of ours, whoſe zeal tranſports them to ſuch a deteſtation of the *Romane* Church, as if it were all Errour, no Church; affecting nothing more then an utter oppoſition to their Doctrine and Ceremony, becauſe theirs; like as *(a) Maldonat* profeſſeth to miſlike and avoid many fair interpretations, not as falſe, but as *Calvin*'s. Theſe men have not learned this in S. *Auguſtine*'s School, *(b)* who tels us that it was the rule of the Fathers, as well before *Cyprian* and *Agrippinus* as ſince, that whatſoever they found in any Schiſm or Hereſie warrantable and holy, that they allowed for its own worth, and did not refuſe it for the abettors. *Neither for the chaff do we leave the floor of God, neither for the bad Fiſhes do we break his nets.* Rather, as the Prieſts of *Mercurie* had wont to ſay, when they eat their Figs and Honey, γλυκῶ, &c. All truth is ſweet: it is indeed Gods, not ours, whereſoever it is found; the Kings Coin is current, though it be found in any impure Chanel.

Hooker Eccleſ. Pol. lib. 4. §. 3.

a Commentar. in Euang.

b *Sæpe Patres noſtri & ſaluberrimam conſuetudinem tenuerunt, ut quicquid divinum ac legitimum*, &c. Aug. *Neque propter palcâ relinquimus aream Domini, neq; propter piſces malos rumpimus retia Domini.* Aug. Epi. 48. *Sic Anabaptiſtæ accuſant Pædobaptiſmum Papiſmi.* Clifton. contr. Smith. *Sic Neariani Trinitatem arguunt ut articulum Papæ.* Prolæus Faſcic. cap. 1.

For this particular, they have not well heeded that charitable profeſſion of zealous *Luther*, *(c) Nos fatemur*, &c. *We profeſs* (ſaith he) *that under the Papacy there is much Chriſtian good, yea all*, &c. *I ſay moreover that under the Papacy is true Chriſtianity, yea the very kernel of Chriſtianity*, &c. No man I truſt will fear that fervent ſpirits too much exceſs of indulgence; under the Papacy may be as much good as it ſelf is evil. Neither do we cenſure that Church for what it hath not, but for what it hath. Fundamental truth is like that *Maronæan* wine, which if it be mixed with twenty times ſo much water, holds his ſtrength. *(d)* The Sepulchre of Chriſt was overwhelmed by the Pagans with earth and rubbiſh, and more then ſo, over it they built a Temple to their impure *Venus*; yet ſtill in ſpight of malice there was the Sepulchre of Chriſt. And it is a ruled caſe of *(e) Papinian*, that a Sacred place loſeth not the Holineſs with the demoliſhed wals: No more doth the *Romane* loſe the claim of a true viſible Church, by her manifold and deplorable corruptions; her unſoundneſs is not leſs apparent then her being. If ſhe were once the Spouſe of Chriſt, and her Adulteries are known, yet the Divorce is not ſued out.

c *Nos fatemur ſub Papatu plurimum eſſe boni Chriſtiani, imò omne bonum Chriſtianum; dico inſuper & imo vero, verum nucleum Chriſtianitatis.* Luther. in Ep. ad 2. plebe de Anabap. cit. à Cromero de falſ. relig. Lutheran. *Aliud eſt credere quod Papa credit, aliud credere quod eſt Papæ.* Prolæus ibid. ubi ſupr. d Euſeb. de vita Conſtant. lib. 3. cap. 25. e Juſtin. Tit. 1. §. 4. Annot. in leg. 12. Tab.

Chap. II.

The Original of the Differences.

Magiſtris utentes Ambitione & Avaritia. Ber. ad Henric. Senonenſ. *Quæ fuerant vitia, mores fiunt.* Gerſ. de Negligentia Prælatorum, Ex Senec. Gravam. Germ.

IT is too true, that thoſe two main Elements of evil, (as *Timon* called them) Ambition and Covetouſneſs, which *Bernard* profeſſes were the great Maſters of that Clergie in his times, having palpably corrupted the Chriſtian World both in doctrine and manners, gave juſt cauſe of ſcandal and complaint to godly mindes; which (though long ſmothered) at laſt brake forth into publick conteſtation, augmented by the fury of thoſe guilty defendants which loved their reputation more then Peace: But yet ſo as the Complainants ever profeſſed a joynt allowance of thoſe Fundamental Truths, which deſcried themſelves by their bright luſtre in the worſt of that confuſion; as not willing that God ſhould loſe any thing by the wrongs of men, or that men ſhould loſe any thing by the envy of that *(f)* evil ſpirit, which had taken the advantage of the publick ſleep for his Tares. Shortly then, according to the prayers and

f Matth. 13. 25.

A and predictions of many Holy Christians, God would have his Church reformed. How shall it be done? Licentious courses (as *(a) Seneca* wisely) have sometimes been amended by correction and fear, never of themselves. As therefore their own President was stirred up in the *(b)* Council of *Trent* to cry out of their corruption of Discipline; so was the Spirit of *Luther*, somewhat before that, stirred up to tax their corruption of Doctrine. But, as *(c)* all beginnings are timorous, how *(d)* calmly did he enter? and with what submiss Supplications did he sue for redress? *(e) I come to you*, (saith he) *most holy Father, and humbly prostrate before you, beseech you that, if it be possible, you would be pleased to set your helping hand to the work.* Intreaties prevail nothing; the
B whiles the importune insolence of *Eckius*, and the undiscreet carriage of *Cajetan* (as *(f) Luther* there professes) forced him to a publick opposition. At last, (as *(g)* sometimes even Poisons turn Medicinal) the furious prosecution of abused Authority increased the Zeal of Truth; like as the repercussion of the flame intends it more: and as Zeal grew in the Plaintif, *(h)* so did Rage in the Defendant; so as now that was verified of *(i) Tertullian*, *A primordio*, &c. *From the beginning Righteousness suffers violence; and no sooner did God begin to be worshipped, but Religion was attended with Envie.* The masters of the *Pythonisse* are angry to part with a gainful (though evil) guest. *Am I become your enemy, because I told you the truth?* saith Saint *Paul*: yet that truth is not more
C unwelcome, then successful. For as the breath of a man that hath chewed Saffron discolours a Painted face; so this blunt sincerity shamed the glorious falshood of Superstition.

The proud offenders, impatient of reproof, *(k)* try what fire and faggot can doe for them: and now, according to the old word, *(l)* suppressed spirits gather more authority; as the *Egyptian* violence rather addeth to God's *Israel*. Insomuch as *Erasmus* could tell the Rector of *Lovan*, that by burning *Luther*'s Books, they might rid him from the Libraries of men, not from their Hearts.

The ventilation of these points diffused them to the knowledge of the
D World; and now, upon serious scanning, it came to this (as that Honour of *Rotterdam* professeth) * *Non defuisse*, that there wanted not great Divines which durst confidently affirm, that there was nothing in *Luther* which might not be defended by good and allowed Authours.

Nothing doth so whet the edge of wit as contradiction. Now he who at first, like the blind man in the Gospel (it is *(m) Beza*'s comparison) saw men like trees, upon more clear light, sees and wonders at those gross Superstitions and Tyrannies wherewith the Church of God had been long abused. And now, as the first Hue and Cry raiseth a whole Countrie, the World was awakened with the noise, and startling up, saw, and stood amazed to see,
E its own Slavery and besottedness. Mean while, that God who cannot be wanting to himself, raiseth up *(n)* Abettors to his Truth. The contention grows, Books flie abroad on both parts. Straight *(o)* Buls bellow from *Rome*, nothing but Death and Damnation to the opposites; Excommunications are thundred out from their Capitoline powers against all the partakers of this (so called) Heresie; the flashes of publick *Anathemas* strike them down to Hell.

The condemned reprovers stand upon their own integrity, call Heaven and Earth to record, how justly they have complained, how unjustly they are
F censured; in large Volumes defending their innocence, and challenging an undeniable part in the true visible Church of God, from which they are pretended to be ejected; appeal (next to the Tribunal of Heaven) to the sentence of a free general Council for their right.

a *Per disciplinam & metum, nunquam sponte.* Sen.

b *Corrigenda & reformanda est Ecclesiastica disciplina, quæ jamdiu depravata atque corrupt* &c. Orat. præsid Conc. Trid. sess. 11.

c *Primordia cuncta pavida sunt.* Call.

d *Luther* offered 95. Conclus. to be disputed at Wittenb. *Jo. Tecelius* offers the contrary Propos. at Francf. vid hist. Conc. Trid. l. 1. *Luther.* &c.

e *Ita venio, beatissime Pater,* &c. *& adhuc prostratus rogo;* &c. Ep. ad Leon 10.

f Ib. Luth. Jo. Eckius, & Sylv. Prierius cont. Luth. Vid. hist. Concil. Trid.

g *Sæpe saluti fuere pestifera.* Senec.

h *James Hogostrot* a Dominican Inquisitor stirs up Pope *Leo* to capital punishments of *Luth.* and his followers. Ibid. hist Conc.

i *A primordio justitia vim patitur; statim ut coli Deus cœpit, invidiam religio sortita est.* Tert. Scorpiac. adverf. Gnostic. cap. 8.

k Bapt. Porta, Leonis Bulla, anno 1518.

l *Punitis ingeniis gliscit authoritas.* Erasm. Godesch. Rosemund.

* *Non defuisse magnos Theologos qui non verebantur affirmare, nihil esse in Luthero quin per probatos authores defendi possit.* Erasmus lib. Epist. 15. Godeschalco Rosemund. &c. m Theod. Beza contra Andræam, &c. vid. histor. Concil Trid. l 2. n Hul. Zuingl. in Eccl. Zurich. opponit se Tratii Sampf. Mediola. Francis. Hugo Constantien. Epis. opponit se Zuinglio ibid. o Bulla secunda Leonis Papæ, Anno 1520.

(a) Profer is made at last of a Synod at *Trent*; but neither free, nor general, nor such as would afford (after all semblances) either (b) safety of access, or possibility of indifferency. That partial meeting (as it was (c) prompted to speak) condemns us unheard: right so as (d) *Ruffinus* reports it in that case of *Athanasius*, *Judicandi potestas*, &c. *The power of judging was in the accusers*; contrary to the rule of their (e) own Law, *Non debet*, &c. *The same party may not be the Judge, Accuser, Witness*; contrary to that just rule of *Theodericus*, reported by (f) *Cassiodore*, *Sententia*, &c. *The sentence that is given in the absence of the parties is of no moment.* We are still where we were, opposing, suffering: in these terms we stand. What shall we say then? if men would either not have deserved, or have patiently indured reproof, this breach had never been. Wo be to the men by whom this offence cometh. For us, that rule of Saint *Bernard* shall clearly acquit us before God and his Angels, (g) *Cum carpuntur vitia*, &c. *When faults are taxed, and scandal grows, he is the cause of the scandal who did that which was worthy to be reproved, not he that reproved the ill-doer.*

a Anno 1518. vid. hist. Conc. Trid. lib. 1.

b *Tres salvi conductus concessi Protestantibus; sed quam frustra vid.* Junii animadversiones in Bellar.

c Vid. Ep. Epi. Quinq; Eccles. in hist. Concil. Trid.

d *Judicandi potestas apud accusatores erat.* Ruffin. hist. l. 1. cap. 17.

e 2. q. *Multo*, &c. 3. q. 7. *Nullus debet.*

f *Sententia non præsentibus partibus dicta, nullius momenti est.* Cassiod. de Amic. cap. 5. *Nullus ante rectam cognitionem causæ debet privari suo jure.* Rodriguez Cas. cons. cap. 241. g *Cum carpuntur vitia, & inde scandalum oritur, ipse sibi scandali causa est qui fecit quod argui debet, non ille qui arguit.* Bern. ad Hugo. de S. Vict. Epist. 78.

Chap. III.

The Reformed unjustly charged with Novelty, Heresie, Schisme.

Be it therefore known to all the world, that our Church is onely Reformed or (h) Repaired, not made new: there is not one Stone of a new foundation laid by us; yea the old Wals stand still; onely the overcasting of those ancient stones with the untempered morter of new inventions displeaseth us. Plainly, set aside the Corruptions, and the Church is the same: And what are these Corruptions, but unsound adjections to the Ancient structure of Religion? These we cannot but oppose; and are therefore unjustly and imperiously ejected. Hence it is that ours is by the opposite styled an (i) Ablative or Negative Religion; forsomuch as we joyn with all true Christians in all affirmative positions of ancient Faith, onely standing upon the denial of some late and undue additaments to the Christian belief. Or if those Additions be reckoned for ruines; it is a sure Rule which (k) *Durandus* gives concerning Material Churches, appliable to the Spiritual, That if the Wall be decayed, not at once, but successively, it is judged still the same Church, and (upon reparation) not to be re-consecrated, but onely reconciled. Well therefore may (l) those mouths stop themselves, which loudly call for the names of the Professors of our Faith in all succession of times till *Luther* look'd forth into the World. Had we gone about to broach any new positive Truths, unseen, unheard of former times, well and justly might they challenge us for a deduction of this line of Doctrine from a pedigree of Predecessours: Now that we onely disclaim their superfluous and novel opinions and practices, which have been by degrees thrust upon the Church of God, retaining inviolably all former Articles of Christian Faith, how idle is this plea, how worthy of hissing out? Who sees not now that all we need to doe is, but to shew that all those points which we cry down in the *Romane* Church, are such as carry in them a manifest brand of Newness and Absurdity. This proof will clearly justifie our refusal. Let them see how they shall once, before the awful Tribunal of our last Judge, justifie their (m) uncharitableness, who cease not upon this our refusal to eject and condemn us.

h *Nos vetera instauramus, nova non prodimus.* Erasm. Godeschalco, &c. Vide Fregevillii Pontique Reform. An. 1588.

i *Hæresia non tàm docet credere nova, quam vetera non credere: magis enim hæreses in non credendo.* Joan. Lensæus Bellidavus de Christ. libert. l. 12. c. 7.

k Durand. Ration. lib. 1.

l Fisher. contra D. White, & D. Featly.

m *Accusatio non debet admitti quæ non procedit ex charitate* 4. q. 5.

The

A The Church of *Rome* is ſick; ingenuous (*a*) *Caſſander* confeſſeth ſo, *Nec inficior*, &c. *I deny not* (ſaith he) *that the Romane Church is not a little changed from her ancient beauty and brightneſs, and that ſhe is deformed with many diſeaſes and vicious diſtempers.* (*b*) *Bernard* tells us how it muſt be dieted; profitable, though unpleaſing, medicines muſt be poured into the mouth of it. *Luther* and his aſſociates did this office, as *Eraſmus* acknowledgeth; (*c*) *Lutherus porrexit, Luther*, ſaith he, *gave the World a potion violent and bitter: whatever it were, I wiſh it may breed ſome good health in the body of Chriſtian people ſo miſerably foul with all kinds of evils.* Never did *Luther* mean to take away the life of that Church, but the ſickneſs; wherein (as *Socrates* B anſwered to his Judges) ſurely, he deſerved recompence in ſtead of rage. For (as S. (*d*) *Ambroſe* worthily) *Dulcior eſt, Sweeter is a religious chaſtiſement then a ſmoothing remiſſion.*

This that was meant to the Churches health, proves the Phyſicians diſeaſe; ſo did the bitterneſs of our wholſome draughts offend, that we are beaten out of doors: neither (*e*) did we run from that Church, but are driven away, as our late Soveraign profeſſeth by *Caſaubon*'s hand. We know that of (*f*) *Cyrill* is a true word, *Thoſe which ſever themſelves from the Church and communion, are the enemies of God, and friends of Devils*; and that which (*g*) *Dionyſius* ſaid to *Novatus*, *Any thing muſt rather be born, then that we ſhould* C *rend the Church of God.* Far, far was it from our thoughts to teare the ſeamleſs coat; or with this precious Oile of Truth to break the Churches head.

We found juſt faults, elſe (*h*) let us be guilty of this diſturbance. If now Choler, unjuſtly exaſperated with an wholeſome reprehenſion, have broken forth into a furious perſecution of the gainſayers, the ſin is not ours: if we have defended our innocence with blows, the ſin is not ours. Let us never proſper in our good Cauſe, if all the water of *Tyber* can waſh off the blood of many thouſand Chriſtian Souls that hath been ſhed in this quarrel from the hands of the *Romiſh* Prelacie. Surely, as it was obſerved of olde, that none of D the Tribe of *Levi* were the profeſſed followers of our Saviour; ſo it is too eaſy to obſerve, that of late times this Tribe hath exerciſed the bittereſt enmity upon the followers of Chriſt. Suppoſe we had offended in the undiſcreet managing of a juſt reproof: it is a true rule of (*i*) *Eraſmus*, that *generous ſpirits would be reclaimed by teaching, not by compulſion*; and, as (*k*) *Alipius* wiſely to his *Auguſtine*, *Heed muſt be taken, leſt whiles we labour to redreſs a doubtful complaint, we make greater wounds then we find.* Oh how happy had it been for Gods Church, if this care had found any place in the hearts of her Governours; who regarding more the entire preſervation of their own Honour, then Truth and Peace, were all in the harſh language of warre, παῖε, βάλε, E *ſmite, kill*, burn, perſecute! Had they been but half ſo charitable to their modern reprovers as they profeſs they are to the fore-going, how had the Church floriſhed in an uninterrupted Unity? (*l*) In the old Catholick Writers (ſay they) we bear with many Errours, we extenuate and excuſe them, we finde ſhifts to put them off, and deviſe ſome commodious ſenſes for them. Guiltineſs, which is the ground of this favour, works the quite contrary courſes againſt us. Alas! how are our Writings racked and wreſted to envious ſenſes, how miſconſtrued, how perverted, and made to ſpeak odiouſly on purpoſe to work diſtaſt, to enlarge quarrel, to draw on the deepeſt cenſures!

Wo is me, this cruel uncharitableneſs is it that hath brought this miſerable F calamity upon diſtracted Chriſtendome. Surely as the aſhes of the burning * Mountain *Veſuvius* being diſperſed far and wide bred a grievous Peſtilence in the Regions round about; ſo the aſhes that flie from theſe unkindly flames of diſcord have bred a woful infection and death of Souls through the whole Chriſtian world.

a *Nec inficior Rom. Eccleſiam à priſco ſuo decore & ſplendore non parũ diverſam, multiſque morbis & vitiis deformatã.* Caſſ. de Offi. boni viri, &c.

b *Utilia vero et nolẽti ingerẽda.* Ber. de vit. ſolit.

c *Luther. porrexit orbi pharmacum violentũ & amarum: Id quale quale ſit, optarim ut aliquid bonæ ſanitatis*, &c. Eraſm. Georgio Sax. Duci, l. 21. *Novis morbis novis obviandũ medicamentis.* Bern Ep. 161.

d *Dulcior eſt religioſa caſtigatio, quã blanda remiſſio.* Ambr. in obit. Theod. ſer. 6.

e *Non fugimus, ſed fugamur.* Caſaub. ad Peron.

f *Qui ab Eccl. & communione*, &c. Cyril. orat. de exitu Animæ.

g *Oportebat quidem nihil non ferre, ne Eccleſiam Dei ſcinderes.* Dion. ad Novat. Euſeb. lib. 8. c. 44, &c.

h *Qui ſtatum conturbat Eccleſiæ, ab ejus liminib. arceatur.* 2 Epi. Alexand. Pap.

i *Ingenia generoſa docerí cupiunt, cogi non ferunt; cogere tyrannorum eſt, cogi tantum aſinorum.* Eraſm. Roſemund. ubi ſupra.

k *Cavendum eſt ne cum rem dubiam emendare volumus, majora vulnera faciamus.* Alip. Auguſt. Epiſt. 239.

l Index expurgat. Bel. juſſu Philip. 2. Antuerp. Offic. Plant. *In Catholicis veteribus alios plurimos*, &c.

* Magdeb. C. 2.

Chap. IV.

The Church of Rome *guilty of this Schiſme.*

It is confeſſed by the *(a)* Preſident of the *Tridentine* Council, that the depravation of the diſcipline and manners of the *Romane* Church was the chief cauſe and original of theſe diſſentions. Let us caſt our eyes upon the Doctrine, and we ſhall no leſs finde the guilt of this fearful Schiſm to fall heavily upon the ſame heads.

For firſt, (to lay a ſure ground) Nothing can be more plain, then that the *(b) Romane* is a particular Church, as the Fathers of *Baſil* well diſtinguiſh it, not the univerſal; though we take in the Churches of her ſubordination or correſpondence. This truth we might make good by authority, if our very ſenſes did not ſave us the labour.

Secondly, *(c)* No particular Church (to ſay nothing of the univerſal ſince the Apoſtolick times) can have power to make a Fundamental point of Faith: It may explain or declare, it cannot create Articles.

Thirdly, Onely an errour againſt a point of Faith is Hereſie.

Fourthly, Thoſe Points wherein we differ from the *Romaniſts* are they which onely the Church of *Rome* hath made Fundamental, and of Faith.

Fifthly, The Reformed therefore, being by that Church illegally condemned for thoſe Points, are not Hereticks.

(d) He is is properly an Heretick (ſaith *Hoſius*) *who being convicted in his own judgment, doth of his own accord caſt himſelf out of the Church.* For us, we are neither convicted in our own judgment, nor in the lawful judgment of others: we have not willingly caſt our ſelves out of the Church, but however we are ſaid to be violently ejected by the undue ſentence of malice, hold our ſelves cloſe to the boſome of the true Spouſe of Chriſt, never to be removed; as far therefore from Hereſie as Charity is from our Cenſurers. Only we ſtand convicted by the doom of good Pope *(e) Boniface*; or *(f) Sylveſter Prierius, Quicunque non, &c. Whoſoever doth not rely himſelf upon the Doctrine of the Romane Church and of the Biſhop of Rome as the infallible rule of Faith, from which even the Scripture it ſelf receives her force, he is an Heretick.* Whence follows, that the Church of *Rome* condemning and ejecting thoſe for Hereticks which are not, is the Authour of this woful breach in the Church of God.

I ſhall therefore, I hope, abundantly ſatisfie all wiſe and indifferent Readers, if I ſhall ſhew that thoſe Points which we refuſe and oppoſe, are no other then ſuch as by the confeſſions of ingenuous *(g)* Authors of the *Roman* part have been (beſides their inward falſities) manifeſt upſtarts, lately obtruded upon the Church; ſuch as our ancient Progenitours in many hundreds of ſucceſſions either knew not, or received not into their Belief, and yet both lived and dyed worthy Chriſtians. Surely it was but a juſt ſpeech of S. *(h) Bernard*, and that which might become the mouth of any Pope or Council, *Ego ſi peregrinum*, &c. *If I ſhall offer to bring in any ſtrange opinion, it is my ſin.* It was the wiſe Ordinance of the *Thurians*, as *(i) Diodorus Siculus* reports, that he who would bring in any new Law amongſt them to the prejudice of the old, ſhould come with an Halter about his neck into the aſſembly, and there either make good his project, or dy. For however in humane conſtitutions, *(k)* μεταγράφεσθαι &c. *the later orders are ſtronger then the former:* yet in Divinity, *Primum verum, The firſt is true*, as *Tertullian*'s rule is, *the old way* is *the*

a *Quæ jamdiu depravata atque corrupta, harum ipſarum hæreſiũ magna ex parte cauſa origóque exſtitit.* Orat. præſ. Conc. Trid. ſeſs. 11. Petrus Oxon. ſum. Conc. ſub Sixto 4.

b *Si authoritas quæratur, Orbis major eſt Urbe, ubicunq; fuerit Epiſcopus, ſive Rom. ſive Eugubii.* Hieron. Evagrio, Walden. doctr. fid. Tom. 1. lib. 2. Pighius Hierar. Eccl. lib. 6. 3. Turrecremat. & alii, V. Mort. Appel. lib. 4. cap. 2. §. 6. Anſwer of the Biſhop of St. *David*'s Chapl. to *Fiſher.*

c *Nec Papa nec Epiſcopus proprie poteſt propoſitionem*, &c. Gerſ. An liceat in cauſis fidei, &c. Nil. Theſſal. Orat. de diſſenſ.

d *Is proprie hæreticus dicitur, qui ſuo ipſius judicio condemnatus, ſua ſponte ſeipſum ejicit ab Eccleſia.* Hoſius de legitim. Judic. rerũ Eccle. l. 2.

e *Subeſſe Romano*, &c. Ext. de major. et obed. unam, &c.

f Sylv. Prier. Epit. reſp. ad Luth. l. 2. cap. 7.

g *Nilus imputat diviſiones orbis Chriſtiani præſumptioni Romanæ Eccl. quæ ſuſceperit in ſe abſque Græcis definire de rebus fidei, & contra ſentientes anathemate ferire.* Orat. de Diſſenſ. Eccleſ. Ser. 30. i Cit. de Modeſt. Annot. in leg. 12 Tab. Annot. Ibid.

h *Ego ſi peregrinum dogma induxero, ipſe peccavi.* Bern. in Cant.

k μεταγράφεσθαι διατάξεις ἰσχυρότερα τῶν πρὸ αὐτῶν. Modeſt.

good

A *good way*, according to the Prophet. Here we hold us: and becauſe we dare not make more Articles then our Creeds, nor more ſins then our Ten Commandements, we are indignely caſt out.

Let us therefore addreſs our ſelves roundly to our promiſed task, and make good the Novelty and Unreaſonableneſs of thoſe Points we have rejected. Out of too many Controverſies diſputed betwixt us, we ſelect only ſome principal; and out of infinite varieties of evidence, ſome few irrefragable teſtimonies.

B

Chap. V.

The Newneſs of the Article of Juſtification by inherent Righteouſneſs.

TO begin with *Juſtification*. The *Tridentine* Fathers in *(a)* their ſeven moneths debating of this point have ſo cunningly ſet their words, that the Errour which they would eſtabliſh might ſeem to be either hid or ſhifted; yet at the laſt they ſo far declare themſelves, as to determine that the *(b)* onely formal cauſe of our Juſtification is God's Juſtice, not by which he himſelf is Juſt, but by which he makes us juſt; C wherewith being endowed by him, we are renewed in the Spirit of our mindes, and are not onely reputed, but are made truely juſt, receiving every man his own meaſure of Juſtice, which the Holy Ghoſt divides to him *(c)* according to each mans prediſpoſition of himſelf and cooperation. And withall they denounce a flat *(d)* *Anathema* to all thoſe who dare to ſay, that we are formally juſtified by Chriſts Righteouſneſs, or by the ſole imputation of that Righteouſneſs, or by the ſole remiſſion of our ſins, and not by our inherent Grace diffuſed in our hearts by the holy Ghoſt. Which terms they have ſo craftily laid together, as if they would caſt an aſperſion upon their Adverſaries of ſeparating the neceſſity of Sanctification from the D pretended Juſtification by Faith; wherein all our words and writings will abundantly clear us before God and men. That there is an inherent Juſtice in us, is no leſs certain, then that it is wrought in us by the Holy Ghoſt. For God doth not juſtifie the wicked man as ſuch; but of wicked makes him good, not by mere acceptation, but by a real change, whiles he Juſtifies him whom he Sanctifies. *(e)* Theſe two acts of Mercie are inſeparable. But this Juſtice being wrought in us by the Holy Spirit according to the modell of our weak receit, and not according to the full power of the infinite agent, is not ſo perfect as that it can bear us out before the Tribunal of God.

E It muſt be onely under the garment of our elder Brother that we dare come in for a Bleſſing; His Righteouſneſs made ours by Faith, is that whereby we are juſtified in the ſight of God. This Doctrine is that which is blaſted with a *Tridentine* curſe.

Heat now the Hiſtory of this Doctrine of Juſtification, related by their *Andrew Vega (de Juſtif. lib. 7. cap. 24.) Magna fuit*, &c. "Some Ages ſince "(ſaith he) there was a great concertation amongſt Divines what ſhould be "the formal cauſe of our Juſtification. Some thought it to be no created "Juſtice infuſed into man, but onely the favour and merciful acceptation "of God. In which opinion the Maſter of Sentences is thought by ſome to F "have been. Others, whoſe opinion is more common and probable, held it "to be ſome created quality informing the Souls of the Juſt. This Opinion "was allowed in the Council of *Vienna:* and the School-Doctors, after the "Maſter of Sentences, delivered this not as probable onely, but as certain. "Afterwards, when ſome defended the oppoſite part to be more proba-"ble, it ſeemed good to the holy Synod of *Trent* thus to determine it".

So

a Card. de Monte præſ. Conc. Orat. ſua ſeſſ. 11. profeſſes what they meant to have diſpatch'd in 15 dayes, coſt ſeven moneths worke.

b *Unica formalis cauſa eſt juſtitia Dei, non qua ipſe juſtus eſt, ſed qua nos juſtos facit*, &c. Conc. Trid. Seſſ. 6.

c *ſecundum propriam cujuſque diſpoſitionem & cooperationem.* Ibid.

d *Si quis dixerit*, &c. *per eam ipſam formaliter juſtos eſſe, vel ſola imputatione juſtitiæ Chriſti, vel ſola remiſſione peccatorum*, &c. *Anathema ſit.* Can. 10, 11.

e *Nunquam remittetur culpa, quin ſimul infundatur juſtitia.* Bellar. l. 2. de Juſtif. c. 13. *Perfecta ſunt opera Dei*, ex *Deuter.* 32. Bellar. lib. 2. de Juſtific. cap. 14. *Juſtitiam in nobis recipientes, unuſquiſque ſuam ſecundùm menſuram quam Spiritus ſanctus partitur ſingulis prout vult, & ſecundùm propriam cujuſque diſpoſitionem.* Conc. Trid. ubi ſupra.

So as till the late Council of *Trent* (by the confeſſion of *Vega* himſelf) this Opinion was maintained as probable onely, not as of Faith: Yea, I adde, (by his leave) the contrary was till then moſt current.

It is not the Logick of this Point we ſtrive for, it is not the *Grammar; it is the Divinity. What is that whereby we ſtand acquitted before the Righteous Judge, whether our inherent Juſtice, or Chriſts imputed Juſtice apprehended by Faith? The Divines of *Trent* are for the former, all Antiquity with us for the latter. A juſt Volume would ſcarce contain the pregnant Teſtimonies of the Fathers to this purpoſe.

Saint (a) *Chryſoſtome* tels us it is *the wonder of Gods Mercy, that he who hath ſinned confeſſeth, is pardoned, ſecured, and ſuddenly appears Juſt. Juſt?* but how? *The Croſs took away the Curſe,* (ſaith he moſt ſweetly,) *Faith brought in Righteouſneſs, and Righteouſneſs drew on the Grace of the Spirit.*

Saint (b) *Ambroſe* tels us that our carnal infirmity blemiſheth our works; but that uprightneſs of our Faith covers our errours, and obtains our pardon: And profeſſeth that he will glory, not for that he is Righteous, but for that he is Redeemed; nor for that he is void of ſins, but for that his ſins are forgiven him.

Saint (c) *Jerome* tells us, then we are juſt when we confeſs our ſelves ſinners; and that our Righteouſneſs ſtands not in any Merit of ours, but in the mere Mercy of God; and that the acknowledgement of our imperfection is the imperfect perfection of the Juſt.

Saint (d) *Gregory* tells us that our Juſt Advocate ſhall defend us Righteous in his Judgement, becauſe we know and accuſe our ſelves unrighteous; and that our confidence muſt not be in our acts, but in our Advocate.

But the ſweet and paſſionate ſpeeches of Saint *Auſtin* and S. *Bernard* would fill a book alone; neither can any Reformed Divine either more diſparage our inherent Righteouſneſs, or more magnifie and challenge the imputed. It ſhall ſuffice us to give a taſte of both.

(e) *We have all therefore, Brethren, received of his fulneſs; of the fulneſs of his Mercy, of the abundance of his Goodneſs have we received: What? Remiſſion of ſins, that we might be juſtified by Faith; and what more? Grace for Grace, that is, for this Grace wherein we live by Faith, we ſhall receive another,* ſaith that Divineſt of the Fathers. And ſoon after, (f) *All that are from ſinful* Adam, *are ſinners; all that are juſtified by Chriſt, are juſt, not in themſelves, but in him: for in themſelves, if ye ask after them, they are* Adam; *in him, they are Chriſts.* And elſewhere, (g) *Rejoice in the Lord and be glad, O ye Righteous. O wicked, O proud men that rejoice in your ſelves! now believing in him who juſtifieth the wicked, your Faith is imputed to you for Righteouſneſs. Rejoice in the Lord, why? Becauſe now ye are juſt. And whence are ye juſt? Not by your own Merits, but by his Grace. Whence are ye juſt? Becauſe ye are juſtified.*

(h) *Who ſhall lay any thing to the charge of Gods Elect? It ſufficeth me for all Righteouſneſs, that I have that God propitious to me againſt whom onely I have ſinned. All that he hath decreed not to impute unto me, is as if it had not been. Not to ſin is Gods Juſtice; mans Juſtice is Gods indulgence,* ſaith devout *Bernard.*

How pregnant is that famous Profeſſion of his! (i) *And if the mercies of the Lord be from everlaſting and to everlaſting, I will alſo ſing the mercies of the Lord everlaſtingly. What ſhall I ſing of mine own righteouſneſs? No, Lord; I will remember thy Righteouſneſs alone, for that is mine too: Thou art made unto me of God Righteouſneſs; ſhould I fear that it will not ſerve us both?*

*Forenſe vocab. Juſtif. verbum juſtificandi in alia ſignificatione uſurpant patres. Chemn. exam. De juſtit. Cauſa formalis propter quã homo dicitur juſtus corã Deo, Bell. l. 2 de Juſt. c. 1. Yet in the next chapter he corrects this propter in Chemnitius, and expreſſes it otherwiſe, l. 2. c. 2.

a Chryſoſt. in Con. hom. 2. *O miſericordiæ magnitudinem, &c. repentéque juſtus apparet.* Chryſoſt. in Galat. c. 3. *Crux ſuſtulit execrationem, fides invexit juſtitiam, juſtitia vero gratiã ſpiritus allexit.*

b Amb. de Jacob. & vita beata. *Non operibus juſtificamur, ſed fide, quoniã carnalis infirmitas,* &c. Ib. cap. 3. *Non gloriabor quia mens,* &c. Similiter de Cain & Ab. l. 1. c. 9 de Fuga §. c. 3. & 7.

c Hieron. adv. Pelag. lib. 1. *Tunc juſti ſumus cum imperfectos nos,* &c.

d Gregor. in Ezech. hom. 7. ad finem, *Juſtus igitur advocatus noſter,* &c.

e *Ergo, Fratres, omnes de plenitudine ejus accepimus, de plenitudine miſericordiæ,* &c. *Quid? remiſſionem peccatorum, ut juſtificaremur ex fide.* Auguſt. Tract. 3. in Joan.

f *Omnes qui ex Adam cum peccato, peccatores; omnes qui per Chriſtum juſtificati, juſti, non in ſe, ſed in illo. Nam in ſe, ſi interroges, Adam ſunt,* &c. Ib. Aug.

g *Lætamini,* &c. *O qui lætamini in vobis! O impii, O ſuperbi, qui lætamini in vobis! jam credentes in eum qui juſtificat impium,* &c. Aug. 2. Enar. in Pſ. 31.

h *Quis accuſavit,* &c. *Sufficit mihi ad omnem juſtitiam ſolum habere propitium cui ſoli peccavi. Omne quod* &c. *Non peccare Dei juſtitia; hominis juſtitia eſt indulgentia Dei,* Bern. in Cant. Ser. 23.

i *Et ſi miſericordia Domini,* &c. *Nunquid juſtitias meas, Domine? memorabo juſtitiæ tuæ ſolius,* &c.

(a) It

A (a) *It is no ſhort Cloak, that it ſhould not cover twain. Thy Righteouſneſs is Righteouſneſs for ever; and what is longer then Eternity? Behold, thy large and everlaſting mercy will largely (b) cover both thee and me at once: in me it covers a multitude of ſins; in thee, Lord, what can it cover but the treaſures of Pitie, the riches of Bountie?* Thus he.

What ſhould I need to draw down this Truth through the times of *Anſelme, Lombard, Bonaventure, Gerſon?*

The Manual of Chriſtian Religion ſet forth in the Provincial Council of *Colen* ſhall ſerve for all. (c) *Bellarmine* himſelf grants them herein ours; and they are worth our entertaining. That Book is commended by (d) *Caſ-*
B *ſander*, as marvellouſly approved by all the learned Divines of *Italy* and *France*, as that which notably ſets forth the ſum of the judgment of the Ancients concerning this and other Points of Chriſtian Religion. (e) *Nos dicimus*, &c. *We ſay that a man doth then receive the gift of Juſtification by Faith, when being terrified and humbled by repentance, he is again raiſed up by Faith, believing that his ſins are forgiven him for the Merits of Chriſt, who hath promiſed Remiſſion of ſins to thoſe that believe in him; and when he feels in himſelf new deſires, ſo as deteſting evil, and reſiſting the infirmity of his fleſh, he is inwardly inkindled to an endeavour of good, although this deſire of his be not yet perfect.* Thus they in the voice of all Antiquity, and the then preſent
C Church. Onely the late Council of *Trent* hath created this Opinion of Juſtification a Point of Faith.

a *Non eſt pallium breve*, &c.

b *Et te pariter & me operiet largiter larga & æterna juſtitia*, &c. Ber. ſup. Cant. ſerm 61.

c Bellar. de Juſtif. l. 2. c. 1. & l. 3. c. 3.

d *Qui liber ab omnib. eruditioribus Theologis etiam per Italiam & Galliam ſummopere commendatus fuit*, &c. Caſſ. Conſult. Art 4.

e *Nos dicimus hominem per fidem donum juſtificationis tum demum accipere*, &c. Enchir. Colon.

Sect. 2. *The Errour hereof againſt Scripture.*

YET if age were all the quarrel, it were but light: For though Newneſs in Divine Truths is a juſt cauſe of ſuſpicion; yet we do not ſo ſhut the hand of our munificent God, that he cannot beſtow upon his Church new Illuminations in ſome parcels of formerly-hidden Verities. It is the charge both of their *Canus* and *Cajetan*, that no man ſhould deteſt a new ſenſe of
D Scripture for this, that it differs from the ancient Doctors; for God hath not (ſay they) tied expoſition of Scripture to their ſenſes.

Can. loc. com. lib 7. cap. 7. ref. hæc de Cajet.

Yea, if we may believe (f) *Salmeron*, the latter Divines are ſo much more quick-ſighted; they, like the Dwarf ſitting on the Giants ſhoulder, overlook him that is far taller then themſelves. This Poſition of the *Romane* Church is not more new then faulty. (g) *Not ſo much Novelty as Truth convinceth Hereſies*, as *Tertullian*. We had been ſilent, if we had not found this Point (beſides the lateneſs) erroneous: erroneous both againſt Scripture and Reaſon. Againſt Scripture, which every where teacheth, as, on the one ſide, the imperfection of our Inherent Righteouſneſs, ſo, on the other, our perfect
E Juſtification by the Imputed Righteouſneſs of our Saviour, brought home to us by Faith.

f *Quo juniores, eo perſpicaciores.* Salmer. in Rom. 5. Diſput. 51.

g *Hæreſes non tam novitas quã veritas revincit.* Tertul. de Velan. l. Virgin.

The former *Job* ſaw from his dunghil; *How ſhould a man be juſtified before God? If he will contend with him, he cannot anſwer one of a thouſand.* Whence it is that wiſe *Solomon* asks, *Who can ſay, My heart is clean; I am pure from ſin?* And himſelf anſwers, *There is not a juſt man upon earth, which doth good, and ſinneth not.* A Truth which (beſides his experience) he had learned of his Father *David*, who could ſay, *Enter not into Judgement with thy Servant*, (though a man after God's own Heart) *for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified:* and, *If thou, Lord, ſhouldſt mark iniquities, O Lord, who ſhall*
F *ſtand?* For *we are all as an unclean thing* (we, ſaith the Prophet *Eſay*, including even himſelf) *and all our Righteouſneſs are as filthy rags.* And was it any better with the beſt Saints under the Goſpel? *I ſee* (ſaith the choſen Veſſel) *in my members another law warring againſt the law of my minde, and leading me captive to the law of ſin, which is in my members.* So as *In many things we ſin all.* And, *If we ſay that we have no ſin, we do but deceive our ſelves, and there is no truth in us.*

Job 9.2,3.
Prov. 20.9.
Eccleſ. 7.20.
Pſal. 143.2.
& 130. 3.
Eſay 64.6.
Rom. 7.23.
Jam. 3.2.
1 Joh. 1.8.

The

The latter is the ſumme of Saint *Paul*'s Sermon at *Antioch*; *Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached to you forgiveneſs of ſins; and by him all that believe are juſtified.* They are juſtified, but how? *Freely, by his Grace.* What Grace? Inherent in us, and working by us? No: *By Grace are ye ſaved through Faith; and that not of your ſelves, it is the gift of God. Not of works, leſt any man ſhould boaſt.* Works are ours; but this is *Righteouſneſs of God, which is by the faith of Jeſus Chriſt, to all them that believe.* And how doth this become ours? By his gracious imputation: *Not to him that worketh, but believeth in him who juſtifieth the wicked, is his faith imputed for righteouſneſs.*

Lo, it is not the Act, not the Habit of Faith that juſtifieth; it is he that juſtifies the wicked, whom our Faith makes ours, and our ſin his: *He was made ſin for us, that we might be made the righteouſneſs of God in him.* Lo, ſo were we made his Righteouſneſs, as he was made our ſin. Imputation doth both; it is that which enfeoffes our ſins upon Chriſt, and us in his Righteouſneſs; which both covers and redreſſes the imperfection of ours. That diſtinction is clear and full; *That I may be found in him, not having mine own righteouſneſs, which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith of Chriſt, the righteouſneſs which is of God by Faith.* S. *Paul* was a great Saint; he had a Righteouſneſs of his own, (not as a Phariſee onely, but as an Apoſtle) but that which he dares not truſt to, but forſakes, and cleaves to God: not that eſſential Righteouſneſs which is in God without all relation to us, nor that habit of Juſtice which was remaining in him; but that Righteouſneſs which is of God, by faith made ours. *Thus being juſtified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* For what can break that peace but our ſins? and thoſe are remitted: For *who ſhall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? it is God that juſtifies.* And in that Remiſſion is grounded our Reconciliation: For *(a) God was in Chriſt reconciling the world to himſelf, not imputing their ſins unto them:* but contrarily, *imputing to them his own righteouſneſs, and their Faith for righteouſneſs. (b) We conclude then, that a man is juſtified by faith.* And, *Bleſſed is he to whom the Lord imputes righteouſneſs without works: Bleſſed are they whoſe iniquities are forgiven, and whoſe ſins covered.*

Let the vain Sophiſtry of carnal mindes deceive it ſelf with idle ſubtilties, and ſeek to elude the plain Truth of God with ſhifts of wit; we bleſs God for ſo clear a light, and dare caſt our Souls upon this ſure evidence of God, attended with the perpetual atteſtation of his ancient Church.

Acts 13 38,39.
Rom. 3 24.
Eph 2 8,9.
Rom. 3 22. & 4. 5.
2 Cor. 5. 21.
Philip. 3. 9.
Rom. 5. 1. & 8. 33.
2 Cor. 5. 19, 21.
b Rom. 3. 28. & 4 6,7.
Ad hæc vide Gen. 15. 6. Eſa. 45. 25 & 50. 8. & 53. 11. Rō. 3. 20, 26, 30. & 4. 2, 3, 9, 16. & 5. 9. 18, 19 & 8. 1. & 10. 5, 10. 1 Cor. 4. 4. Gal. 2. 16. & 3. 6, 11, 12, 14.

Sect. 3. *Againſt Reaſon.*

LAſtly, Reaſon it ſelf fights againſt them. Nothing can formally make us Juſt but that which is perfect in it ſelf: How ſhould it give what it hath not? Now our Inherent Righteouſneſs at the beſt is, in this life, defective. *Noſtra, ſiqua eſt, humilis*, &c. *Our poor Juſtice* (ſaith *(c) Bernard*) *if we have any, it is true, but it is not pure: For how ſhould it be pure, where we cannot but be faulty?* Thus he. The challenge is unanſwerable.

To thoſe that ſay they can keep God's Law, let me give S. *(d) Hierome*'s anſwer to his *Cteſiphon*; *Profer quis impleverit*, *Shew me the man that hath done it.* For, as that *(e)* Father elſewhere, *In thy ſight ſhall none living be juſtified: He ſaid not, no man, but, none living, not Evangeliſts, not Angels, not Thrones, not Dominions. (f) If thou ſhalt mark the iniquities even of thine Elect*, ſaith S. *Bernard*, *Who ſhall abide it?* To ſay now that *(g)* our actual Juſtice, which is imperfect through the admixtion of venial ſins, ceaſeth not to be both true, and (in a ſort) perfect Juſtice, is to ſay, there may be an unjuſt Juſtice, or a juſt Injuſtice; that even muddie water is clear, or a leprous face beautiful.

Beſides,

Non majus eſt creare cœlum & terrā quam peccatores juſtificare. Gerſ. Trac. ſup. Magnif. 10.
c Bern. de verbis Eſai. ſerm. 5.
d Hier. ad Cteſ.
e Hieron. de filio prodigo.
f Ber. in Cant. ſer. 73.
g *Juſtitia actualis imperfecta*, &c. *non deſinit tamen eſſe vera juſtitia, & ſuo quodam modo perfecta.* Bellar. de Juſtif. lib. 2. cap. 14.

A Beſides, all experience evinceth our wants. For, as it is S. *Auſtin*'s true obſervation, *He that is renewed from day to day, is not all renewed, ſo much he muſt needs be in his old corruption.* * And, as he ſpeaks to his *Hierome* of the degrees of Charity, *There is in ſome more, in ſome leſs, in ſome none at all; but the fulleſt meaſure which can receive no encreaſe is not to be found in any man while he lives here: and ſo long as it may be encreaſed, ſurely that which is leſs then it ought, is faulty; from which faultineſs it muſt needs follow, that there is no juſt man upon earth which doeth good, and ſinneth not; and thence in Gods ſight ſhall none living be juſtified.* Thus he. To the very laſt hour our Prayer muſt be, *Forgive us our treſpaſſes.* Our very daily endeavour there-
B fore of increaſing our Renovation convinceth us ſufficiently of Imperfection; and the imperfection of our Regeneration convinceth the impoſſibility of Juſtification by ſuch Inherent Righteouſneſs.

In ſhort therefore, ſince this Doctrine of the *Roman* Church is both new and erroneous, againſt Scripture and Reaſon, we have juſtly refuſed to receive it into our Belief; and for ſuch refuſal are unjuſtly ejected.

* Auguſt. ad Hier. Ep. 29.

CHAP. VI.

C ### *The Newneſs of the Doctrine of* Merit.

MErit is next; wherein the Council of *Trent* is no leſs peremptory: *If any man ſhall ſay that the good works of a man juſtified do not truely merit eternal life, let him be Anathema.*

It is eaſie for Errour to ſhroud it ſelf under the ambiguitie of words. The word *Merit* hath been of large uſe with the Ancients, who would have abhorred the preſent ſenſe: with them it ſounded no other then (*a*) Obtaining or Impetration; not, as now, earning in the way of condign wages, as if there were an equalitie of due proportion betwixt our Works and Heaven,
D without all reſpects of pact, promiſe, favour; according to the bold Comment of *Scotus*, *Tolet*, *Pererius*, *Coſterus*, *Weſton*, and the reſt of that ſtrain.

Far, far was the gracious humility of the Ancient Saints from this ſo high a preſumption. Let S. (*b*) *Baſil* ſpeak for his fellows; *Eternal reſt remains for thoſe who in this life have lawfully ſtriven; ὃ κατ' ὀφείλημα, &c. not for the Merits of their deeds, but of the grace of that moſt munificent God in which they have truſted.* Why did I name one, when they all with full conſent (as (*c*) *Caſſander* witneſſeth) profeſs to repoſe themſelves wholy upon the mere Mercie of God and Merit of Chriſt, with an humble renunciation of all worthineſs in their own works? Yea that unpartial Au-
E thor derives this Doctrine even through the lower Ages of the Schoolmen, and later Writers, *Thomas* of *Aquine*, *Durand*, *Adrian de Trajecto*, (afterwards Pope) *Clictoveus*; and delivers it for the voice of the then preſent Church. And before him (*d*) *Thomas Waldenſis*, the great Champion of Pope *Martine* againſt the miſcalled Hereticks of his own name, profeſſes him the founder Divine and truer Catholick which ſimply denies any ſuch Merit, and aſcribes all to the mere Grace of God, and the will of the giver. What ſhould I need to darken the aire with a cloud of witneſſes, their *Gregory Ariminenſis*, their *Brugenſis*, *Marſilius*, *Pighius*, *Eckius*, *Ferus*, *Stella*, *Faber Stapulenſis*? Let their famous Preacher (*e*) *Royard* ſhut up all, *Quid igitur is qui Merita prætendit*, &c. *Whoſoever he be that pretends his Merits, what doth he elſe but deſerve hell by his Works?*
F

Let *Bellarmine*'s *Tutiſſimum eſt*, &c. ground it ſelf upon S. *Bernard*'s experimental reſolution, *Periculoſa habitatio eſt, Perilous is their dwelling-place who truſt in their own Merits; perilous, becauſe ruinous.* All theſe and many more teach this, not as their own Doctrine, but as the Churches. Either they and

Conc. Triſel. 6. c. 16. c. 31. *ſi quis*, &c. *augmentum gratiæ, vitam æternã, & ipſius vitæ æternæ conſecutionem, Anathema ſit.*

a *O felix culpa quæ talem meruit habere ſalvatorẽ! Eccleſia canit in benedictione Cerei.* Sal. in 1. Tim. 1. *Apoſtoli à ſuis civibus occidi meruerũt.* Aug. in Pſalm. 35. *Major eſt mea iniquitas quã ut veniam merear*, Gen. 3. Vulg. Trad. Vide Mort. appell.

b *Manet ſempiterna requies*, &c. Baſil. in Pſ. 114. ὃ κατ' ὀφείλημα ἀλλ' ἔργων, &c.

c *Veteres omnes ſummo conſenſu tradunt*, &c. Caſſan. Conſul. de bonis quæſt. *Neq; ab hac*, &c. *Scholaſtici ſcriptores & recentiores Eccleſiaſtici*, &c.

d Thom. Wall. to. 6. ſacr. Tit. 1. cap. 7. T. Wald. præclarus Wicliffitarum impugnator. And. Veg. l. 7. de ſatis. Juſtif. cap.

e Royard. to. 5. Dominic. 11. poſt Pentecoſt.

the Church, whose voice they are, are Hereticks with us; or we Orthodox with them, and they and we with the Ancients.

The Noveltie of this *Romane* Doctrine is accompanied with Errour, against Scripture, against Reason.

Sect. 2. *Against Scripture.*

THat God doth graciously accept and munificently recompence our good Works, even with an incomprehensible Glory, we doubt not, we deny not; but this either out of the riches of his Mercy, or the justice of his Promise: But that we can earn this at his hands out of the intrinsecal worthiness of our acts, is a challenge too high for flesh and blood, yea for the Angels of Heaven. How direct is our Saviours instance of the servant come out of the field, and commanded by his Master to attendance? *Doth he thank that Servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not: So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants.* Unprofitable perhaps (you will say) in respect of meriting thanks; not unprofitable in respect of meriting wages: For *to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.* True, therefore herein our case differeth from servants, that we may not look for God's reward as of Debt, but as of Grace; *By Grace are ye saved through Faith:* neither is it our earning, but God's gift. Both it cannot be. For *if by Grace, then it is no more of Works* (even of the most Renewed;) *otherwise Grace is no more Grace: but if it be of Works, then it is no more Grace; otherwise Work should be no more Work.* Now, *not by works of Righteousness which we have done* (at our best) *but according to his Mercy he saveth us.* Were our Salvation of Works, then should Eternal life be our wages; but now, *The wages of sin is Death, but the gift of God is Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Luke 17. 9, 10.

Rom. 4. 4.

Ephes. 2. 8. Rom. 11. 6.

Tit. 3. 5.

Rom. 6. 23.

Sect. 3. *Against Reason.*

IN very Reason, where all is of mere Duty, there can be no Merit; for how can we deserve reward by doing that, which if we did not we should offend? It is enough for him that is obliged to his task, that his work is well taken. Now all that we can possibly doe, and more, is most justly due unto God by the bond of our Creation, of our Redemption, by the charge of his Royal Law, and that sweet Law of his Gospel: Nay, alas! we are far from being able to compass so much as our duty; *In many things we sin all.* It is enough that in our Glory we cannot sin: though their *Faber Stapulensis* would not yield so much, and taxeth *Thomas* for saying so: with the same presumption that *Origen* held the very good Angels might offend. Then is our Grace consummate: till then our best abilities are full of Imperfection. Therefore that conceit of Merit is not more arrogant then absurd.

Alex. Pesaut. in 1. 2æ. qu. 4. artic 4. disp. 4. *Gloria est gratia consummata.* P. Ferius Specim. Schol. Ort. c. 13.

We cannot merit of him whom we gratifie not: we cannot gratifie a man with his own. All our good is God's already, his gift, his propriety: *What have we that we have not received?* Not our talent onely, but the improvement also is his mere bounty. There can be therefore no place for Merit.

1 Cor. 4. 7.

In all just Merit there must needs be a due proportion betwixt the act and the recompence. It is our favour if the gift exceed the worth of the service. Now what proportion can be betwixt a finite, weak, imperfect Obedience, (such is ours at the best) and an infinite, full and most perfect Glory? The old Schools dare say, that the natural and entitative value of the Works of Christ himself was finite, though the moral value was infinite. What then shall be

Pesaut. in 3. Tho. q. 1. art. 2. *Valor physicus & entitativus operum Christi*, &c.

be ſaid of our works, which are like our ſelves, mere imperfection? We are not ſo proud that we ſhould ſcorn (with *(a) Ruard. Tapperus*) to exſpect Heaven as a poor man doth an Alms: rather, according to S. *Auſtin*'s charge, *Non ſit caput turgidum*, &c. *Let not the head be proud, that it may receive a Crown.* We do with all humility and ſelf-dejection look up to the bountiful hands of that God who crowneth us in mercy and compaſſion.

This Doctrine then of Merit being both New and Erroneous, hath juſtly merited our reproof and deteſtation; and we are unjuſtly cenſured for our cenſure thereof.

a *Abſit ut juſti vitam æternam exſpectent ſicut pauper eleemoſynam.* Ruard. Tap. ex Aug. Colon. Aug. de verb. Apoſt. ſer. 2.

CHAP. VII.

The Newneſs of the Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation.

THE Point of *Tranſubſtantiation* is juſtly ranked amongſt our higheſt differences. Upon this quarrel,* in the very laſt Age, how many Souls were ſent up to Heaven in the midſt of their flames; as if the Sacrament of the Altar had been ſufficient ground of the bloody Sacrifices?

Fons Idolomaniæ Tranſub. Melancht. ad amicum, 1544 Boxhorn. Iſag. ad concord. l. 3. * Fox Acts and Mon. paſſim.

The definition of the *Tridentine* Council is herein (beyond the wont) clear and expreſs. *(a) If any man ſhall ſay that in the Sacrament of the Sacred Euchariſt there remains ſtill the ſubſtance of Bread and Wine, together with the Body and Blood of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and ſhall deny that marvellous and ſingular converſion of the whole ſubſtance of Bread into the Body, and the whole ſubſtance of Wine into Blood, the* (Species) *ſemblances or ſhews onely of Bread and Wine remaining; (which ſaid Converſion the Catholick Church doth moſt fitly call Tranſubſtantiation) let him be accurſed.* Thus they.

a *Si quis dixerit in ſacroſanctæ*, &c. Conc. Tri. de Tranſub. c 4. Can. 2.

Now let us inquire how old this piece of Faith is. *In Synaxi ſero*, &c. *It was late ere the Church defined Tranſubſtantiation* (ſaith *Eraſmus*:) *For of ſo long it was* (ſaith he) *held ſufficient to believe that the true Body of Chriſt was there, whether under the conſecrated Bread, or howſoever.* And how late was this? *Scotus* ſhall tell us; *Ante Concil. Lateranenſe, Before the Council of Lateran, Tranſubſtantiation was no point of Faith*; as Cardinal *(b) Bellarmine* himſelf confeſſes his Opinion, with a *minimè probandum.* And this Council was in the year of our Lord 1215. Let who liſt believe that this Subtil Doctour had never heard of the *Romane* Council under *Gregory* the Seventh, which was in the year one thouſand ſeventy nine; or that other under *Nicolas* the Second, which was in the year one thouſand and threeſcore; or that he had not read thoſe Fathers which the Cardinal had good hap to meet with. Certainly his acuteneſs eaſily found out other ſenſes of thoſe Converſions which Antiquity mentions; and therefore dares confidently ſay (wherein *Gabriel Biel* ſeconds him) *Non admodum antiquam*, that this Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation is *not very ancient.* Surely, if we yield the utmoſt time wherein *Bellarmine* can plead the determination of this point, we ſhall ariſe but to *(ſaltem ab annis quingentis*, &c.) *five hundred years agoe*: ſo long, (ſaith he) *at leaſt, was this opinion of Tranſubſtantiation upon pain of a curſe eſtabliſhed in the Church.* The Church, but what Church? The *Romane*, I wis, not the *Greek.* That word of *Peter Martyr* is true, That the Greeks ever abhorred from this Opinion of Tranſubſtantiation: Inſomuch as at the ſhutting up of the *Florentine* Council, which was but in the year 1539. when there was a kinde of agreement betwixt the Greeks and Latines about the Proceſſion of the Holy Ghoſt, the Pope earneſtly moved the *Grecians*, that amongſt other differences they would alſo accord *de Divina panis Tranſmutatione, concerning the Divine Tranſmutation of the Bread*; wherein notwithſtanding they departed, as formerly, diſſenting. How palpably doth the Cardinal ſhuffle in this buſineſs, whiles

In Synaxi ſero Tranſubſtantiationem definivit Eccleſia. Viu ſatis erat credere, ſive ſub pane conſecrato, ſive quocunq; modo, adeſſe verum corpus Chriſti. Eraſm. Annot. in 1 Cor. 7.

b Bellar. de Euc. lib. 3. cap. 23.

Ibid. Bellar.

Confitente etiã Suarez.

Saltem ab annis quingentis dogma Tranſub. ſub anathemate ſtabilitum. Bel. de Euch. lib. 3. cap. 21.

Concil. Florentiſ. ult.

he would perſwade us, that the *Greeks* did not at all differ from the *Romans* in the main head of Tranſubſtantiation; but onely concerning the particularity of thoſe words whereby that unſpeakable change is wrought: whenas it is moſt clear by the Acts of that Council, related even by their *Binius* himſelf, that after the *Greeks* had given in their anſwer, * *That they do firmly believe that in thoſe words of Chriſt the Sacrament is made up*, (which had been ſufficient ſatisfaction, if that onely had been the queſtion) the Pope urges them earneſtly ſtill, *ut de Divina panis Tranſmutatione*, &c. *that* in the Synod there might be treaty had *of the Divine Tranſmutation of the Bread*; and when they yet ſtifly denied, he could have been content to have had the other three queſtions, of Unleavened bread, Purgatory, and the Popes Power, diſcuſſed, waving that other of Tranſubſtantiation, which he found would not abide agitation. Since which time their Patriarch *Jeremias* of *Conſtantinople* hath expreſſed the judgement of the *Greek* Church; ** *Etenim verè, For the Body and Blood of Chriſt are truely Myſteries; not that theſe are turned into mans body, but that (the better prevailing) we are turned into them:* yielding a change, but Myſtical, not Subſtantial.

As for the Ancients of either the *Greek* or *Latine* Church, they are ſo far from countenancing this Opinion, that our learned *(a) Whitaker* durſt challenge his *Duræus*, *Si vel unum*, &c. *If you can bring me but one teſtimony of ſincere Antiquity, whereby it may appear that the Bread is tranſubſtantiate into the Fleſh of Chriſt, I will yield my cauſe.* It is true that there are fair flouriſhes made of a *(b)* large Jury of Fathers giving their verdict this way, whoſe very names can hardly finde room in a margin: Scarce any of that ſacred rank are miſſing. But it is as true, that their witneſſes are groſsly abuſed to a ſenſe that was never intended; they onely deſiring in an holy exceſs of ſpeech to expreſs the *(c)* Sacramental change that is made of the elements in reſpect of uſe, not in reſpect of ſubſtance; and paſſionately to deſcribe unto us the benefit of that Sacrament in our bleſſed Communion with Chriſt, and our lively incorporation into him.

Inſomuch as Cardinal *(d) Bellarmine* himſelf is fain to confeſs a very high *Hyperbole* in their ſpeeches. *Non eſt novum, It is no unuſual thing* (ſaith he) *with the Ancients, and eſpecially Irenæus, Hilary, Nyſſen, Cyril, and others, to ſay that our bodies are nouriſhed by the holy Euchariſt.*

Neither do they uſe leſs height of ſpeech (as our Learned *(e)* Biſhop hath particularly obſerved) in expreſſing our participation of Chriſt in Baptiſme, wherein yet never any man pleaded a Tranſubſtantiation.

Neither have there been wanting ſome of the Claſſical Leaders of their Schools, which have confeſſed more probability of ancient evidence for Conſubſtantiation then for this change. Certainly, neither of them both entred ever into the thoughts of thoſe Holy men, however the ſound of their words have undergone a prejudicial miſtaking. Whereas the ſentences of thoſe Ancients againſt this miſ-opinion are direct, punctual, abſolute, convictive, and uncapable of any other reaſonable ſenſe. What can be more choaking then that of their Pope *(f) Gelaſius* above a thouſand years ſince, *Et tamen*, &c. *Yet there ceaſeth not to be the very ſubſtance of Bread and Wine?* What can be more plain then that of S. *(g) Auguſtine, It is not this Body which you ſee, that you ſhall eat, neither is it this Blood which my Crucifiers ſhall ſpill, that you ſhall drink: it is a Sacrament that I commend unto you; which being ſpiritually underſtood, ſhall quicken you?* Or that other, *(h) Where a flagitious act ſeems to be commanded, there the ſpeech is figurative; as, when he ſaith, Except ye eat the fleſh of the Son of man, &c. it were an horrible wickedneſs to eat the very fleſh of Chriſt: therefore here muſt needs be a figure underſtood?* What ſhould I urge that of *(i) Tertullian* (whoſe ſpeech *Rhenanus* confeſſeth to have been condemned after in *Berengarius*) *My Body, that is, the figure of my Body?* That of *(k) Theodoret, The myſtical ſignes after conſecration loſe not their own nature?*

That

* *Se firmiter credere verbis illis Dominicis ſacramentũ fieri.* Ibid. ſeſſ. ult.

** Act. Theol. Wittemberg. anno 1584.

a Whitak. cont. Dur. lib. 2. fol. 210.

b Ignat. ad Smyrn. Iren. lib. 5. contr. hæreſ. Tertul. de reſur. Orig. hom. 5. in diver. loc Cypr. de Cœn. Do. Baſ. in reg. br. q. 172. Greg. Nyſſ. in Catech. Cyril. Hieroſol. Cat. myſt. 4. Hilar. l. 8. de Trin. Ambr. de ſacr. libr. 4. cap. 4 & 5. Greg. Naz. in Epit. Gorgon. Epiph. in Anc. Chryſoſt. hom. 24 in 1 Cor. Cyril. Alex. Epiſt. ad Cœleſyrium, Aug. in Pſal. 33. Hier. ad Hedib. Theol. dial. 3. Leo ſerm. 6. de Jejun. Damaſc. l. 4. de fide Orthod. Theophylact. in Luc. 22.

c *Et quidem mutatur; eſt enim alia elementi natura, ſacramentialia.* Elienſ. contr. Bellarm.

d Bell. de Euch. lib. 2. c. 4.

e Biſh. Morton's Appell.

f Gelaſ. Pap. de duabus Chriſt. natur. Biblioth. Patr. tom. 4.

g Aug. in Pſ. 98. *Non hoc ipſum corpus quod videtis, &c. neque hunc ipſum ſanguinem, &c. ſacramentum vobis aliquod com.* &c.

h *Ubi flagitium*, &c. Auguſt. de doct. Chriſt. l. 3. c. 16.

i Tertul. contra Marcion. lib. 4.

k Theod. Dial. 2 & 3. μὴ μεταβάλλει τὰ, &c

That of S. (a) *Chryſoſtome*, *It is a carnal thing to doubt how Chriſt can give us his fleſh to eate; whenas this is myſtically and ſpiritually to be underſtood?* And ſoon after inquiring what it is to underſtand carnally, he thus explicates it; (b) *It is to take things ſimply as they are ſpoken, and not to conceive of any other thing meant by them.* This wherein we are is a beaten path, trod with the feet of our holy Martyrs, and traced with their blood. What ſhould I need to produce their familiar and ancient Advocates, who have often wearied and worn this bare, *Athanaſius*, (c) *Juſtine*, (d) *Origen*, (e) *Cyprian*, (f) *Nazianzen*, (g) *Baſil*, (h) *Hierome*, (i) *Hilary*, (k) *Cyril*, (l) *Macarius*, (m) *Bertram*, beſides thoſe whom I formerly cited? Of all others (which I have not found preſſed by former Authors) that of our (n) *Albinus*, or *Alcuinus*, *Beda*'s learned Scholar (who lived in the time of *Charles* the Great) ſeems to me moſt full and pregnant: *Hoc eſt ergo, This is therefore to eate that fleſh, and to drink that blood, to remain in Chriſt, and to have Chriſt remaining in us: ſo as he that remains not in Chriſt, and in whom Chriſt remaineth not, without doubt doth not ſpiritually eat his fleſh, although carnally and viſibly he (o) chew the Sacrament of his body and blood with his teeth; but rather he eates and drinks the Sacrament of ſo great a thing unto his own Judgement, becauſe he preſumed to come unclean unto thoſe Sacraments of Chriſt, which none can take worthily but the clean.* Thus he.

Neither is this his ſingle teſtimony, but ſuch as he openly profeſſeth the (p) common voice of all his Predeceſſours. And a little after, upon thoſe words, *The fleſh profiteth nothing*, he addeth, *The fleſh profiteth nothing, if ye underſtand the fleſh ſo to be eaten as other meat, as that fleſh which is bought in the Shambles.* This is the ordinary language of Antiquity, whereof we may truely ſay as the Diſciples did of Chriſt, (q) *Behold, now thou ſpeakeſt plainly, and ſpeakeſt no Parable.* At laſt Ignorance and miſunderſtanding brought forth this Monſter of Opinion, which Superſtition nurſed up, but fearfully and obſcurely, and not without much ſcope of contrary judgements; till after Pope *Nicolas* had made way for it in his proceedings againſt *Berengarius* (by ſo groſs an expreſſion as the Gloſs is fain to put a caveat upon) *Anno* 1060. the *Laterane* Council authoriſed it for a matter of Faith, *Anno* 1215.

Thus yong is Tranſubſtantiation. Let Scripture and Reaſon ſhew how erroneous.

a *Carnale eſt dubitare quo modo de cœlo deſcendit, &c. & quo modo poſſit carnem ſuã dare ad manducandum; Hæc, inquam, omnia carnalia, quæ myſtice & ſpiritualiter intelligenda ſunt,* Chryſoſtom. in cap. 6 Joan. hom. 46.

b *Similiter ut res dicuntur, neque aliud quippiam excogitare,* &c. Ibid. in illud, Siquis dixerit contra filium hominis.

c Contr. Tryphon.

d Homil. 7. in Levit.

e De Cœn. Domini.

f In Epitaph. Cæſarii, & ad cives Nazianz.

g Libr. de Baptiſmo.

h In Eſai. 66.

i Libr. 8 de Trinitat.

k In Joan. lib. 3. cap. 34.

l Homil. 27.

m Lib. de Corp. & Sanguin. &c.

n Albin. in Jo. cap. 6.

o *Dentibus premat*, &c.

p *Sicut etiam ante nos intelexerunt homines Dei.* Ib.

q John 16. 29.

Sect. 2. Tranſubſtantiation *againſt Scripture.*

WEre it not that men do wilfully hood-wink themſelves with their own prejudice, the Scripture is plain enough. For the mouth that ſaid of bread, *This is my Body*, ſaid alſo of the ſame body, *My fleſh is meat indeed*, long before there can be any plea of Tranſubſtantiation; and, *I am the bread that came down from Heaven*: ſo was he Manna to the Jews as he is bread to us. And S. *Paul* ſays of his *Corinths*, *Ye are the body of Chriſt*; yet not meaning any tranſmutation of ſubſtance.

Joh. 6. 55, 51.

1 Cor. 12. 27.

And in thoſe words wherein this powerful converſion is placed, he ſays onely, *This is*, not, This is tranſubſtantiate: and if whiles he ſays, *This is*, he ſhould have meant a Tranſubſtantiation, then it muſt needs follow that his Body was tranſubſtantiate before he ſpake; for, *This is*, implies it already done. He adds, *This is my body*. His true natural humane Body was there with them, took the Bread, brake it, gave it, ate it; if the Bread were now the Body of Chriſt, either he muſt have two bodies there, or elſe the ſame body is by the ſame body taken, broken, eaten, and is (the while) neither taken, nor broken, nor eaten. Yet he adds, *which is given for you*. This was the body which was

Matth. 26. 26. Mark 14. 22.

Luke 22. 19.

given for them, betrayed, crucified, humbled to the death; not the glorious body of Christ, which should be capable of ten thousand places at once, both in Heaven and Earth, invisible, incircumscriptible. Lastly, he addes, *Doe this in remembrance of me.* Remembrance implies an absence; neither can we more be said to remember that which is in our present sense, then to see that which is absent.

1 Cor. 11, 23, 24, 26. Besides, that the great Doctor of the Gentiles tels us that after consecration, *it is bread which is broken and eaten*; neither is it less then five times so called after the pretended change.

Heb. 2. 17. Shortly, Christ as man was in all things like to us except sin; and our humane body shall be once like to his glorious body. The glory which is put upon it shall not strip it of the true essence of a body; and if it retain the true nature of a body, it cannot be at the same instant both above the Heavens, and

Acts 3. 21. below on earth, in a thousand distant places. He is locally above; *for the heavens must receive him till the times of the restitution of all things.* He is not at once in

Matth. 28. 6. many distant places of the earth; for the Angel even after his Resurrection says, *He is not here, for he is risen.*

Sect. 3. Transubstantiation *against Reason.*

NEver did or can Reason triumph so much over any prodigious Paradox as it doth over this. Insomuch as the Patrons of it are fain to disclaim the Sophistry of Reason, and to stand upon the suffrages of Faith, and the plea of Miracles. We are not they who, with the *Manichees*, refuse to believe Christ unless he bring Reason; we are not they who think to lade the Sea with an egge-shell, to sadome the deep Mysteries of Religion with the short reach of

August. de util. cred. cap. 14. natural apprehension. We know there are wonders in Divinity fit for our adoration, not fit for our comprehending: But withall we know, that if some Theological Truths be above right Reason, yet never any against it; for all Verity complies with it self, as springing from one and the same Fountain.

Quod cum affirmatur negatur, impossibile est, & implicat contradictionē, Cassan in impl. contradict. This Opinion therefore we receive not, not because it transcends our conceit, but because we know it crosseth both true Reason and Faith. It implies manifest contradiction, in that it referres the same thing to it self in opposite relations; so as it may be at once present and absent, near and far off, below and above.

It destroies the truth of Christ's humane body, in that it ascribes Quantity to it without extension, without * locality; turning the flesh into spirit, and bereaving it of all the properties of a true body; those properties which (as *(a) Nicetas* truely) cannot so much as in thought be separated from the essence of the body: insomuch as *(b) Cyril* can say, *If the Deitie it self were capable of partition, it must be a body; and if it were a body, it must needs be in a place, and have quantity and magnitude, and thereupon should not avoid circumscription.*

It gives a false body to the Son of God, making that every day of Bread by the power of words, which was made once of the substance of the Virgin by the Holy Ghost.

It so separates Accidents from their Subjects, that they not onely can subsist without them, but can produce the full effects of Substances; so as bare Accidents are capable of Accidents; so as of them Substances may be either made or nourished.

It utterly overthrows (which learned *(c) Cameron* makes the strongest of all reasons) the nature of a Sacrament; in that it takes away at once the Signe, and the Analogie betwixt the Signe and the thing signified: The Signe, in that it is no more Bread, but accidents; the Analogie, in that it makes the Signe to be the thing signified.

Lastly,

* *Spatia locorum tolle corporibus.* Aug. Epist. 57.

a Nicetas in Naz. Orat. de Pentec. *quidem nc cogitatione ἀπεσχιδάσθαι*, &c. Sic & Aug. *Tolle ipsa corpori qualitatibus*, &c.

b *Nam si verè sectionem & partitionem divina natura reciperet.* &c. Cyrill. Alex. Tom. 2. Dialog. de Trin. lib. 2.

c Resp. ad Epist. viri docti.

A Lastly, it puts into the hands of every Priest, power to doe every day a greater Miracle then God did in the Creation of the World: for in that the Creator made the Creature; but in this the creature daily makes the Creator.

Since then this Opinion is both New, and convinced to be grosly Erroneous by Scripture and Reason, justly have we professed our detestation of it; and for that are unjustly ejected.

Chap. VIII.

B

The Newness of the Half-Communion.

THE Novelty of the *Half-Sacrament*, or *dry Communion*, delivered to the Laity, is so palpable, as that the Patrons of it, in the presumptuous Council of *Constance*, profess no less. *Licet Christus*, &c. *Although Christ*, (say they) *after his Supper, instituted and administred this venerable Sacrament under both kinds of Bread and Wine*, &c. *Licet in primitiva*, &c. *Although in the Primitive Church this Sacrament were received by the faithful under both kinds*; *Non obstante*, &c. *Yet this custome, for the avoiding of (a) some dangers and scandals, was upon just reason brought in, that Laicks should receive onely under one kinde: and those that stubbornly oppose themselves against it, shall be ejected, and punished as Hereticks.* Now this Council was but in the year of our Lord God 1453. Yea but these Fathers of *Constance*, however they are bold to controll Christ's Law by Custome, yet they say it was *consuetudo diutißimè observata, a custome very long observed.*

Const. Synod. sess. 13.

a *Inter alia, propter periculum effusionis.* Jo. de Burgo, 4 partis cap. 8.

Ibid.

True, but the full age of this *Diutißimè* is openly and freely calculated by *Cassander: Satis constat, It is apparent enough, that the Western or Romane Church, for a thousand years after Christ, in the solemn and ordinary Dispensation of this Sacrament, gave both kinds of Bread and Wine to all the members of the Church. A point which is manifest by innumerable ancient Testimonies both of Greeks and Latines. And this they were induced to doe by the example of Christs institution. Quare non temerè*, &c. *It is not therefore* (saith he) *without cause, that most of the best Catholicks, and most conversant in the reading of Ecclesiastical Writers, are inflamed with an earnest desire of obtaining the Cup of the Lord; that the Sacrament may be reduced to that ancient custome and use, which hath been for many Ages perpetuated in the universal Church.* Thus he. We need no other Advocate.

Cassan. consult. de utraque spec. sacr. &c.

Yea, their *Vasquez* draws it yet lower, *Negare non*, &c. *We cannot deny that in the Latin Church there was the use of both kinds, and that it so continued until the dayes of Saint Thomas, which was about the year of God, 1260.*

Thus it was in the *Romane* Church: but as for the *Greek*, the World knows it did never but communicate under both kinds. These open Confessions spare us the labour of quoting the several testimonies of all Ages: else it had been easie to shew how in the Liturgie of Saint *Basil* and *Chrysostome*, the Priest was wont to pray, *Vouchsafe, O Lord, to give us thy Body and thy Blood, and by us to thy people*; how in the order of *Rome*, the Archdeacon taking the Chalice from the Bishops hand, confirmeth all the receivers with the blood of our Lord: and from *(b) Ignatius's* ἓν ποτήριον πᾶσιν ὅλοις, *One Cup distributed to all*, to have descended along through the clear records of S. *Cyprian, Hierome, Ambrose, Augustine, Leo, Gelasius, Paschasius* and others, to the very time of *Hugo* and *Lombard*, and our *Halensis*; and to shew how S. *Cyprian* would not deny the blood of Christ to those that should shed their blood for Christ; how Saint *Austin* (with him) makes a comparison betwixt the blood of the Legal

Liturg. Basil. & Chrysost.

Vide Cassand. consult. ubi sup.

b In Epist. ad Phil. Lib. 1. Ep. 2. Lib. de Cœn. Dom. Quæst in Levit. 57.

Sacrifices, which might not be eaten, and this blood of our Saviours Sacrifice, which all muſt drink. A

But what need allegations to prove a yielded truth? So as this halfing of the Sacrament is a mere novelty of *Rome*, and ſuch a one as their own Pope *Gelaſius* ſticks not to accuſe of no leſs then Sacriledge.

*Grat. decret. de conſecrat. dict. 2 c. 12. comperimus, *Diviſio unius ejuſdemq; Myſterii non ſine grandi ſacrilegio poteſt pervenire.*

Sect. 2. Half-Communion *againſt Scripture.*

NEither ſhall we need to urge Scripture, when it is plainly confeſſed by the laſt Councils of *Lateran* and *Trent*, that this practice varies from Chriſts inſtitution. Yet the *Tridentine* Fathers have left themſelves this evaſion, that however our Saviour ordained it in both kinds, and ſo delivered it to his Apoſtles, notwithſtanding he hath not by any command enjoyned it to be ſo received of the Laity: Not conſidering that the charge of our Saviour is equally univerſal in both; to whom he ſaid, *Take and eate*, to the ſame alſo he ſaid, *Drink ye all of this*; ſo as by the ſame reaſon our Saviour hath given no command at all unto the Laity to eat or drink; and ſo this Bleſſed Sacrament ſhould be to all Gods people (the Prieſts onely excepted) arbitrary and unneceſſary. But the great Doctor of the Gentiles is the beſt Commenter upon his Maſter, who writing to the Church of God at *Corinth*, * *to them that are ſanctified in Chriſt Jeſus, with all that in every place call upon the Name of Jeſus Chriſt*, ſo delivers the inſtitution of Chriſt, as that in the uſe of the Cup he makes no difference; ſix times conjoining the mention of drinking with eating; and fetching it in with an ὡσαύτως, equality of the manner, and neceſſity of both, charges all Chriſtians indifferently, *Probet ſeipſum, Let every man examine himſelf*, &c. *and ſo let him eate of that bread, and drink of that cup.* B C

Etſi Chriſtus Dominus, &c. non tamen illa inſtitutio & traditio eo tendunt ut omnes Chriſti fideles ſtatuto Domini ad utramque ſpeciem accipiendam aſtringatur, &c. Concil. Trid. ſeſſ. 5. ſub Pio. An. 1562. c. 1.

*1 Cor. 1. 2.

Nihil differt ſacerdos à ſubdito quando ſruendum eſt myſteriis. Chryſ. 1 Cor. 11. 28.

Sect. 3. Half-Communion *againſt Reaſon.*

IN this practice Reaſon is no leſs their enemy. *Though it be but a mans teſtament, yet if it be confirmed, no man diſannulleth it* (ſaith Saint *Paul.*) How much leſs ſhall fleſh and blood preſume to alter the laſt Will of the Son of God; and that in ſo material a Point as utterly deſtroyes the inſtitution? For, as our Learned Biſhop of *Carliſle* argues truely, half a Man is no Man, half a Sacrament is no Sacrament. D

Gal. 3. 15.

Doct. White cont. Fiſherum.

And as well might they take away the Bread as the Cup; both depend upon the ſame ordination: It is only the command of Chriſt that makes the Bread neceſſary; the ſame command of Chriſt equally enjoynes the Cup; both do either ſtand or fall upon the ſame ground.

The pretence of Concomitancie is ſo poor a ſhift, that it hurts them rather; for if by virtue thereof the Body of Chriſt is no leſs in the Wine then the Blood is in the Bread, it will neceſſarily follow, that they might as well hold back the Bread and give the Cup, as hold back the Cup and give the Bread. E

And could this Myſtery be hid from the eyes of the Bleſſed Authours of this Sacrament? Will theſe men be wiſer then the wiſedome of his Father? If he knew this, and ſaw the Wine yet uſeful, who dares abrogate it? and if he had not ſeen it uſeful, why did he not then ſpare the labour and coſt of ſo needleſs an element?

Laſtly, the Blood that is here offered unto us, is that which was ſhed for us: that which was ſhed from the Body, is not in the Body: in vain therefore is Concomitancie pleaded for a ſeparated blood. F

Shortly then, this mutilation of the Sacrament being both confeſſedly late, and extremely injurious to God and his people, and contrary to Scripture and Reaſon, is juſtly abandoned by us; and we for abandoning it unjuſtly cenſured.

CHAP.

Chap. IX.

The Newneſs of the Miſſal Sacrifice.

IT ſounds not more prodigiouſly that a Prieſt ſhould every day make his God, then that he ſhould ſacrifice him. Antiquity would have as much abhorred the ſenſe as it hath allowed the word. Nothing is more ordinary with the Fathers, then to call * Gods Table an Altar, the holy Elements an Oblation, the act of Celebration an Immolation, the Actour a Prieſt. Saint *(a) Chryſoſtome* reckons ten kinds of Sacrifice, and at laſt (as having forgotten it) addes the eleventh. All which we well allow; and indeed many Sacrifices are offered to God in this one: but a *(b)* true, proper, propitiatory Sacrifice for quick and dead, (which the *Tridentine* Fathers would force upon our belief) would have ſeemed no leſs ſtrange a Soloeciſme to the eares of the Ancients then it doth to ours. * Saint *Auguſtine* calls it a Deſignation of Chriſts offering upon the Croſs; Saint *Chryſoſtome* (and *Theophylact* after him) a Remembrance of his Sacrifice; *Emiſſenus*, a daily Celebration in myſtery of that which was once offered in payment; and *(c) Lombard* himſelf, a memorial and repreſentation of the true Sacrifice upon the Croſs. That which *(d) Caſſander* cites from Saint *Ambroſe* or *Chryſoſtome*, may be in ſtead of all: *In Chriſt is the Sacrifice once offered able to give Salvation. What do we therefore? Do we not offer every day? Surely, if we offer daily, it is done for a recordation of his death.* This is the language and meaning of Antiquity, the very ſame which the *Tridentine* Synod condemneth in us. *(e) If any man ſhall ſay that the Sacrifice of the Maſs is onely a Sacrifice of praiſe and thankſgiving, or a bare commemoration of the Sacrifice offered upon the Croſs, let him be accurſed.*

* *Macarium in altare inſultaſſe, menſam Domini evertiſſe.* Socrat. lib. 1. c. 10.
a Chryſoſt. in Pſal. 95.
b Conc. Tri. Seſ. 6. c. 2. Can. 1. *Verum, propriam, propitiatorium*, &c.
* In li. ſen. Proſ. hom. 17. ad Heb.
c Prece myſtica conſecratur nobis in memoria Dominicæ Paſſionis. Lom. ſent. lib. 4. d. 12.
d Caſſand. conſult. de ſacrificio. Et ibid. *hoc autem ſacrificium exemplar eſt illius.* Chryſ ubi ſupr.
e Si quis dixerit Miſſæ Sacrificium tantum eſſe laudis & gratiarum actionis, &c. Seſſ. 6. cap. 9.

Sect. 2. Sacrifice of the Maſs *againſt Scripture.*

HOw plain is the Scripture, whiles it tels us, that our High Prieſt *needeth not daily, as thoſe High Prieſts* (under the Law) *to offer up ſacrifice, firſt for his own ſins, then for the peoples; for this he did once, when he offered up himſelf?* The contradiction of the *Trent*-Fathers is here very remarkable. *Chriſt* (ſay they) *who on the Altar of the Croſs offered himſelf in a bloody Sacrifice, is now this true Propitiatory Sacrifice in the Maſs made by himſelf: He is one and the ſame Sacrifice, and one and the ſame offerer of that Sacrifice, by the Miniſtery of his Prieſts, who then offered himſelf on the Croſs.* So then, they ſay, that Chriſt offered up that Sacrifice then, and this now: Saint *Paul* ſays, he offered up that Sacrifice and no more. Saint *Paul* ſayes, our High Prieſt needs not to offer daily Sacrifice: They ſay, theſe daily Sacrifices muſt be offered by him. Saint *Paul* ſayes that he offered himſelf but once for the ſins of the people: They ſay, he offers himſelf daily for the ſins of quick and dead. And if the Apoſtle in the Spirit of Propheſie foreſaw this Errour, and would purpoſely foreſtal it, he could not ſpeak more directly then when he ſaith, *We are ſanctified through the offering of the Body of Jeſus Chriſt once for all. And every High Prieſt ſtandeth daily miniſtring and offering oftentimes the ſame Sacrifices which can never take away ſins: But this man after he had offered one Sacrifice for ſins, for ever ſate down on the right hand of God; from henceforth exſpecting till his enemies be made his footſtool: For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are ſanctified.*

Heb. 7. 27.
Conc. Trid. Seſ. 6. cap. 2.
Heb. 10. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

Now let the vain heads of men ſeek ſubtil evaſions in the different manner of this offering, bloody then, unbloody now. The Holy Ghoſt ſpeaks punctually of

Sola offerendi ratione diverſa. Ibid. Conc. Tr.

of the very ſubſtance of the act, and tells us abſolutely, there is but one Sacrifice once offered by him in any kind: Elſe the oppoſition that is there made betwixt the Legal Prieſthood and his ſhould not hold, if, as they, ſo he had often properly and truely ſacrificed.

That I may not ſay they build herein what they deſtroy; for an unbloody Sacrifice, in this ſenſe, can be no other then figurative and commemorative. Is it really propitiatory? *Without ſhedding of blood there is no remiſſion.* If therefore ſins be remitted by this Sacrifice, it muſt be in relation to that blood which was ſhed in his true perſonal Sacrifice upon the Croſs; and what relation can be betwixt this and that but of repreſentation and remembrance? in which their moderate *Caſſander* fully reſteth.

Hebr. 9. 22.

Caſſan. Conſul. de ſacrif.

Sect. 3. Miſſal Sacrifice *againſt Reaſon.*

IN Reaſon there muſt be in every Sacrifice (as Cardinal *Bellarmine* grants) a deſtruction of the thing offered; and ſhall we ſay that they make their Saviour to crucifie him again? No, but to eat him; for, *Conſumptio ſeu manducatio quæ fit à Sacerdote, The conſumption or manducation which is done of the Prieſt is an eſſential part of this Sacrifice*, ſaith the ſame Authour: *For in the whole action of the Maſſe there is* (ſaith he) *no other real deſtruction but this.*

Bellar. lib. 1 de Miſſa, cap. 2.

Suppoſe we then the true humane fleſh, blood and bone of Chriſt, God and man, really and corporally made ſuch by this Tranſubſtantiation, whether is more horrible, to crucifie, or to eat it?

By this rule it is the Prieſts teeth, and not his tongue, that makes Chriſts body a Sacrifice. By this rule it ſhall be *hoſtia an hoſt*, when it is not a Sacrifice; and a reſerved hoſt is no Sacrifice, howſoever conſecrated. And what if a mouſe or other vermin ſhould eat the Hoſt? (it is a caſe put by themſelves) who then ſacrificeth?

Jo. de Burg. 4 partis cap. 8. de Miniſtratione Euch.

To ſtop all mouths; Laicks eat as well as the Prieſt, there is no difference in their manducation, but Laicks ſacrifice not; and (as *Salmeron* urges) the Scripture diſtinguiſheth betwixt the Sacrifice, and the participation of it: (a) *Are not they which eat of the Sacrifices, partakers of the Altar?* And in the very Canon of the Maſs, *Ut quotquot*, &c. the prayer is, *That all we which in the participation of the Altar have taken the ſacred Body and Blood of thy Son*, &c. *Wherein it is plain*, ſaith he, *that there is a diſtinction betwixt the Hoſt, and the eating of the Hoſt.*

Salmer. Tom. 9. Tract. 29. An Euchar. ſit proprie ſacrificium. a 1 Cor. 9. 13.

Laſtly, ſacrificing is an act done to God: if then eating be ſacrificing, the Prieſt eates his God to his God; *Quorum Deus venter.* Whiles they in vain ſtudie to reconcile this new-made Sacrifice of Chriſt already in Heaven with *Jube hæc præferri, Command theſe to be carried by the hands of thine holy Angels to thine high Altar in Heaven, in the ſight of thy Divine Majeſty*; we conclude, That this proper and propitiatory Sacrifice of the Maſſe, as a new, unholy, unreaſonable Sacrifice, is juſtly abhorred by us, and we for abhorring it unjuſtly ejected.

Chap. X.

The Newneſs of Image-Worſhip.

AS for the ſetting up and worſhipping of *Images*, we ſhall not need to climbe ſo high as *Arnobius*, or *Origen*, or the Council of *Eliberis*, *Anno* 305. or to that fact and hiſtory of *Epiphanius*, (whoſe famous Epiſtle is honored by the Tranſlation of *Hierome*) of the picture found by him in the Church of the Village of *Anablatha*, though out of his own

Epiſt. Epiphan. Inter opera Hieron.

A own Dioceſe; how he tore it in an holy zeal; and wrote to the Biſhop of the place, beſeeching him that no ſuch Pictures may be hanged up, contrary to our Religion: though (by the way) who can but bluſh at Maſter *Fiſher*'s evaſion, that it was ſure the Picture of ſome prophane Pagan? when as *Epiphanius* himſelf there ſayes, it had *Imaginem quaſi Chriſti, vel Sancti cujuſdam, the Image as it were of Chriſt, or ſome Saint.* Surely therefore the Image went for Chriſts, or for ſome noted Saints; neither doth he finde fault with the irreſemblance, but with the Image, as ſuch.

Quæ contra religionem noſtram veniunt, &c.

That of *Agobardus* is ſufficient for us; *Nullus antiquorum Catholicorum, None of the ancient Catholicks ever thought that Images were to be worſhipped* B *or adored: They had them indeed, but for hiſtory ſake; to remember the Saints by, not to worſhip them.*

Biblio. Patr. tom. 9.

The deciſion of *Gregory* the Great (ſome 600 yeares after Chriſt) which he gave to *Serenus* Biſhop of *Maſſilia*, is famous in every mans mouth and pen; *Et quidem quia eas adorari vetuiſſes*, &c. *We commend you* (ſaith he) *that you forbade thoſe Images to be worſhipped; but we reprove your breaking of them:* adding the reaſon of both, *For that they were only retained for hiſtory and inſtruction, not for adoration.* Which ingenuous *Caſſander* ſo comments upon, as that he ſhews this to be a ſufficient declaration of the judgement of the *Romane* Church in thoſe times, *Videlicet ideo haberi picturas*, &c. *That Images are kept* C *not to be adored and worſhipped, but that the ignorant by beholding thoſe Pictures might, as by written records, be put in minde of what hath been formerly done, and be thereupon ſtirred up to Piety.* And the ſame Authour tells us that *Sanioribus ſcholiaſticis diſplicet*, &c. *The ſounder Schoolmen diſliked that opinion of* Thomas Aquine, *who held, that the Image is to be worſhipped with the ſame adoration which is due to the thing repreſented by it*; reckoning up *Durand, Holcot, Biel.* Not to ſpend many words in a clear caſe: What the judgement and practice of our Anceſtours in this Iland was concerning this point, appears ſufficiently by the relation of *Roger Hoveden* our Hiſtorian, who tells us that in the year 792. *Charls* the King of *France* ſent into this Iſle a Synodal D Book directed unto him from *Conſtantinople*, wherein there were divers offenſive paſſages; but eſpecially this one, that by the unanimous conſent of all the Doctours of the Eaſt, and no fewer then 300 Biſhops, it was decreed that Images ſhould be worſhipped, *quod Eccleſia Dei execratur*, ſaith he, *which the Church of God abhorres. Againſt which Errour Albinus* (ſaith he) *wrote an Epiſtle marvellouſly confirmed by authority of Divine Scriptures; and in the perſon of our Biſhops and Princes exhibited it, together with the ſaid Book, unto the French King.* This was the ſetled reſolution of our Predeceſſours: And if ſince that time prevailing Superſtition have incroached upon the enſuing ſucceſſion of the Church, τὰ ἀρχαῖα, let the old rules ſtand, as thoſe Fathers de- E termined; away with Novelties.

Caſſan. Conſul. 21. artic. de cultu Imag.

Reg. Hoveden. Part. Annal. 1. Ann. 792. fol 3.

But, good Lord, how apt men are to raiſe or believe lies for their own advantage? *Urſpergenſis* and other friends of Idolatry tell us of a Council held at *London* in the days of Pope *Conſtantine*, *Anno* 714. wherein the worſhip of Images was publickly decreed; the occaſion whereof was this: *Egwin* the Monk (after made Biſhop) had a Viſion from God, wherein he was admoniſhed to ſet up the Image of the Mother of God in his Church. The matter was debated, and brought before the Pope in his See Apoſtolick: there *Egwin* was ſworn to the truth of his Viſion. Thereupon Pope *Conſtantinus* ſent his Legate *Boniface* into *England*, who called a Council at *London*; F wherein, after proof made of *Egwin*'s Viſion, there was an act made for Image-worſhip. A figment ſo groſs, that even their *Baronius* and *Binnius* fall foul upon it, with a *facilè inducimur*, &c. *we are eaſily induced to believe it to be a lie.* Their ground is, that it is deſtitute of all teſtimony of Antiquity; and beſides, that it doth directly croſs the report of *Beda*, who tels us that our Engliſh, together with the Goſpel, received that uſe of Images from their Apoſtle

Viſe Binnium in vita Conſtant. P.

Beda Eccl. hist. Ang. lib. 1. cap. 25, &c.

Apoſtle *Auguſtine:* and therefore needed not any new Viſion for the entertainment thereof. Let us enquire then a little into the words of *Beda*; *At illi, but they, (Auguſtine* and his fellows) *non dæmoniaca*, &c. *came armed not with the power of Devils, but of God, bearing a ſilver Croſs for their Standard, and the Image of our Lord and Saviour painted in a Table, and ſinging Letanies both for the Salvation of themſelves, and of them whom they came to convert.* Thus he.

This ſhews indeed, that *Auguſtine* and his fellows brought Images into *England*, unknown here before; (a point worthy of good obſervation:) but how little this proves the allowed Worſhip of them, will eaſily appear to any Reader, if he conſider that *Gregory* the firſt and Great was he that ſent this *Auguſtine* into *England*; whoſe judgement concerning Images is clearly publiſhed by himſelf to all the world in his fore-cited Epiſtle, abſolutely condemning their Adoration (*Auguſtine* ſhould have been an ill Apoſtle, if he had herein gone contrary to the will of him that ſent him;) if withal he ſhall conſider, that within the very ſame Century of years the Clergy of *England*, by *Albinus Bede*'s Scholar, ſent this publick declaration of their earneſt diſavowing both of the doctrine and practice of Image-worſhip.

Sect. 2. Image-worſhip *againſt Scripture.*

AS for Scripture, we need not to goe further then the very Second Commandement; the charge whereof is ſo inevitable, that it is very ordinarily (doubtleſs in the guiltineſs of an apparent check) left out in the devotional Books to the people. *(a)* Others, ſince they cannot raze it out, would fain limit it to the Jews, pretending that this precept againſt the worſhip of Images was onely Temporal and Ceremonial, and ſuch as ought not to be in force under the Times of the Goſpel.

a Azorius Inſt. lib. 9. c 6. cites for this opinion, Alex. p. 3. q. 30. memb. 3. art. 3. Alber. 3. d. 9. art. 4. Bonav. 3. d. 9. 1. q. Richard. 3. d. 9. art. 2. q. 1. Palud. 3. d 9 q. 1. Marſil. 3. q. 8. Henric. quodl. 10. q. 6. Cent. 2. cap. 5.

Wherein they recal to my thoughts that which *Epiphanius* the ſon of *Carpocrates* anſwered, when his Luſt was checked with the command of *Non concupiſces*; *True*, ſaid he, *that is to be underſtood of the Heathen, whoſe Wives and Siſters we may not indeed luſt after.*

Some more modeſt ſpirit are aſhamed of that ſhift, and fly to the diſtinction of Idols and Images: * a diſtinction without a difference; of their making, not of Gods; of whom we never learned other, then that as every Idol is an Image of ſomething, ſo every Image worſhipped turns Idol: the Language differs, not the thing it ſelf.

* εἴδωλον ſæpe *ſimulacrum* ver. Act. 7. 41. & 15. 20. 1 Cor. 12. 2. 1 John 5. 21. Levit. 26. 1. *b* Deut. 16. 22. * Eſay 42. 17. & 45. 16. Mic. 5. 13. Abac. 2. 18, 19. Zach. 10. 2. Eſa. 2. 8. & 30. 22. & 41. 7, 22, 23, 24. 29. & Eſay 44. 12. Jer. 7 18. & 8 9. & 10 8. Ezec. 6. 4, 13. & 20. 28, 32. & 23. 7. Oſe 8. 4, 5. Mich. 1. 7.

To be ſure, God takes order for both, *Ye ſhall make you no Idol nor graven Image, neither rear you up any ſtanding image, neither ſhall you ſet up any image of ſtone in your Land to bow down to it.* Yea, as their own Vulgar turns it, *(b) Non facies tibi*, &c. *ſtatuam*, *Thou ſhalt not ſet thee up a Statue which God hateth.* The Book of God is * full of his indignation againſt this practice.

c Deut. 27. 15. * Durand. Rat. l. 1. c. 3. *Ex his & ſimilibus authoritatibus reprobatur nimius imaginum uſus.*

We may well ſhut up all with that curſe in Mount *Gereſim*, *(c) Curſed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, an abomination unto the Lord; the work of the hands of the craftſman, and putteth it in a ſecret place. And all the people ſhall ſay Amen.* Surely their * *Durandus*, after he hath cited divers Scriptures againſt Idols, as *Exod.* 20. *Levit.* 26. *Deut.* 4. *Numb*, 25, &c. at laſt concludes, *Ex his & ſimilibus*, &c. *By theſe and the like authorities is condemned the too much uſe of Images.*

Now becauſe many eyes are bleared with a pretence of worſhipping theſe not as Gods, but as reſemblances of God's friends, let any indifferent man but read the Epiſtle of *Jeremy*, *Baruch* 6. (canonical to them, though not to us) and compare the eſtate and uſage of thoſe ancient Idols with the preſent Images of the *Romane* Church; and if he do not find them fully parallel'd, let him condemn our quarrel of injuſtice.

But

But we must needs think them hard driven for Scripture, when they run for shelter under that Text which professedly taxeth them. Ἐναθεμάτους &c. *in illicitis idolorum cultibus*, saith S. *Peter*, *in unlawfull Idolatries*; speaking of the Gentiles: *Therefore*, saith *Valentia*, *there is a lawfull worship of Idols*. As if that were an Epithet of favour, which is intended to aggravation. So he that should call Satan an unclean Devil, should imply that some Devil is not unclean; or, deceivable lusts, some lusts deceitlesse; or, hatefull wickednes, some wickednes not hatefull. The man had forgot that the Apostle spake of the heathenish Idolatrie; wherein himself cannot plead any colour of lawfulnesse. May this therefore befriend them, to call Idolatrie abominable, the Scripture is theirs; neither can they look for any other countenance from those Sacred monuments.

1 Pet. 4 3. We turn it well, *abominable Idolatries*. Greg. Val. l. 2. Apol. de Idol. c. 7. *Neque absurde profecto putaveris B. Petrum insinuasse cultum atque simulacrorum rectum esse*, &c. cont. Hebrandum.

Sect. 3. *Against Reason.*

WHat need we seek any other Reason of God's prohibition then his will? and yet God himself hath given abundant reason of his prohibition of Images erected to himself.

(a) To whom will ye liken God? or what likenes will ye compare unto him? (b) Ye saw no manner of similitude in the day that the Lord spake to you in Horeb. It is an high injury to the infinite and Spiritual nature of God to be resembled by bodily shapes. And for the worship of Images erected to himself or his creature, *(c) I am the Lord, that is my name, and my glory will I not give to another, nor my praise to molten images.* The holy jealousie of the Almighty will not abide any of his honour divided with his creature; and *(d)* whatever worship more then mere humane is imparted to the creature, sets it in rivaltie with our Maker.

The man is better then his picture; and if religious worship will not be allowed to the Person of man or Angel, how much lesse to his Image? Not to man; (*e*) Saint *Peter* forbids it: not to Angel; *(f)* himself forbids it. What a madnesse then is it for a living man to stoop unto a dead stock; unlesse (as that *(g)* Cynick had wont to speak unto statues) to use himself to repulses?

This curtesie was too shamefull in the Pagans of old, how much more intolerable in Christians? And as for that last shift of this unlawfull devotion, that they worship not the Image, but by it the * Person represented; *Hæc à Paganis afferri solebat, This* (saith (*h*) *Cassander*, out of the evidence of *Arnobius* & *Lactantius*, to whom he might have added Saint *Augustine*) *was the very evasion of the old Heathen*; *Nec valebat tunc illa ratio*, *Neither would this colour then serve*: how can it hope now to passe and finde allowance?

The Doctrine therefore and Practice of *Image-worship*, as late as erroneous, is justly rejected by us, who, according to (*i*) S. *Hierome*'s profession, worship not the relicks of Martyrs, nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Angels, nor Archangels, nor Cherubim, nor Seraphin, nor any name that is named in this world or in the world to come: and unjustly are we hereupon ejected.

a Esay 40. 18
b Deut. 4 15.
c Esay 42. 8.
d *Si quis puram creaturam propter quamcumque excellentiã colit cultu & honore majori quam puro humano, cultus hic jam accedit ad cultum religiosum, & per conseq. ad divinũ.* Spalat. de Rep. Eccl. l. 7. c. 12. *Sed neq; Elias adorandus est, etiamsi in vivis sit, neq; Johannes adorandus*, &c. Epiph. cont. Collyrid. hær. 79.
e Acts 10. 26.
f Revel. 19 10.
g Diog. Laert.
* *Per illa colitur Deus.* Lessi. de Jure &c. de Relig. l. 2. 36. dub.
h Cassand. Conf. Art. 21.
i *Nos non dico Martyrum reliquias*, &c. Hier. ad Riparium.

Chap. XI.

The Newnes of Indulgences *and* Purgatorie.

NOthing is more palpable then the Noveltie of *Indulgences* or *Pardons*, as they are now of use in the *Roman* Church; the intolerable abuse whereof gave the first hint to *Luther*'s inquirie. Pope *Leo* had gratified his sister *Magdalen* with a large Monopoly of *Germane* Pardons; *Aremboldus* her Factour was too covetous, and held the market too high: The height of these over-rated Wares caused the Chapmen to inquire their worth.

Histor. Concil. Trid. lib. 1.

They were found, as they are, both for age and dignity. For age ſo new, as that (a) *Cornelius Agrippa*, and (b) *Polydore Virgil*, and *Machiavel* (and who not?) tell us, *Boniface* the Eighth, who lived *Anno* 1300. was the firſt that extended Indulgences to Purgatory, the firſt that deviſed a Jubilee for the full utterance of them. The Indulgences of former times were no other then relaxations of Canonical Penances, which were enjoined to hainous ſinners; whereof *Burchard* the Biſhop of *Wormes* ſets down many particulars, about the year 1020. For example, if a man had committed wilfull murther, he was to faſt forty daies together in bread and water, (which the common people calls a Lent) and to obſerve a courſe of Penance for ſeven years after. Now theſe years of Penance and theſe Lents were they which the Pardons of former times were uſed to ſtrike off or abate, according as they found reaſon in the diſpoſition of the Penitent: which may give light to thoſe terms of ſo many Lents and years remitted in former Indulgences. But that there ſhould be a ſacred treaſure of the Church, wherein are heaped up piles of ſatisfaction of Saints, whereof only the Pope keeps the keyes, and hath power to diſpenſe them where he liſts, is ſo late a device, that *Gregorie* of *Valence* is forced to confeſſe, that not ſo much as *Gratian* or *Peter Lombard* (which wrote about 400 years before him) ever made mention of the name of Indulgence.

Well therefore might *Durand* and *Antonine* grant it not to be found either in the Scriptures or in the writings of the antient Doctors: and our B. *Fiſher* goes ſo far in the acknowledgement of the Newneſs thereof, that he hath run into the cenſure of late Jeſuites.

Juſt and warrantable is that challenge of Learned *Chemnitius*, that no teſtimony can be produced of any Father or of any antient Church, that either ſuch Doctrine or Practice of ſuch Indulgences was ever in uſe untill towards 1200 years after Chriſt. *Talium indulgentiarum:* Some there were in the time immediatly fore-going; but ſuch as now they were not. Beſides *Eugenius* his time which was too near the Verge; for the words of *Chemnitius* are, * *Per annos ferme mille ducentos. Bellarmine* inſtances in the third Council of *Lateran*, about the year 1116. wherein Pope *Paſchal* the ſecond gave Indulgences of forty daies to thoſe which viſited the threſhold of the Apoſtles. But it muſt be conſidered, that we muſt take this upon the bare word of *Conrad. Urſpergenſis*. Secondly, that this Indulgence of his is no other but a relaxation of Canonical Penance. For he addes, (which *Bellarmine* purpoſely concealeth) *iis qui de capitalibus*, &c. *to thoſe that ſhould doe Penance for capital ſins, he releaſed forty daies Penance.* So as this inſtance helps nothing; neither are the reſt, which he hath raked together within the compaſſe of a few preceding years, of any other alloy.

Neither hath that Cardinal offered to cite one Father for the proof of this Practice, the birth whereof was many hundred years after their expiration; but cunningly ſhifts it off with a cleanly excuſe, *Neque mirum*, &c. *Neither may it ſeem ſtrange if we have not many antient Authours that make mention of theſe things in the Church, which are preſerved only by uſe, not by writing.* So he. He ſaies, *Not many Authours*; he ſhews not one. And if many matters of rite have been traduced to the Church without notice of Pen or Preſſe; yet let it be ſhewn what one Doctrine or Practice of ſuch importance as this is pretended to be hath eſcaped the report and maintenance of ſome Eccleſiaſtick Writer or other, and we ſhall willingly yield it in this. Till then, we ſhall take this but for a mere colour, and reſolve that our honeſt *Roffenſis* deals plainly with us, who tells us, *Quamdiu nulla fuerat de Purgatorio cura*, &c. *So long as there was no care of Purgatorie, no man ſought after Indulgences; for upon that depends all the opinion of Pardon: If you take away Purgatory, wherefore ſhould we need pardons? Since therefore Purgatory was ſo lately known and received of the whole Church, who can marvel concerning Indulgences, that there was no uſe of them in the beginning of the Church? Indulgences then began after men had trembled ſome while*

a De vanit. ſcient. c. 16.
b De invent. rer. l. 8. c. 1. *Dies Indulgent. referuntur ad pœnitentias pro vita injunctas.* Gerſ. reg. moral.

Greg. de Val. & Bellarm. l. 2. de Indulgent.

Chemn. Exam. de Indulgent. c. 4.

Ibidem.

* For well-near a thouſand two hundred years.

Bellarm. l. 2. de Indul. cap. 17.

while at the torments of a Purgatory. Thus their Martyr, not partially for us, but ingenuously out of the power of truth, professes the Novelty of two great Articles of the *Romane* Creed, Purgatorie and Indulgences. Indeed, both these now hang on one string: although there was a kinde of Purgatory dreamed of before their Pardons came into play. That device peep'd out fearfully from *Origen*, and pull'd in the head again, as in (*a*) S. *Austin*'s time doubting to shew it; *Tale aliquod*, &c. *That there is some such thing* (saith he) *after this life, it is not utterly incredible, and may be made a question.* And elsewhere, *I reprove it not, for it may perhaps be true.* And yet again, as retracting what he had yielded, he resolves, *Let no man deceive himself, my brethren; there are but two places, and a third there is none.* Before whom (*b*) S. *Cyprian* is peremptory, *Quando isthinc excessum fuerit, When we are once departed hence, there is now no more place of repentance, no effect of satisfaction; here is life either lost or kept.* And (*c*) *Gregory Nazianzen*'s verse sounds to the same sense. And (*d*) S. *Ambrose* can say of his *Theodosius*, that being freed from this earthly warfare, *Fruitur nunc luce perpetuâ*, &c. *he now enjoies everlasting light, during tranquillity, and triumphs in the troops of the Saints.* But what strive we in this? We may well take the word of their Martyr, our *Roffensis*, for both: And true (*e*) *Erasmus* for the ground of this defence; *Mirum in modum*, &c. *They do marvellously affect the fire of Purgatory, because it is most profitable for their Kitchins.*

a Aug. Ench. c.69. De Civit. Dei, l.21.c.26. *Quicquid sit quod illo significatur; Sum Abrahæ.* Confess. l.9. c.3. Ser. de Temp. 232. *Qui cum Christo regnare non meruerit, cum diabolo absque dubitatione peribit*, &c. ib. and the like, De civit. Dei, lib.21. c.25.

b Cypr. cont. Demetriam, ad finem.

c —— *Hîc etiam nobis est prompta medela; Post autem clausa est omnis medicina salutis.* Naz. Car. de rebus suis, Carm. 1. sig. 23.
d Ambr. de obitu Theodos. ad medium, &c. e Eras. Epist. l. 20. Hier. Agathio.

Sect. 2. Indulgences *and* Purgatory *against Scripture.*

THese two then are so late come strangers, that they cannot challenge any notice taken of them by Scripture; neither were their names ever heard of in the language of *Canaan*: yet the wisdome of that all-seeing Spirit hath not left us without preventions of future Errours, in blowing up the very grounds of these humane devices.

The First and main ground of both is, the remainders of some temporal punishments to be pay'd after the guilt and eternal punishment remitted; the driblets of Venial sins to be reckon'd for when the Mortal are defraied. Hear what God saith; *I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.* Loe, can the Letter be read that is blotted out? Can there be a back-reckoning for that which shall not be remembred? *I have done away thy transgressions as a Cloud.* What sins can be lesse then transgressions? What can be more clearly dispersed then a Cloud? *Wash me, and I shall be whiter then snow.* Who can tell where the spot was, when the skin is rinsed? *If we confesse our sins, he is faithfull to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousnesse.* Loe, he cleanseth us from the guilt, and forgives the punishment. What are our sins but debts? What is the infliction of punishment, but an exaction of payment? What is our remission, but a striking off that score? And when the score is struck off, what remains to pay? *Remitte debita, Forgive our debts*, is our daily Prayer. Our Saviour tells the Paralitick, *Thy sins are forgiven thee*; in the same words implying the removing of his Disease. If the sin be gone, the punishment cannot stay behinde. We may smart by way of chastisement after the freest remission, not by way of revenge; for our amendment, not for God's satisfaction.

Esay 43.25. Esay 44.22. Psal.51.7. 1 John 1.9. Mat.6.12. Mar.2.5.

The Second ground is, a middle condition betwixt the state of eternal life and death, of no lesse torment for the time then Hell it self, whose flames may burn off the rust of our remaining sins; the issues wherefrom are in the power of the great Pastor of the Church. How did this escape the notice of our Saviour? *Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my Word and believeth in him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and comes not into judgment* (as the Vulgar it self terms it) *but is passed from death unto life.* Behold, a present possession,

εἰς κρίσιν οὐκ ἔρχεται, &c. John 5.24.

sion, and immediate passage, no judgement intervening, no torment. A

2 Cor. 5. 1. How was this hid from the great Doctor of the Gentiles, who putting himself into the common case of the believing *Corinthians*, professes, *We know that if once our earthly house of this Tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, not made with hands, eternall in the Heavens?* The dissolution of the one is the possession of the other; here is no interposition of time, of estate.

Wisd. 3. 1, 3. The Wise man of old could say, *The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; and there shall no torment touch them. Upon their very going from us they are in peace.*

Revel. 14. 13. Ἀπάρτι, as S. *John* heard from the heavenly voice, *From their very dying in the Lord is their blessedness.*

B

Sect. 3. Indulgences *against Reason.*

IT is absurd in Reason, to think that God should forgive our Talents, and arrest us for the odde Farthings. Neither is it lesse absurd to think that any living soul can have superfluities of Satisfaction; whenas all that man is capable to suffer cannot be sufficient for one (and that the least) sin of his own, the *wages* whereof *is eternall death*: or that those superfluities of humane satisfaction should piece up the infinite and perfectly-meritorious superabundance of the Son of God: or that this supposed treasure of Divine and humane satisfactions should be kept under the key of some one sinfull man: or that this one C
Collegia clericorum & conventus religiosorum aspergunt & incensant corpus Papæ, & absolvunt. Sacr. Cerem. man, who cannot deliver his own Soul from Purgatory, no not from Hell it self, should have power to free what others he pleaseth from those fearfull flames, to the full Gaol-delivery of that direfull prison; which though his great power can doe, yet his no lesse charity will not, doth not: or that the same Pardon which cannot acquit a man from one hours tooth-ach, should be of force to give his Soul ease from the temporary pains of another world.

Lastly, Guilt and Punishment are Relatives, and can no more be severed then a perfect forgiveness and a remaining compensation can stand together.

This Doctrine therefore of Papal Indulgences, as it led the way to the further discovery of the corruptions of the degenerated Church of *Rome*, so it still D
continues justly branded with Noveltie and Errour, and may not be admitted into our belief; and we for rejecting it are unjustly refused.

Chap. XII.

The Newness of Divine Service in an unknown tongue.

THat Prayers and other *Divine offices* should be done *in a known tongue*, understood of the people, is not more available to edification (as their E
(*a*) *Cajetan* liberally confesseth) then consonant to the practice of all Antiquity; insomuch as (*b*) *Lyranus* freely, *In the Primitive Church, blessings and all other services were done in the vulgar tongue.*

a Cajet. in 1 Cor. 14. *Ex hac Pauli doctrina habetur, quod melius ad ædificationem Ecclesiæ est orationes publicas, quæ audiente populo dicuntur, dici lingua communi clericis & populo, quàm dici Latine.*
b Lyr. ibid.
c Concil. Later. Anno 1215.

What need we look back so far, when even the (*c*) *Lateran* Council, which was but in the year 1215. under *Innocent* the third, makes this Decree, *Quoniam in plerisque, Because in many parts within the same City and Diocese, people are mixed of divers languages, having under one Faith divers Rites and fashions, we strictly command that the Bishops of the said Cities or Dioceses provide fit and able men, who, according to the diversities of their Rites and Languages, may celebrate Divine Services, and administer the Sacraments of the Church to them, instructing them both in word and example.* Cardinall *Bellarmine*'s evasion is very grosse, That in that place *Innocentius* and the Council speak only of the Greek and Latine tongue: *For then* (saith he) *Constantinople was newly taken by the Romanes, by reason whereof there was in Greece a mixture of Greeks and Latines; insomuch as they desired that in such places of frequence two Bishops might* F

A *might be allowed for the ordering of thoſe ſeveral Nations. Whereupon it was concluded, that ſince it were no other then monſtrous to appoint two Biſhops unto one See, it ſhould be the charge of that one Biſhop to provide ſuch under him as ſhould adminiſter all holy things to the Grecians in Greek, and in Latine to the Latines.* For who ſees not that the Conſtitution is general, *Pleriſque partibus, for very many parts* of the Chriſtian world, and *Populi diverſarum linguarum, People of ſundry languages*; not, as *Bellarmine* cunningly, *diverſæ linguæ, of a diverſe language?* And if theſe two only Languages had been meant, why had it not been as eaſie to ſpecifie them, as to intimate them by ſo large a circumlocution? The Synod is ſaid to be univerſal, comprehending all the Patriarchs,
B ſeventy ſeven Metropolitans, and the moſt eminent Divines of both Eaſt and Weſt Churches, to the number of at leaſt 2212 perſons, or, as ſome others, 2285. beſides the Embaſſadors of all Chriſtian Princes, of ſeveral Languages. Now ſhall we think that there were in all their Territories and Juriſdictions no mixtures of inhabitants, but only of *Grecians* and *Romans*; or, that all theſe Fathers were careleſſe of the reſt? eſpecially, ſince the end which they profeſſe to propoſe unto themſelves herein is, the inſtruction of the people, of what Nation or Language ſoever; which end as it was never meant to be limited to two ſorts of people, ſo could it never be attained without this liberty of Language fitted to their underſtanding. To which may be added, that the
C *Greeks* and *Latines*, of all other, had the leaſt need of this proviſion, ſince it was famouſly known that they had their ſeveral Services already of received and current uſe, before this Conſtitution was hatched.

Neither is it of any moment which he addeth, That in *Italy* it ſelf this Decree was not extended to the uſe of Vulgar tongues: for that it is evident that S. *Thomas* (who lived ſoon after) compoſed in *Latine* the Office of the Feaſt of *Corpus Chriſti*, not in the *Italian*; although the ſame *Aquinas* confeſſes that the vulgar tongue of *Italy* at that time was not *Latine*. For what childe cannot eaſily ſee, that if their great Doctor would write an Office for the publick uſe (as is intended) of the whole Church, he would make choice to write it in
D ſuch a Language as might improve it to the moſt common benefit of all the Chriſtian world? not confining it to the bounds of a particular Nation. Beſides, what was the *Italian* (in thoſe times eſpecially) but a broken and corrupt *Latine*, differing more in Idiome and termination then in the ſubſtance of ſpeech? That which *Radevicus* about the year 1170. records for the voice of the people, in the election of Pope *Victor*, *Papa Vittore S. Pietro l'elege*, makes good no leſſe; for what ſuch difference is betwixt this, and *Papam Victorem Sanctus Petrus elegit?* So as this inſtance doth nothing at all infringe that juſt Decree of the *Roman* Fathers. Howſoever, that obſervation of *Eraſmus* is true,
E and pregnant to this purpoſe, *Nec lingua vulgaris*, &c. *Neither was the vulgar tongue* (i. the *Latine*) *withdrawn from the people, but the people went off from it.*

Nec lingua vulgaris populo ſubſtracta eſt, ſed populus ab ea receſſit. Eraſ. decl. ad Cenſur. Pariſ. tit. 12. ſect. 14.

And as for our Anceſtors in this Iſland, our Venerable * *Beda* witneſſes that in *England* the Scriptures were read by them in five Languages, according to the number of the Books wherein the Law of God was written, namely *Engliſh*, *Scotiſh*, *Britiſh*, *Pictiſh*, and *Latine*; *which*, ſaith he, *in meditation of the Scriptures is made common to all the reſt.* A point which the ſaid Author ſpecifies for a commendation of the well-inſtructedneſſe of thoſe people: not as purpoſing to intimate that the uſe of the *Latine* did thruſt out the other four, for he there tels us that in all four they did not only ſearch, but con-
F feſſe and utter the knowledge of the higheſt truth. This reſtraint then is not more New then envious, and prejudicial to the Honour of God and the Souls of men.

* Beda Hiſtor. l. 1.

Sect. 2. *Againſt Scripture.*

AS for Scriptures; were this practice ſo old as it is pretended, the rule is, *Longævæ conſuetudinis*, &c. *The authority of an ancient Cuſtome is not to be ſlighted, ſo long as it is not againſt the Canons.* Nothing can be more againſt the Canons of the bleſſed Apoſtle then this; who, did he live in theſe our daies, and would bend his ſpeech againſt the uſe of a Language not underſtood in Gods ſervice, could not ſpeak more directly, more punctually, then he doth to his *Corinths*. How doth he tell us, that the ſpeaking in a ſtrange tongue edifies not the Church, profits not the hearers, produces a neceſſary ignorance of the thing ſpoken; makes me a Barbarian to him that ſpeaketh, and him that ſpeaketh a Barbarian to me? How doth he require him that ſpeaketh in an unknown tongue to pray that he may interpret? And if he muſt pray that he may doe it, how much more muſt he practice it when he can doe it? How doth he tell us that in a ſtrange-languaged Prayer the underſtanding is unfruitfull? that it is better to ſpeak five words with underſtanding, that we may teach others, then ten thouſand words in an unknown tongue? that thoſe which ſpeak with ſtrange tongues are but as mad men to the unlearned, or unbelievers.

Longævæ conſuetudinis non eſt vilis authoritas, dummodo canonibus non ſit contraria. 11. diſt. conſuet. &c.

1 Cor. 14. 5,6. Verſe 9. 11. 13. 14. 19. 23.

Sect. 3. *Againſt Reaſon.*

IN which Scriptures (beſides Authority) the Apoſtle hath comprized unanſwerable and convincing Reaſons againſt this *Romiſh* abuſe: Amongſt the reſt is intimated that utter fruſtration of the uſe of the tongue in Gods ſervice. For it is a true Rule which *Salmeron* cites out of *Lactantius*, *Nihil valet ex ſe*, &c. *That thing is to no purpoſe which avails not unto the end whereto it ſerves.* Silence doth as much expreſſe the thought, as a language not underſtood. In this ſenſe is that of *Laurentius* too well verified, *Sacerdos imperitus mulier ſterilis*, *A Prieſt unable to expreſſe himſelf is a barren woman; uncapable of bringing forth children to God.* As good no tongue as no underſtanding. *What good doth a Well ſealed up?* as *Ptolomy* ſaid of the Hebrew Text.

Salmeron in illa, *Vos eſtis ſal terræ*: ex Lactant.

Laurent. Presb. Piſan. Paradox. Euangelic.

Quid prodeſt fons ſignatus?

Wherefore do we ſpeak, if we would not be underſtood? It was an holy reſolution of S. *Auguſtine*, that he would rather ſay *Oſſum* in falſe *Latin*, to be underſtood of the people, then *Os* in true, not to be underſtood. This practice, however it may ſeem in it ſelf ſlight & unworthy of too much contention, yet in regard of that miſerable blindneſs and miſ-devotion which it muſt needs draw in after it, is ſo hainous, as it may well deſerve our utmoſt oppoſition. The unavoidableneſſe of which effects hath carried ſome of their Caſuiſts into an opinion of the unneceſſarineſſe of devotion in theſe holy buſineſſes; ſo as one ſayes, *He that wants devotion ſins not*; another, *Though it be convenient that the Communicant ſhould have actuall devotion, yet is it not neceſſary.* Alas! what ſervice is this which poor ſouls are taught to take up with, which God muſt be content to take from hood-wink'd ſuppliants? This Doctrine, this Practice, thus new, thus prejudicial to Chriſtians, we bleſſe God that we have ſo happily diſcarded; and for our juſt refuſall are unjuſtly ejected.

Jac. Graph. deciſ. aur. Sylv. quæſt. 80. art. 9.

Chap. XIII.

The Newneſſe of forced Sacramentall Confeſſion.

THE neceſſity of a particular, ſecret, full *Sacramental Confeſſion* of all our ſins to a Prieſt, upon pain of non-remiſſion, is an Act or Inſtitution of the *Romane* Church: For as for the *Greek* Church, it owns not either the Doctrine or Practice. So the Gloſſe of the Canon Law directly, *Confeſſio apud Græcos*, &c. *Confeſſion is not neceſſary amongſt the Grecians, unto whom no ſuch Tradition hath been derived.*

Concil. Trident. *Si quis dixerit in Sacram. Pœnitentiæ ad remiſſionem*, &c. *Anath.* &c. Seſſ. 14. Gloſſ. Grat. de Pœnitentia, diſt. 5. c. In pœnitentia. *Græci ſolummodo Deo confitendum dicunt.* De Pœnit. d. 1. *Multa alia & magni ponderis emendata ſunt.* In notis ibid.

That Gloſſe would tell us more, & ſo would *Gratian* himſelf, if their tongues were not clipt by a guilty expurgation. But in the mean time the Gloſſe of that Canon (hitherto allowed) plainly controlls the Decree of that late Council: For if the neceſſity of Confeſſion be only a Tradition, and ſuch a one as hath not been deduced to the *Greek* Church, then it ſtands not by the Law of God, which is univerſal, not making differences of places or times; like an high-elevated Star which hath no particular aſpect upon one Region.

That there is a lawfull, commendable, beneficial uſe of Confeſſion was never denied by us; but to ſet men upon the rack, and to ſtrain their Souls up to a double pin, of abſolute neceſſity (both *præcepti* and *medii*) and of a ſtrict particularity, and that by a ſcrew of *Jus divinum*, *Gods Law*, is ſo mere a *Romane* Novelty, that many ingenuous Authours of their own have willingly confeſſed it.

Amongſt whom Cardinall *Bellarmine* himſelf yields us *(a) Eraſmus* and *(b) Beatus Rhenanus*, two noble Witneſſes; whoſe joynt Tenet he confeſſes to be, *Confeſſionem ſecretam*, &c. *That the ſecret Confeſſion of all our ſins is not onely not inſtituted or commanded Jure divino, by Gods Law; but that it was not ſo much as received into uſe in the Ancient Church of God.* To whom he might have added, out of *Maldonat's* account, *omnes Decretorum*, &c. *all the Interpreters of the Decrees*; and, amongſt the School-men, *Scotus*.

Bellar. de pœnit. l. 3. c. 1. *a* In Annot. Hier. ad Ocean. *b* In not. Tertul. de pœnitent. &c.

We know well thoſe ſad and auſtere *Exomologeſes* which were publickly uſed in the ſevere times of the Primitive Church: whiles theſe took place, what uſe was there of private? Theſe obtained even in the Weſtern or *Latine* Church till the dayes of *Leo*, about 450. years: in which time they had a grave publick Penitentiary for this purpoſe. Afterwards (whether the noted inconveniences of that practice, or whether the cooling of the former fervour occaſioned it) this open Confeſſion began to give way to ſecret; which continued in the Church, but with freedome, and without that forced and ſcrupulous ſtrictneſſe which the latter times have put upon it. It is very remarkable which Learned *Rhenanus* hath, *Cæterum Th. ab Aquino*, &c. *But* (ſaith he) *Thomas of Aquine and Scotus (men too acute) have made confeſſion at this day ſuch, as that Joh. Geilerius a grave and holy Divine, which was for many years Preacher at Straſburgh, had wont to ſay to his friends, that according to their rules it is an impoſſible thing to confeſſe:* adding, that the ſame *Geilerius* being familiarly converſant with ſome religious Votaries, both *Carthuſians* and *Franciſcans*, learned of them with what torments the godly minds of ſome men were afflicted, by the rigour of that Confeſſion which they were not able to anſwer; and thereupon he publiſhed a book in Dutch, intituled *The ſickneſſe of Confeſſion.* The ſame therefore which *Rhenanus* writes of his *Geilerius*, he may well apply unto us, *Itaque Geilerio non diſplicebat*, &c. *Geilerius therefore did not diſlike Confeſſion, but the ſcrupulous anxiety which is taught in the Summes of ſome late Divines, more fit indeed for ſome other place then for Libraries.* Thus he. What would that ingenuous Author have ſaid, if he had lived to ſee thoſe volumes of Caſes which have been ſince publiſhed, able to perplex a world; and thoſe peremptory Deciſions of the Fathers of the Society, whoſe ſtrokes have been with Scorpions

De presbyt. pœnitentiariis, vide Socrat. l. 5. c. 19.

Beatus Rhenanus Argum. in Tert. de pœnit. *Argentoratum*, &c.

in comparison of the Rods of their Predecessors? To conclude, This bird was hatched in the Council of *Lateran*, (*Anno* 1215.) fully plumed in the Council of *Trent*, and now lately hath her feathers imped by the modern Casuists.

Sect. 2. *Romish* Confession *not warranted by Scripture.*

SInce our quarrell is not with Confession it self, which may be of singular use and behoof, but with some tyrannous strains in the practice of it, which are the violent forcing and perfect fulnesse thereof: it shall be sufficient for us herein to stand upon our negative, That there is no Scripture in the whole Book of God wherein either such necessity, or such intireness of Confession is commanded. A Truth so clear, that it is generally confessed by their own Canonists. Did we question the lawfulness of Confession, we should be justly accountable for our grounds from the Scriptures of God: now that we crie down only some injurious circumstances therein, well may we require from the fautors thereof their warrants from God; which if they cannot shew, they are sufficiently convinced of a presumptuous obtrusion.

John 20. 23. Indeed, our Saviour said to his Apostles and their successors, *Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted; and whose sins ye retain, they are retained.* But did he say, No sin shall be remitted but what ye remit? or, No sin shall be remitted by you but what is particularly numbred unto you? S. *James* bids, James 5. 16. *Confesse your sins one to another.* But would they have the Priest shrieve himself to the penitent, as well as the penitent to the Priest? This act must be mutual, not single. Acts 19. 18. *Many believing* Ephesians *came and confessed, and shewed their deeds.* Many; but not all, not *Omnes utriusque sexus.* They confessed their deeds; some that were notorious, not all their sins.

John 20. 21. Contrarily rather, so did Christ send his Apostles, as the Father sent him; he was both their warrant and their pattern. But that gracious Saviour of ours many a time gave absolution where was no particular confession of sins: Only the sight of the Paralyticks Faith fetcht from him, Matt. 9. 2. *Son be of good chear, thy sins be forgiven thee*; the noted Sinner in *Simon*'s house, approving the truth of her Repentance by the humble and costly testimonies of her Love, without any enumeration of her sins heard, *Thy sins are forgiven thee.*

Sect. 3. *Against Reason.*

IN true Divine Reason this supposed duty is needlesse, dangerous, impossible. Needlesse, in respect of all sins, not in respect of some: for however in the cases of a burdened Conscience nothing can be more usefull, more soveraign; yet in all our peace doth not depend upon our lips. Rom. 5. 1. *Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Chrysost. in Psal. 50. Sayr. Summa Cas. Navar. Dangerous, in respect both of exprobration, as Saint *Chrysostome* worthily, and of infection; for *Delectabile carnis* (as a Casuist confesseth,) *Fleshly pleasures, the more they are called into particular mention, the more they move the appetite.* I do willingly conceal from chast eyes and ears what effects have followed this pretended act of Devotion in wanton and unstaied Confessors.

Isaac. Syr. Presb. Antiochen. de Contempt. mundi, &c. Impossible; for *who can tell how oft he offendeth?* He is poor in sin that can count his stock; and he sins alwayes that so presumes upon his innocence, as to think he can number his sins; and if he say of any sin, as *Lot* of *Zoar*, *Is it not a little one?* as if therefore it may safely escape the reckoning. It is a true word of *Isaac* the Syrian, *Qui delicta*, &c. *He that thinks any of his offences small, even in so thinking falls into greater.*

This Doctrine and Practice therefore, both as new and unwarrantable, full of Usurpation, Danger, Impossibility, is justly rejected by us; and we for so doing unjustly ejected.

Sect.

A

Sect. 4. *The Noveltie of* Abſolution before Satisfaction.

LEſt any thing in the *Romane* Church ſhould retain the old form, how abſurd is that innovation which they have made in the order of their Penance and Abſolution? The antient courſe, as *Caſſander* and *Lindanus* truly witneſs, was, that Abſolution and Reconciliation and right to the Communion of the Church was not given by impoſition of hands unto the Penitent, till he had given due ſatisfaction by performing of ſuch penal acts as were enjoined by the diſcreet Penitentiarie; yea, *thoſe works of Penance* (ſaith he) *when they were done out of Faith, and an heart truly ſorrowfull, and by the motion of the Holy Spirit, preventing the minde of man with the help of his Divine Grace, were thought not a little available to obtain remiſsion of the ſin, and to pacifie the diſpleaſure of God for ſin: Not that they could merit it by any dignity of theirs, but that thereby the minde of man is in a ſort fitted to the receit of God's Grace. But now, immediatly upon the Confeſsion made, the hand is laid upon the Penitent, and he is received to his right of Communion, and after his Abſolution, certain works of piety are enjoined him, for the chaſtiſement of the fleſh, and expurgation of the remainders of ſin.* Thus *Caſſander*. In common apprehenſion this new order can be no other then prepoſterous; and (as our learned Biſhop of *Carliſle*) like Eaſter before Lent. But for this, *Ipſi viderint*; it ſhall not trouble us how they nurture their own childe.

B

C

Caſſand. conſult. Art. de Confeſſ. Lindan. Panop. lib. 4.

Caſſand. ibid.

Reſp. ad Fitherum.

CHAP. XIV.

The Newneſs of the Romiſh Invocation of Saints.

OF all thoſe Errours which we reject in the Church of *Rome*, there is none that can plead ſo much ſhew of Antiquity as this of *Invocation of Saints*: which yet, as it hath been practiſed and defended in the later times, ſhould in vain ſeek either example or patronage amongſt the Antient. However there might be ſome grounds of this Devotion ſecretly muttered, and at laſt expreſſed in Panegyrick forms; yet untill almoſt 500 years after Chriſt it was not in any ſort admitted into the publick ſervice. It will be eaſily granted that the Bleſſed Virgin is the prime of all Saints; neither could it be other then injurious that any other of that Heavenly Society ſhould have the precedency of her: Now the firſt that brought her name into the publick Devotions of the *Greek* Church is noted by *Nicephorus* to be *Petrus Gnapheus*, or *Fullo*, a Presbyter of *Bithynia*, afterwards the Uſurper of the See of *Antioch*, much about 470 years after Chriſt; who (though a branded Heretick) found out four things (ſaith he) very uſefull and beneficial to the Catholick Church; whereof the laſt was, *Ut in omni precatione*, &c. *That in every Prayer the Mother of God ſhould be named, and her Divine name called upon.* The phraſe is very remarkable wherein this riſing Superſtition is expreſſed.

D

E

Spalat. de Reſp. Eccl. l. 7. c. 12. §. 16.

Rex Jacob. Præmonit. ad Principes, &c.

Niceph. lib. 15. cap. 28.

Eccleſiæ Catholicæ commodiſſima, ibid.

And as for the *Latine* Church, we hear no news of this Invocation in the publick Letanies till *Gregorie*'s time, about ſome 130 years after the former.

Joſ. Scalig. Notis in Novum Teſt.

And in the mean time ſome Fathers ſpeak of it fearfully and doubtfully. How could it be otherwiſe, when the common opinion of the Antients, even below Saint *Auſtin*'s age, did put up all the Souls of the Faithfull, except Martyrs, in ſome blinde receptacles, whether in the Center of the earth or elſewhere, where they might *in candida expectare diem Judicii*, as *Tertullian* hath it four ſeverall times? And (*a*) *Stapleton* himſelf ſticks not to name divers of them thus fouly miſtaken.

F

(*a*) Stapl. lib. de author. ſcr.

Others of the Fathers have let fall ſpeeches directly bent againſt this Invocation.

cation. (a) *Non opus eſt patronis*, &c. *There is no need of any Advocates to God*, ſaith S. *Chryſoſtome*: and moſt plainly * elſewhere, *Homines ſi quando*, &c. *If we have any ſuit to men* (ſaith he) *we muſt fee the porters, and treat with jeſters and paraſites, and goe many times a long way about. In God there is no ſuch matter; he is exorable without any of our Mediators, without money, without coſt, he grants our petitions: It is enough for thee to crie with thine heart alone, to powre out thy tears, and preſently thou haſt won him to mercy.* Thus he.

And thoſe of the Antients that ſeem to ſpeak for it, lay grounds that overthrow it. Howſoever it be, all holy Antiquity would have both bluſhed and ſpit at thoſe forms of Invocation which the late Clients of *Rome* have broached to the world. If perhaps they ſpeak to the Saints *tanquam deprecatores, (vel potius compreeatores)* as (b) *Spalatenſis* yields, moving them to be competitioners with us to the throne of Grace, not properly, but improperly, as (c) *Altiſſiodore* conſtrues it: how would they have digeſted that blaſphemous Pſalter of our Lady imputed to *Bonaventure*, and thoſe (d) ſtyles of mere Deification which are given to her, and the diviſion of all offices of Piety to mankinde betwixt the Mother and the Son? How had their eares glowed to hear, *Chriſtus oravit, Franciſcus exoravit, Chriſt prayed, Francis prevailed?* How would they have brooked that which (e) *Ludovicus Vives* freely confeſſes, *Multi Chriſtiani*, &c. *Many Chriſtians worſhip divos divaſque the Saints of both ſexes, no otherwiſe then God himſelf?* Or that which (f) *Spalatenſis* profeſſes to have obſerved, that *the ignorant multitude are carried with more entire religious affection to the Bleſſed Virgin, or ſome other Saint, then to Chriſt their Saviour?* Theſe foul Superſtitions are not more hainous then new, and ſuch as wherein we have juſtly abhorred to take part with the practicers of them.

a Chryſ. hom. de pœnitent. hom. 4. Which place the Margine of the Latine Edition of *Venice*, ſet forth by the authority of the Inquiſition, tells us, (and we muſt believe it) makes nothing againſt Invocation of Saints.

* Vide ibid.

b Spalat. lib. 7. c. 12. §. 26.

c Gul. Altiſ. in 4. ſent. &c.

d *Dea, primas Cœli*, &c. *præcipe Angelis ut nos cuſtodiant.* In Roſar. Canon. Reg. Anonym. *Dividunt coram Patre inter ſe Mater & filius pietatis officia, & condunt inter ſe reconciliationis noſtræ inviolabile teſtamentum.* Arnold. Carnot. de Laudibus 5. Virg.

e Lud. Vives in Aug. de Civitat. Dei. lib. 8. c. ult.

f *Nam & plebem rudiorem religioſe*, &c. *Et magis plurimos interne religioſo affectu erga B. Virgin.* &c. *quam erga Chriſtum.* Spalat. de Re Eccl. lib. 7. cap. 12. §. 28.

Sect. 2. Invocation of Saints *againſt Scripture.*

AS for the better ſide of this miſ-opinion, even thus much colour of Antiquity were cauſe enough to ſuſpend our cenſures (according to that wiſe & moderate reſolution of learned (g) *Zanchius*;) were it not that the Scriptures are ſo flatly oppoſite unto it, as that we may juſtly wonder at that wiſdome which hath provided Antidotes for a diſeaſe that of many hundred years after ſhould have no being in the World. The ground of this Invocation of Saints is their notice of our earthly condition, and ſpeciall Devotions. (h) *And behold, thou prevaileſt ever againſt man, and he paſſeth: thou changeſt his countenance, and ſendeſt him away. His ſons come to honour, and he knows it not; and they are brought low, and he perceiveth it not*, ſaith *Job*. (i) *The dead know nothing at all*, ſaith wiſe *Solomon: Alſo their love and their hatred and their envy is now periſhed; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the Sun.* No portion in any thing, therefore not in our miſeries, nor in our allocutions. If we have a portion in them, for their love and Prayers in common for the Church, they have no portion in our particularities, whether of want or complaint. *Abraham our Father is ignorant of us* (ſaith *Eſay*) *and Iſrael acknowledges us not.* Loe, the Father of the Faithfull above knows not his own children, till they come into his boſome; and he that gives them their names, is to them as a ſtranger. Wherefore ſhould good Joſiah *be gathered to his Fathers*, as Hulda tels him, but that his *eyes might not ſee all the evil which ſhould come upon* Jeruſalem?

We cannot have a better Commenter then S. *Auguſtine*; *If* (ſaith he) *the Souls of the dead could be preſent at the affairs of the living*, &c. *ſurely my good Mother would no night forſake me, whom, whiles ſhe lived, ſhe followed both by land and ſea. Far be it from me to think that an happier life hath made her cruel*, &c.

But

g *Ego certe ab Antiquitate non recedo niſi coactus.* Zanch. in Coloſſ.

h Job 14. 20, 21.

i Eccleſ. 9. 5, 6.

Eſay 63. 16.

2 King. 22. 20.

Auguſt. de cura pro mort. gerend. cap. 13.

A *But certainly that which the holy Pſalmiſt tels us is true*; My Father and my Mother have forſaken me, but the Lord took me up. *If therefore our Parents have left us, how are they preſent or do intereſſe themſelves in our cares or buſineſſes? And if our Parents do not, who elſe among the dead know what we doe, or what we ſuffer?* Eſay *the Prophet ſaith*, Thou art our Father, for Abraham is ignorant of us, and Iſrael knows us not. *If ſo great Patriarchs were ignorant what became of that people which came from their loyns, and which upon their belief was promiſed to deſcend from their ſtock, how ſhall the dead have ought to doe either in the knowledge or aide of the affaires or actions of their deareſt ſurvivers? How do we ſay that God provides mercifully for them who die before the evils*
B *come, if even after their death they are ſenſible of the calamities of humane life?* &c. *How is it then that God promiſed to good King Joſiah for a great bleſſing, that he ſhould die beforehand, that he might not ſee the evils which he threatned to that place and people?* Thus that divine Father. With whom agrees Saint *Hierome*, *Nec enim poſſumus*, &c. *Neither can we*, (ſaith he) *when this life ſhall once be diſſolved, either enjoy our own labours, or know what ſhall be done in the World afterwards.* Hiero. in Eccl. 3. ad fin.

But could the Saints of Heaven know our actions, yet our hearts they cannot: This is the peculiar skill of their Maker. Thou art the *ſearcher of the hearts and reines, O righteous God:* God only *knows* abſcondita animi, *the hidden*
C *ſecrets of the ſoul.* Now the Heart is the ſeat of our Prayers: the Lips do but vent them to the eares of men: *Moſes* ſaid nothing, when God ſaid, *Let me alone*, Moſes. *O therefore thou that heareſt the prayers, to thee ſhall all fleſh come. Solomon*'s argument is irrefragable; * *Hear thou in Heaven thy dwelling place, and doe, and give to every man according to his wayes, whoſe heart thou knoweſt: For thou, even thou only, knoweſt the hearts of all the children of men.* He onely ſhould be implored that can hear; he onely can hear the Prayer that knows the heart. Pſal 7.9. Pſal. 44. 21. & 139. 1, 4, &c. Prov. 15. 11. & 17. 3. & 24. 12. Jer. 11. 20. & 17. 10 & 20. 12. * 1 Kings 8 39.

Yet could they know our ſecreteſt deſires, it is an Honour that God challengeth as proper to himſelf, to be invoked in our prayers; *Call upon me in the*
D *day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou ſhalt glorifie me. There is one God, and one mediator betwixt God and man, the man Jeſus Chriſt.* One and no more; not only of redemption, but of interceſſion alſo: for *through him* (onely) *we have acceſſe by one Spirit unto the Father:* and he hath invited us to himſelf, *Come to me all ye that labour and are heavy laden.* Pſal. 50. 15. 1 Tim. 2. 5. Epheſ. 2. 18.

Sect. 3. *Againſt Reaſon.*

HOw abſurd therefore is it in Reaſon, when the King of Heaven cals us to him, to run with our Petitions to the Guard or Pages of the Court? Had
E we to doe with a finite Prince, whoſe eares muſt be his beſt informers, or whoſe will to help us were juſtly queſtionable, we might have reaſon to preſent our ſuits by ſecond hands: But ſince it is an Omnipreſent and Omniſcious God with whom we deal, from whom the Saints and Angels receive all their light and love to his Church, how extreme folly is it to ſue to thoſe Courtiers of Heaven, and not to come immediatly to the Throne of Grace? That *one Mediator is able* (and willing alſo) *to ſave them to the utmoſt that come unto God by him, ſeeing he ever liveth to make interceſſion for them.* Hebr 7 25.

Beſides, how uncertain muſt our Devotions needs be, when we can have no poſſible aſſurance of their audience? for who can know that a Saint hears him?
F That God ever hears us, we are as ſure, as we are unſure to be heard of Saints: Nay, we are ſure we cannot be all heard of them; for what finite nature can divide it ſelf betwixt ten thouſand Suppliants at one inſtant in ſeverall regions of the world, much leſſe impart it ſelf whole to each? Either therefore we muſt turn the Saints into ſo many Deities, or we muſt yield that ſome of our prayers are unheard; And *whatſoever is not of faith is ſin.*

As

Hug. de Sancto Viet. de sacr. l. 1.

As for that heavenly glasse of Saint *Gregorie*'s, wherein the Saints see us and our suits (confuted long since by *Hugo de S. Victore*) it is as pleasing a fiction, as if we imagined therefore to see all the corners of the earth, because we see that Sun which sees them. And the same eyes that see in God the particular necessities of his Saints below, see in the same God such infinite Grace and Mercy for their relief, as may save the labour of their reflecting upon that Divine mirrour in their speciall intercessions.

The Doctrine therefore and Practice of the *Romish* Invocation of Saints, both as new and erroneous, against Scripture and Reason, we have justly rejected; and are thereupon ejected as unjustly.

Chap. XV.

The Newnesse of Seven Sacraments.

Summa Caranzæ, &c.

Concil. Trident. Sess. 7. Can. 1.

THE late Councill of *Florence* indeed insinuates this number of Seven Sacraments, as *Suarez* contends: but the later Council of *Trent* determines it, *Si quis dixerit aut plura*, &c. *If any man shall say, that there are either more or fewer Sacraments then seven*, viz. *Baptisme, Confirmation*, &c. *or that any of these is not truly and properly a Sacrament, let him be Anathema.*

It is not more plain that in Scripture there is no mention of Sacraments, then that in the Fathers there is no mention of Seven. Cardinall *Bellarmine*'s evasion, *that the Scripture and Fathers wrote no Catechisme*, is poor and ridiculous: no more did the Councils of *Florence* and *Trent*, and yet there the number is reckoned and defined.

a Cassand. consult. Art. 13. de num. Sacram.
b Luther. de captivit. Babylon.
c In loc. com. Cassand ibid.

So as the word Sacrament may be taken, (for any holy, significant rite) there may be as well seventy as seven; so strictly as it may be, and is taken by us, there can no more be seven then seventy. This determination of the number is so late, that (a) *Cassander* is forced to confesse, *Nec temerè*, &c. *You shall not easily find any man before* Peter Lombard, *which hath set down any certain and definite number of Sacraments.* And this observation is so just, that upon the challenges of our Writers, no one Author hath been produced by the *Roman* Doctors for the disproof of it elder then *Hugo*, and the said Master of Sentences. But, numbers are ceremonies. Both (b) *Luther* and (c) *Philip Melanchthon* professe they stand not much upon them. It is the number numbred (which is the thing it self mis-related into that sacred order) that we stick at. There we finde that none but Christ can make a Sacrament; for none but he who can give Grace, can ordain a Signe and Seal of Grace. Now it is evident enough that these adscititious Sacraments were never of Christs institution. So was not Confirmation, as our *Alexander* of *Hales* and *Holcot*; so was not Matrimony, as *Durand*; so was not Extreme Unction, as *Hugo*, *Lombard*, *Bonaventure*, *Halensis*, *Altisiodore*, by the confession of their *Suarez*. These were ancient Rites, but they are new Sacraments: All of them have their allowed and profitable use in Gods Church, though not in so high a nature; except that of Extreme Unction, which as it is an apish mis-imitation of that extraordinary course which the Apostolick times used in their cures of the sick, so it is grosly mis-applied to other purposes then were intended in the first institution. Then it was *Ungebant & sanabant*; the oyle miraculously conferring bodily recovery: but now, *Non nisi in mortis articulo adhibetur, it is not used but upon the very point of death*, as *Cajetan* and *Cassander* confesse, and all experience manifests; and by *Felix* the Fourth drawn to a necessity of addresse to eternall life.

Vide Mort. Appell. l. 2. cap. 26. §. 5.

Mark 6. 13. James 5. 14.

Fran. Jun. Animad. in Bellar. l. de verb. Dei 4.

Sect.

A

Sect. 2. Seven Sacraments *beſide Scripture.*

NOT to ſcan particulars, which all yield ample exceptions, but to wind them all up in one bottome. Whoſoever ſhall look into the Scripture, ſhall finde it apparent, that as in the time of mans Innocency there were but Two Sacraments, the Tree of Life, and the Tree of Knowledge: ſo before and under the Law, however they had infinite Rites, yet in the proper ſenſe they had but Two Sacraments, the ſame in effect with thoſe under the Goſpel; the one, the Sacrament of Initiation, which was their Circumciſion, parallel'd by that
B Baptiſme which ſucceeded it; the other the Sacrament of our holy Confirmation, that ſpirituall meat and drink, which was their Paſchall Lambe and Manna, and water from the rock, prefiguring the true Lambe of God, and bread of life, and blood of our Redemption. The great Apoſtle of the Gentiles, that well knew the Analogy, hath compared both; *Moreover, brethren, I would not have you ignorant how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all paſſed through the ſea; and all were baptized in the cloud, and in the ſea; and all did eat the ſame ſpirituall meat, and all did drink the ſame ſpirituall drink: for they drank of that ſpirituall Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Chriſt.* 1 Cor. 10. 1, 2, 3, 4.
What is this in any juſt conſtruction, but that the ſame two Sacraments of
C Baptiſme and the Lords Supper, which we celebrate under the Goſpel, were the very ſame with thoſe which were celebrated by Gods ancient people under the Law; they two, and no more? *Hoc facite, Doe this*, is our warrant for the one; and *Ite baptizate*, &c. *Goe teach and Baptize*, for the other. There is deep ſilence in the reſt.

Sect. 3. *Againſt Reaſon.*

IN Reaſon it muſt be yielded, that no man hath power to ſet to a ſeal but he whoſe the writing is. Sacraments then being the ſeals of Gods gracious evi-
D dences, whereby he hath conveyed to us eternall life, can be inſtituted by no other then the ſame power that can aſſure and perform life to his creature. In every Sacrament therefore muſt be a Divine inſtitution and command of an Element that ſignifies, of a Grace that is ſignified, of a word adjoyned to that element, of an holy act adjoyned to that word. Where theſe concur not, there can be no true Sacrament; and they are palpably miſſing in theſe five Adjections of the Church of *Rome*.

Laſtly, The Sacraments of the new Law (as Saint *Auſtin* often) flowed out of the ſide of Chriſt: None flowed thence but the Sacrament of water, which is Baptiſme, and the Sacrament of blood in the Supper; whereof the Author
E ſaith, *This cup is the new Teſtament in my blood, which is ſhed for you.* The reſt never flowing either from the ſide or from the lips of Chriſt, are as new and miſ-named Sacraments juſtly rejected by us, and we thereupon as unjuſtly cenſured.

CHAP. XVI.

The Newneſſe of the Doctrine of Tradition.

F THE chief ground of theſe and all other Errours in the Church of *Rome* is the over-valuing of *Traditions*, which the *Tridentine* Synod profeſſes to receive and reverence with no leſſe pious affection then the Books of the Old and New Teſtament; and that not in matter of Rite and Hiſtory onely, but of Faith and Manners alſo: wherein as they are not unwil-

Concil. Trident. Seſſ. 4. *In his rebus de quibus nihil certi ſtatuit ſcriptura divina, mos populi Dei vel inſtituta majorum pro lege tenenda ſunt.* Aug. Ep. 86.

ling to caſt a kinde of imputation of imperfection upon the written Word, ſo they make up the defects of it by the ſupply of unwritten Traditions; to which indeed they are more beholden for the warrant of the greater part of their ſuper-added Articles, then to the Scriptures of God.

Both which are Points ſo dangerouſly envious, as that Antiquity would have abhorred their mention. Neither is any thing more common with the holy Fathers of the Church, then the magnifying the compleat perfection of Scripture, in all things needfull either to be believed or done.

Aug. l. 2. de doctrina Chriſt. c. 9. *In his quæ apertè poſita ſunt in Scriptura, inveniuntur illa omnia quæ continent fidem moreſque vivendi.*

What can be more full and clear then that of Saint *Auſtine*? *In his quæ apertè*, &c. *In theſe things which are openly laid forth in Scripture, are found all matters that contain either Faith or Manners.*

* Bellarm. l. 4. de verb. Dei, c. 11.

Cardinall * *Bellarmine*'s eluſion is not a little prejudicial to his own Cauſe. He tells us that Saint *Auſtin* ſpeaks of thoſe Points which are ſimply neceſſary to Salvation for all men; all which he acknowledges to be written by the Apoſtles: *But beſides theſe, there are many other things* (ſaith he) *which we have only by Tradition.* Will it not therefore hence follow, that the common ſort of Chriſtians need not look at his Traditions? that commonly men may be ſaved without them? that Heaven may be attained though there were no Traditions? Who will not now ſay, Let me come to Heaven by Scripture, goe you whither you will by Traditions? To which adde, that a great, yea the greater part (if we may believe ſome of their own) of that which they call Religion is grounded upon onely Tradition. If then Tradition be onely of ſuch things as are not ſimply neceſſary to Salvation, then the greater part of their miſ-named Religion muſt needs be yielded for ſimply unneceſſary to all men: And if we may be ſaved without them, and be made Citizens of Heaven, how much more may we without them be members of the true Church on Earth?

As for this place, S. *Auguſtine*'s words are full and comprehenſive, expreſſing all thoſe things which contain either Faith or Manners, whether concerning Governours or people. If now they can finde out any thing that belongs not either to belief or action, we do willingly give it up to their Traditions: but all things which pertain to either of thoſe are openly comprized in Scripture.

Athanaſ. lib. 4. cót. Gêt. Initio, αὐτάρκεις μὲν γάρ εἰσιν αἱ ἁγίαι καὶ θεόπνευστοι γραφαὶ πρὸς τὴν τῆς ἀληθείας ἀπαγγελίαν, &c. *Sufficiunt per ſe* vertit Nannius.

What can be more direct then that of holy *Athanaſius*? αὐτάρκεις μὲν γάρ εἰσιν, &c. *The Holy Scriptures inſpired by God are in themſelves all-ſufficient to the inſtruction of truth*; and, if *Chemnitius* conſtrue it, *all truth*? This needs not raiſe a cavil; the word ſignifies no leſſe: for if they be all-ſufficient to inſtruction, they muſt needs be ſufficient to all inſtruction in the truth intended.

* Tertull. lib. adv. Hermogen.

* *Tertullian* profeſſes openly, *Adoro Scripturæ plenitudinem*, &c. *I adore the fulneſſe of Scripture. Let the skill of* Hermogenes *ſhew where it is written; if it be not written, let him fear that woe which is propounced againſt thoſe that adde or detract.* Thus he. Who can but fear that the Cardinal ſhifts this evidence againſt his own heart? *For* (ſaith he) Tertull. *ſpeaks of that one point, That God created all things of nothing, and not of a pre-exiſtent matter, as* Hermogenes *dreamed: now becauſe this Truth is clearly expreſſed in Scripture, therefore the fulneſs of Scripture as concerning this Point is adored by* Tertullian; *and for that* Hermogenes *held an opinion contrary to Scripture, he is ſaid to adde unto Scripture, and to incur that malediction.* Now let any Reader of common ſenſe judge, whether the words of *Tertullian* be not general, without any limitation; and if the firſt clauſe could be reſtrained, the ſecond cannot, *Scriptum eſſe doceat*, &c. Whatſoever therefore is not written, by this rule may not be obtruded to our belief. Neither doth he ſay, If it be written againſt; but, If it be not written; and his challenge is, *nuſquam legi*, that the words are *no where read*, as if this were quarrell enough, without a flat contradiction to what is read.

So as the Cardinals Gloſſe merely corrupts the Text. How eaſie were it for me to tire my Reader with the full ſuffrages of *Origen, Cyprian, Chryſoſtome, Baſil,*

A *Basil, Cyril, Epiphanius, Hierome, Ambrose, Theodoret, Hilarie, Vincentius Lirinensis*, and, in a word, with the whole stream of Antiquity, which though they give a meet place to Traditions of Ceremony, of History, of Interpretation, of some immaterial Verities, yet reserve the due honour to the Sacred monuments of Divine Scriptures? Our learned *Chemnitius* hath freely yielded seven sorts of Traditions, such as have a correspondence with or an attestation from the written Word; the rest we do justly (together with him) disclaim, as unworthy to appear upon that awfull Bench amongst the inspired Pen-men of God.

B

Sect. 2. Traditions *against Scripture.*

IT is not to be imagined that the same word of God, which speaks for all other Truths, should not speak for it self: how fully doth it display its own sufficiencie and perfection? *All Scripture* (saith the Chosen Vessel) *is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. Profitable*, saith the Cardinal, *but not sufficient. Many things may avail to that end whereto they suffice not; so meat is profitable to nourish, but without natural heat it nourisheth not.* Thus he. Hear yet what followeth; *That the man of God may be perfected, and throughly furnished unto all* C *good works.* Loe, it is so profitable to all these services, that thereby it perfects a Divine; much more an ordinary Christian. That which is so profitable as to cause perfection, is abundantly sufficient, and must needs have full perfection in it self: That which can perfect the Teacher, is sufficient for the Learner. The Scriptures can perfect the man of God, both for his calling in the instruction of others, and for his own glory. *Thou hast known the Scriptures from a childe* (saith S. *Paul* to his *Timothy*) *which are able* (not profitable only) *to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.* It is the charge therefore of the Apostle, *not to be wise above that which is written.* The same with wise *Solomon*'s, *The whole word of God is pure: Adde thou not unto his words,* D *lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a lier.* Loe, he saith not, Oppose not his words, but, *Adde not to them:* Even Addition detracts from the majestie of that Word. For *the Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the Soul; the Testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple: The Statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the Commandement of the Lord is pure, enlightning the eyes.*

2 Tim. 3. 16.

Bellar. de verb. Dei, lib. 4. c. 10.

2 Tim. 3. 17.

2 Tim. 3. 15.

Prov. 30. 5, 6.

Psal. 19. 7, 8.

As for those Traditions which they do thus lift up to an unjust competition with the written Word, our Saviour hath beforehand humbled them into the dust; *In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandements of men:* making this a sufficient cause of abhorring both the persons and the ser- E vices of those Jews, that they thrust humane Traditions into Gods chair, and respected them equally with the institutions of God. Cardinal *Bellarmine* would shift it off with a distinction of Traditions; *These were such*, saith he, *quas acceperunt à recentioribus*, &c. *as they had received from some later hands, whereof some were vain, some other pernicious; not such as they received from* Moses *and the Prophets.* And the Authors of these rejected Traditions he cites from *Epiphanius* to be *R. Akiba, R. Juda*, and the *Asamoneans*; from *Hierome*, to be *Sammai, Hillel, Akiba.* But this is to cast a mist before the eyes of the simple: For who sees not that our Saviours challenge is generall, to Traditions thus advanced, not to these or those Traditions? And where he speaks of some F later hands, he had forgotten that our Saviour upon the Mount tells him, ἐῤῥέθη τοῖς ἀρχαίοις, that these faulted Traditions were of old. And that he may not cast these upon his *Sammai* and *Hillel*, let him remember that our Saviour cites this out of *Esay* (though with some more clearness of expression) who far overlooked the time of those pretended Fathers of mis-traditions. That I may not say, how much it would trouble him to shew any dogmatical

Matth. 15. 9.

Epiph. in hæres. Ptolom. Hieron. in c. 8. Isa. & in Epist. ad Algas. q. 10.

Matth. 5. 21, 27, 33.

Traditions that were derived from *Moſes* and the Prophets; in parallel whereof let them be able to deduce any Evangelical tradition from the Apoſtles, and we are ready to imbrace it with all obſervance. Shortly, it is clear that our Saviour never meant to compare one Tradition with another, as approving ſome, rejecting others; but with indignation complains that Traditions were obtruded to God's people in a corrivalty with the written Word: which is the very Point now queſtioned.

Sect. 3. Traditions *againſt Reaſon.*

EVen the very light of Reaſon ſhews us that as there is a God, ſo that he is a moſt wiſe and moſt juſt God: needs therefore muſt it follow, that if this moſt juſt and wiſe God will give a Word whereby to reveal himſelf and his will to mankinde, it muſt be a perfect Word: for as his Wiſdome knows what is fit for his creature to know of himſelf, ſo his Juſtice will require nothing of the creature but what he hath enabled him to know and doe. Now then, ſince he requires us to know him, to obey him, it muſt needs follow that he hath left us ſo exquiſite a Rule of this knowledge and obedience, as cannot admit of any defect or any ſupplement. This Rule can be no other then his written Word; therefore written, that it might be preſerved entire, for this purpoſe, to the laſt date of time. As for orall Traditions, what certainty can there be in them? what foundation of truth can be lai'd upon the breath of man? How do we ſee the reports vary of thoſe things which our eyes have ſeen done? How do they multiply in their paſſage, and either grow or die upon hazards?

Laſtly, we think him not an honeſt man, whoſe tongue goes againſt his owne hand. How hainous an imputation then do they caſt upon the God of Truth, which plead Traditions derived from him contrary to his written Word? Such apparently are the worſhip of Images, the mutilation of the Sacrament, Purgatory, Indulgences, and the reſt which have paſſed our agitation. Since therefore the authority of *Romiſh* Traditions is (beſides Novelty) Erroneous, againſt Scripture and Reaſon, we have juſtly abandoned it, and are thereupon unjuſtly condemned.

As for thoſe other dangerous and important Innovations, concerning Scriptures, their Canon inlarged, their faulty Verſion made authentical, their fountains pretended to be corrupted, their miſ-pleaded Obſcurity, their reſtraint from the Laity, we have already largely diſplai'd them in another place.

Serious Diſſwaſive, &c.

Chap. XVII.

The Newneſſe of the univerſall Headſhip of the Biſhop of Rome.

THoſe tranſcendent Titles of *Headſhip* and *Univerſality*, which are challenged to the Biſhop and See of *Rome*, are known to be the upſtart brood of noted ambition. Simple and holy Antiquity was too modeſt either to require, or tolerate them. Who knows not the profeſſion of that holy Martyr in the Councill of *Carthage*, (a) *Neque enim*, &c. *There is none of us that makes himſelf a Biſhop of Biſhops, or by a tyrannous fear compels his underlings to a neceſſitie of obedience?* but perhaps, at *Rome* it was otherwiſe. Heare then with what zeal their own Pope (b) *Gregory* the Great inveighs againſt the arrogance of *John* Biſhop of *Conſtantinople*, for giving way to this proud ſtyle. His Epiſtles are extant in all hands, ſo clear and convictive as no art of Sophiſtry can elude them; wherein he calls this Title (affected by the ſaid *John*, and *Cyriacus* after him) *a new name, a wicked, profane, inſolent*

Hæreſeos mater eſt principatus cupiditas, Chryſ. in Gal. 5.

a *Neque enim quiſquam noſtrum Epiſcopum Epiſcoporum ſe conſtituit, aut tyrannico terrore ad obſequendi neceſſitatem ſuos adigit.* Orat. Cyp in Syn. b Greg. Epiſt. lib. 4 Epiſt. 32, & 34. Et lib. 6. Ep. 24. *Novum, ſceleſtum, profanum*, &c. Et lib. 4. Epiſt. 38 39, &c.

name,

A *name, the generall plague of the Church, a corruption of the Faith, againſt Canons, againſt the Apoſtle Peter, againſt God himſelf:* as if he could never have branded it enough.

And leſt any man ſhould cavil that this ſtyle is onely cried down in the Biſhops of *Conſtantinople*, which yet might be juſtly claimed by the Biſhops of *Rome*; *Gregorie* himſelf meets with this thought, and anſwers beforehand, *Nunquam pium virum*, &c. That *never any godly man, never any of his Predeceſſors uſed thoſe Titles*; and more then ſo, That *whoſoever ſhall uſe this proud ſtyle, he is the very fore-runner of Antichriſt.* If in a foreſight of this Uſurpation *Gregory* ſhould have been hired to have ſpoken for us againſt the Pride of
B his following Succeſſors, he could not have ſet a keener edge upon his ſtyle. Conſonant whereto it is yet extant in the very Canon Law, (as quoted by *Gratian* out of the Epiſtle of Pope *Pelagius* the ſecond) *Univerſalis autem nec etiam Romanus Pontifex appelletur, Not the Biſhop of Rome himſelf may be called Univerſall.*

Nunquam pii virum hujuſmodi titulis uſum eſſe, &c. nullum prædeceſſorum meorum, &c.

Pelag. 2. omnibus Epiſcopis, Illicitè à Joan. & Decret. p. 1. diſt. 96. c. 4. Nullus, &c.

Yet how famouſly is it known to all the World, that the ſame *Gregorie*'s next Succeſſor ſave one, *Boniface* the third, obtained this title of Univerſall Biſhop from the Emperour *Phocas?* which the ſaid Emperour gave him in a ſpleen againſt *Cyriacus* Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, for delivering *Conſtantina* the Wife of *Mauritius* and her Children; or (as ſome others relate it) upon a
C worſe occaſion. And accordingly was this haughty Title communicated by the ſame power to the See of *Rome*, and by ſtrong hand ever ſince maintained.

Baron. An. 606.

This qualification their Regiſter *Platina* confeſſes was procured not without great contention. And *Otho Friſingenſis* fully and ingenuouſly writeth thus; *Gregory departed hence to the Lord: after whom (the next ſave one) Boniface obtained of Phocas, that by his authority the Romane Church might be called the head of all Churches; for at that time the See of Conſtantinople (I ſuppoſe, becauſe of the ſeat of the Empire tranſlated thither) wrote her ſelf the firſt.* Thus their Biſhop *Otho.* Now if any man ſhall think that hence it will yet follow, that the See of *Rome* had formerly enjoyed this Honour, however the
D *Conſtantinopolitan* for the preſent ſhouldred with her for it; let him know the ground of both their challenges, which (as it was ſuppoſed by *Otho*, ſo) is fully (for the ſatisfaction of any indifferent judgement) laid forth in the Generall Council of *Chalcedon. The ſame* (ſay thoſe Fathers) *we determine of the priviledges of the moſt holy Church of Conſtantinople, called new Rome: For the Fathers have juſtly heretofore given priviledge to the Throne of old Rome, becauſe that City was then the Governeſſe of the world; and upon the ſame conſideration were the hundred and fifty Biſhops (men beloved of God) moved to yield equall priviledges to the Throne of new Rome, rightly judging that this City, which is honoured with the Empire and Senate, and is equally priviledged with old*
E *Rome the then Queen of the world, ſhould alſo in Eccleſiaſticall matters be no leſſe extolled and magnified.* Thus they. And this act is ſubſcribed, *Bonifacius Presbyter Eccleſiæ Romanæ ſtatui & ſubſcripſi, I Boniface, Presbyter of the Church of Rome, have ſo determined and ſubſcribed; Et cæteri*, &c. And the reſt of the Biſhops of divers Provinces and Cities ſubſcribed. What can be more plain? This Headſhip of the Biſhop was in regard of the See; and this headſhip of the See was in regard of the preeminence of the City; which was variable, according to the changes of times, or choice of Emperours. But *Binius* wrangleth here. Can we blame him, when the free-hold of their Great Miſtreſſe is ſo nearly touched? *This Act* (ſaith he) *was not Synodicall, as that which was cloſely*
F *and cunningly done in the abſence of the Popes Legates and other Orthodox Biſhops, at the inſtance of Anatolius Patriarch of Conſtantinople, an ambitious man, by the Eaſtern Biſhops onely.* How can this plea ſtand with his own confeſſed ſubſcription? Beſides that their *Caranza*, in his Abridgement, ſhews, that this Point was long and vehemently canvaſſed in that Council, between *Lucentius* and *Boniface*, Legates of the *Romane* Church, and the reſt of the Biſhops; and at laſt

Concil. 5. Gen. Act. 15.

Sever. Bin. in notis Concil. Chalced.

Caranz. Epitom. Concil.

so concluded as we have related; not indeed without the protestation of the said Legates, *Nobis præsentibus*, &c. *The Apostolick See must not in our presence be abased.* Notwithstanding this act then carried: and after this, Pope *Simplicius*, succeeding to *Hilarius*, made a Decree to the same purpose, not without allusion to this contention for precedency, that *(a) Rome* should take place of *Constantinople*. Yea so utterly unthought of was this absolute Primacy and Headship of old, as that when the *Roman* Dition was brought down to a Dukedome, and subjected to the Exarchate of *Ravenna*, the Archbishop of *Ravenna*, upon the very same grounds, stuck not (as *Blondus* tels us) to strive with the Bishop of *Rome* for Priority of place. So necessarily was the rising or fall of the Episcopall Chair annexed to the condition of that City wherein it was fixed.

But in all this, we well see what it is that was stood upon, an arbitrable precedency of these Churches in a priority of order; and according thereunto (*b*) the Bishop of *Rome* is determined to be *primæ sedis Episcopus, the Bishop of the first See.* A style which our late Learned Soveraign professed with *Justinian* not to grudge unto the modern Bishops of that See. But as for a Primacy of Soveraignty over all Churches, and such an Headship as should inform and inliven the body, and govern it with * infallible influences, it is so new and hatefull, as that the Church in all Ages hath opposed it to the utmost; neither will it be indured at this day by the *Greek* Church, notwithstanding the colourable pretence of subscription hereunto by their dying Patriarch *Joseph* of *Constantinople* in the late *Florentine* Council, and the letters of union subscribed by them *Anno* 1539.

Yea, so far is it from that, as that their Emperour *Michael Palæologus*, for yielding a kinde of subjection of the Eastern Bishops to the *Roman*, would not be allowed the honour of Christian Burial, as *Æmilius* hath recorded. And in our time, *Basilius* the Emperour of *Russia* (which challengeth no small part in the *Greek* Church) threatned to the Pope's Legate (as I have been informed) an infamous death and burial, if he offered to set foot in his Dominions, out of a jealous hate of this Usurpation.

Sedes Apostolica Nobis præsentibus humiliari non debet. Ibid.

a *Constantinopolitano Episcopo damnato, Ecclesiarum omnium primam esse Romanam*, Caranz. Epit. Concil. Carthag. 3. Can. 26.

b Decr. p. 1. d. 99. *Πρωτοδοξίας* privilegiũ concessum à Justiniano. *Sanctmus Senioris Romæ Papam primum esse omnium sacerdotum.* Prærog. ante alios residendi. Cod. de sacrosc. Eccl. decernimus.

* *Influentia vitæ.* Capistran. *Influentia regiminis.* August. Triumph. Bin. in Concil. Florent.

P. Æmil. hist. Gall.

Sect. 2. *The Newnesse of challenged* Infallibility.

THE particularities of this new arrogation of *Rome* are so many, that they cannot be pent up in any streight room. I will only instance in some few.

The Pope's *Infallibility* of Judgment is such a Paradox, as the very Histories of all times and proceedings of the Church doth sufficiently convince. For, to what purpose had all Councils been called even of the remotest Bishops, to what purpose were the agitations of all controversal causes in those Assemblies, (as *Erasmus* justly observes) if this Opinion had then obtained? Or how came it about that the Sentences of some Bishops of *Rome* were opposed by other Sees, by the Successors of their own, by Christian Academies, if this conceit had formerly passed for current with the World? How came it to passe that whole Councils have censured and condemned some Bishops of *Rome* for manifest Heresies, if they were perswaded beforehand of the impossibility of those Errours? Not to speak of *Honorius*, of *Liberius*, and others; the Council of *Basil* shall be the voice of common observation; *Multi Pontifices*, &c. *Many Popes* (say they) *are recorded to have faln into Errours and Heresies.* Either all stories mock us, or else this parasitical dream of impeccancy in judgment is a mere stranger. And his disguise is so foul, that it is no marvel if *Errare non possum, I cannot erre*, seemed to *Eberhardus*, Bishop of *Saltzburgh*, no other then the suit of an Antichrist.

Multi Pontifices in errores & hæreses lapsi esse leguntur. Conc. Basil. in Ep. Synod. Aventin. l. 7.

Sect.

Sect. 3. *The Newneſs of the Popes* Superiority to General Councils.

HOW bold and dangerous a Novelty is that which Cardinal *Bellarmine*, and with him the whole Society, and all the late Fautors of that See (after the *Florentine* Synod) ſtick not to avouch, *Summus Pontifex*, &c. *The Pope is abſolutely above the whole Church, and above a General Council, ſo as he acknowledges no Judges on earth over himſelf?* How would this have reliſhed with thoſe well-near a thouſand Fathers in the Council of *Conſtance*, who punctually determined thus, *Ipſa Synodus*, &c. *The Synod lawfully aſſembled in the Holy Ghoſt, making a Generall Council, repreſenting the Catholick Church militant upon earth, hath immediatly power from Chriſt; whereunto every man, whoſoever he be, of what ſtate or dignity ſoever, although he be the Pope himſelf, is bound to obey in thoſe things which pertain to Faith, or to the extirpation of Schiſm?* And fifteen years after that, the General Council of *Baſil*, wherein was Preſident *Julianus* Cardinall of Saint *Angelo*, the Popes Legate, defined the ſame matter in the ſame words. It is no marvell if Cardinal *Bellarmine*, and ſome others of that ſtrain, reject theſe as unlawfull Councils: but they cannot deny, firſt, that this Decree was made by both of them; ſecondly, that the Divines there aſſembled were (in their allowance) Catholick Doctors, and ſuch as in other Points adhered to the *Romane* Church, inſomuch as they were the men by whoſe ſentence *John Huſſe* and *Hierome* ſuffered no leſſe then death: and yet even ſo lately did theſe numerous Divines in the voice of the Church define the Superiority of a Council above the Pope. What ſpeak we of this, when we finde that the Biſhops of the Eaſt excommunicated in their aſſembly *Julius* the Biſhop of *Rome* himſelf, amongſt others, without ſcruple, as *Sozomen* reporteth?

Bellarm. l. 2 de Conc. cap. 17.

Concil. Conſt. Seſſ. 4 & 5. Caranz. Anno 1415.

Anno 1431.

Sozom. lib. 3. c. 11.

How ill would this Doctrine or practice now be endured? Inſomuch as *Gregory* of *Valence* dares confidently ſay, that whoſoever he be that makes a Council ſuperior to the Pope, fights directly (though unawares) againſt that moſt certain Point of Faith concerning Saint *Peter*'s and the *Roman* Biſhops Primacie in the Church.

Sect. 4. *The new preſumption of* Papall Diſpenſations.

FRom the opinion of this ſupereminent Power hath flowed that common courſe of Diſpenſations with the Canons and Decrees of Councils, which hath been of late a great eye-ſore to moderate beholders. *Franciſcus à Victoria* makes a wofull complaint of it, profeſſing to doubt whether in the end of the year, there be more that have leave by this means to break the laws then thoſe that are tied to keep them. Thereupon wiſhing (for remedy) that there were a reſtraint made of thoſe now boundleſſe Diſpenſations; and, at laſt, objecting to himſelf that ſuch a Decree of reſtriction would be new, and not heard of in any former Council, he anſwers, *Tempore Conciliorum antiquorum*, &c. *In the time of the antient Councils, Popes were like to the other Fathers of thoſe Councils, ſo as there was no need of any act for holding them back from this immoderate licence of diſpenſing; yea, if we do well turn over the laws and hiſtories of the Antient, we ſhall finde that Popes did not preſume ſo eaſily and commonly to diſpenſe with Decrees of Councils, but obſerved them as the Oracles of God himſelf; yea, not onely did they forbear to doe it ordinarily, but perhaps not once did they ever diſpenſe at all, againſt the Decrees of Councils: But now* (ſaith he) *by little and little are we grown to this intemperance of diſpenſations, and to ſuch an eſtate, as that we can neither abide our miſchiefs, nor our remedies.* Thus that learned *Spaniard*, in an honeſt confeſſion of the degenerate courſes of the late Popes from the ſimple integrity of their Predeceſſors.

F. Vict. Relect. de poteſt. Papæ & Concil. pag. 151.

What should I adde unto these the presumptuous Dispensations with Vows and Oaths, with the Laws of God himself, with the Law of Nature? a privilege ordinarily both yielded and defended by flattering Canonists, and that which meets with us at every turn in *Hostiensis*, *Archidiaconus*, *Felinus*, *Capistranus*, *Triumphus*, *Angelus de Clavasio*, *Petrus de Ancorano*, *Panormitan*, as is largely particularized by our learned Bishop of *Derry*.

Pontificalis authoritas à juramento fidelitatis absolvit. Decr. p. 2. 15. q. 6. Alius. Almain. de potest. Eccles. & Laica cap. 12.

ἄχει τὸ μὴ ἀπορεῖν was the rule of old. Diatrib. Papa Antichrist. lib. 4. cap. 9.

Sect. V. *The new challenge of Popes* domineering over Kings and Emperours.

I May well shut up the Scene with that notorious Innovation of the Popes subducing himself from the due Obedience of his once-acknowledged Lord and Soveraign, and endeavouring to reduce all those Imperiall powers to his homage and obedience.

The time was, when Pope *Gregory* could say to *Mauritius*, *Vobis obedientiam præbere desidero, I desire to give you due obedience*; and when Pope *Leo* came with cap and knee to *Theodosius* for a Synod to be called, with *Clementia vestra concedat*, as Cardinall *Cusanus* cites it from the History. The time was, when *Nemo Apostolicæ*, &c. *No man did offer to take upon him the steering of the Apostolick Bark, till the authority of the Emperour had designed him*; as their (*a*) *Balbus* out of their own law. That of Pope (*b*) *Gregory* is plain enough, *Ecce serenissimus*, &c. *Behold* (saith he, speaking of his own advancement to the Bishoprick of *Rome*) *our gracious Lord the Emperor hath commanded an Ape to be made a Lion*; *and surely at his command it may be called a Lion, but it cannot be one: so as he must needs lay all my faults and negligences not upon me, but upon his own piety, which hath committed this Ministery of power to so weak an Agent.*

The time was, when the Popes of *Rome* dated their Apostolick letters with the style of (*c*) the reign of their Lords the Emperours: now, ever since Pope *Paschal*, they care only to note the (*d*) year of their own Apostleship or Papacy.

The time was, when the holy Bishops of that See professed to succeed Saint *Peter* in homely simplicity, in humble obedience, in piety, in zeale, in preaching, in tears, in sufferings: now since, the case is altered; the world sees and blushes at the change; for now, (*e*) *Quanta inter Solem & Lunam*, &c. *Look how much the Sun is bigger then the Moon, so much is the Papall power greater then the Imperiall*; now *Papa est Dominus Imperatoris, The Pope is the Emperours Lord* (saith their (*f*) *Capistranus*;) and *the Emperour is subject to the Pope as his minister or servant*, saith (*g*) *Triumphus*: and lest this should seem the fashionable word of some clawing Canonist only, hear what Pope (*h*) *Adrian* himself saith, *Unde habet*, &c. *Whence hath the Emperour his Empire but from us? all that he hath, he hath wholly from us. Behold, it is in our power to give it to whom we list.* And to the same purpose is that of Pope (*i*) *Innocent* the Fourth, *Imperator est advocatus*, &c. *The Emperour is the Popes Advocate, and swears to him, and holds his Empire of him.* But perhaps this place is yet too high for an Emperour; a lower will serve: (*k*) *fit Canonicus*, &c. The Emperor *is* (of course) *made a Canon*, and brother of the Church of *Lateran*. Yet lower, he shall be the Sewer of his Holiness Table, and set on the (*l*) first dish, and hold the Bason for his hands. Yet lower, he shall be the Train-bearer to the Pope in his walking (*m*) Processions; he shall be the Quirie of his Stable, and hold his (*n*) stirrup in getting upon his horse; he shall be, lastly, his very (*o*) Porter to carry his Holinesse on his shoulder. And all this not out of will, but out of duty.

Greg. lib. 4. Ep. 32. *& serenissimis jussionibus obedientiam præbeo.* Ibid.

a Hier. Balb. de Cor.

b *Ecce serenissimus dominus Imperator fieri simiam Leonem jussit*, &c. Gregor. Ep. 5. *Qui virtutis ministerium infirmo commisit*, ibid.

c Guicciard. l. 4. hist. *Imperante Carolo D. nostro.*

d *Paschalis Anno Euangelii* 1070. *primus, omissis Imperatoris annis, sui Pontificatus annos subscripsit. In dat. Apostolatus nostri Anno* 1. *dein Pontificatus.* Lib. Sacr. Cerem.

e Greg. l. 1. de major. & obed. ex Innoc.

f Capist. 77.

g Aug. Triumph. qu. 44. 1.

h Vide diatr. Derens. Ep. l. 4. c. 3. §. 2. *Unde habet Imperator Imperiũ nisi à nobis? Imperator quod habet, totum habet à nobis. Ecce in potestate nostra est ut demus illud cui volumus.* Hadrian. Ep. apud Avent. l. 6.

i Innoc. 4. in cap. Licet de foro compet.

k Lib. sacr. Cerem.

l *Etiam Imperator aut Rex aquam ad lavandas ejus manus ferre debet; primum item ferculum*, &c. ibid.

m *In processionibus*, &c. ibid.

n *Stapham equi Papalis tenet*, &c. ibid.

o *Sellam ipsam cum Pontifice humeris suis aliquantulum portare debet*, Ibid.

Where

A Where now is *Auguſtus ab Augendo*, as (*a*) *Almain* derives him, when he ſuffers himſelf thus to be diminiſhed? Although there is more wonder in the others exaltation. *Papæ!* Men are too baſe to enter into compariſon with him. *His authority is more then of the Saints in Heaven*, ſaith (*b*) one; yet more, *he excelleth the Angels in his Juriſdiction*, ſaith another; yet more once, *The Pope ſeems to make one and the ſame Conſiſtory with God himſelf*; and, which comprehends all the reſt, *Tu es omnia, & ſuper omnia, Thou art all, and above all*, as the Council of *Lateran* under *Julius*.

Oh ſtrange alteration, that the great Commanders of the World ſhould be made the drudges of their ſubjects; That Order and Soveraignty ſhould loſe B themſelves in a pretence of Piety; That the profeſſed Succeſſour of him that ſaid, *Gold and ſilver have I none*, ſhould thus trample upon Crowns; That a poor ſilly Worm of the Earth ſhould raiſe up it ſelf above all that is called God, and offer to crawle into the glorious Throne of Heaven!

a Alm. de pot. Eccl.

b Caſſand. 4. parte, Conſi. 7. C. de Libellis 20. diſt. Aug. Triumph. de pot. Eccl. q. 13. Vid. Derenſ. ubi ſupra. Caſſand. Glor. mundi 4. part. Conſ. 7. Innoc. & Hoſt. in cap. 3. de Tranſl.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Epilogue both of Exhortation and Apologie.

C NOT to wearie my Reader with more particularities of Innovation; let now all Chriſtians know and be aſſured, that ſuch change as they ſenſibly finde in the Head, they may as truly (though not ſo viſibly) note in the Body of the *Roman* Church, yea rather in that Soul of Religion which informeth both. And if thereupon all our endeavour (as we proteſt before God and his holy Angels) hath been and is only to reduce *Rome* to it ſelf, that is, to recall it to that original Truth, Piety, Sincerity, which made it long famous through the World and happy, how unjuſtly are we ejected, perſecuted, condemned?

D But if that Antient Miſtreſs of the World ſhall ſtand upon the terms of her Honour, and will needs plead the diſparagement of her retractions, and the age and authority of theſe her impoſitions, let me have leave to ſhut up all with that worthy and religious conteſtation of Saint *Ambroſe* with his *Symmachus*.

That eloquent Patron of Idolatry had pleaded hard for the old Rites of Heatheniſm, and brings in Antient *Rome* ſpeaking thus for her ſelf; *Optimi principes*, &c. *Excellent Princes, the Fathers of your Country, reverence ye my years, into which my pious Rites have brought me. I will uſe the Ceremonies of my Anceſtors, neither can I repent me. I will live after mine own faſhion, becauſe I am free. This Religion hath brought the World under the ſubjection of the Laws; theſe ſacred Devotions have driven* Hannibal *from our walls, from* E *our Capitol. Have I been preſerved for this, that in mine old age I ſhould be reproved? Say that I did ſee what were to be altered, yet late and ſhamefull is the amendment of age.* To which that holy Father no leſſe wittily and elegantly anſwers by way of retortion, bringing in *Rome* to ſpeak thus rather; *I am not aſhamed in mine old age to be a Convert with all the reſt of the World. It is ſurely true that in no age it is too late to learn. Let that old age bluſh that cannot mend it ſelf. It is not the gravity of years, but of manners, that deſerves praiſe. It is no ſhame to goe to the better.* And when *Symmachus* urges, *Majorum ſervandus eſt ritus, We muſt obſerve the Rites of our forefa-thers: Dicant igitur*, (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) *Let them as well ſay, that all* F *things ſhould remain in their own imperfect Principles; that the World once overcovered with darkneſſe, offends in being ſhined upon by the glorious brightneſſe of the Sun. And how much more happy is it, to have diſpelled the darkneſſe of the Soul then of the body; to be ſhined upon by the beams of Faith then of the Sun?* Thus he, moſt aptly to the preſent occaſion; whereto, did that bleſſed Father now live, he would doubtleſſe no leſſe readily apply it.

Inter Epiſtolas Ambroſii l. 2. Epiſt. 11.

Sera tamen & contumelioſa eſt emendatio ſenectutis. ibid. Ambroſ. Epiſt. lib. 2. Ep. 12.

Nullus pudor eſt ad melioris tranſire, ibid.

Nec

Non es tanta authoritatis ut erraſſe te pudeat, &c. Hier. Apol. adver. Ruffin.

Nec erubeſcas mutare ſententiam, Never bluſh to change, Ruffinus, never bluſh to change your minde; you are not of ſuch authority as that you ſhould be aſhamed to confeſſe you have erred. Oh that this meek ingenuity could have found place in that once-famous and Orthodox Church of Chriſt; how had the whole Chriſtian World been as a City at unity in it ſelf, and triumphed over all the proud hoſtilities of Paganiſm? But ſince we may not be ſo happy, we muſt ſit down and mourn for our deſolations, for our diviſions. In the mean time we waſh our hands in innocence. There are none of all theſe inſtanced particulars (beſides many more) wherein the Church of *Rome* hath not ſenſibly erred in corrupt additions to the Faith; ſo as herein we may juſtly (before Heaven and earth) warrant our diſagreement of judgment from her. The reſt is their act, and not ours: we are mere patients in this ſchiſm; and therefore goe, becauſe we are driven. That we hold not Communion with that Church, the fault is theirs, who both have deſerved this ſtrangeneſſe by their Errours, and made it by their Violence. Contrary to that rule which *Cato* in *Tully* gives of unpleaſing Friendſhip, they have not ript it in the ſeam, but torn it in the whole cloth.

Perhaps I ſhall ſeem unto ſome to have ſpoken too mildly of the eſtate of that debauched Church: There are that ſtand upon a mere nullity of her Being, not reſting in a bare depravation. For me, I dare not goe ſo far: If ſhe be foul, if deadly diſeaſed, (as ſhe is) theſe qualities cannot utterly take off her Eſſence, or our relations.

Our Divines indeed call us out of *Babylon*, and we run; ſo as here is an actuall ſeparation on our parts. True, but from the Corruptions, (wherein there is a true confuſion) not from the Church. Their very charge implies their limitation: as it is *Babylon*, we muſt come out of it; as it is an outward viſible Church, we neither did nor would. This Dropſie, that hath ſo ſwoln up the body, doth not make it ceaſe to be a true body, but a ſound one. The true Principles of Chriſtianity which it maintains, maintain life in that Church; the Errours which it holds together with thoſe Principles, ſtruggle with that life, and threaten an extinction. As it is a viſible Church then, we have not detracted to hold Communion with it (though the contemptuous repulſe of ſo many admonitions have deſerved our alienation;) as *Babylon*, we can have nothing to doe with it. Like as in the courſe of our life, we freely converſe with thoſe men in civil affairs with whom we hate to partake in wickedneſſe.

Fr. Jun. de Eccleſia.

Capitis autem male ſani & deliri contagia vitanda ſunt, ne & ipſi artus peſtilenti humore labeſcerent. Fr. Pic. Mirandula, Theor. 23.

But will not this ſeem to favour of too much indifferency? What need we ſo vehemently labour to draw from either part, and triumph in winning Proſelytes, and give them for loſt on either ſide, and brand them for Apoſtates that are won away, if (which way ſoever we fall) we cannot light out of a true viſible Church of Chriſt? what ſuch neceſſity was there of Martyrdome, what ſuch danger of relapſes, if the Church be with both?

Let theſe Sophiſters know, that true Charity needs not abate any thing of zeal. If they be acquainted with the juſt value of Truth, they ſhall not enquire ſo much into the Perſons as into the Cauſe. Whatever the Church be, if the Errours be damnable, our blood is happily ſpent in their impugnation; and we muſt rather chuſe to undergoe a thouſand deaths, then offend the Majeſty of God, in yielding to a known falſhood in Religion: neither doth the outward Viſibility of the Church abate ought of the hainouſneſſe of miſ-opinions, or the vehemence of our oppoſitions. Were it Saint *Peter* himſelf, if he halt in Judaizing, Saint *Paul* muſt reſiſt him to his face: neither is his fault leſſe, becauſe an Apoſtles; yea, let me ſay more. Were the Church of *Rome* and ours lay'd upon ſeverall Foundations, theſe Errours ſhould not be altogether ſo deteſtable, ſince the ſymbolizing in many Truths makes groſſe Errours more intolerable, as the *Samaritan* Idolatry was more odious to the Jewes then merely Paganiſh. If the deareſt daughter of God upon earth ſhould commit ſpirituall whoredome, her uncleanneſſe is ſo much more to be hated as her obligations

Maldon. in 4. Joan.

A tions were greater. Oh the glorious crowns therefore of thoſe bleſſed Martyrs of ours, who rather gave their bodies to be burnt to aſhes, then they would betray any parcell of Divine Truth!

Oh the wofull and dangerous condition of thoſe Souls, which ſhutting their eyes againſt ſo clear a light, either willingly ſit down in palpable darkneſs, or fall back from the ſincerity of the Goſpel into theſe miſerable enormities both of Practice and Doctrine! It is not for me to judge them; that I leave unto that high and awfull Tribunal, before which I ſhall once appear with them. But this I dare ſay, that if that righteous Judge ſhall puniſh either their obſtinacy or relapſes with eternal damnation, he cannot but be juſtified in his judge-
B ments, whiles in the midſt of their torments they ſhall be forced to ſay, *Thou, O God, art juſt in all that is befaln us; for thou haſt done right, but we have done wickedly.* Nehem. 9. 33.

For us, as we would ſave our Souls, let us carefully preſerve them from the contagion of *Romiſh* Superſtition; let us never fear that our diſcretion can hate Errour too much; let us awaken our holy zeal to a ſerious and fervent oppoſition, joyned with a charitable endeavour of reclamation; ſhortly, let us hate their Opinions, ſtrive againſt their Practice, pity their miſ-guiding, neglect their cenſures, labour their recovery, pray for their Salvation.

C

AN APOLOGETICAL ADVERTISEMENT to the READER.

Reader,

D *NOthing can be ſo well ſaid or done, but may be ill taken. Whiles I thus ſincerely plead for Truth, the well-meaning ignorance of ſome miſtakers hath paſſed as deep, as unjuſt cenſures upon me, as if Preferment had changed my note, and taught me to ſpeak more plauſible language concerning the* Roman *Church then I either did or ought. Wherein as I pity their Uncharitableneſſe, ſo I earneſtly deſire to rectifie their Judgement; leſt their prejudice may turn more to their ſin then to my wrong.*

The main ground of the Exception is, That I yield the Church of Rome *a true viſible Church; wherein the harſh noiſe of a miſ-conſtrued phraſe offends their eare, and breeds their quarrell. For this (belike) in their apprehenſion ſeems to ſound no leſſe then as if I had ſaid, The Church of* Rome *is a true-believing Church, or a true part of the myſticall body of Chriſt: a ſenſe which is as far wide from my words or thoughts, as from truth it ſelf. Wherefore ſerves this Book but to evince*
E *the manifold Corruptions of that foul Church? That ſhe is truely viſible, abates nothing of her abominations: For who ſees not that* Viſible *refers to outward Profeſſion,* True *to ſome eſſentiall Principles of Chriſtianity, neither of them to ſoundneſſe of Belief? So as theſe two may too well ſtand together, A true viſible Church, in reſpect of outward Profeſſion of Chriſtianity; and an Hereticall, Apoſtaticall, Antichriſtian Synagogue, in reſpect of Doctrine and Practice. Grant the* Romaniſts *to be but Chriſtians, how corrupt ſoever, and we cannot deny them the name of a Church. Outward Viſibility gives them no claim either to Truth or Salvation.*

Shortly then, in two things I muſt crave leave to vindicate my ſelf: One,
F *that I do no whit differ from my ſelf; the other, that I differ not from the Judgement of our beſt, Orthodox, and approvedly-claſſicall Divines. Both which cleared, what have I done?*

It is a grievous challenge, this of Inconſtancy: for though, whiles we are here in this region of Mutability, our whole man is ſubject to change, yet we do all herein affect a likeneſſe to the God of Truth, in whom there is no ſhadow by turning; *eſpecially in Religion, ſo much more as that doth more aſſimilate and unite us to that unchangeable*

No peace with Rome; Et, Roma irreconciliabilis, Sect. 1.

unchangeable Deity. Lo, (ſay they) the man that once wrote, No peace with Rome, *now cries nothing but Peace with* Rome, *whiles he proclaims it a true viſible Church, and allows ſome Communion with it. Alas, brethren, why will ye ſuffer a raſh and ignorant Zeal thus to lye palpably in your way to Truth? Be but pleaſed to caſt your eyes upon the firſt Chapter of that Book of mine (which is thus objected to me in a cauſeleſſe exprobration) that which long ſince I wrote, of the Irreconcilableneſſe of* Rome, *and ſee if that Section be not a full expreſſion of the ſame Truth (and that in the ſame words) which I have here publiſhed. There ſhall you finde taught, That there is no other difference betwixt us and* Rome, *then betwixt a Church miſerably corrupted, and happily purged; betwixt a ſickly, languiſhing, dying Church, and one that is healthfull, ſtrong, and flouriſhing: That* Valdus, Wiclef, Luther, *did never goe about to frame a new Church, which was not, but to cleanſe, reſtore, reform that Church which was: That they meant onely to be Phyſicians to heal, not Parents to beget a Church. There you ſhall finde, That we are all the ſame Church by virtue of our outward Vocation, whoſoever all the world over worſhip* Jeſus Chriſt *the only Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and profeſſe the ſame common Creed; that ſome of us doe this more purely, others more corruptly; that in the mean time we are all Chriſtians, but ſound Chriſtians we are not. There ye ſhall finde this very Objection ſo fully anſwered, as if it had been either formerly moved, or ſo long ſince prevented: the words are theſe;*

"*But how harſhly doth this ſound to a weak reader, and more then ſeems to need* C
"*reconciliation with it ſelf, that the Church ſhould be one, and yet cannot be recon-*
"*ciled? Certainly yet ſo it is. The dignity of the outward forme (which compre-*
"*hends this Unity in it ſelf) avails nothing to Salvation, nothing to Grace, no-*
"*thing to the ſoundneſſe of Doctrine. The Net doth not ſtraight make all to be*
"*Fiſh that it hath dragg'd together; ye ſhall finde in it vile weeds, and whatſo-*
"*ever elſe that devouring element hath diſgorged. The Church is at once one in*
"*reſpect of the common Principles of Faith; and yet in reſpect of conſequences and*
"*that rabble of Opinions which they have raked together, ſo oppoſed, that it cannot*
"*(as things now ſtand) by any glew of Concord (as* Cyprian *ſpeaketh) nor bond* D
"*of Unity, be conjoined. That which* Rome *holds with us, makes it a Church;*
"*that which it obtrudes upon us, makes it Hereticall: the truth of Principles*
"*makes it one; the Error and impiety of Additions makes it irreconcilable,* &c.
"*Look on the face therefore of the* Roman *Church, ſhe is ours, ſhe is Gods: look on*
"*her back, ſhe is quite contrary, Antichriſtian. More plainly,* Rome *doth both hold*
"*the Foundation, and deſtroy it; ſhe holds it directly, deſtroies it by conſequent:*
"*In that ſhe holds it, ſhe is a true Church, howſoever impured; in that ſhe deſtroies*
"*it, (what ſemblance ſoever ſhe makes) ſhe is a Church of malignants. If ſhe did*
"*altogether hold it, ſhe ſhould be ſound and Orthodox; if altogether ſhe deſtroied it,*
"*ſhe ſhould be either no Church, or deviliſh: but now that ſhe profeſſes to hold thoſe* E
"*things directly which by inferences ſhe cloſely overthrows, ſhe is a truely viſible*
"*Church, but an unſound one.*

Thus I wrote well-near twenty years agone, without clamor, without cenſure. And ſince that, in my Latine Sermon to the Convocation, did I vary ought from this hold? Did I not there call heaven & earth to record of our innocence in ſeparating from the Romane *Church? Did I not caſt the fault upon their violence, not our will? Did I not profeſſe,* Lubentes quidem diſceſſimus, *&c.* "*We wil-*
"*lingly indeed departed from the Communion of their Errors, but from the Com-*
"*munion of the Church we have not departed. Let them abandon their Errours,*
"*and we embrace the Church: Let them caſt away their Soul-killing Traditions,*
"*and falſe appendances of their new Faith, we ſhall gladly communicate with them* F
"*in the right of the ſame Church, and hold with them for ever?*

Columba Noæ, &c.

This I freely both taught and publiſhed, with the allowance, with the applauſe of that moſt Reverend Synod; and now, doth the addition of a Dignity bring envy upon the ſame Truth? Might that paſſe commendably from the pen or tongue of a Doctor, which will not be endured from the hand of a Biſhop? My brethren, I am

where

A *where I was; the change is yours. Ever ſince I learned to diſtinguiſh betwixt the right hand of Veritie, and the left of Errour, thus I held, and ſhall (I hope) at laſt ſend forth my Soul in no other reſolution. And if any of you be otherwiſe minded, I dare boldly ſay, he ſhall doe more wrong to his Cauſe then to his adverſary.*

That I differ not from my ſelf, you have ſeen; ſee now that I differ not from our learned, judicious, approved Divines.

That the Latine *or Weſtern Church ſubject to the* Romiſh *Tyranny (unto the very times of* Luther*) was a true Church, in which a ſaving profeſſion of the truth of Chriſt was found, and wherein* Luther *himſelf received his* B *Chriſtianity, Ordination, and power of Miniſtery, our Learned Doctor* Field *hath ſaved me the labour to prove, by the ſuffrages of our beſt and moſt renowned Divines; amongſt whom he cites the Teſtimony of* Calvin, Bucer, Melanchthon, Beza, Mornay, Deering. *And if ſince that time it be foully corrupted, ſo as now that acute Author is driven to the diſtinction of* Verè Eccleſia, *and* Vera Eccleſia; *yet at laſt he thus concludes,* But will ſome man ſay, Is the *Roman* Church at this day no part of the Church of God? Surely a *Auſtine* noteth that the ſocieties of Hereticks, in that they retain the profeſſion of many parts of heavenly truth, and the miniſtration of the Sacrament of Baptiſme, are ſo far ſtill conjoined with the Catholick Church, C and the Catholick Church in and by them bringeth forth children unto God: ſo the preſent *Roman* Church is ſtil in ſome ſort a part of the viſible Church of God; but no otherwiſe then other ſocieties of Hereticks are, in that it retaineth the profeſſion of ſome parts of heavenly truth, and miniſtreth the true Sacrament of Baptiſme to the Salvation of the Souls of many thouſand infants, *&c. Thus he.*

Append. to the Book of the Church, 3 part. chap. 2.

Aug. de Baptiſ. contr. Donatiſt. lib. 1. c. 8. & 10.

Junius, *diſtinguiſhing betwixt the Church and Papacie, determines the Church of* Rome *to be a truely-living (though ſick) Church, whereof the Papacie is the diſeaſe, marring the health, threatning her life; and punctually reſolves,* Eccleſia Papalis qua id habet, *&c.* The Popiſh Church in D that it hath in it that which pertaines to the definition of a Church, is a Church.

Jun. de Eccl. lib. ſing. c. 17.

Doctor Raynolds *makes it his Poſition, That the Church of* Rome *is neither the Catholick Church, nor a ſound member of the Catholick; yielding it a member, whiles he diſproves it ſound.*

Theſ. Rain. 5.

Paræus, Accuſant nos, *&c.* They accuſe us *(ſaith he)* that we have made a diviſion in departing from the Church; Nos verò, *&c.* But we have not departed from the Church, but from the Papacie.

Par. in Rom. 16.

Maſter Hooker *is moſt pregnant for this point:* Apparent it is *(ſaith he)* that all men are of neceſſitie either Chriſtians, or not Chriſtians. If by E external Profeſſion they be Chriſtians, they are of the viſible Church of Chriſt: and Chriſtians by external profeſſion they are all, whoſe mark of recogniſance hath in it thoſe things which we have mentioned; yea although they be impious Idolaters, wicked Hereticks, perſons Excommunicable, yea and caſt out for notorious improbitie. *Thus he; and going on, he ſhews how it is poſſible for the ſelf-ſame men to belong to the Synagogue of Satan, and to the Church of* Jeſus *Chriſt. The paſſages are too long to tranſcribe, and the Books are obvious.*

Hook. 3 Book of Eccleſ. pol. c. 1.

One Lord, one Faith, one Baptiſme.

Doctor Crakenthorp, *in his learned anſwer to* Spalatenſis, *defends heretical Churches to be truely members of the Catholick Church, though unſound ones;* F *ſubſcribing herein to the determination of* Alphonſus; *and deſcending to this particular, concludes,* Hæc tamen ipſa tua Romana, *&c.* This your Romane Church muſt be accounted both to be in the Church, and to be a Church: not ſimply, not according to the integrity of Faith, not according to any inward virtue, not ſo effectually that it ſhould avail to Salvation for a man to be in it; but yet a Church it is in ſome reſpects, accor-

Crak. defen. Eccleſ. Angl. c. 16.

ding to the external profeſſion of Faith and of the Word of God, according to the adminiſtration of the Sacraments, according to ſome Doctrines of true belief, by which, as by ſo many outward Ligaments, ſhe is yet knit to the Orthodox and Catholick Church. *Thus he fully to my words and meaning.*

Pet. Baro Conc. ad clerum. Bunnic treat. of iuriſ. D. Some againſt Penrie. Peter Mart. Epiſtle. Anſwer to Machiavel, p. 8. D. Covel Fregevil. polit. ref. B. of S. Davids Chap. D. Williams of the Church. Conter pag. 75.

I might ſwell up the bulk with many more, a Catalogue whereof Brierley *hath for his own purpoſe fetcht up together. I will onely ſhut up this Scene with our late moſt Learned Soveraign, King* James; *who in the Conference at* Hampton *Court, with the acclamation of all his judicious hearers, avowed, that no Church ought further to ſeparate it ſelf from the Church of* Rome *in Doctrine or Ceremony, then ſhe hath departed from her ſelf when ſhe was in her flouriſhing and beſt eſtate, and from Chriſt her Lord and Head.*

* Zanc. miſcell. de Eccleſ. Whitak. Quæſt. 6. c 1. pag 444, 445. in quar. Perk. in 1. ad Galat. Camerō.

*Well therefore doth my Reader ſee that I have gone along with good company in this aſſertion. Although I am not ignorant that * ſome worthy Divines of ours ſpeak otherwiſe, in the height of Zeal denying the Church of* Rome *to be a true Church, to be a Church at all; whoſe contradiction gives colour to this offence. But let my Reader know, that however their words are oppoſite, yet not their judgement; a mutuall underſtanding ſhall well accord us in the matter, however the terms ſound contrary. Our old word is,* Things are as they are taken: *The difference is in the acception of* True *and* Church; *both which have much latitude, and variety of ſenſe. Whiles by* True, *they mean right believing, and by* Church, *a company of Faithfull which have the Word of God rightly underſtood and ſincerely preached, and the Sacraments duly adminiſtred, it is no marvell if they ſay the Church of* Rome *is neither true nor Church; who would, who can ſay otherwiſe? But whiles we mean by a true Church, a multitude of Chriſtians profeſſing to agree in the main Principles of Religion, how can they but ſubſcribe to us, and in this ſenſe yield the Church of* Rome *both a Church, and truely viſible? So as ſhortly, in a large ſenſe of* True Church, *theſe Divines cannot but deſcend to us; in a ſtrict ſenſe of both, we cannot but aſcend to them: in fine, both agree in the ſubſtance, whiles the words croſs. Certainly in effect Maſter* Perkins *ſaith no other, whiles he defines his Reformed Catholick to be one that holds the ſame neceſſary Heads of Religion with the* Romane *Church, yet ſo as he pares off and rejects all Errours in Doctrine whereby the ſame Religion is corrupted: wherein that well-allowed Author ſpeaks home to my meaning, though in other terms. That the* Roman *Church holds the neceſſary Heads of Religion, gives it a right, in my ſenſe, to a true Viſibilitie; that it holds foul Errours, whereby the Doctrine is corrupted, makes it falſe in belief, whiles it hath a true Being.*

Zanch. ubi ſupra. *In quo purum Dei verbum Orthodoxe intellectum & ſincere prædicatum, Sacramenta ſola & legitimè juxta inſtitutū Chriſti adminiſtrata,* &c.

M. Perk. Ref. Cath.

This then may give ſufficient light to that paſſage in my ſixth page, whereat ſome have heedleſly ſtumbled. That which I cited from Luther *out of* Cromerus, *I finde alſo alledged by Doctor* Field *out of* Luther *himſelf; the words are, that* under the Papacy is the very kernel of Chriſtianity, much good, yea all. *Know, Reader, the words are* Luther's, *not mine: neither doth he ſay,* in *the Papacy, but,* under *it; under it, indeed, to trample upon, not to poſſeſs; or if to poſſeſs, yet not to injoy. Their fault is not in defect of neceſſary Truths, but in exceſs of ſuperfluous additions.* Luther *explicates himſelf; For his* kernel *is the ſeveral Articles of Chriſtian belief; his* all good, *is Scriptures, Sacraments, Creeds, Councils, Fathers; all theſe they have, but (God knows) miſerably corrupted. That they thus have them, is no whit worſe for us, and little better for themſelves: would to God they were theirs as well in true uſe as in poſſeſſion.*

Append. ubi ſupra.

It was an ill deſcant that a nimble Papiſt made upon thoſe words of Luther, *which yield them the kernel of Chriſtianity,* If we have the kernel *(ſaith he)* let them take the ſhell. *Soft, friend, you are too witty:* Luther *did not give*

you

A *you the kernell, and reſerve us the ſhell: He yielded you both kernell and ſhell, ſuch as it is, but the ſhell rotten, the kernell worm-eaten. Make much of your kernell, but (as you have uſed it) it is but a bitter morſel; ſwallow that if you pleaſe, and ſave the ſhell in your pocket.*

Neither think to goe away with an idle miſpriſion, We are a true viſible Church, what need we more? why ſhould we wiſh to be other then we are? Alas, poor ſouls! a true Viſibility may and doth ſtand with a falſe Belief. Ye may be of a true viſible Church, and yet never the nearer to Heaven. It is your intereſt in the true myſticall body of Chriſt that muſt ſave your Souls, not in the outwardly viſible: your Errours may be, and are, no leſs damnable,

B *for that ye are by outward profeſſion Chriſtians, yea ſo much the more, Woe is me, your danger is more viſible then your Church. If ye perſiſt wilfully in theſe groſs Corruptions, which do by conſequent raze that foundation which ye profeſs to lay, ye ſhall be no leſs viſible ſpectacles of the wrath of that juſt God, whoſe Truth and Spirit ye have ſo ſtubbornly reſiſted. The God of Heaven open your eyes to ſee the glorious light of his Truth, and draw your hearts to the love of it; and make your Church as truely ſound, as it is truly viſible.*

Thus, in a deſire to ſtand but ſo right as I am in all honeſt judgements, I have made this ſpeedy and true Apologie; beſeeching all Readers in the fear of God (before whoſe bar we ſhall once give an account of all our overlaſhings)

C *to judge wiſely and uprightly of what I have written; in a word, to doe me but juſtice in their opinions, and, when I beg it, favour. Farewell, Reader; and God make us Wiſe and Charitable.*

D

E

F

THE RECONCILER.

AN EPISTLE PACIFICATORY

Of the ſeeming Differences of Opinion, concerning the Trueneſs and Viſibility of the *Roman Church*.

By JOS. EXON.

TO THE

Right Honourable and Truly Religious,
My ſingular good Lord,
EDWARD Earl of NORWICH.

My ever Honoured Lord;

I Confeſs my Charity led me into an Errour. Your Lordſhip well knows how apt I am to be overtaken with theſe better deceits of an overkinde credulity. I had thought that any daſh of my Pen, in a ſudden and eaſie advertiſement, might have ſerved to have quitted that ignorant Scandal which was caſt upon my miſtaken Aſſertion of the true Viſibility of the *Romane* Church. The iſſue proves all otherwiſe: I finde, to my grief, that the miſunderſtanding tenacity of ſome zealous ſpirits hath made it a quarrel. It cannot but trouble me to ſee that the Poſition which is ſo familiarly current with the beſt Reformed Divines, and which hath been ſo oft and long ſince publiſhed by me without contradiction, yea not without the approbation and applauſe of the whole repreſentative body of the Clergy of this Kingdom, ſhould now be quarrelled, and drawn into the deteſtation of thoſe that know it not. As one therefore that ſhould think it corroſive enough, that any occaſion ſhould be taken by ought of mine to ravell but one thred of that ſeamleſs Coat, I do earneſtly deſire by a more full explication to give clear ſatisfaction to all Readers; and by this ſeaſonable Reconcilement to ſtop the flood-gates of contention.

I know

A I know it will not be unpleasing to your Lordship, that through your Honourable and Pious hands these welcome Papers should be transmitted to many. Wherein I shall first beseech, yea adjure, all Christians under whose eyes they shall fall, by the dreadful Name of that God who shall judge both the quick and the dead, to lay aside all unjust Prejudices, and to allow the words of Truth and Peace. I dare confidently say, Let us be understood, and we are agreed.

The Searcher of all hearts knows how far it was from my thoughts to speak ought in favour of the *Romane* Synagogue: If I have not sufficiently branded that Strumpet, I justly suffer. *Luther*'s broad word is by me already *Obj.*
B both safely construed, and sufficiently vindicated. But do you not say, It is a true visible Church? Do you not yield some kinde of Communion with *Resp.*
these clients of Antichrist? What is, if this be not, Favour? Mark well, Christian Reader, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things. To begin with the latter: No man can say but the Church of *Rome* holds some Truths; those Truths are God's, and in his right ours; why should not we challenge our own whersoever we find it? If a very Devil shall say of Christ, *Thou art the Son of the living God*, we will snatch this Truth out of his mouth as usurped, and in spight of him, proclaim it for our own. Indeed, there is no *communion betwixt light and darkness*; but there is com-
C munion betwixt light and light: Now all Truth is Light, and therefore symbolizeth with it self. With that light therefore whose glimmering yet remains in their darkness, our clearer light will and must hold communion. If they profess Three Persons in one Godhead, Two Natures in one Person of Christ; shall we detrect to joyn with them in this Christian Verity? We abhor to have any Communion with them in their Errours, in their Idolatrous or Superstitious practices; these are their own, not ours. If we durst have taken their part in these, this breach had not been. Now, who can but say that we must hate their evil, and allow their good? It is no countenance to their Errours that we imbrace our own Truths; it is no disparage-
D ment to our Truths that they have blended them with their Errours. Here can be no difference then, if this Communion be not mistaken: No man will say that we may sever from their common Truths; no man will say that we may joyn with them in their hateful Errours.

For the former, He that saith a Thief is truly a man, doth he therein favour that Thief? He that saith a diseased, dropsied, dying body is a true (though corrupt) body, doth he favour that Disease, or that living carkass? It is no other, no more that I say of the Church of *Rome*. Trueness of Being and outward Visibility are no praise to her; yea these are aggravations to her falshood. The advantage that is both sought and found in this Assertion
E is onely ours, as we shall see in the sequel, without any danger of their gain. I say then, that she is a True Church; but I say withall, she is a false Church: True in Existence, but false in Belief. Let not the homonymie of a word breed jarres, where the sense is accorded. If we do not yield her the true Being of a Church, why do we call her the Church of *Rome*? What speak we of? or where is the Subject of our question? Who sees not that there is a Moral Trueness, and a Natural? He that is morally the falsest man, is in Nature as truly a man as the honestest; and therefore in this regard as true a man. In the same sense therefore that we say the Devil is a true (though false) Spirit, that a Cheater is a true (though false) man, we
F may and must say, that the Church of *Rome* is a true (though false) Church. Certainly, there hath been a true Errour and mistaking of the sense that is guilty of this quarrel. As for the Visibility there can be no question. Would God that Church did not too much fill our eye, yea the world. There is nothing wherein it doth more pride it self then in a glorious conspicuity, scorning in this regard the obscure paucity of their opposers.

obj. But you ſay, What is this but to play with ambiguities? That the Church of *Rome* is it ſelf, that is, a Church, that it is viſible, that it is truly exiſtent, there can be no doubt: but is it ſtill a part of the truly exiſtent viſible Church of Chriſt? *Reſp.* Surely, no otherwiſe then an Heretical and Apoſtatical Church is and may be. Reader, whoſoever thou art, for God's ſake, for thy Souls ſake, mark where thou treadeſt; elſe thou ſhalt be ſure to fall either into an open gulf of Uncharitableneſs, or into a dangerous precipice of Errour. There is no fear nor favour to ſay, that the Church of *Rome*, under a Chriſtian Face, hath an Antichriſtian Heart; overturning that Foundation by neceſſary inferences, which by open profeſſion it avoweth. That Face, that Profeſſion, thoſe avowed Principles are enough to give it claim to a true outward Viſibilitie of a Chriſtian Church; whiles thoſe damnable inferences are enough to feoffe it in the true ſtyle of Hereſie and Antichriſtianiſme. Now this Hereſie, this Antichriſtianiſme makes *Rome* juſtly odious and execrable to God, to Angels and Men; but cannot utterly diſ-church it, whiles thoſe main Principles maintain a weak life in that crazie and corrupted body.

But is not this language different from that whereto our eares and eyes have been inured, from the mouths and pens of ſome Reverend Divines and Profeſſors of our Church? Know, Reader, that the ſtream of the famous Doctors, both at home and abroad, hath run ſtrongly my way: I ſhould have feared and hated to go alone: what reaſon is there then to ſingle out one man in a throng? Some few worthy Authors have ſpoken otherwiſe in the warmth of their zealous contention; yet ſo, as that even to them durſt I appeal for my Judges: for if their ſound differ from me, their ſenſe agrees with me: that, which as I touched in my Advertiſement, ſo I am now ready to make clear by the inſtance of Learned *Zanchius*, whoſe pregnant teſtimonies compared together, ſhall plainly teach us how eaſie a reconcilement may be made betwixt theſe two ſeemingly-contrary Opinions. That worthy Author, in his Profeſſion of Chriſtian Religion, which he wrote and publiſhed in the Seventieth year of his age, having defined the Church of Chriſt in general, and paſſed through the Properties of it, at laſt, deſcending to the ſub-diviſion of the Church Militant, comes to enquire, how particular Churches may be known to be the true Churches of Chriſt; whereof he determins thus, "*Illas igitur*, "&c. Thoſe Churches therefore do we acknowledge for the true Churches "of Chriſt, in which, firſt of all, the pure Doctrine of the Goſpel is preached, "heard, admitted; and ſo onely admitted, that there is neither place nor ear "given to the contrary. For both theſe are the juſt Property of the flock or "ſheep of Chriſt; namely, both to hear the voice of their own Paſtor, and to "reject the voice of ſtrangers, *John* 10. 4. In which, ſecondly, the Sacraments "inſtituted by Chriſt are lawfully, and (as much as may be) according to "Chriſts inſtitution, adminiſtred and received; and therefore, in which the "Sacraments deviſed by men are not admitted and allowed. In which, laſtly, "the Diſcipline of Chriſt hath the due place; that is, where both publickly "and privately charitable care is had, both by Admonitions, Corrections, and "at laſt (if need be) by Excommunications, that the Commandements of "God be duely kept, and that all perſons live ſoberly, juſtly, and piouſly, to "the glory of God, and edification of their Neighbour". Thus he: wherein who ſees not how directly he aims both at the juſtifying of our Churches, and the caſhiering of the *Roman*, which is palpably guilty of the violation of theſe wholeſome Rules? And indeed it muſt needs be ſaid, if we bring the *Romane* Church to this touch, ſhe is caſt for a mere counterfeit; ſhe is as far from Truth, as Truth is from Falſhood. Now by this time you goe away with an opinion that Learned *Zanchy* is my profeſſed Adverſary, and hath directly condemned my Poſition, of the Trueneſs and Viſibility of the *Roman* Church. Have but patience, I beſeech you, to read what the ſame excellent Author writes in his golden Preface to that noble Work, *De*

natura

A *natura Dei*, where this queſtion is clearly and punctually decided. There you ſhall finde, that having paſſed through the woful and gloomy offuſcations of the Church of God in all former Ages, he deſcending to the darkneſs of the preſent *Babylon*, concludes thus, " *Deinde non potuit Satan*, &c. Moreover, " Satan could not in the very *Roman* Church doe what he liſted, as he had " done in the Eaſtern; to bring all things to ſuch paſs as that it ſhould no " more have the form of a Chriſtian Church: for, in ſpight of Satan, that " Church retained ſtill the chief Foundations of the Faith, although weakned " with the Doctrines of men; it retained the publick Preaching of the " Word of God, though in many places miſ-underſtood, and miſ-conſtrued;
B " the invocation of the Name of Chriſt, though joyned alſo with the invo- " cation of dead men; the adminiſtration of Baptiſme, inſtituted by Chriſt " himſelf, howſoever defiled with the addition of many Superſtitions. So " as, together with the Symbol of the Covenant, the Covenant it ſelf re- " mained ſtill in her, I mean in all the Churches of the Weſt; no other- " wiſe then it did in the Church of *Iſrael*, even after that all things were in " part prophaned by *Jeroboam* and other impious and idolatrous Kings, " upon the defection made by them from the Church and Tribe of *Juda*. " For neither do I aſſent to them which would have the Church of *Rome*
C " to have no leſs ceaſed to be the Church of Chriſt, then thoſe Eaſtern " Churches which afterwards turned *Mahumetan*. What Church was ever " more corrupt then the Church of the Ten Tribes? yet we learn from the " Scriptures that it was ſtill the Church of God. And how doth Saint *Paul* call " that Church wherein Antichriſt (he ſaith) ſhall ſit, the Temple of God? " Neither is it any Baptiſme at all, that is adminiſtred out of the Church of " Chriſt. The Wife that is an Adultereſs doth not ceaſe to be a Wife, unleſs " being deſpoiled of her marriage-ring, ſhe be manifeſtly divorced. The Church " of *Rome* therefore is yet the Church of Chriſt; but what manner of " Church? Surely ſo corrupted and depraved, and with ſo great tyrannie " oppreſſed, that you can neither with a good Conſcience partake with
D " them in their holy things, nor ſafely dwell amongſt them". Thus he again: wherein you ſee he ſpeaks as home for me as I could deviſe to ſpeak for my ſelf, and as appoſitely profeſſeth to oppoſe the contrary.

Look now how this Learned Author may be reconciled to his own pen; and by the very ſame way ſhall my pen be reconciled with others. Either he agrees not with himſelf, or elſe in his ſenſe I agree with my gainſayers. Nothing is more plain, then that he in that former ſpeech, and all other Claſſick Authors that ſpeak in that Key, mean by a *True Church*, a ſound, pure, right-believing Church; ſo as their *vera* is rather *verax*. *Zanchie* explicates the terme, whiles he joines *veram & puram* together; ſo as in
E this conſtruction it is no true Church that is an unſound one; as if truth of Exiſtence were all one with truth of Doctrine. In this ſenſe whoſoever ſhall ſay the Church of *Rome* is a true Church, I ſay he calls evil good, and is no better then a teacher of lyes. But if we meaſure the true Being of a Viſible Church by the direct maintenance of Fundamental Principles, though by conſequences indirectly overturned, and by the poſſeſſion of the Word of God and his Sacraments, though not without foul adulteration; what judicious Chriſtian can but with me ſubſcribe to Learned *Zanchius*, that the Church of *Rome* hath yet the true Viſibility of a Church of Chriſt? Whatſhould I need to preſs the latitude and multiplicity of ſenſe of the word
F *Church*? there is no one term that I know in all uſe of Speech ſo various. If in a large ſenſe it be taken to comprehend the Society of all that profeſs Chriſtian Religion through the whole world, howſoever impured, who can deny this title to the *Roman*? If in a ſtrict ſenſe it be taken (as it is by *Zanchius* here, and all thoſe Divines who refuſe to give this ſtyle to the Synagogue of *Rome*) for the Company of Elect Faithful men gathered into

Ibid. Præfat. de nat. Dei.

one myſtical Body under one Head Chriſt, waſhed by his Blood, juſtified by his Merits, ſanctified by his Spirit, conſcionably waiting upon the true Ordinances of God in his pure Word and holy Sacraments, who can be ſo ſhameleſs as to give this title to the *Roman* Church? Both theſe ſentences then are equally true, *The Church of Rome is yet a true Church in the firſt ſenſe*; *The Church of Rome long ſince ceaſed to be a true Church in the ſecond.* As thoſe friendly Souldiers therefore of old ſaid to their fellows, τί μαχόμεθα; *why fight we?* Stay, ſtay, dear brethren, for Gods ſake, for his Churches ſake, for your Souls ſake, ſtay theſe buſie and unprofitable litigations; put up on both ſides your angry pens; turn your Swords into Siths, to cut down the rank corruptions of the *Roman* Church, and your Spears into Mattocks, to beat down the walls of this myſtical *Babylon*. There are enemies enough abroad, let us be friends at home. But if our ſenſe be the ſame, you will ask why our terms varie, and why we have choſen to fall upon that manner of expreſſion which gives advantage to the Adverſary, offence to our own. Chriſtian Reader, let me beſeech thee in the bowels of Chriſt to weigh well this matter, and then tell me why ſuch offence, ſuch advantage ſhould be rather given by my words, then by the ſame words in the mouth of *Luther*, of *Calvin*, of *Zanchie*, *Junius*, *Pleſſee*, *Hooker*, *Andrews*, *Field*, *Crakenthorp*, *Bedell*, and that whole cloud of Learned and Pious Authors who have without exception uſed the ſame language; and why more by my words now, then twentie years agoe, at which time I publiſhed the ſame Truth in a more full and liberal expreſſion. Wiſe and charitable Chriſtians may not be apt to take offence where none is given. As for any advantage that is hereby given to the Adverſaries, they may put it in their eye, and ſee never the worſe. Loe, ſay they, we are of the true viſible Church; this is enough for us; why are we forſaken, why are we perſecuted, why are we ſollicited to a change? Alas, poor ſouls! do they not know that Hypocrites, leud perſons, Reprobates, are no leſs members of the true viſible Church? what gain they by this but a deeper damnation? To what purpoſe did the Jews cry, *The Temple of the Lord*, whiles they deſpited the Lord of that Temple? Is the Sea-weed ever the leſs vile, becauſe it is drag'd up together with good fiſh? They are of the viſible Church, ſuch as it is: what is this but to ſay, they are neither Jews, nor Turks, nor Pagans; but misbelievers, damnably Heretical in opinion, ſhamefully Idolatrous in practice? Let them make their beſt of this juſt Eulogie, and triumph in this ſtyle; may we never proſper if we envie them this glorie. Our care ſhall be, that beſides the Church ſenſible, (as *Zuinglius* diſtinguiſheth) we may be of the Church ſpiritual; and not reſting in a fruitleſs Viſibility, we may finde our ſelves lively lims of the myſtical body of *Chriſt*: which onely condition ſhall give us a true right to Heaven; whiles faſhionable Profeſſion in vain cries, *Lord, Lord*, and is barred out of thoſe bleſſed gates with an *I know you not*.

Epiſt. l. 2. reſp. ad Catabaptiſt.

Neither may the Reader think that I affect to goe by-waies of ſpeech: no, I had not taken this path, unleſs I had found it both more beaten and fairer. I am not ſo unwiſe, to teach the Adverſary what diſadvantage I conceive to be given to our moſt juſt Cauſe by the other manner of explication. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that this form of defence more fully ſtops the Adverſaries mouth in thoſe two main and envious Scandals which he caſts upon our holy Religion, Defection from the Church and Innovation; then which no ſuggeſtion hath wont to be more prevalent with weak and ungrounded hearts. What we further win by this not more charitable then ſafe Tenet, I had rather it ſhould be ſilently conceived by the judicious, then blazoned by my free pen. Shortly, in this ſtate of the Queſtion, our gain is as clear as the Adverſaries loſs; our ancient Truth triumphs over their

A their upſtart Errours, our Charity over their mercileſs Preſumptions. Fear not therefore, dear Brethren, where there is no room for danger; ſuſpect not fraud where there is nothing but plain, honeſt ſimplicity of intentions; cenſure not where there is the ſame Truth, clad in a different, but more eaſie, habit of words. But if any mans fervent zeal ſhall rather draw him to the liking of that other rougher and harder way, ſo as in the mean time he keep within the bounds of Chriſtian Charity, I tax him not: let every man abound in his own ſenſe; onely let our hearts and tongues and hands conſpire together in peace with our ſelves, in warre with our common enemies.

B Thus far have I (Right Honourable) in a deſire of peace, poured out my ſelf into a plain explication and eaſie accordance. Thoſe whom I ſtrive to ſatisfie, are onely miſtakers; whoſe cenſures if ſome man would have either laught out or deſpiſed, yet I have condeſcended to take off by a ſerious deprecation and juſt defence.

It is an unreaſonable motion to requeſt minds prepoſſeſſed with Prejudice to hear Reaſon. Whole Volumes are nothing to ſuch as have contented themſelves onely to take up Opinions upon truſt, and will hold them becauſe they know where they had them. In vain ſhould I ſpend my ſelf in beating upon ſuch anviſes; but for thoſe ingenuous Chriſtians C which will hold an eare open for Juſtice and Truth, I have ſaid enough, if ought at all needed.

Alas, my Lord, I ſee, and grieve to ſee it; it is my Rochet that hath offended, and not I; in another habit I long ſince publiſhed this and more without diſlike; it is this colour of innocence that hath bleared ſome over-tender eyes. Wherein I know not whether I ſhould more pity their Errour, or applaud my own Sufferings. Although I may not ſay with the Pſalmiſt, *What hath the righteous done?* let me (I beſeech your Lordſhip) upon this occaſion have leave to give a little vent to my juſt grief in this point.

D The other day I fell upon a *Latine* Pamphlet, homely for ſtyle, tedious for length, zealouſly uncharitable for ſtuff, wherein the Author (onely wiſe in this, that he would be unknown) in a grave fierceneſs flies in the face of our *Engliſh* Prelacie; not ſo much inveighing againſt their Perſons, (which he could be content to reverence) as their very Places. I bleſt my ſelf to ſee the caſe ſo altered. Heretofore the Perſon had wont to bear off many blows from the Function; now the very Function wounds the Perſon. In what caſe are we, when that which ſhould command reſpect brands us? What black Art hath raiſed up this ſpirit of *Aerius* from his pit? Wo is me, that zeal ſhould breed ſuch monſters of conceit. It is the Honour, the E Pomp, the Wealth, the Pleaſure (he ſaith) of the Epiſcopal Chair that is guilty of the depravation of our Calling; and if himſelf were ſo overlay'd with Greatneſs, he ſhould ſuſpect his own Fidelity. Alas, poor man! at what diſtance doth he ſee us? Foggie Air uſeth to repreſent every Object far bigger then it is. Our Saviour in his Temptation upon the Mount had only the Glory of thoſe Kingdomes ſhewed to him by that ſubtile Spirit, not the Cares and vexations: Right ſo are our Dignities exhibited to theſe envious beholders; little do theſe men ſee the Toiles and Anxieties that attend this ſuppoſedly-pleaſing eminence.

F All the revenge that I would wiſh to this uncharitable Cenſurer ſhould be this, that he might be but for a while adjudged to this ſo glorious ſeat of mine; that ſo his experience might taſte the bewitching Pleaſures of this envied Greatneſs: he ſhould well finde more danger of being over-ſpent with work, then of languiſhing with eaſe and delicacy.

For me, I need not appeal to Heaven, eyes enough can witneſs how few free hours I have enjoyed ſince I put on theſe Robes of Sacred Honour.

In-

Insomuch as I could finde in my heart, with holy *Gregory*, to complain of my change; were it not that I see these publick troubles are so many acceptable services to my God, whose Glory is the end of my Being. Certainly, my Lord, if none but earthly respects should sway me, I should heartily wish to change this Palace (which the Providence of God and the Bounty of my Gracious Soveraign hath put me into) for my quiet Cell at *Waltham*, where I had so sweet leisure to enjoy God, your Lordship, and my self. But I have followed the calling of my God, to whose service I am willingly sacrificed; and must now, in an holy obedience to his Divine Majesty, with what chearfulness I may, ride out all the storms of Envie, which unavoidably will alight upon the least appearance of a conceived Greatness. In the mean time, whatever I may seem to others, I was never less in my own apprehensions; and, were it not for this attendance of Envie, could not yield my self any whit greater then I was. Whatever I am, that good God of mine make me faithfull to him, and compose the unquiet spirits of men to a conscionable care of the publick peace: with which Prayer, together with the apprecation of all happiness to your Lordship and all yours, I take leave, and am

Your Lordships truly devoted

in all hearty Observance and Duty,

JOS. EXON.

TO

A

TO THE
Right Reverend Father in GOD,
THOMAS
LORD Biſhop of *Coventry* and *Litchfield.*

B

MY Lord, may your leiſure ſerve you to read over this poor ſheet of Paper, and to cenſure it. Your Name is left out in the Catalogue of ſome other famous Divines mentioned in the body of it, that you might not be foreſtalled. I ſuffer for that wherein your ſelf, amongſt many renowned Orthodox Doctors of the Church, are my partner. As if you had not already ſaid it enough, I beſeech your Lordſhip, ſay once more what you think of the true Being and Viſibility of the *Roman* Church. Your excellent and zealous Writings have juſtly wone you a conſtant reputation of great Learning and no leſs Sincerity, and have placed you out of the reach of ſuſpicion: No man can, no man dare miſdoubt your deciſion. If you finde any one word amiſs in this Explication, ſpare me not; I ſhall gladly kiſs your Rod, and hold your utmoſt ſeverity a favour. But if you here meet with no other then the words of a commonly-profeſſed Truth, acquit me ſo far as to ſay, there is no reaſon I ſhould ſuffer alone. And let the wilfull or ignorant miſtakers know that they wound Innocencie, and through my ſides ſtrike their beſt friends. I ſhould not herein deſire you to tender my Fame, if the injury done to my name did not reflect upon my holy Station, upon my well-meant Labours, upon almoſt all the famous and well-deſerving Authors that have ſtood for the Truth of God; and laſtly, if I did not ſee this miſtaken Quarrell to threaten much prejudice to the Church of God, whoſe Peace is no leſs dear to us both then our Lives. In earneſt deſire and hope of ſome few ſatisfactory lines from your Reverend hand, in anſwer to this my bold, yet juſt, ſuit, I take leave, and am

C

D

E

Your much devoted and loving Brother

JOS. EXON.

F

TO

TO THE
Right Reverend Father in GOD,
My very good Lord and Brother,
JOSEPH Lord Biſhop of EXON, theſe.

RIght Reverend, and as dearly beloved, Brother, I have (I confeſs) been too long in your Lordſhips debt for theſe Letters, which are now to Apologize for me, that although I had my payment ready and in numeratis *at the firſt reading of your* Reconciler, *yet I reſerved my Anſwer untill I had peruſed the two other Books and ſeconds, that ſo I might return my payment* cum fœnore.

In that your Lordſhips Tractate I could not but obſerve the lively Image of your ſelf; that is (according to the generall interpretation of all ſound Profeſſours of the Goſpel of Chriſt) of a moſt Orthodox Divine. And now remembring the Accordance your Lordſhip hath with others touching the Argument of your Book, I muſt needs reflect upon my ſelf, who have long ſince defended the ſame Point in the defence of many others. I do therefore much blame the Petulcity of whatſoever Author that ſhould dare to impute a Popiſh affection to him whom (beſides his excellent Writings and Sermons) God's viſible, eminent and reſplendent Graces of Illumination, Zeal, Piety and Eloquence have made truely Honourable and glorious in the Church of Chriſt. Let me ſay no more; I ſuffer in your ſuffering, not more in conſonancy of Judgement then in the ſympathy of my Affection. Goe on, dear Brother, with your deſerved Honour in God's Church with holy courage, knowing that the dirty feet of an adverſary, the more they tread and rub, the more luſtre they give the figure graven in Gold. Our Lord Jeſus *preſerve us to the glory of his ſaving Grace.*

Your Lordſhips

unanimous friend and Brother,

THO. *Covent.* and *Litchfield.*

TO

TO THE
Right Reverend Father in GOD,
JOHN
LORD Biſhop of SALISBURY.

MY Lord, I ſend you this little Pamphlet for your cenſure. It is not credible how ſtrangely I have been traduced every where for that which I conceive to be the common Opinion of Reformed Divines, yea of reaſonable men; that is, for affirming the true Being and Viſibility of the *Roman* Church. You ſee how clearly I have endeavoured to explicate this harmleſs Poſition; yet I perceive ſome tough miſunderſtandings will not be ſatisfied. Your Lordſhip hath with great reputation ſpent many years in the Divinity-Chair of the famous Univerſity of *Cambridge*. Let me therefore beſeech you, whoſe Learning and Sincerity is ſo throughly approved in God's Church, that you would freely (how ſhortly ſoever) expreſs your ſelf in this Point: and if you finde that I have deviated but one hairs breadth from the Truth, correct me: if not, free me by your juſt Sentence. What need I to intreat you to pity thoſe, whoſe deſires of faithful offices to the Church of God are unthankfully repaied with Suſpicion and Slander? whoſe may not this caſe be? I had thought I had ſufficiently in all my Writings, and in this very laſt Book of mine (whence this quarrell is picked) ſhewed my fervent zeal for God's Truth againſt that Antichriſtian Faction of *Rome*; and yet I doubt not but your own ears can witneſs what I have ſuffered. Yea as if this calumny were not enough, there want not thoſe whoſe ſecret whiſperings caſt upon me the foul aſperſions of another Sect, whoſe name is as much hated as little underſtood. My Lord, you know I had a place with you (though unworthy) in that famous Synod of *Dort*, where (howſoever ſickneſs bereaved me of the houres of a concluſive Subſcription) yet your Lordſhip heard me with equall vehemency to the reſt crying down the unreaſonableneſs of that way. God ſo love me as I do the tranquillity and happineſs of his Church; yet can I not ſo overaffect it, that I would ſacrifice one dram of Truth to it. To that good God do I appeal as the witneſs of my ſincere heart to his whole Truth, and no-leſs-then-ever-zealous deteſtation of all Popery and Pelagianiſme. Your Lordſhip will be pleaſed to pardon this importunity, and to vouchſafe your ſpeedy Anſwer to

Your much devoted and faithfull Brother

JOS. EXON.

TO THE
Right Reverend Father in GOD,
JOSEPH
Lord Biſhop of EXON, theſe.

My LORD;

YOU deſire my Opinion concerning an Aſſertion of yours, whereat ſome have taken offence. The Propoſition was this [That the Roman Church remains yet a True Viſible Church.] The occaſion which makes this an ill-ſounding Propoſition in the ears of Proteſtants (eſpecially ſuch as are not throughly acquainted with School Diſtinctions) is the uſuall acception of the word True in our Engliſh Tongue. For though men skilled in Metaphyſicks hold it for a Maxime, Ens, Verum, Bonum convertuntur: yet with us, he which ſhall affirm ſuch a one is a true Chriſtian, a true Gentleman, a true Scholar, or the like, he is conceived not onely to adſcribe Trueneſs of Being unto all theſe, but thoſe due Qualities or requiſite Actions whereby they are made commendable or praiſeworthy in their ſeverall kinds. In this ſenſe the Roman Church is no more a True Church in reſpect of Chriſt, or thoſe due Qualities and proper Actions which Chriſt requires, then an arrant Whore is a true and loyall Wife unto her Husband. I durſt upon mine oath be one of your Compurgators, that you never intended to adorn that Strumpet with the title of a true Church in this meaning. But your own Writings have ſo fully cleared you herein, that ſuſpicion it ſelf cannot reaſonably ſuſpect you in this Point. I therefore can ſay no more concerning your miſtaken Propoſition then this, If in that Treatiſe wherein it was delivered, the Antecedents or Conſequents were ſuch as ſerved fitly to lead the Reader into that Senſe, which under the word True comprehendeth onely Truth of Being or Exiſtencie, and not the due Qualities of the thing or Subject, you have been cauſeleſly traduced. But on the other ſide, if that Propoſition comes in ex abrupto, or ſtands ſolitarie in your Diſcourſe, you cannot marvell though, by taking the word True according to the more ordinarie acception, your true meaning was miſtaken. In brief, your Propoſition admits a true ſenſe; and in that ſenſe is by the beſt Learned in our Reformed Church not diſallowed. For the Being of a Church does principally ſtand upon the gracious action of God, calling men out of Darkneſs and Death unto the Participation of Light and Life in Chriſt Jeſus. So long as God continues this Calling unto any people, though they (as much as in them lies) darken this Light, and corrupt the means which ſhould bring them to Life and Salvation in Chriſt; yet where God calls men unto the Participation of Life in Chriſt by the Word and by the Sacraments, there is the true Being of a Chriſtian Church, let men be never ſo falſe in their Expoſitions of

A *of God's Word, or never ſo untruſtie in mingling their own Traditions with God's Ordinances. Thus the Church of the* Jews *loſt not her Being of a Church when ſhe became an Idolatrous Church. And thus under the government of the Scribes and Phariſees, who voided the Commandements of God by their own Traditions, there was yet ſtanding a true Church, in which* Zacharias, Elizabeth, *the Virgin* Mary, *and our Saviour himſelf was born, who were members of that Church, and yet participated not in the Corruptions thereof. Thus to grant that the* Romane *was and is a True Viſible Chriſtian Church, (though in Doctrine a Falſe, and in Practice an Idolatrous Church) is a true Aſſertion, and of greater uſe and neceſsity in our*
B *Controverſie with Papiſts about the Perpetuity of the Chriſtian Church, then is underſtood by thoſe who gainſay it. This in your* Reconciler *is ſo well explicated, as if any ſhall continue in traducing you in regard of that Propoſition ſo explained, I think it will be onely thoſe who are better acquainted with wrangling then reaſoning, and deeper in love with Strife then Truth. And therefore be no more troubled with other mens groundleſs ſuſpicions, then you would be in like caſe with their idle Dreams. Thus I have inlarged my ſelf beyond my firſt intent. But my love to your ſelf, and the aſſurance of your conſtant love unto the Truth, inforced me thereunto. I reſt alwayes*

C

Jan. 30.
1628.

Your loving Brother,

JO. SARUM.

D

E

F

TO THE
Reverend and Learned
MASTER DOCTOR *PRIDEAVX*,
Professor of Divinity in OXFORD, *and*
Rector of EXETER *Colledge.*

WOrthy Master Doctor *Prideaux*, all our little world here takes notice of your Worth and Eminencie, who have long furnished the Divinity Chair in that famous University with mutuall grace and honour. Let me intreat you upon the perusall of this sorry sheet of Paper, to impart your self freely to me in your Censure; and to express to me your clear Judgement concerning the true Being and Visibility of the *Romane* Church. You see in what sense I profess to hold it, neither was any other ever in my thoughts: Say, I beseech you, whether you think any learned Orthodox Divine can, with any colour of Reason, maintain a contradiction hereunto. And if you finde (as I doubt not) much necessity and use of this true and safe Tenet, help me to adde (if you please) a further supply of Antidotes to those Popish Spiders that would fain suck Poison out of this Herb. It was my earnest desire that this satisfactory *Reconcilement* might have stilled all tongues and pens concerning this ill-raised brabble: but I see to my grief how much men care for themselves more then peace. I suffer, and the Church is disquieted; your Learning and Gravity will be ready to contribute to a seasonable Pacification. In desire and exspectation of your speedy Answer, I take my leave, and am

Your very loving Friend

and

Fellow-labourer,

JOS. EXON.

TO

TO THE
Right Reverend Father in GOD,
And my very good LORD,
JOSEPH
Bishop of EXCESTER.

Right Reverend Father in GOD;

UPon the receit of your Reconciler, *which it pleased you to send me, I took occasion (as my manifold distractions would permit) to peruse what had been said on both sides concerning the now-being of the* Roman *Church. Wherein I must profess that I could not but wonder at the needless Exceptions against your Tenet, you affirming no new thing in that passage misliked in your* Old Religion. *And this your* Advertisement *(afterward) so fully and punctually cleareth, and your* Reconciler *so acquitteth it, with such satisfying ingenuitie, that I cannot imagine they have considered it well, or mean well, that shall persist to oppose it. For who perceives not, that your Lordship leaves no more to* Rome *then our best Divines ever since the Reformation have granted? If their speeches have been sometimes seemingly different, their meaning hath been alwayes the same, that in respect of the common Truths yet professed among the Papists, they may and ought to be termed a True Visible Church, in opposition to Jews, Turks and Pagans, who directly denie the Foundation; howsoever their Antichristian additions make them no better then the Synagogue of Satan. This being agreed upon by those whose Judgement we have good reason to follow (cited in your* Advertisement, *and by others,) they doe an ill office to our Church (in my opinion) who set them at oddes in this Point that are so excellently reconciled; and give more advantage to the Adversary by quarrelling with our Worthies, then the Adversary is like to get by our acknowledgement, that they are such a miserable Church as we discover them to be.*

What I have thought long since in this behalf, it appeareth in my Lecture De Visibilitate Ecclesiæ; *and as often as this hath come in question in our publick Disputes, we determine here no otherwise then your Lordship hath stated it. And yet we trust to give as little advantage to Popery as those that doe detest it; and are as circumspect to maintain our received*

ceived Doctrine and Diſcipline, without the leaſt Scandall to the weakeſt, as thoſe that would ſeem moſt forward.

That diſtinction of Rome's *caſe before and ſince the Council of* Trent, *holds not to diſ-Church it, but ſhews it rather to be more incurable now then heretofore.*

Neither finde I any particulars objected, which thoſe Worthy men have not ſufficiently cleared that have juſtified your Aſſertion. Not to trouble therefore your weightier affairs with my needleſs interpoſition: as that Controverſie about the Altar (Joſuah 22.) *had preſently a fair end upon the full underſtanding of the good meaning on both ſides; ſo I truſt in God this ſhall have: In which I am ſo perſwaded, that if it were to be diſcuſſed there after our Scholaſtical manner, it might well be defended either* pro *or* con, *without prejudice to the Truth, according to the full ſtating which your* Advertiſement *and* Reconciler *have afforded. And thus, with tender of my due Obſervance and Prayers for your happineſs, I reſt*

From Exon Coll.
Martii 9. No.

Your Lordſhips

in Chriſt to be commanded,

JO. PRIDEAUX.

TO

A

TO

My Reverend and Learned Friend,

MASTER DOCTOR *PRIMEROSE*,

PREACHER to the FRENCH CHURCH

B in *LONDON*.

WOrthy Maſter Doctor *Primeroſe*, You have been long acknowledged a great Light in the Reformed Churches of *France*, having for many years ſhined in your Orbe, the famous Church of *Burdeaux*, with notable effects and ſingular approbation both for Judgement and Sincerity; both which alſo your Learned Writings have well approved; ſo as your Sentence cannot be liable to the danger of any ſuſpicion: Let me intreat you to declare freely what you hold concerning the Trueneſs and Viſibility of the *Roman* Church as it is by me explicated; and withall to impart your knowledge of the common Tenet of thoſe forein Divines with whom you have ſo long converſed concerning this Point, which (if I miſtake not) onely a ſtubborn ignorant will needs make litigious. It grieves my Soul to ſee the Peace of the Church troubled with ſo abſurd a miſpriſion. In expectation of your Anſwer I take leave, and commend you and your holy Labours to the bleſſing of our God. Farewell. From

D

Your loving Brother

and

Fellow-labourer,

E

JOS. EXON.

TO THE

Right Reverend Father in GOD,

And my very good Lord,

JOSEPH Biſhop of EXCESTER.

Right Reverend Father in God,

I Have been ſo buſied about my neceſſary Studies for preaching on Sunday, Tueſday, and this Thurſday, that I could not give ſooner a full Anſwer to your Lordſhips Letter which I received on Friday laſt at night, whereby I am deſired to declare freely what I think concerning the Trueneſs and Viſibility of the preſent Romane *Church as it is by your Lordſhip explicated, and what is the common Tenet of the forein Divines with whom I have ſo long converſed beyond the Seas concerning that Point. I might anſwer in two lines, that I have read your* Reconciler, *and judge your Opinion concerning that Point to be learned, ſound and true. Though that if I durſt favour an officious lie, I would willingly give my Suffrage to thoſe Divines, which out of a moſt fervent Zeal to God and perfect hatred to Idolatry, hold that the* Roman *Church is in all things* BABEL, *in nothing* BETHEL. *And as they which ſeek to ſet right a crooked Tree, bow it the clean contrary way to make it ſtraight; ſo to recover and pull out of the fire of eternal Damnation the* Romane *Chriſtians, I would gladly pourtray them with ſable colours, and make their Religion more black in their own eyes then they are in ours, the helliſh-coloured faces of the flat-noſed* Ethiopians, *or to the* Spaniard *the monſtrous* Sambenit *of the Inquiſition.*

Job 13.7. *But fearing the true reproach caſt by* Job *in his friends teeth,* Will ye ſpeak wickedly for God, and talk deceitfully for him? *and knowing that we muſt not ſpeak a lie, no not againſt the Devil which is* the Father of lies; *I ſay that the* Roman *Church is both* BABEL *and* BETHEL; *and as God's Temple was in Chriſts daies at once* the houſe of Prayer, *and* a den of thieves, *ſo ſhe is in our daies* God's Temple *and* the habitation of Devils, the hold of every foul ſpirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. *Which I prove thus:*

Matth. 21. 13. 2 Theſ. 2. 4. Rev. 18. 1, 2. *The Church is to be conſidered three manner of waies. Firſt, according to Gods right which he keepeth over her, and maintaineth in her by the common and external Calling of his Word and Sacraments. Secondly, according to the pure Preaching of the Word, and external Obedience in hearing, receiving, and keeping the Word ſincerely preached. Thirdly, according to the election of Grace, and the perſonal Calling, which hath perpetually the inward working of the Holy Ghoſt joyned with the outward Preaching of the Word, as in* Lydia. *Thence cometh* the anſwer of a good conſcience toward God, by the Reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt.

Acts 16. 14. 1 Pet. 3. 21. Rom. 2. 28, 29. John 1. 47. 2 Tim. 2. 19. 1 Cor. 2. 12. Rev. 2. 17. *To begin with the laſt Conſideration: Theſe onely are Gods Church which are* Jews inwardly in the ſpirit, *as well* as outwardly in the letter, whoſe praiſe is not of men, but of God; *who are* Nathanaels, and true Iſraelites, in whom there is no guile; *inviſible to all men, viſible to God alone,* who knoweth them that are his; *and each of them to themſelves, becauſe they* have received the Spirit which is of God, that *they* might know the things which are freely given *them* of God, *and* the white ſtone and new name, which no man knoweth ſaving he that receiveth it. *Of this Church, called by the Apoſtle* the people which God foreknew, Rom. 11. 2. *there is no controverſie amongſt our Divines.*

Exod. 19. 7, 8. 24. 3, 7. *In the ſecond Conſideration theſe onely are the true viſible Church of God, amongſt whom the Word of God is truly preached without the mixture of humane Traditions, the holy Sacraments are celebrated according to their firſt inſtitution, and the people conſenteth to be led and ruled by the word of God. As when* Moſes laid before the faces of the people, all the words which the Lord commanded

A ded him; And all the people anſwered together, All that the Lord hath ſpoken we will doe. The Lord ſaid unto Moſes, Write thou theſe words: for after the tenor of theſe words I have made a covenant with thee and with Iſrael. *And* Moſes *ſaid to the people*, Thou haſt avouched this day the Lord to be thy God, and to walk in his waies, and to keep his Statutes and his Commandments and his Judgements, and to hearken unto his voice: And the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be his peculiar people, as he hath promiſed thee, and that thou ſhouldeſt keep all his Commandements. *This condition of the Commandement God did often inculcate into their ears by his Prophets: As when he ſaid to them by* Jeremiah, This thing commanded I

B them, ſaying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye ſhall be my people; and walk ye in all the waies that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you.

So in the Goſpel Chriſt ſaith, My ſheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: But a ſtranger will they not follow, but will flie from him; for they know not the voice of ſtrangers: *where he giveth the firſt mark of the Viſible true and pure Church, to wit, the pure Preaching and Hearing of Chriſts voice. As likewiſe St.* John *ſaith*, He that knoweth God, heareth us: Hereby know we the Spirit of Truth, and the ſpirit of Errour.

Again, the Lord ſaith, By this ſhall all men know that ye are my Diſciples,

C if ye love one another, *pointing out the Concord and holy agreement which is among the Brethren, as another mark of the Orthodox Church. As likewiſe when he ſaith*, Let your light ſo ſhine before men, that they may ſee your good works, and glorifie your Father which is in Heaven, *he ſheweth that good Works are the viſible mark of the true Orthodox Church. The true Preaching and reverend Hearing of the Goſpel is a viſible mark of our Faith and Hope; our Concord in the Lord is a mark of our Charitie; our good Works are real and ſenſible teſtimonies of our inward Faith, Hope and Charitie. Where we finde theſe three Signes, we know certainly that there is Chriſts true Church; and judge charitably, that is probably, that every one in whom we ſee theſe outward tokens of*

D *Chriſts true and Orthodox Church, is a true member of the myſtical body of the Lord* Jeſus. *I ſay* charitably, *becauſe outward marks may be outwardly counterfeited by Hypocrites; as it is ſaid of Iſrael*, They did flatter with their mouth, and they lyed unto him with their tongues; For their heart was not right with him, neither were they ſtedfaſt in his Covenant: *and of many of thoſe that followed our Saviour*, Many believed in his Name, when they ſaw the Miracles which he did: But Jeſus did not commit himſelf unto them, becauſe he knew all men.

Therefore when the people of Iſrael *departed from the Covenant, and by their Idolatry brake, as much as in them lay, the contract of Marriage between them*

E *and God, they ceaſed in that behalf to be Gods true Spouſe and people, though ſtill they called him their Husband and their God. When they made a molten Calf in the wilderneſs, and worſhipped the works of their own fingers, God ſaid to* Moſes, Thy people which thou broughteſt out of the Land of Egypt have corrupted themſelves, *and not* my people. *And* Moſes, *to ſhew that on their part they had broken the Covenant*, broke the Tables of the Covenant. *When under* Achaz *they did worſe*, Iſaiah *called them* children that are corrupted, *their Prince and Governours*, Rulers of Sodome, *themſelves* people of Gomorrah, *their holy City* an Harlot. *And God about the ſame time cryed unto them by* Micah, Thou

F that art named the houſe of Jacob, thou that waſt of late my people: *and to the Ten Tribes by* Hoſea, Ye are not my people, and I will not be your God. *After the ſame manner Chriſt ſaid to the Jews, which gloried and made their boaſt that God was their Father*, If God were your Father, ye would love me: Ye are of your father the Devil, and the luſts of your father ye will doe.

If we ſpeak of the Romiſh *Church according to this Diſtinction, defining the Church by the keeping of the Covenant in pureneſs of Doctrine and Holineſs*

Exod. 34. 27. Deut. 26. 17, 18. Jer. 7. 23. 11. 4. John 10. 27, 5. 1 John 4. 6. John 13. 35. Matt. 5. 16. Pſ. 78. 36, 37. John 2. 23, 24. Exod. 32. 7. 32. 19. Eſay 1. 4, 10, 21. Mich. 2. 7, 8. Hoſea 1. 9. John 8. 42, 44.

Holineſs of life, God himſelf hath ſtript her of that glorious name, calling her ſpiritually Sodome, Egypt, *and* Babylon: Sodome, *in the pollution of her moſt filthy life*; Egypt, *in the abominable multitude of her filthy Idols*; Babylon, *in the cruell and bloodie oppreſſion and perſecution of the Saints. And becauſe ſhe was to call her ſelf as falſly as arrogantly*, the Mother-Church, *the Angel calleth her* The Mother of Harlots and abominations of the Earth: *Becauſe alſo ſhe was to bring and magnifie her ſelf in the multitude of her Saints, he ſaith that* ſhe is drunk with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jeſus. *And taking from her the name of the Church, which ſhe challengeth privatively to all other Chriſtian Congregations, he nameth her, as I have already ſaid,* The habitation of Devils, the hold of every foul ſpirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful Bird.

In the firſt ſenſe Moſes *ſaid to God,* Why doth thy wrath wax hot againſt Thy people? *becauſe although they had broken the Covenant on their part by the works of their hands, God had not as yet broken it on his part.* Jeremiah *in the greateſt heat of their monſtrous Idolatries praied after the ſame manner,* Do not abhor us, for thy Names ſake, do not diſgrace the Throne of thy glory: Remember, break not thy Covenant with us: *and* Eſaiah, Thou art our Father, we are ALL thy people. *For ſo long as God calls a people to him by his Word and Sacraments, and honours them with his Name, ſo long as they conſent to be called by his Name, profeſſing it outwardly, they remain his people, although they anſwer not his Calling, neither in ſoundneſs of Faith, nor in Holineſs of life: Even as rebellious Subjects are ſtill true Subjects on the Kings behalf, who loſeth not his right by their Rebellion: nay, on their own alſo in ſome manner, becauſe they ſtill keep and profeſs his name, and give not themſelves to any forein Prince. Did* David *loſe his right by the Rebellion of the people under his ſon* Abſalom? *And therefore when the King ſubdueth theſe Traitors, he carrieth himſelf towards them, both in forgiving and in puniſhing, as their lawfull and natural Prince, and not as a Conquerour of new Subjects. So as a Strumpet is a true Wife, ſo long as her Husband conſents to dwell with her, and ſhe is named by his name; and as* Agar, *when ſhe fled from her Miſtreſs* Sarai, *was ſtill* Sarai's *maid, as ſhe confeſſed, ſaying,* I flee from the face of my miſtreſs Sarai: *In like manner a rebellious, fugitive and whoring Church, is ſtill a true Church, ſo long as God keeping the right of a King, of a Maſter, of a Husband over her, giveth her not the bill of divorcement, but conſents that his Name be called upon her, and ſhe ſtill calleth her ſelf his Kingdome, his Maid, his Wife. Thus God calleth the Jews* His people, *even then when he ſaid they were not his people, becauſe he had not broken the band of Marriage with them, and put them away by divorcement. Therefore he ſaid unto them,* Where are the letters of your Mothers divorcement, whom I have put away? *Meaning, he had not given unto them a writing of divorcement, but did ſtill acknowledge them to be his Spouſe, notwithſtanding their manifold and moſt filthy whoredomes with falſe gods, which he charged them with, ſaying unto them by* Jeremiah, Thou haſt polluted the Land with thy whoredomes and with thy wickedneſs: Thou haſt a whores forehead, and refuſeſt to be aſhamed. Wilt thou not for this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth? Turn, O backſliding children, ſaith the Lord, for I am married unto you; *or, according to the* French *Tranſlation,* I have the right of an husband over you. *So after he had called the Ten Tribes* Lo-ruhama *and* Lo-hammi, *ſaying he would no more have mercy upon them, and that they were not his people, he calleth them his people*; My people, *ſaith he,* asketh counſel at their ſtocks, and their ſtuffe anſwereth them.

But after that God had ſcattered them among the Medes *and other Nations*

Rev. 11.8. 14.8. 17.5. 6. 18.2. Exod. 32.11. Jer. 14.21. Eſay 64.8,9. Gen. 16.8. Eſay 58.1. 50.1. Jer. 3.2,3,4,14. Hoſ. 1.6,9. 4.12.

A B C D E F

A *ons of* Assyria, *and broken his Covenant with them, they became not onely in the second, but also in the first sense,* Jesrehel, *and no more* Israel, Loruhama, *and no more* Ruhama, Lohammi, *and no more* Hammi. *Then was fulfilled the Propheſie,* Plead with your Mother, plead: for she is not my wife, neither am I her husband. *So the Jewes, which were Gods people in the midst of their Idolatrie, since they have denied Christ to be the* Messias, *the Mediator between God and them, and have crucified the Lord of Glory, are no more Gods people, although they beg still that name.* They are, *saith Christ,* the Synagogue of Satan: They say they are Jewes, and are not, but do ly. *For seeing God hath broken them off, and grafted the*

B *Gentiles in their room, they qualifie themselves Gods people as falsely and injuriously, as a Whore lawfully divorced by her Husband calleth her self his Wife.*

To apply this to the Roman *Church, which hath adulterated and corrupted the whole service of God, and is more adulterous then was at any time* Juda *or* Ephraim, *and therefore is not a true visible Church in the second sense; I say she is one in some sort in the first. In her God doth still keep his true word in the Old and New Testament, as the contract of his Marriage with her. In her is the true Creed, the true Decalogue, the true Lords Prayer, which* Luther *calleth* the kernel of Christianity. *In her Christ is preached, though*

C *corruptly. In her the Trinity and Incarnation of Christ are believed. In her the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are prayed unto, though in an unknown tongue to the most part. In her the little Children are Baptized in the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. And no Divine will deny that their Baptisme is a true Sacrament, whereby their Children are born to God, seeing we do not rebaptise them, where leaving her, they adjoin themselves to us. Who then can deny that she is a true Church? For out of the Church there is no Baptisme, and the Church alone beareth children to God. In her sitteth the man of sin, the son of perdition, who* sitteth in the Temple of God, *which is the Church. Its granted that she is* Babylon 2 Thess. 2 4.

D *in the second sense: and God's people is commanded to* come out of Babylon. Rev. 18.4. *What is Gods people but Gods Church, which forsaketh her successively; as of old the typical people came out of the typical* Babylon, *not at once, but at many several times? If then we apply unto her Gods commandment, exhorting her to come out of* Babylon, *either we understand not what we say, or we acknowlege her to be Gods people, that is, Gods Church, though Idolatrous, Rebellious and Disobedient. Neither shall she cease to be Gods people in this sense till the coming of that blessed day, when the aire shall rebound with the shouting of the Saints,* Babylon is fallen, she is fallen, that great Citie, be- Rev. 14.8.

E cause she made all Nations drunk with the wine of the wrath of her fornication.

I say then, that as Jerusalem *was at the same time* the holy Citie, *and* a Harlot; *the Temple was* Bethel *and* Bethaven, *Gods House and a house of Iniquity; the Jews were* Gods people *and* no people, *Gods children and the Devils;* Ephraim *was* Hammi *and* Lo-hammi, *in divers respects: even so the* Romish *Church is both* Bethel *and* Babel; Bethel *from God, calling her to the communion of his grace in Christ by his Word and Sacrament of Baptisme;* Babel *from her self, because she hath made a gallimaufrey of the Christian Religion, confounding pell-mell her own Traditions with* Gods *Word, her own Merits with Christs, the blood of Martyrs with the blood of*

F the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, *Purgatory* John 1.29. *with the same* blood which purgeth us from all sin, *Justification by* 1 John 1. 7. *Works with Justification* by Faith onely, *Praying to the Creatures with* Gal. 2. 16. *praying to the Creator, Idols of men, women, beasts, Angels, with Gods worship, the mediation of Saints with the mediation of him who is* the surety of the New Testament, *and* is able to save to the uttermost Heb. 7. 22, 25.

all

all thoſe that come unto God by him, ſeeing he ever liveth to make A
interceſſion for them. *Nay, as* Calvin *ſaid truely, in the* Romiſh *Church Chriſt is ſcarcely known among the Saints, of whom ſome are in Heaven, as the Apoſtles, &c. ſome on Earth, as the Pope; ſome in Hell, as Saint* Dominick, *the firebrand of the war againſt the* Albigeois, *Saint* Garnet, *whom* Tyborn *ſent to his own place, to be rewarded of the Gun-powder Treaſon; ſome did never die, becauſe they had never the honour to live, as Saint* Chriſtopher, *Saint* Katharine, *Saint* Urſule, *Saint* Longin, *who was a Spear, Saint* Eloi, *who was two couple of ſharp nailes, and many more of the ſame ſtuffe. In a word, the roaring of the Gamards of* Bahal *is ſo loud in that Church, that Chriſt's voice is ſcant heard in her; and yet heard both in the mouth of theſe* Babylo- B
nian *builders, which underſtand not one another, and in the mouths of the people halting between Chriſt and the Pope their* Bahal. *And therefore in that behalf not* the *true, but* a *true Chriſtian Church.*

This teſtimony is the praiſe of the moſt wonderful patience of God, who ſuffereth ſo long that common hackney to bear his name. It is her ſhame: As it is the ſhame of a Quean married to a good husband, to be convicted of running up and down after ſtrangers. Its a vantage to us in our imployment for her Converſion. For as when Agar *had confeſſed truly, that ſhe was* Sarah's *maid,*
Gen.16.9. *the Angel took her at her word, ſaying,* Return to thy Miſtreſs, and ſubmit thy ſelf to her, *and perſwaded her: Even ſo we take the* Roman *Church by the* C
neck, when ſhe confeſſeth that ſhe is Chriſts Church, as ſhe is indeed, exhorting her to return unto Chriſt, to obey his word, to ſubmit her ſelf unto him, and to follow the true Faith of the antient Catholick and Apoſtolick Church. Neither is it any vantage to her againſt us, to inforce us to return to her, or to upbraid us for forſaking her. For as Moſes, *when the people had committed Idolatry,*
Exod.33.7. took his Tabernacle, and pitched it without the Camp, afarre off from the Camp, *breaking off all Communication with thoſe which had broken the Covenant of the Lord their God, till they repented; as God ſaid to* Jeremiah *of the*
Ezec 16.25. Jews, which had opened their legs to every one that paſſed by, and multi-
Jer.15.1,19. plied *their* whoredomes, Caſt them out of my ſight, and let them goe forth: D
Hoſ.4.17. Let them return unto thee, but return not thou unto them; *as* Hoſea *ſaid of*
Rev.18.4. Ephraim, Ephraim is joyned to Idols, let him alone: *So Chriſt ſaith unto us,* Come out of Babylon my people, that ye be not partakers of her ſins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. *Her ſins are a ſpiritual Leproſie: and we run away from leprous men, though true men, and our neareſt and deareſt Friends,*
Lev.13.45. *crying what they are loath to cry,* Unclean, unclean, *leſt their breath ſhould infect us. Her ſins are Infidelity, not negative, but privative, not in whole, but in part; as S.* Paul, *a believing Jew, was in unbelief when he perſecuted the Church: and S.* Paul *ſaith unto us,* Be ye not unequally yoked together with
2 Cor.6.14 15, 16,17,18. unbelievers, *&c.* Come out from among them, and be ye ſeparate, ſaith the E
Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye ſhall be my ſons and daughters, ſaith the Lord Almighty. *A faithful Subject will not take a Traitour, though a Subject, by the hand, nor I a Papiſt in matter of his Religion: neither will honeſt women goe unto the ſtews with the greateſt Lady, though ſhe be a great ones Wife.*

This I have ever taught privately, preached publickly, publiſhed in printed Books againſt Papiſts during theſe thirty three yeares of my Miniſtry in the French *Churches, without any advantage to our Adverſaries, without any contradiction of our Divines, without any exception taken againſt it by our Churches, or any particular among the Brethren, which all in their name preach and publiſh* F
that they are of the ſame mind, calling themſelves the Reformed Churches, *and our Religion* the Reformed Religion. *For as the good Kings of* Juda *did not build a new Temple, call to God a new people, ſet up a new Religion, but repurge and cleanſe the old Temple, reſtore the ancient Religion, exhorted Gods people to ſhake off the new inventions of the new-patched Religion, and to return to the Lord*

their

A *their God by the old way which their Fathers had beaten, and* Moſes *had traced unto them in the Law; and as* Zorobabel, Eſdras, Nehemiah, Jeſhuah, *builded the wals of* Jeruſalem *upon the ancient Foundation, every man building next himſelf: even ſo the Proteſtant Divines have every one next himſelf, not builded a new Church upon a new Foundation, but repurged the ancient Church of Idolatry, Superſtition, falſe Interpretations of the Scriptures and Traditions of men, whereof ſhe was fuller then ever* Augeas *his Stable was full of muck; but beaten down, and burned with the fire of Gods Word the walls* of Wood, Hay, Stubble, *which the* Babylonian *builders had raiſed upon the old Foundation, which is Chriſt* Jeſus, *and edified upon it a fair Palace of* Silver, Gold, precious Stones. *This ſame is* B *the Opinion alſo of my Collegues of the* French *Church of this City of* London.

Neh. 3. & 4.

1 Cor. 3. 12.

If any ſelf-conceited Chriſtian thinketh this an advantage rather then a diſparagement and diſgrace to that punk the Roman *Church, and taketh thereby occaſion to perſevere to be her Bawd or Stallion, and to run a whoring with her, I ſay with the Pſalmiſt,* The wicked hath left off to be wiſe, and to doe good; *and with the Angel,* He that is unjuſt, let him be unjuſt ſtill: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy ſtill. *For neither muſt an honeſt heart ſpeak a lie for the good that may come of it; nor conceal in time and place a neceſſary Truth for any evil that may inſue of it. If it harden more and more the flinty hearts of ſome unto death, it will ſoften and melt the iron hearts of others unto life; that ſeeing among us the* C *mud and dirt of humane Traditions, wherewith the Pope and his Clergy had furred and ſoiled the bright-ſhining glaſſe of the Goſpel, wiped away from this heavenly mirror of God's favour, they may come unto us, and* beholding with open face, as in a glaſſe, the glory of the Lord, *may be* changed *with us* into the ſame image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Pſal. 36. 3.

Rev. 22. 11.

2 Cor. 3. 18.

Which laſt effect I pray with my heart your Reconciler *may have with thoſe that are children of Peace. And ſo recommending your Lordſhip, with all your learned, eloquent, ſound and uſefull Labours to Gods moſt powerfull bleſſing, and my ſelf to the continuance of your godly Prayers and old Friendſhip, I remain for ever*

D

From *London* the 26. of *February*, 1629.

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and affectionate Servant,

GILBERT PRIMROSE.

E

F

To my Worthy and much reſpected Friend, Mr *H. CHOLMLEY.*

MAſter *Cholmley*, I have peruſed your Learned and full Reply to Maſter *Burton*'s Anſwer: wherein you have in a judicious eye abundantly righted your ſelf, and cleared a juſt Cauſe, ſo as the Reader would wonder where an Adverſary might finde ground to raiſe an oppoſition. But let me tell you, were it a Book written by the Pen of an Angel from Heaven in this Subject, I ſhould doubt whether to wiſh it publick. How true, how juſt ſoever the plea be, I finde (ſuch is the ſelf-love and partiality of our corrupt nature) the quarrell is inlarged by multiplying of words. When I ſee a Fire quenched with Oyle, I will expect to ſee a Controverſie of this nature ſtinted by publick altercation. New matter ſtill riſes in the agitation, & gives hint to a fore-reſolved Oppoſite of a freſh diſquiſition: So as we may ſooner ſee an end of the common Peace, then of an unkindly jarre in the Church; eſpecially ſuch a one as is fomented with a miſtaken Zeal on the one ſide, and with a confidence of Knowledge on the other.

Silence hath ſometimes quieted ſuch like miſ-raiſed brabbles, never interchange of words. This very Queſtion was on foot ſome forty years agoe in the hote chace of great Authors; but whether through the ingenuity of the parties, or ſome over-ruling act of Divine Providence, it ſoon died without noiſe: ſo I wiſh it may now doe. Rather let the weaker Title goe away with the laſt word, then the Church ſhall be diſtracted. For that Poſition of mine which occaſioned your Vindication, you ſee it ſufficiently abetted and determined by ſo Reverend Authority as admits no exception: I dare ſay, no Learned Divine of our own Church or the forain can but ſubſcribe (in this our ſenſe) to the Judgement of theſe Worthies. To draw forth therefore this cord of contention to any further length, were no leſſe needleſſe then prejudiciall to the publick peace. He is not worthy to be ſatisfied that will yet wrangle.

As for thoſe Perſonall aſperſions that are caſt upon you by Malice, be perſwaded to deſpiſe them. Theſe Weſtern parts, where your reputation is deſervedly pretious, know your zeal for Gods Truth no leſſe fervent (though better governed) then the moſt fiery of your Cenſurers. No man more hateth Popiſh Superſtition; onely your fault is, that you do not more hate Errour then Injuſtice, and cannot abide wrong meaſure offered to the worſt enemy. Neither be you troubled with that idle exprobration of a Prebendary retribution; who would care for a contumely ſo void of truth? God knows that worthleſſe gift was conferred upon you ere this task came into either of our thoughts; and whoſo knows the entire reſpects betwixt us from our very Cradles till this day, may well think that a Prebend of three pounds by the year need not goe for a Fee, where there is ſo much and ſo ancient cauſe of dearneſs. I am ſorry to ſee ſuch rancour under the coat of Zeal. Surely nothing but mere Malice can be guilty of this charge; no leſſe then of that other envious challenge of your decay of Graces, of falling from your firſt Love, from induſtry to eaſe, from a weekly to a monethly preaching: when thoſe that know the ſtate of your *Tiverton*, the four-parted diviſion of that charge, and your forced confinement to your own day by publick authority, both Spirituall and Temporall, muſt needs acquit you, and cry down the wrong of an accuſer. As for the vigour of Gods good Graces in you, both common and ſanctifying, all the Country are your ample witneſſes. I that have interknown you from our childhood, cannot but profeſſe to finde the entrance of your age no leſſe above the beſt of your youth in abilities then in time; and ſtill no leſſe fruitfull in promiſes of increaſe, then in eminent performances.

What

What need I urge this? your Adverſaries do enough feel your worth. So as (to ſpeak ſeriouſly) I cannot ſufficiently wonder at the liberty of thoſe men, who profeſſing a ſtrict conſcience of their wayes, dare let their Pens or Tongues looſe to ſo injurious and uncharitable a detraction, whereof they know the juſt avenger is in Heaven. It ſhould not be thus betwixt Brethren, no not with Enemies.

For the main buſineſs, there wants not confidence on either ſide: I am appealed to by both, an unmeet Judge, conſidering my ſo deep ingagements. But if my umpierage may ſtand, I award an eternall ſilence to both parts. Sit down in peace then, you and your worthy Second, whoſe young ripeneſs and modeſt and learned diſcourſe is worthy of better entertainment then contempt: and let your zealous Opponents ſay, that you have overcome your ſelves in a reſolved ceſſation of Pens, and them in a love of Peace. Farewell from

Your loving Friend

and ancient Collegue,

JOS. EXON.

OCCASIONALL MEDITATIONS

By

JOS. EXON.

Set forth by *R. H.*

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

My very good Lord,

JAMES Lord Viſcount *Doncaſter*,

Right Honourable,

FInding theſe Papers amongſt others lying aſide in my Fathers Study, whereof I conceived good uſe might be made, in regard of that ſpirituall advantage which they promiſed, I obtained of him good leave to ſend them abroad; whereto he profeſſed himſelf the more eaſily induced, for that his continuall and weighty employments in this large and buſie Dioceſe will not yet afford him leiſure to diſpatch thoſe his other fixed Meditations on the Hiſtory of the New Teſtament. In the mean time, the expreſſions of theſe voluntary and ſudden thoughts of his ſhall teſtifie how fruitfully he is wont to improve thoſe ſhort ends of time which are ſtolne from his more important avocations; and (unleſſe my hopes fail me) the pattern of them may prove not a little beneficial to others. Holy mindes have been ever wont to look through theſe bodily Objects, at ſpiritual and heavenly. So Sulpitius *reports of S.* Martin, *that ſeeing a Sheep newly ſhorn, he could ſay, Loe here is one that hath performed that command in the Goſpel; having two Coats, ſhe hath given away one: and ſeeing an Hogherd freezing in a thin ſuit of skins, Loe, (ſaid he) there is* Adam *caſt out of Paradiſe: and ſeeing a Medow part rooted up, part whole, but eaten down, and part flouriſhing, he ſaid, The firſt was the ſtate of Fornication, the ſecond of Marriage, the third of Virginity. But what do I ſeek any other Author then the Lord of Life himſelf? who upon the drawing of water from the Well of* Shilo *on the day of the great* Hoſanna, *took occaſion to ſpeak of thoſe Living waters which ſhould flow from every true believer,* John 7. 38. *and upon occaſion of a bodily Feaſt,* Luke 14. *entred into that Divine diſcourſe of God's gracious invitation of us to thoſe ſpiritual viands of Grace and Glory. Thus, methinks, we ſhould ſtill be climbing up in our thoughts from Earth to Heaven, and ſuffer no Object to croſſe us in our way without ſome ſpiritual Uſe and Application. Thus it pleaſed my Reverend Father*

Father ſometimes to recreate himſelf, whoſe manner hath been, when any of theſe Meditations have unſought offer'd themſelves unto him, preſently to ſet them down: a courſe which I wiſh had been alſo taken in many more, which might no doubt have been very profitable.

Theſe, as they are, I ſend forth under your Honourable Name, out of thoſe many Reſpects which are in an hereditary right due to your Lordſhip, as being apparent Heir to thoſe two ſingular Patrons of my juſtly-Reverenced Father; the eminent Vertue of which your Noble Parents in a gracious Succeſſion yields to your Lordſhip an happy Example, which to follow is the onely way to true Honour. For the daily increaſe whereof here, and the everlaſting Crown of it hereafter, his Prayers to God ſhall not be wanting, who deſires to be accounted

Your Lordſhips devoted

in all humble obſervance,

RO. HALL.

Occaſionall MEDITATIONS.

The Proeme.

I Have heedleſly loſt (I confeſſe) many good thoughts; theſe few my Paper hath preſerved from vaniſhing; the example whereof may perhaps be more uſefull then the matter. Our active Soul can no more forbear to think, then the Eye can chuſe but ſee when it is open. Would we but keep our wholeſome Notions together, mankinde would be too rich. To doe well, no Object ſhould paſſe us without uſe; every thing that we ſee, reads us new lectures of Wiſdome and Piety. It is a ſhame for a man to be ignorant or Godleſſe under ſo many Tutors. For me, I would not wiſh to live longer then I ſhall be better for my eyes; and have thought it thank-worthy, thus to teach weak mindes how to improve their thoughts upon all like occaſions. And if ever theſe lines ſhall come to the publick view, I deſire and charge my Reader, whoſoever he be, to make me and himſelf ſo happy, as to take out my Leſſon, and to learn how to read Gods great Book by mine.

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Occaſionall MEDITATIONS.

I. *Upon the ſight of the Heavens moving.*

I Can ſee nothing ſtand ſtill but the Earth; all other things are in motion. Even the Water which makes up one Globe with the Earth is ever ſtirring in ebbes and flowings, the Clouds over my head, the Heavens above the clouds: theſe, as they are moſt conſpicuous, ſo are they the greateſt patterns of perpetuall action.

What ſhould we rather imitate then this glorious frame? O God, when we pray that *thy will* may *be done in Earth as it is in Heaven*, though we mean chiefly the Inhabitants of that place, yet we do not exclude the very Place of thoſe Bleſſed inhabitants from being an example of our Obedience. The motion of this thy Heaven is perpetuall; ſo let me ever be acting ſomewhat of thy will: the motion of thy Heaven is regular, never ſwerving from the due points; ſo let me ever walk ſteddily in the wayes of thy will, without all diverſions or variations from the line of thy Law. In the motion of thine Heaven, though ſome Stars have their own peculiar and contrary courſes, yet all yield themſelves to the ſway of the main circumvolution of that Firſt mover; ſo though I have a will of mine own, yet let me give my ſelf over to be ruled and ordered by thy Spirit in all my waies.

Man is a little World; my Soul is Heaven, my Body is Earth: if this Earth be dull and fixed, yet, O God, let my Heaven (like unto thine) move perpetually, regularly, and in a conſtant ſubjection to thine Holy Ghoſt.

II. *Upon the ſight of a Diall.*

IF the Sun did not ſhine upon this Diall, no body would look at it: in a cloudy day it ſtands like an uſeleſſe poſt, unheeded, unregarded; but when once thoſe beams break forth, every paſſenger runs to it, and gazes on it.

O God, whiles thou hideſt thy countenance from me, methinks all thy Creatures paſſe by me with a willing neglect: indeed, what am I without thee? And if thou have drawn in me ſome lines and notes of able endowments; yet, if I be not actuated by thy Grace, all is in reſpect of uſe no better then nothing. But when thou reneweſt the light of thy loving countenance upon me, I finde a ſenſible and happy change of condition; methinks all things look upon me with ſuch chear and obſervance, as if they meant to make good that Word of thine, *Thoſe that honour me, I will honour:* now every line and figure which it hath pleaſed thee to work in me, ſerve for uſefull and profitable direction.

O Lord, all the glory is thine: give thou me light, I ſhall give others information; both of us ſhall give thee praiſe.

III. *Upon the ſight of an Eclipſe of the Sun.*

LIght is an ordinary and familiar Bleſſing; yet ſo dear to us, that one hours interception of it ſets all the world in a wonder. The two great Luminaries of Heaven, as they impart light to us, ſo they withdraw light from each other. The Sun darkens the full Moon, in caſting the ſhadow of the earth upon her oppoſed face; the new Moon repays this blemiſh to the Sun, in the inter-

A interpoſing of her dark body betwixt our eyes and his glorious beams; the earth is troubled at both.

O God, if we be ſo afflicted with the obſcuring of ſome piece of one of thy created lights for an hour or two, what a confuſion ſhall it be that thou, who art the God of theſe Lights, (in compariſon of whom they are mere darkneſſe) ſhalt hide thy face from thy creature for ever? O thou that art the Sun of Righteouſneſſe, if every of my ſins cloud thy face, yet let not my grievous ſins eclipſe thy light. Thou ſhineſt alwayes, though I do not ſee thee: but, Oh, never ſuffer my ſins ſo to darken thy viſage that I cannot ſee thee.

B

IV. *Upon the ſight of a gliding Star.*

HOw eaſily is our ſight deceived? how eaſily doth our ſight deceive us? We ſaw no difference betwixt this Star and the reſt; the light ſeemed alike, both whiles it ſtood, and whiles it fell: now we know it was no other then a baſe ſlimy Meteor guilded with the Sun-beams; and now our foot can tread upon that which ere while our eye admired. Had it been a Star, it had ſtill and ever ſhined; now the very fall argues it a falſe and elementary Apparition.

Thus our Charity doth and muſt miſ-lead us in our Spirituall judgements. C If we ſee men exalted in their Chriſtian Profeſſion, fixed in the upper region of the Church, ſhining with appearances of Grace, we may not think them other then ſtars in this lower firmament; but if they fall from their holy ſtation, and imbrace the preſent world, whether in Judgement or Practice renouncing the Truth and power of Godlineſs, now we may boldly ſay, they had never any true light in them, and were no other then a glittering compoſition of Pride and Hypocriſie.

O God, if my Charity make me apt to be deceived by others, let me be ſure not to deceive my ſelf. Perhaps ſome of theſe apoſtating Stars have thought themſelves true: let their miſ-carriage make me heedfull; let the inward D light of thy Grace more convince my truth to my ſelf, then my outward Profeſſion can repreſent me glorious to others.

V. *Upon a fair Proſpect.*

WHat a pleaſing variety is here of Towns, Rivers, Hills, Dales, Woods, Medows, each of them ſtriving to ſet forth the other, and all of them to delight the eye? So as this is no other then a naturall and reall Landſcap drawn by that Almighty & skilfull hand in this table of the Earth for the pleaſure of our view: no other creature beſides Man is capable to E apprehend this Beauty. I ſhall doe wrong to him that brought me hither, if I do not feed my eyes, and praiſe my Maker. It is the intermixture and change of theſe Objects that yields this contentment both to the Senſe and Minde.

But there is a ſight, O my Soul, that without all variety offers thee a truer and fuller delight, even this Heaven above thee: All thy other Proſpects end in this. This glorious circumference bounds, and circles, and inlightens all that thine eye can ſee: whether thou look upward, or forward, or about thee, there thine eye alights, there let thy thoughts be fixed. One inch of this lightſome Firmament hath more Beauty in it then the whole face of the Earth: And yet this is but the floor of that goodly fabrick, the outward curtain of that glo- F rious Tabernacle. Couldſt thou but (Oh that thou couldſt) look within that veile, how ſhouldſt thou be raviſht with that bliſſefull ſight? There, in that incomprehenſible light, thou ſhouldſt ſee him whom none can ſee and not be bleſſed; thou ſhouldſt ſee millions of pure and majeſticall Angels, of holy and glorified Souls: there, amongſt thy Fathers many manſions, thou ſhouldſt take happy notice of thine owne. Oh the beſt of earth now vile and contemptible!

Come

Come down no more, O my Soul, after thou haſt once pitched upon this Heavenly glory : or if this fleſh force thy deſcent, be unquiet till thou art let looſe to Immortality. A

VI. *Upon the frame of a Globe caſually broken.*

IT is hard to ſay whether is the greater, Mans Art, or Impotence. He that cannot make one ſpire of graſſe, or corn of ſand, will yet be framing of Worlds; he can imitate all things, who can make nothing. Here is a great World in a little room, by the skill of the workman, but in leſſe room by miſ-accident. Had he ſeen this, who upon the view of *Plato*'s Book of Common-wealth eaten with Mice, preſaged the fatall miſcarriage of the publick State, he would ſure have conſtrued this caſualty as ominous. B

Whatever become of the Materiall world, (whoſe decay might ſeem no leſſe to ſtand with Divine Providence then this Microcoſme of individuall man) ſure I am, the frame of the Morall world is and muſt be diſ-joynted in the laſt times: Men do and will fall from evil to worſe. He that hath made all times hath told us that the laſt ſhall be perilous. Happy is he that can ſtand upright when the world declines, and can endeavour to repair the common ruine with a conſtancy in goodneſſe. C

VII. *Upon a Cloud.*

WHether it were a naturall Cloud wherewith our aſcending Saviour was intercepted from the eyes of his Diſciples upon mount *olivet*, I inquire not: this I am ſure of, that the time now was when a Cloud ſurpaſſed the Sun in glory. How did the intentive eyes of thoſe raviſhed beholders envy that happy Meteor; and ſince they could no more ſee that glorious Body, fixed themſelves upon that Celeſtiall Chariot wherewith it was carried up? The Angels could tell the gazing Diſciples (to fetch them off from that aſtoniſhing proſpect) that *this Jeſus ſhould ſo come again as they had ſeen him depart*. He went up in a Cloud, and he ſhall come again in the clouds of Heaven to his laſt Judgement. D

O Saviour, I cannot look upward, but I muſt ſee the ſenſible monuments both of thine Aſcenſion and Return. Let no cloud of Worldlineſſe or Infidelity hinder me from following thee in thine Aſcenſion, or from expecting thee in thy Return.

VIII. *Upon the ſight of a Grave digged up.*

THE Earth, as it is a great devourer, ſo alſo it is a great preſerver too: Liquors and Fleſhes are therein long kept from putrifying, and are rather heightened in their Spirits by being buried in it; but above all, how ſafely doth it keep our Bodies for the Reſurrection? E

We are here but lay'd up for cuſtody; Balmes and Sere-cloths and Leads cannot doe ſo much as this lap of our common Mother; when all theſe are diſſolved into her duſt (as being unable to keep themſelves from corruption) ſhe receives and reſtores her charge. I can no more withhold my body from the earth, then the earth can withhold it from my Maker.

O God, this is thy Cabinet or Shrine, wherein thou pleaſeſt to lay up the precious relicks of thy dear Saints untill the Jubilee of Glory. With what confidence ſhould I commit my ſelf to this ſure repoſition, whiles I know thy word juſt, thy Power infinite? F

IX. *Upon*

A

IX. *Upon the ſight of Gold melted.*

THis Gold is both the faireſt and moſt ſolid of all Metals; yet is the ſooneſt melted with the fire: others, as they are courſer, ſo more churliſh, and hard to be wrought upon by a diſſolution.

Thus a ſound and good heart is moſt eaſily melted into ſorrow and fear by the ſenſe of Gods Judgments; whereas the carnal minde is ſtubborn and remorſleſſe. All Metals are but earth, yet ſome are of finer temper then others; all hearts are of fleſh, yet ſome are, through the power of Grace, more capable of
B Spirituall apprehenſions.

O God, we are ſuch as thou wilt be pleaſed to make us. Give me a heart that may be ſound for the truth of Grace, and melting at the terrors of thy Law; I can be for no other then thy Sanctuary on earth, or thy Treaſury of Heaven.

X. *Upon the ſight of a Pitcher carried.*

THus thoſe that are great and weak are carried by the eares up and down of Flatterers and Paraſites: Thus ignorant and ſimple hearers are carried
C by falſe and miſ-zealous Teachers. Yet to be carried by both eares is more ſafe then to be carried by one. It argues an empty Pitcher to be carried by one alone. Such are they that upon the hearing of one part, raſhly paſſe their ſentence, whether of acquitall, or cenſure.

In all diſquiſitions of hidden Truths, a wiſe man will be led by the eares, not carried; that implies a violence of Paſſion over-ſwaying Judgement: but in matter of civill occurrence and unconcerning rumor, it is good to uſe the Eare, not to truſt to it.

XI. *Upon the ſight of a Tree full bloſſomed.*

D

HEre is a Tree over-laid with bloſſomes, it is not poſſible that all theſe ſhould proſper; one of them muſt needs rob the other of moiſture and growth. I do not love to ſee an Infancy over-hopefull: in theſe pregnant beginnings one Faculty ſtarves another, and at laſt leaves the Minde ſapleſſe and barren. As therefore we are wont to pull off ſome of the too-frequent bloſſomes, that the reſt may thrive; ſo it is good wiſdome to moderate the early exceſſe of the parts, or progreſſe of over-forward Childhood.

Neither is it otherwiſe in our Chriſtian profeſſion; a ſudden and laviſh oſtentation of Grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will
E not at the laſt fill the lap with fruit. Let me not promiſe too much, nor raiſe too high expectations of my undertakings. I had rather men ſhould complain of my ſmall hopes, then of my ſhort performances.

XII. *Upon the report of a man ſuddenly ſtruck dead in his Sin.*

ICannot but magnifie the Juſtice of God, but withall I muſt praiſe his Mercy. It were woe with any of us all, if God ſhould take us at advantages. Alas! which of us hath not committed ſins worthy of a preſent revenge? had we been alſo ſurprized in thoſe acts, where had we been? O God, it is more then
F thou oweſt us, that thou haſt waited for our Repentance; it is no more then thou oweſt us, that thou plagueſt our offences. *The wages of Sin is Death*, and it is but Juſtice to pay due wages. Bleſſed be thy Juſtice, that haſt made others Examples to me: bleſſed be thy Mercy, that haſt not made me an Example unto others.

XIII. *Upon*

XIII. *Upon the view of the Heaven and the Earth.*

WHat a ſtrange contrariety is here? The Heaven is in continuall motion, and yet there is the onely place of Reſt; the Earth ever ſtands ſtill, and yet here is nothing but Unreſt and unquietneſſe. Surely, the end of that Heavenly motion is for the benefit of the Earth; and the end of all theſe Earthly turmoils is our repoſall in Heaven. Thoſe that have imagined the Earth to turn about, and the Heavens to ſtand ſtill, have yet ſuppoſed that we may ſtand or ſit ſtill on that whirling Globe of earth: how much more may we be perſwaſed of our perfect Reſt above thoſe moving Sphears?

It matters, not, O God, how I am vexed here below a while, if ere long I may repoſe with thee above for ever.

XIV. *Upon occaſion of a Red-breſt coming into his Chamber.*

PRetty Bird, how chearfully doſt thou ſit and ſing, and yet knoweſt not where thou art, nor where thou ſhalt make thy next meal, and at night muſt ſhrowd thy ſelf in a Buſh for lodging? What a ſhame is it for me, that ſee before me ſo liberal proviſions of my God, and finde my ſelf ſet warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a diſtruſtfull and unthankfull dulneſſe? Had I ſo little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartleſſe ſhould I be, how carefull? how little liſt ſhould I have to make muſick to thee or my ſelf?

Surely thou cameſt not hither without a Providence: God ſent thee, not ſo much to delight, as to ſhame me; but all in a conviction of my ſullen unbelief, who under more apparent means am leſſe chearfull and confident. Reaſon and Faith have not done ſo much in me, as in thee mere inſtinct of Nature. Want of fore-ſight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, then the foreſight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy Providence is not impaired by thoſe Powers thou haſt given me above theſe Brute things: let not my greater helps hinder me from an holy ſecurity and comfortable reliance upon thee.

XV. *Upon occaſion of a Spider in his Window.*

THere is no vice in man whereof there is not ſome Analogie in the brute Creatures. As amongſt us men, there are Thieves by Land, and Pirats by Sea, that live by ſpoil and blood; ſo is there in every kinde amongſt them variety of natural Sharkers, the Hawk in the Aire, the Pike in the River, the Whale in the Sea, the Lion and Tiger and Wolf in the Deſart, the Waſp in the Hive, the Spider in our Window. Amongſt the reſt, ſee how cunningly this little *Arabian* hath ſpred out his tent for a prey; how heedfully he watches for a Paſſenger. So ſoon as ever he hears the noiſe of a Flie afar off, how he haſtens to his door? and if that ſilly heedleſſe Traveller do but touch upon the verge of that unſuſpected walk, how ſuddenly doth he ſeize upon the miſerable booty; and after ſome ſtrife, binding him faſt with thoſe ſubtile cords, drags the helpleſſe Captive after him into his cave?

What is this but an Embleme of thoſe Spiritual Free-booters that lie in wait for our Souls? They are the Spiders, we the Flies: they have ſpred their nets of Sin; if we be once caught, they binde us faſt, and hale us into Hell.

O Lord, deliver thou my Soul from their crafty ambuſhes; their poiſon is greater, their webs both more ſtrong and more inſenſibly woven. Either teach me to avoid Tentation, or make me to break through it by Repentance. Oh let me not be a prey to thoſe Fiends that lie in wait for my deſtruction.

XVI. *Upon*

XVI. *Upon the ſight of a Rain in the Sun-ſhine.*

SUch is my beſt condition in this life; If the Sun of Gods Countenance ſhine upon me, I may well be content to be wet with ſome Rain of Affliction. How oft have I ſeen the Heaven overcaſt with Clouds and Tempeſt, no Sun appearing to comfort me? yet even thoſe gloomy and ſtormy ſeaſons have I rid out patiently, only with the help of the common light of the day; at laſt thoſe beams have broken forth happily, and cheared my Soul.

It is well for my ordinary ſtate, if through the miſts of mine own dulneſs and Satans Tentations, I can deſcry ſome glimpſe of Heavenly comfort: let me never hope, whiles I am in this Veile, to ſee the clear face of that Sun without a ſhowre: ſuch Happineſs is reſerved for above; that upper Region of Glory is free from theſe doubtfull and miſerable viciſſitudes. There, O God, we ſhall ſee as we are ſeen. *Light is ſown for the Righteous, and joy for the upright in heart.*

XVII. *Upon the Length of the way.*

HOW far off is yonder great mountain? My very eye is weary with the foreſight of ſo great a diſtance; yet time and patience ſhall overcome it; this night we ſhall hope to lodge beyond it. Some things are more tedious in their exſpectation then in their performance. The comfort is, that every ſtep I take ſets me nearer to my end. When I once come there, I ſhall both forget how long it now ſeems, and pleaſe my ſelf to look back upon the way that I have meaſured.

It is thus in our paſſage to Heaven. My weak nature is ready to faint under the very conceit of the length and difficulty of this Journey; my eye doth not more guide then diſcourage me: Many ſteps of Grace and true Obedience ſhall bring me inſenſibly thither. Only let me move, and hope; and God's good leiſure ſhall perfect my Salvation.

O Lord, give me to poſſeſſe my Soul with patience, and not ſo much to regard ſpeed, as certainty. When I come to the top of thine Holy hill, all theſe weary paces and deep ſloughs ſhall either be forgotten, or contribute to my Happineſſe in their remembrance.

XVIII. *Upon the Rain and Waters.*

WHat a ſenſible interchange there is in Nature betwixt union and diviſion? Many Vapours riſing from the Sea meet together in one Cloud; that cloud falls down divided into ſeveral Drops; thoſe drops run together, and in many rills of water meet in the ſame Chanels; thoſe chanels run into the Brook, thoſe brooks into the Rivers, thoſe rivers into the Sea; one receptacle is for all, though a large one, and all make back to their firſt and main originall.

So it either is, or ſhould be, with Spiritual Gifts. O God, thou diſtilleſt thy Graces upon us, not for our reſervation, but conveyance: thoſe manifold Faculties thou letteſt fall upon ſeveral men, thou wouldſt not have drenched up where they light; but wouldſt have derived, through the chanels of their ſpecial vocations, into the common ſtreams of publick Uſe, for Church or Common-wealth.

Take back, O Lord, thoſe few drops thou haſt rained upon my Soul, and return them into that great Ocean of the Glory of thine own Bounty, from whence they had their beginning.

XIX. *Upon the same Subject.*

MAny Drops fill the Chanels, and many chanels swell up the Brooks, and many brooks raise the Rivers over the banks: the Brooks are not out till the Chanels be empty, the Rivers rise not whiles the small Brooks are full; but when the little Rivulets have once voided themselves into the main streams, then all is overflown. Great matters arise from small beginnings: many littles make up a large bulk. Yea what is the World but a composition of atomes? We have seen it thus in Civil Estates: the empairing of the Commons hath oft been the raising of the Great; their streams have run low, till they have been heightned by the confluence of many private inlets: Many a mean chanell hath been emptied to make up their inundation.

Neither is it otherwise in my whether outward or Spiritual condition. O God, thou hast multiplied my drops into streams. As out of many Minutes thou hast made up my Age, so out of many Lessons thou hast made up my competency of Knowledge: thou hast drained many beneficient friends to make me competently Rich; by many holy motions thou hast wrought me to some measure of Grace.

Oh, teach me wisely and moderately to injoy thy Bounty, and to reduce thy streams into thy drops, and thy drops into thy clouds, humbly and thankfully acknowledging whence and how I have all that I have, all that I am.

XX. *Upon occasion of the Lights brought in.*

WHat a change there is in the room since the Light came in? yea in our selves? All things seem to have a new form, a new life; yea, we are not the same we were. How goodly a creature is Light, how pleasing, how agreeable to the spirits of man? No visible thing comes so near to the resembling of the nature of the *Soul*, yea of the God that made it. As contrarily, what an uncomfortable thing is Darkness? insomuch as we punish the greatest malefactors with obscurity of Dungeons; as thinking they could not be miserable enough, if they might have the priviledge of beholding the Light. Yea, Hell it self can be no more horribly described then by outward Darkness. What is Darkness but absence of Light? The pleasure or the horror of light or darkness, is according to the quality and degree of the cause whence it ariseth.

And if the light of a poor Candle be so comfortable, which is nothing but a little inflamed aire gathered about a moistened snuffe, what is the light of the glorious Sun, the great lamp of Heaven? But much more what is the light of that infinitely-resplendent Sun of Righteousnesse, who gave that light to the Sun, that Sun to the world? And if this partial and imperfect Darkness be so dolefull, (which is the privation of a natural or artificial Light) how unconceivable dolorous and miserable shall that be which is caused through the utter absence of the all-glorious God, who is the Father of lights? O Lord, how justly do we pity those wretched Souls *that sit in darkness and the shadow of death*, shut up from the light of the saving knowledge of thee the only true God? But how am I swallowed up with horror, to think of the fearfull condition of those damned Souls that are for ever shut out from the presence of God, and adjudged to exquisite & everlasting darkness? The *Egyptians* were weary of themselves in their three daies darkness; yet we do not finde any pain that accompanied their continuing night. What shall we say to those wofull Souls, in whom the sensible presence of infinite torment shall meet with the torment of the perpetual absence of God?

O thou who art the true Light, shine ever through all the blinde corners of my Soul; and from these weak glimmerings of Grace, bring me to the perfect brightness of thy Glory.

XXI. *Upon*

A

XXI. *Upon the ſame occaſion.*

AS well as we love the Light, we are wont to ſalute it at the firſt coming in with winking or cloſed eyes: as not abiding to ſee that without which we cannot ſee. All ſudden changes (though to the better) have a kinde of trouble attending them. By how much more excellent any Object is, by ſo much more is our weak ſenſe miſ-affected in the firſt apprehending of it.

O Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt manifeſt thy glorious preſence to us here, we ſhould be confounded in the ſight of it. How wiſely, how mercifully haſt thou
B reſerved that for our glorified eſtate; where no infirmity ſhall dazle our eyes, where perfect Righteouſneſs ſhall give us perfect boldneſs both of ſight and fruition?

XXII. *Upon the blowing of the Fire.*

WE beat back the flame, not with a purpoſe to ſuppreſſe it, but to raiſe it higher, and to diffuſe it more.

Thoſe Afflictions and repulſes which ſeem to be diſcouragements, are indeed the mercifull incitements of Grace. If God did mean Judgment to my Soul, he would either withdraw the fuell, or powr water upon the fire, or
C ſuffer it to languiſh for want of new motions; but now that he continues to me the means and opportunities and deſires of good, I ſhall miſconſtrue the intentions of my God, if I ſhall think his croſſes ſent rather to damp then to quicken his Spirit in me.

O God, if thy bellows did not ſometimes thus breath upon me in ſpiritual repercuſſions, I ſhould have juſt cauſe to ſuſpect my eſtate: thoſe few weak gleeds of Grace that are in me, might ſoon goe out, if they were not thus refreſhed. Still blow upon them, till they kindle; ſtill kindle them, till they flame up to thee.

D

XXIII. *Upon the barking of a Dog.*

WHat have I done to this Dog that he follows me with this angry clamour? Had I rated him, or ſhaken my ſtaffe, or ſtooped down for a ſtone, I had juſtly drawn on this noiſe, this ſnarling importunity. But why do I wonder to finde this unquiet diſpoſition in a brute creature, when it is no news with the reaſonable?

Have I not ſeen Innocence and Merit bayed at by the quarrelſome and envious Vulgar, without any provocation ſave of good offices? Have I not felt
E (more then their tongue) their teeth upon my heels, when I know I have deſerved nothing but fawning on? Where is my Grace or ſpirits, if I have not learned to contemn both?

O God, let me rather die then willingly incur thy diſpleaſure; yea, then juſtly offend thy godly-wiſe, judicious, conſcionable ſervants: but if humor or faction or cauſeleſſe prejudice fall upon me for my faithfull ſervice to thee, let theſe bawling curs tire themſelves, and tear their throats with loud and falſe cenſures, I goe on in a ſilent conſtancy; and if my ear be beaten, yet my heart ſhall be free.

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XXIV. *Upon ſight of a Cock-fight.*

HOW fell theſe creatures out? Whence grew this ſo bloody combate? Here was neither old grudge, nor preſent injurie. What then is the quarrell? Surely nothing but that which ſhould rather unite and reconcile them; one common nature, they are both of one feather. I do not ſee either of them flie upon creatures of different kindes; but whiles they have

peace with all others, they are at war with themſelves; the very ſight of each other was ſufficient provocation. If this be the offence, why doth not each of them fall out with himſelf, ſince he hates and revenges in another the being of that ſame which himſelf is?

Since Man's ſin brought Debate into the World, Nature is become a great quarreller. The ſeeds of diſcord were ſcattered in every furrow of the Creation, and came up in a numberleſſe variety of Antipathies; whereof yet none is more odious and deplorable then thoſe which are betwixt creatures of the ſame kinde. What is this but an image of that wofull hoſtility which is exerciſed betwixt us Reaſonables, who are conjoyned in one common Humanity, if not Religion? We fight with and deſtroy each other more then thoſe creatures that want Reaſon to temper their Paſſions. No Beaſt is ſo cruell to man as himſelf; where one man is ſlain by a beaſt, ten thouſand are ſlain by man. What is that War which we ſtudy and practiſe, but the art of killing? Whatever Turks and Pagans may doe, O Lord, how long ſhall this brutiſh fury arm Chriſtians againſt each other? whiles even Devils are not at enmity with themſelves, but accord in wickedneſs, why do we men ſo mortally oppoſe each other in good?

O thou that art the God of Peace, compoſe the unquiet hearts of men to an happy and univerſal Concord, and at laſt refreſh our Souls with the multitude of Peace.

XXV. *Upon his lying down to reſt.*

WHat a circle there is of humane actions and events? We are never without ſome change, and yet that change is without any great variety: we ſleep, and wake, and wake, and ſleep; and eat, and evacuate, labour in a continual interchange: yet hath the infinite Wiſedome of God ſo ordered it, that we are not weary of theſe perpetual iterations, but with no leſſe appetite enter into our daily courſes, then if we ſhould paſſe them but once in our life. When I am weary of my daies labour, how willingly do I undreſſe my ſelf, and betake my ſelf to my bed? and ere morning, when I have wearied my reſtleſſe bed, how glad am I to riſe and renew my labour?

Why am I not more deſirous to be unclothed of this body, that I may be clothed upon with Immortality? What is this but my cloſeſt garment, which when it is once put off, my Soul is at liberty and eaſe? Many a time have I lyen down here in deſire of reſt, and after ſome tedious changing of ſides have riſen ſleepleſſe, diſappointed, languiſhing. In my laſt uncaſing, my Body ſhall not fail of repoſe nor my Soul of joy; and in my riſing up, neither of them ſhall fail of Glory.

What hinders me, O God, but my Infidelity, from longing for this happy diſſolution? The world hath miſery and toil enough, and Heaven hath more then enough Bleſſedneſs to perfect my deſires of that my laſt and glorious change. *I believe, Lord, help my unbelief.*

XXVI. *Upon the kindling of a Charcole fire.*

THere are not many Creatures but do naturally affect to diffuſe and inlarge themſelves: Fire and Water will neither of them reſt contented with their own bounds: thoſe little ſparks that I ſee in thoſe coals, how they ſpread and enkindle their next brands?

It is thus morally both in good and evil; either of them dilates it ſelf to their Neighbourhood: but eſpecially this is ſo much more apparent in evil, by how much we are more apt to take it. Let but ſome ſpark of Heretical Opinion be let fall upon ſome unſtable, proud, buſie ſpirit, it catcheth inſtantly, and

A and fires the next capable subject; they two have easily inflamed a third; and now the more Society, the more speed, and advantage of a publick combustion. When we see the Church on a flame, it is too late to complain of the flint and steel. It is the holy wisdome of Superiors to prevent the dangerous attritions of stubborn and wrangling spirits, or to quench their first sparks in the tinder. But why should not Grace and Truth be as successfull in dilating it self to the gaining of many hearts? Certainly these are in themselves more winning, if our corruption had not made us indisposed to good.

O God, out of an holy envy and emulation at the speed of evill, I shall labour to enkindle others with these Heavenly flames; it shall not be my fault if they B spread not.

XXVII. *Upon the sight of an humble and patient Begger.*

SEE what need can doe. This man, who in so lowly a fashion croucheth to that Passenger, hath in all likelihood as good a stomack as he to whom he thus abaseth himself; and if their conditions were but altered, would look as high, and speak as big to him, whom he now answers with a plausible and dejected reverence.

It is thus betwixt God and us. He sees the way to tame us, is to hold us short C of these earthly contentments. Even the savagest Beasts are made quiet and docible with want of food and rest.

O God, thou onely knowest what I would doe if I had health, ease, abundance: do thou in thy Wisdome and Mercy so proportion thy gifts and restraints, as thou knowest best for my Soul. If I be not humbled enough, let me want; and so order all my estate, that I may want any thing save thy self.

XXVIII. *Upon the sight of a Crow pulling off wool from the back of a Sheep.*

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HOw well these Creatures know whom they may be bold with? That Crow durst not doe this to a Wolf or a Mastive. The known simplicity of this innocent beast gives advantage to this presumption.

Meekness of spirit commonly draws on injuries. The cruelty of ill natures usually seeks out those, not who deserve worst, but who will bear most. Patience and mildness of Spirit is ill bestowed where it exposes a man to wrong and insultation. Sheepish dispositions are best to others, worst to themselves. I could be willing to take injuries; but I will not be guilty of provoking them by lenity. For harmlesness let me goe for a Sheep; but whosoever will be tearing E my fleece, let him look to himself.

XXIX. *Upon the sight of two Snails.*

THere is much variety even in creatures of the same kinde. See there two Snails: one hath an house, the other wants it; yet both are Snailes, and it is a question whether case is the better. That which hath an house hath more shelter, but that which wants it hath more freedome. The priviledge of that cover is but a burthen: you see if it have but a stone to climb over, with what stresse it draws up that beneficiall load; and if the passage F prove streight, findes no entrance: whereas the empty Snail makes no difference of way.

Surely it is alwaies an ease, and sometimes an happinesse, to have nothing. No man is so worthy of Envy as he that can be chearfull in want.

XXX. *Upon the hearing of the street-Cries in London.*

WHat a noise do these poor souls make in proclaiming their commodities? Each tells what he hath, and would have all hearers take notice of it; and yet (God wot) it is but poor stuffe that they set out with so much ostentation. I do not hear any of the rich Merchants talk of what bags he hath in his chests, or what treasures of rich wares in his store-house; every man rather desires to hide his Wealth, and when he is urged, is ready to dissemble his ability.

No otherwise is it in the true Spirituall Riches: He that is full of Grace and Good works, affects not to make shew of it to the world, but rests sweetly in the secret testimony of a good Conscience, & the silent applause of Gods Spirit witnessing with his own; whiles contrarily the venditation of our own Worth, or Parts, or Merits, argues a miserable indigence in them all.

O God, if the confessing of thine own Gifts may glorifie thee, my modesty shall not be guilty of a niggardly unthankfulnesse; but for ought that concerns my self, I cannnot be too secret. Let me so hide my self, that I may not wrong thee; and wisely distinguish betwixt thy Praise and my own.

XXXI. *Upon the Flies gathering to a galled Horse.*

HOw these Flies swarm to the galled part of this poor Beast; and there sit feeding upon that worst piece of his flesh, not medling with the other sound parts of his skin.

Even thus do malicious tongues of Detractors: if a man have any infirmity in his person or actions, that they will be sure to gather unto and dwell upon; whereas his commendable parts and well-deservings are passed by without mention, without regard. It is an envious self-love and base cruelty that causeth this ill disposition in men. In the mean time this only they have gained; it must needs be a filthy Creature that feeds upon nothing but Corruption.

XXXII. *Upon the sight of a dark Lantern.*

THere is light indeed, but so shut up as if it were not; and when the side is most open, there is light enough to give direction to him that bears it, none to others: He can discern another man by that light which is cast before him, but another man cannot discern him.

Right such is reserved Knowledge; no man is the better for it but the owner. There is no outward difference betwixt concealed skill and ignorance: and when such hidden knowledge will look forth, it casts so sparing a light, as may only argue it to have an unprofitable being; to have ability, without will to good; power to censure, none to benefit. The suppression or ingrossing of those helps which God would have us to impart, is but a Thieves Lantern in a true mans hand.

O God, as all our light is from thee, the Father of lights, so make me no niggard of that poor Rush-candle thou hast lighted in my Soul: make me more happy in giving light to others, then in receiving it into my self.

XXXIII. *Upon the hearing of a Swallow in the Chimney.*

HEre is musick, such as it is; but how long will it hold? When but a cold morning comes in, my guest is gone, without either warning or thanks. This pleasant season hath the least need of chearfull notes; the dead of Winter shall want, and wish them in vain.

Thus doth an ungratefull Parasite: no man is more ready to applaud and injoy

A injoy our Proſperity; but when with the times our condition begins to alter, he is a ſtranger at leaſt. Give me that Bird which will ſing in Winter, and ſeek to my window in the hardeſt Froſt. There is no triall of Friendſhip but Adverſity. He that is not aſhamed of my bonds, not daunted with my checks, not aliened with my diſgrace, is a Friend for me. One dram of that mans Love is worth a world of falſe and inconſtant formality.

XXXIV. *Upon the ſight of a Flie burning it ſelf in the Candle.*

B WIſe *Solomon* ſayes the Light is a pleaſant thing; and ſo certainly it is: but there is no true outward Light which proceeds not from Fire. The light of that fire then is not more pleaſing then the fire of that light is dangerous; and that pleaſure doth not more draw on our ſight then that danger forbids our approach. How fooliſh is this Flie, that in a love and admiration of this light will know no diſtance, but puts it ſelf heedleſly into that flame wherein it periſhes? How many bouts it fetcht, every one nearer then other, ere it made this laſt venture? and now that mercileſſe fire taking no notice of the affection of an over-fond Client, hath ſuddenly conſumed it.

Thus doe thoſe bold & buſie Spirits who will needs draw too near unto that inacceſſible light, and look into things too wonderfull for them: So long do C they hover about the ſecret Counſels of the Almighty, till the wings of their preſumptuous conceits be ſcorched, and their daring Curioſity hath paid them with everlaſting deſtruction.

O Lord, let me be bleſſed with the knowledge of what thou haſt revealed, let me content my ſelf to adore thy Divine Wiſdome in what thou haſt not revealed; ſo let me enjoy thy Light, that I may avoid thy Fire.

XXXV. *Upon the ſight of a Lark flying up.*

D HOw nimbly doth that little Lark mount up ſinging towards Heaven in a right line; whereas the Hawk, which is ſtronger of body & ſwifter of wing, towres up by many graduall compaſſes to his higheſt pitch? That bulk of body and length of wing hinders a direct aſcent, and requires the help both of aire, and ſcope to advance his flight; whiles that ſmall bird cuts the aire without reſiſtance, and needs no outward furtherance of her motion.

It is no otherwiſe with the Souls of men in flying up to their Heaven: ſome are hindred by thoſe powers which would ſeem helps to their ſoaring up thither: great Wit, deep Judgement, quick Apprehenſion, ſend men about with no ſmall labour for the recovery of their own incumbrance; whiles the good affections of plain and ſimple ſouls raiſe them up immediatly to the fruition of E God. Why ſhould we be proud of that which may ſlacken our way to Glory? why ſhould we be diſheartned with the ſmall meaſure of that, the very want whereof may (as the heart may be affected) facilitate our way to Happineſs?

XXXVI. *Upon the ſinging of the Birds in a Spring morning.*

HOw chearfully do theſe little Birds chirp and ſing out of the naturall joy they conceive at the approach of the Sun and entrance of the Spring; as if their life had departed, and returned with thoſe glorious and comfortable beams?

F No otherwiſe is the penitent and faithfull Soul affected to the true Sun of Righteouſneſſe, the Father of lights. When he *hides his face, it is troubled*, and ſilently mourns away that ſad Winter of Affliction: when he returns, *in his preſence is the fulneſſe of joy*; no Song is chearfull enough to welcome him.

O thou who art the God of all conſolation, make my heart ſenſible of the ſweet comforts of thy gracious preſence; and *let my mouth* ever *ſhew forth thy praiſe.*

XXXVII. *Upon a Coal covered with Ashes.*

NOthing appears in this heap but dead Ashes: here is neither light, nor smoak, nor heat; and yet, when I stir up these embers to the bottome, there are found some living gleeds, which do but contain fire, and are apt to propagate it.

Many a Christians breast is like this hearth; no life of Grace appears there for the time, either to his owne sense, or to the apprehension of others; whiles the season of Temptation lasteth, all seems cold and dead: yet still at the worst, there is a secret coal from the Altar of Heaven rak'd up in their bosome, which, upon the gracious motions of the Almighty, doth both bewray some remainders of that Divine fire, and is easily raised to a perfect flame. Nothing is more dangerous then to judge by appearances. Why should I deject my self, or censure others, for the utter extinction of that Spirit, which doth but hide it self in the Soul for a glorious advantage?

XXXVIII. *Upon the sight of a Blackmore.*

LOE, there is a man whose hue shews him to be far from home, his very skin bewrays his Climate; it is night in his face, whiles it is day in ours. What a difference there is in men, both in their fashion and colour; and yet all Children of one Father? Neither is there lesse variety in their insides; their Dispositions, Judgements, Opinions differ as much as their Shapes and Complexions. That which is Beauty to one, is Deformity to another. We should be look'd upon in this mans Country with no lesse wonder and strange coynesse then he is here; our Whiteneſſe would passe there for an unpleasing indigestion of form. Outward Beauty is more in the eye of the beholder, then in the face that is seen: in every Colour that is fair which pleaseth. The very Spouse of Christ can say, *I am black, but comely.*

This is our colour Spiritually; yet the eye of our gracious God and Saviour can see that Beauty in us wherewith he is delighted. The true *Moses* marries a Black-more, Christ his Church. It is not for us to regard the skin, but the Soul. If that be innocent, pure, holy, the blots of an out-side cannot set us off from the love of him who hath said, *Behold, thou art fair, my Sister, my Spouse*; if that be foul and black, it is not in the power of an Angelicall brightnesse of our hide to make us other then a loathsome eye-sore to the Almighty.

O God, make my inside lovely to thee: I know that beauty will hold; whiles weather, casualty, age, disease may deforme the outer man, and marre both colour and feature.

XXXIX. *Upon the small Stars in the Galaxie or milkie Circle in the Firmament.*

WHat a clear lightsomnesse there is in yonder Circle of the Heaven above the rest? What can we suppose the reason of it, but that the light of many smaller Stars is united there, and causes that constant brightness? And yet those small Stars are not discerned, whiles the splendor which ariseth from them is so notably remarkable.

In this lower Heaven of ours, many a man is made conspicuous by his good qualities and deserts; but I most admire the Humility and Grace of those whose Vertues and Merits are usefully visible, whiles their Persons are obscure. It is secretly glorious for a man to shine unseen. Doubtlesse it is the height that makes those Stars so small and invisible; were they lower, they would be seen more. There is no true Greatnesse without a self-Humiliation. We shall have made

made an ill uſe of our advancement, if by how much higher we are we do not appear leſſe: if our light be ſeen, it matters not for our hiding.

XL. *Upon the ſight of Boyes playing.*

EVery age hath ſome peculiar contentment. Thus we did, when we were of theſe years. Methinks I ſtill remember the old fervor of my yong paſtimes. With what eagerneſſe and paſſion do they purſue theſe Childiſh ſports? Now that there is a handfull of cherry-ſtones at the ſtake, how near is that boys heart to his mouth, for fear of his play-fellows next caſt? and how exalted with deſire and hope of his own ſpeed? Thoſe great Unthrifts, who hazard whole Mannors upon the Dice, cannot expect their chance with more earneſtneſs, or entertain it with more joy or grief.

We cannot but now ſmile to think of theſe poor and fooliſh pleaſures of our Childhood: there is no leſſe diſdain that the Regenerate man conceives of the deareſt delights of his Naturall condition. He was once jolly and jocund in the fruition of the world; Feaſts and Revels and Games and dalliance were his life; and no man could be happy without theſe; and ſcarce any man but himſelf: but when once Grace hath made him both good and wiſe, how ſcornfully doth he look back at theſe fond felicities of his Carnal eſtate? now he findes more manly, more Divine contentments; and wonders he could be ſo tranſported with his former vanity. Pleaſures are much according as they are eſteemed; One mans delight is another mans pain: only Spiritual and Heavenly things can ſettle and ſatiate the heart with a full and firm contentation.

O God, thou art not capable either of bettering, or of change: let me injoy thee, and I ſhall pity the miſerable fickleneſſe of thoſe that want thee, and ſhall be ſure to be conſtantly happy.

XLI. *Upon the ſight of a Spider and her Web.*

HOw juſtly do we admire the curious work of this Creature? What a thred doth it ſpin forth? what a web doth it weave? Yet it is full of deadly poiſon. There may be much venome, where is much Art.

Juſt like to this is a learned and witty Heretick; fine conceits and elegant expreſſions fall from him, but his Opinions and ſecretly-couched Doctrines are dangerous and mortall. Were not that man ſtrangely fooliſh, who becauſe he likes the artificiall drawing out of that web, would therefore deſire to handle or eat the Spider that made it? Such ſhould be our madneſſe, if our wonder at the skill of a falſe Teacher ſhould caſt us into love with his Perſon, or familiarity with his Writings. There can be no ſafety in our Judgment or Affection, without a wiſe diſtinction; in the want whereof we muſt needs wrong God or our ſelves: God, if we acknowledge not what excellent parts he gives to any Creature; our ſelves, if upon the allowance of thoſe excellencies we ſwallow their moſt dangerous enormities.

XLII. *Upon the ſight of a Naturall.*

O God, why am not I thus? What hath this man done, that thou haſt denied Wit to him? or what have I done, that thou ſhouldeſt give a competency of it to me? What difference is there betwixt us but thy Bounty, which hath beſtowed upon me what I could not merit, and hath withheld from him what he could not challenge? All is, O God, in thy good pleaſure, whether to give or deny.

Neither is it otherwiſe in matter of Grace. The unregenerate man is a Spiritual fool: no man is truly wiſe but the Renewed. How is it that whiles I ſee another man beſotted with the vanity and corruption of his Nature, I have attained

attained to know God and the great Myſtery of Salvation, to abhor thoſe ſins which are pleaſing to a wicked appetite? Who hath diſcerned me? Nothing but thy free mercy, O my God. Why elſe was I a man, not a brute beaſt? why right ſhaped, not a Monſter? why perfectly limmed, not a cripple? why well-ſenſed, not a fool? why well-affected, not graceleſſe? why a veſſell of honour, not of wrath?

If ought be not ill in me, O Lord, it is thine. Oh let thine be the Praiſe, and mine the Thankfulneſſe.

XLIII. *Upon the Loadſtone and the Jett.*

AS there is a civil commerce amongſt men for the preſervation of humane ſociety, ſo there is a naturall commerce which God hath ſet amongſt the other Creatures for the maintenance of their common Being. There is ſcarce any thing therefore in Nature which hath not a power of attracting ſome other. The Fire draws Vapors to it, the Sun drawes the Fire; Plants draw moyſture; the Moon draws the Sea; all Purgative things draw their proper Humors. A Naturall inſtinct draws all Senſitive creatures to affect their own kinde; and even in thoſe things which are of imperfect mixtion we ſee this experimented. So as the ſenſeleſſe Stones and Metals are not void of this active virtue: the Loadſtone draws Iron; and the Jett, rather then nothing, draws up ſtraws and duſt. With what a force do both theſe Stones work upon their ſeverall ſubjects? Is there any thing more heavy and unapt for motion then Iron, or Steel? yet theſe do ſo run to their beloved Loadſtone, as if they had the ſenſe of a deſire and delight; and do ſo cling to the point of it, as if they had forgotten their weight for this adherence. Is there any thing more apt for diſperſion then ſmall ſtraws and duſt? yet theſe gather to the Jett, and ſo ſenſibly leap up to it, as if they had a kinde of ambition to be ſo preferred.

Methinks I ſee in theſe two a mere Embleme of the hearts of men and their Spirituall attractives. The Grace of Gods Spirit, like the true Loadſtone or Adamant, draws up the iron heart of man to it, and holds it in a conſtant fixedneſſe of holy purpoſes and good actions: The World, like the Jett, draws up the ſenſuall hearts of light and vain men, and holds them faſt in the pleaſures of ſin.

I am thine Iron, O Lord; be thou my Loadſtone. *Draw* thou me, *and I ſhall run after thee*: Knit my heart unto thee, that I may fear thy Name.

XLIV. *Upon hearing of Muſick by night.*

HOw ſweetly doth this Muſick ſound in this dead ſeaſon? In the day-time it would not, it could not ſo much affect the eare. All harmonious ſounds are advanced by a ſilent darkneſſe.

Thus it is with the glad tidings of Salvation. The Goſpel never ſounds ſo ſweet as in the Night of Perſecution or of our owne private Affliction. It is ever the ſame, the difference is in our diſpoſition to receive it.

O God, whoſe praiſe it is to *give Songs in the night*, make my Proſperity conſcionable, and my Croſſes chearfull.

XLV. *Upon the fanning of Corn.*

SEE how in the fanning of this Wheat, the fulleſt and greateſt grains lye ever the loweſt; and the lighteſt take up the higheſt place.

It is no otherwiſe in Morality: thoſe which are moſt humble, are fulleſt of Grace; and oft-times thoſe have moſt conſpicuity, which have the leaſt ſubſtance. To affect obſcurity or ſubmiſſion, is baſe and ſuſpicious: but that man

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LIV. *Upon a Corn-field over-grown with Weeds.*

HEre were a goodly field of Corn, if it were not over-laid with Weeds: I do not like theſe reds and blews and yellows amongſt theſe plain ſtalks and ears: This beauty would do well elſwhere. I had rather to ſee a plot leſſe fair and more yielding.

In this Field I ſee a true picture of the World, wherein there is more glory then true ſubſtance; wherein the greater part carries it from the better; wherein the native ſons of the Earth out-ſtrip the adventitious brood of
B Grace; wherein Paraſites and unprofitable hang-byes do both rob and over-top their Maſters. Both Field and World grow alike, look alike, and ſhall end alike; both are for the Fire: whiles the homely and ſolid ears of deſpiſed Vertue ſhall be for the garners of Immortality.

LV. *Upon the ſight of Tulips and Marigolds, &c. in his Garden.*

THeſe Flowers are true Clients of the Sun: how obſervant they are of his motion and influence? At Even they ſhut up, as mourning for his departure without whom they neither can nor would flouriſh; in the Mor-
C ning they welcome his riſing with a chearfull openneſs, and at Noon are fully diſplayed in a free acknowledgment of his bounty.

Thus doth the good heart unto God. *When thou turnedſt away thy face I was troubled*, ſaith the man after Gods own heart. *In thy preſence is life, yea the fulneſſe of joy.* Thus doth the Carnall heart to the world; when that withdraws his favour he is dejected, and revives with a ſmile. All is in our choice; whatſoever is our Sun will thus carry us.

O God, be thou to me ſuch as thou art in thy ſelf: thou ſhalt be mercifull in drawing me; I ſhall be happy in following thee.

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LVI. *Upon the ſound of a crackt Bell.*

WHat an harſh ſound doth this Bell make in every eare? The metall is good enough; it is the rift that makes it ſo unpleaſingly jarring.

How too like is this Bell to a ſcandalous and ill-lived Teacher? His Calling is honourable, his noiſe is heard far enough; but the flaw which is noted in his Life marres his Doctrine, and offends thoſe ears which elſe would take pleaſure in his teaching. It is poſſible that ſuch a one, even by that diſcordous noiſe, may ring in others into the triumphant Church of Heaven; but there is no remedy for himſelf but the fire, whether for his reforming, or
E judgment.

LVII. *Upon the ſight of a Blinde man.*

HOW much am I bound to God that hath given me eyes to ſee this mans want of eyes? With what ſuſpicion and fear he walks? How doth his hand and ſtaffe examine his way? With what jealouſie doth he receive every morſell, every draught; and yet meets with many a poſt, and ſtumbles at many a ſtone, and ſwallows many a flie? To him the world is as if it were not, or as if it were all rubs and ſnares and downfalls; and if any man
F will lend him an hand, he muſt truſt to his (however faithleſſe) guide without all comfort ſave this, that he cannot ſee himſelf miſcarry.

Many a one is thus Spiritually blinde; and becauſe he is ſo, diſcerns it not; and not diſcerning, complains not of ſo wofull a condition. *The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of the Children of diſobedience*; they walk on in the waies of death, and yield themſelves over to the guidance of him who ſeeks

for nothing but their precipitation into Hell. It is an addition to the miſery of this inward occæcation, that it is ever joyned with a ſecure confidence in them whoſe trade and ambition is to betray their Souls.

Whatever become of theſe outward Senſes, which are common to me with the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable creatures, O Lord, give me not over to that Spiritual darkneſs, which is incident to none but thoſe that live without thee, and muſt periſh eternally, becauſe they want thee.

LVIII. *Upon a Beech-tree full of Nuts.*

HOW is this Tree overladen with maſt this year? It was not ſo the laſt; neither will it (I warrant you) be ſo the next. It is the nature of theſe free trees ſo to powr out themſelves into fruit at once, that they ſeem after either ſterile or niggardly.

So have I ſeen prẽgnant Wits (not diſcreetly governed) overſpend themſelves in ſome one maſter-piece ſo laviſhly, that they have proved either barren, or poor and flat in all other Subjects. True Wiſdome as it ſerves to gather due ſap both for nouriſhment and fructification, ſo it guides the ſeaſonable and moderate beſtowing of it in ſuch manner, as that one ſeaſon may not be a glutton whiles others famiſh. I would be glad to attain to that meaſure and temper, that upon all occaſions I might alwaies have enough, never too much.

LIX. *Upon the ſight of a piece of Money under the Water.*

I Should not wiſh ill to a Covetous man, if I ſhould wiſh all his Coin in the bottome of the River. No pavement could ſo well become that ſtream; no ſight could better fit his greedy deſires: for there every piece would ſeem double, every teſton would appear a ſhilling, every Crown an Angel. It is the nature of that Element to greaten appearing quantities: whiles we look through the aire upon that ſolid body, it can make no other repreſentations.

Neither is it otherwiſe in Spiritual Eyes and Objects. If we look with Carnal eyes through the interpoſed mean of Senſuality, every baſe and worthleſſe pleaſure will ſeem a large contentment; if with Weak eyes we ſhall look at ſmall and immaterial Truths aloof off, in another element of apprehenſion, every parcell thereof ſhall ſeem main and eſſential: hence every knack of Heraldry in the Sacred Genealogies, and every Scholaſtical querk in diſquiſitions of Divinity, are made matters of no leſſe then life and death to the Soul. It is a great improvement of true Wiſdome to be able to ſee things as they are, and to value them as they are ſeen.

Let me labour for that power and ſtaiedneſs of Judgment, that neither my Senſes may deceive my Minde, nor the Object may delude my Senſe.

LX. *Upon the firſt rumour of the Earthquake at* Lime, *wherein a Wood was ſwallowed up with the fall of two Hills.*

GOod Lord, how do we know when we are ſure? If there were Man or Beaſt in that Wood, they ſeemed as ſafe as we now are; they had nothing but Heaven above them, nothing but firm Earth below them: and yet in what a dreadfull pitfall were they inſtantly taken? There is no fence for Gods hand. A man would as ſoon have feared that Heaven would fall upon him, as thoſe Hills. It is no pleaſing our ſelves with the unlikelihood of Divine Judgments. We have oft heard of Hills covered with Woods, but of Woods covered with Hills I think never till now. Thoſe that planted or ſowed thoſe Woods, intended they ſhould be ſpent with Fire; but loe, God meant they ſhould be devoured with Earth. We are wont to deſcribe Impoſſibilities

A bilities by the meeting of Mountains, and behold here two Mountains are met to ſwallow up a Valley. What a good God it is whoſe Providence over-rules and diſpoſes of all theſe events? Towns or Cities might as well have been thus buried as a ſolitary Dale, or a ſhrubby Wood.

Certainly the God that did this, would have the uſe of it reach further then the noiſe: this he did, to ſhew us what he could, what he might doe. If our hearts do not quake and rend at the acknowledgment of his infinite Power, and fear of his terrible Judgments, as well as that Earth did, we muſt exſpect to be made warnings, that would take none.

B

LXI. *Upon the ſight of a Dormouſe.*

AT how eaſie a rate do theſe Creatures live that are fed with reſt? So the Bear & the Hedge-hog (they ſay) ſpend their whole winter in Sleep, and riſe up fatter then they lay down. How oft have I envied the thriving drowſineſs of theſe Beaſts, when the toil of thoughts hath bereaved me of but one hours ſleep, and left me languiſhing to a new task? And yet, when I have well digeſted the compariſon of both theſe conditions, I muſt needs ſay, I had rather waſt with work then batten with eaſe; and would rather chuſe a life profitably painfull, then uſeleſly dull and delicate. I cannot tell whether I C ſhould ſay thoſe Creatures live which doe nothing, ſince we are wont ever to notifie life by motion: Sure I am, their life is not vitall.

For me, let me rather complain of a Minde that will not let me be idle, then of a Body that will not let me work.

LXII. *Upon Bees fighting.*

WHat a pity it is to ſee theſe profitable, induſtrious Creatures fall ſo furiouſly upon each other, and thus ſting and kill each other in the very mouth of the Hive? I could like well to ſee the Bees doe this D execution upon Waſps and Droans, enemies to their common ſtock; this favours but of Juſtice: But to ſee them fall foul upon thoſe of their own wing, it cannot but trouble their owner, who muſt needs be an equall loſer by the victory of either.

There is no more perfect reſemblance of a Commonwealth, whether Civil or Sacred, then in an Hive. The Bees are painfull and honeſt Compatriots, labouring to bring Wax & Honey to the maintenance of the publick State; the Waſps and Droans are unprofitable and harmfull Hangbyes, which live upon the ſpoil of others labours; whether as common Barretors, or ſtrong Thieves, or bold Paraſites, they doe nothing but rob their Neighbours. It is an happy E ſight when theſe feel the dint of Juſtice, and are cut off from doing further miſchief. But to ſee well-affected and beneficial Subjects undoe themſelves with duels, whether of Law or Sword; to ſee good Chriſtians of the ſame Profeſſion ſhedding each others blood upon quarrels of Religion, is no other then a ſad and hatefull ſpectacle; and ſo much the more, by how much we have more means of Reaſon and Grace to compoſe our differences, and correct our offenſive contentiouſneſs.

O God, who art at once the Lord of Hoſts and Prince of Peace, give us War with Spiritual wickedneſs, and Peace with our Brethren.

F

LXIII. *Upon Waſps falling into a Glaſſe.*

SEE you that narrow-mouthed Glaſs which is ſet near to the Hive? mark how buſily the Waſps reſort to it, being drawn thither by the ſmell of that ſweet liquor wherewith it is baited; ſee how eagerly they creep into the mouth of it, and fall down ſuddenly from that ſlippery ſteepneſs into

that watery trap, from which they can never riſe; there, after ſome vain labour and wearineſſe, they drown and die. You do not ſee any of the Bees look that way; they paſſe directly to their Hive, without any notice taken of ſuch a pleaſing Bait.

Idle and ill-diſpoſed perſons are drawn away with every Temptation, they have both leiſure and will to entertain every ſweet allurement to ſin, and wantonly proſecute their own wicked Luſts till they fall into irrecoverable damnation: Whereas the diligent and laborious Chriſtian, that follows hard and conſcionably the works of an honeſt Calling, is free from the danger of theſe deadly inticements, and laies up hony of comfort againſt the Winter of evil. Happy is that man who can ſee and enjoy the ſucceſſe of his labour: but however this we are ſure of, if our Labour cannot purchaſe the good we would have, it ſhall prevent the evil we would avoid.

LXIV. *Upon a Spring in the wilde Forreſt.*

LOE here the true pattern of Bounty. What clear cryſtall ſtreams are here, and how liberally do they guſh forth and haſten down with a pleaſing murmur into the Valley? Yet you ſee neither Man nor Beaſt that takes part of that wholeſome and pure water. It is enough that thoſe may dip who will; the refuſall of others doth no whit abate of this profered plenty.

Thus bountifull Houſe-keepers hold on their ſet ordinary proviſion, whether they have Gueſts or no: Thus conſcionable Preachers powre out the living Waters of wholſome Doctrine, whether their Hearers partake of thoſe bleſſed means of Salvation, or neglect their holy Endeavours. Let it be our comfort, that we have been no niggards of theſe celeſtial ſtreams; let the world give an account of the improvement.

LXV. *Upon the ſight of an Owle in the twilight.*

WHat a ſtrange Melancholick life doth this creature lead; to hide her head all the day long in an Ivy-buſh, and at night, when all other Birds are at reſt, to flie abroad and vent her harſh notes? I know not why the Ancients have ſacred this Bird to Wiſdome, except it be for her ſafe cloſeneſſe and ſingular perſpicacity; that when other domeſticall and airy creatures are blinde, ſhe only hath inward light to diſcern the leaſt objects for her own advantage.

Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her, That he is the wiſeſt man that would have leaſt to doe with the multitude; That no life is ſo ſafe as the obſcure; That retiredneſſe, if it have leſſe comfort, yet leſſe danger and vexation; laſtly, That he is truly wiſe who ſees by a light of his own, when the reſt of the world ſit in an ignorant and confuſed darkneſſe, unable to apprehend any Truth, ſave by the helps of an outward illumination.

Had this Fowl come forth in the day-time, how had all the little Birds flock'd wondring about her, to ſee her uncouth viſage, to hear her untuned notes? She likes her eſtate never the worſe, but pleaſeth her ſelf in her own quiet reſervedneſſe.

It is not for a wiſe man to be much affected with the cenſures of the rude and unskilfull Vulgar; but to hold faſt unto his own well-choſen and well-fixed reſolutions. Every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is beſt to be done, is known only to the wiſe.

LXVI. *Upon*

A

LXVI. *Upon an Arm benummed.*

HOW benummed and (for the time) ſenſleſſe is this Arm of mine become, only with too long leaning upon it? Whiles I uſed it to other ſervices, it failed me not; now that I have reſted upon it, I finde cauſe to complain.

It is no truſting to an arm of fleſh; on whatſoever occaſion we put our confidence therein, this reliance will be ſure to end in pain and diſappointment.

O God, thine arm is ſtrong and mighty; all thy Creatures reſt themſelves
B upon that, and are comfortably ſuſtained. Oh that we were not more capable of diſtruſt, then thine Omnipotent hand is of wearineſs and ſubduction.

LXVII. *Upon the Sparks flying upward.*

IT is a feeling compariſon (that of *Job*) of *man born to labour, as the ſparks to flie upward.* That motion of theirs is no other then natural: neither is it otherwiſe for man to labour; his Minde is created active, and apt to ſome or other Ratiocination, his Joynts all ſtirring, his Nerves made for helps of moving, and his occaſions of living call him forth to action. So as an idle man
C doth not more want Grace, then degenerate from Nature. Indeed, at the firſt kindling of the fire, ſome ſparks are wont, by the impulſion of the bellows, to flie forward or ſideward: and even ſo in our firſt Age youthly vanity may move us to irregular courſes; but when thoſe firſt violences are overcome, and we have attained to a ſetledneſs of diſpoſition, our ſparks flie up, our life is labour. And why ſhould we not doe that which we are made for? Why ſhould not God rather grudge us our Being, then we grudge him our work? It is no thank to us that we labour out of neceſſity.

Out of my Obedience to thee, O God, I deſire ever to be imployed. I ſhall never have comfort in my toil, if it be rather a purveyance for my ſelf, then a
D Sacrifice to thee.

LXVIII. *Upon the ſight of a Raven.*

I Cannot ſee that Bird but I muſt needs think of *Eliah*, and wonder no leſſe at the Miracle of his Faith then of his Proviſion. It was a ſtrong belief that carried him into a deſolate retiredneſs to exſpect food from Ravens. This fowl, we know, is ravenous; all is too little that he can forage for himſelf; and the Prophets Reaſon muſt needs ſuggeſt to him, that in a drie barren Deſart bread & fleſh muſt be great dainties: yet he goes aſide to exſpect victuals from
E that purveyance. He knew this Fowl to be no leſſe greedy then unclean; unclean as in Law, ſo in the nature of his feed; what is his ordinary prey but loathſome carrion? Yet ſince God had appointed him this Caterer, he ſtands not upon the nice points of a faſtidious ſqueamiſhneſs, but confidently depends upon that uncouth proviſion. And accordingly, thoſe unlikely purveyors *bring him bread and fleſh in the Morning, and bread and fleſh in the Evening.* Not one of thoſe hungry Ravens could ſwallow one morſell of thoſe viands which were ſent by them to a better mouth. The River of *Cherith* ſooner failed him, then the tender of their ſervice. No doubt, *Eliah*'s ſtomack was often up before that his incurious diet came: when exſpecting from the mouth of his Cave, out of
F what coaſt of Heaven theſe his Servitors might be deſcried, upon the ſight of them he magnified with a thankfull heart the wonderfull Goodneſs and Truth of his God; and was nouriſhed more with his Faith then with his Food.

O God, how infinite is thy Providence, Wiſdome, Power? We creatures are not what we are, but what thou wilt have us; when thy turn is to be ſerved, we have none of our own. Give me but Faith, and doe what thou wilt.

LXIX. *Upon a Worm.*

IT was an homely expression which God makes of the state of his Church, *Fear not, thou Worm Jacob.* Every foot is ready to tread on this despised creature. Whiles it kept it self in that cold obscure Cell of the Earth (wherein it was hidden) it lay safe, because it was secret; but now that it hath put it self forth of that close Cave, and hath presented it self to the light of the Sun, to the eye of Passengers, how is it vexed with the scorching beams, and wrings up and down in an helplesse perplexity, not finding where to shrowd it self? how obnoxious is it to the fowls of the aire, to the feet of men and beasts?

He that made this creature such, and calls his Church so, well knew the answerableness of their condition. How doth the world overlook and contemn that little flock whose best guard hath ever been secrecy? And if ever that despicable number have dared to shew it self, how hath it been scorched, and trampled upon, and entertained with all variety of Persecution?

O Saviour, thy Spouse fares no otherwise then thy self: to match her fully, thou hast said of thy self, *I am a Worm, and no man.* Such thou wert in thine humbled estate here on earth; such thou wouldest be. But as it is a true word, that he who made the Angels in Heaven made also the worms on earth; so it is no lesse true, that he who made himself and his Church Worms upon Earth, hath raised our Nature in his Person above the Angels, and our Person in his Church to little lesse then Angels. It matters not how we fare in this valley of tears, whiles we are sure of that infinite amends of Glory above.

LXX. *Upon the putting on of his Cloaths.*

WHat a poor thing were Man if he were not beholden to other creatures? The Earth affords him flax for his linen, bread for his belly, the Beasts his ordinary Cloaths, the Silk-worm his bravery, the back and bowels of the earth his metalls and iewell, the Fishes, Fowls, Beasts his nourishment. His wit indeed works upon all these, to improve them to his own advantage; but they must yield him materials, else he subsists not. And yet we fools are proud of our selves, yea proud of the cast suits of the very basest Creatures. There is not one of them that have so much need of us. They would enjoy themselves the more, if Man were not.

O God, the more we are sensible of our own indigence, the more let us wonder at thine All-sufficiency in thy self; and long for that happy condition wherein thou (which art all perfection) shalt be all in all to us.

LXXI. *Upon the sight of a great Library.*

WHat a world of Wit is here pack'd up together? I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me. It dismaies me, to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me, to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word then that of *Solomon, There is no end of making many Books:* this sight verifies it; there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should. God hath given to man a busie Soul; the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden Truths: to suppresse these would be no other then injurious to Mankinde, whose Mindes, like unto so many Candles, should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate, these we vent into our Papers. What an happiness is it that, without all offence of Necromancy, I may here call up any of the antient Worthies of Learning, whether humane or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts: that

A that I can at pleaſure ſummon whole Synods of Reverend Fathers and acute Doctors from all the Coaſts of the Earth, to give their well-ſtudied judgments in all points of queſtion which I propoſe? Neither can I caſt my eye caſually upon any of theſe ſilent Maſters, but I muſt learn ſomewhat. It is a wantonneſs to complain of choice.

No Law bindes us to read all; but the more we can take in and digeſt, the better-liking muſt the Mindes needs be.

Bleſſed be God that hath ſet up ſo many clear Lamps in his Church: now none but the wilfully blinde can plead darkneſs. And bleſſed be the memory of thoſe his faithfull Servants that have left their blood, their ſpirits, their
B lives in theſe precious papers; and have willingly waſted themſelves into theſe during Monuments, to give light unto others.

LXXII. *Upon the red Croſſe on a Door.*

OH ſign fearfully ſignificant! This ſickneſſe is a Croſſe indeed, and that a bloody one; both the form and colour import Death. The *Iſraelites* doors whoſe lintels were beſprinkled with blood were paſſed over by the deſtroying Angel; here the deſtroying Angel hath ſmitten, and hath left this mark of his deadly blow. We are wont to fight chearfully under this En-
C ſign abroad, and be victorious; why ſhould we tremble at it at home?

O God, there thou fighteſt for us, here againſt us; under that we have fought for thee, but under this (becauſe our ſins have fought againſt thee) we are fought againſt by thy Judgments. Yet, Lord, it is thy Croſſe, though an heavy one: It is ours by merit, thine by impoſition. O Lord, ſanctifie thine Affliction, and remove thy Vengeance.

LXXIII. *Upon the change of Weather.*

D I Know not whether it be worſe that the Heavens look upon us alwaies with one face, or ever varying: For as continual change of Weather cauſes uncertainty of Health, ſo a permanent ſetledneſs of one Seaſon cauſeth a certainty of diſtemper; perpetual Moiſture diſſolves us, perpetual Heat evaporates or inflames us, Cold ſtupifies us, Drought obſtructs and withers us.

Neither is it otherwiſe in the ſtate of the Minde: If our thoughts ſhould be alwaies volatile, changing, inconſtant, we ſhould never attain to any good habit of the Soul, whether in matter of Judgment or Diſpoſition; but if they ſhould be alwaies fixed, we ſhould run into the danger of ſome deſperate extremity. To be ever thinking, would make us mad; to be ever thinking of our Croſſes or Sins, would make us heartleſly dejected; to be ever thinking of Pleaſures
E and Contentments, would melt us into a looſe wantonneſs; to be ever doubting and fearing, were an Helliſh ſervitude; to be ever bold and confident, were a dangerous preſumption: but the interchanges of theſe in a due moderation, keep the Soul in health.

O God, howſoever theſe Variations be neceſſary for my Spiritual condition, let me have no weather but Sun-ſhine from thee. Do thou *lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and ſtabliſh me ever with thy free ſpirit.*

LXXIV. *Upon the ſight of a Marriage.*

F WHat a comfortable and feeling reſemblance is here of Chriſt and his Church? I regard not the Perſons, I regard the Inſtitution. Neither the Husband nor the Wife are now any more their own; they have either of them given over themſelves to other: not onely the Wife, which is the weaker veſſel, hath yielded over her ſelf to the ſtronger protection and participation of an abler head; but the Husband hath reſigned his

right in himſelf over to his feebler conſort; ſo as now her weakneſſe is his, his ſtrength is hers. Yea their very fleſh hath altered property; hers is his, his is hers. Yea their very Soul and ſpirit may no more be ſevered in reſpect of mutuall affection, then from their own ſeverall bodies.

It is thus, O Saviour, with thee and thy Church: We are not our own, but thine, who haſt married us to thy ſelf in truth and righteouſneſſe. What powers, what indowments have we but from and in thee? And as our holy boldneſs dares intereſſe our ſelves in thy Graces, ſo thy wonderfully-compaſſionate mercy vouchſafes to intereſſe thy ſelf in our Infirmities: thy poor Church ſuffers on Earth, thou feeleſt in Heaven; and, as complaining of our ſtripes, canſt ſay, *Why perſecuteſt thou me?* Thou again art not ſo thine own, as that thou art not alſo ours; thy Sufferings, thy Merits, thy Obedience, thy Life, Death, Reſurrection, Aſcenſion, Interceſſion, Glory, yea thy bleſſed Humanity, yea thy glorious Deity, by virtue of our right, of our Union, are ſo ours, as that we would not give our part in thee for ten thouſand Worlds.

O gracious Saviour, as thou canſt not but love and cheriſh this poor and unworthy Soul of mine which thou haſt mercifully eſpouſed to thy ſelf; ſo give me Grace to honour and obey thee, and forſaking all the baſe and ſinfull rivalty of the World, to hold me only unto thee whiles I live here, that I may perfectly enjoy thee hereafter.

LXXV. *Upon the ſight of a Snake.*

I Know not what horrour we finde in our ſelves at the ſight of a Serpent. Other creatures are more loathſome, and ſome no leſſe deadly then it; yet there is none at which our blood riſeth ſo much as at this. Whence ſhould this be, but out of an inſtinct of our old enmity? We were ſtung in Paradiſe, and cannot but feel it. But here is our weakneſſe; it was not the body of the Serpent that could have hurt us without the ſuggeſtion of ſin, and yet we love the ſin whiles we hate the Serpent. Every day are we wounded with the ſting of that old Serpent, and complain not; and ſo much more deadly is that ſting, by how much it is leſſe felt. There is a ſting of Guilt, and there is a ſting of Remorſe: there is mortall venome in the firſt, whereof we are the leaſt ſenſible; there is leſſe danger in the ſecond. The *Iſraelites* found themſelves ſtung by thoſe fiery Serpents in the Deſart; and the ſenſe of their pain ſent them to ſeek for Cure. The World is our Deſart; and as *the ſting of Death is Sin*, ſo the ſting of Sin is Death. I do not more wiſh to finde eaſe then pain; if I complain enough, I cannot fail of cure.

O thou which art the true brazen Serpent, lifted up in this wilderneſſe, raiſe up mine eyes to thee, and faſten them upon thee; thy Mercy ſhall make my Soul whole, my wound ſoveraign.

LXXVI. *Upon the Ruines of an Abby.*

IT is not ſo eaſie to ſay what it was that built up theſe walls, as what it was that pulled them down; even the wickedneſſe of the Poſſeſſours. Every ſtone hath a tongue to accuſe the Superſtition, Hypocriſie, Idleneſſe, Luxury of the late owners. Methinks I ſee it written all along in Capitall letters upon theſe heaps, *A fruitfull Land maketh he barren for the iniquity of them that dwell therein.* Perhaps there wanted not ſome Sacriledge in the Demoliſhers. In all the carriage of theſe buſineſſes, there was a juſt hand, that knew how to make an wholſome and profitable uſe of mutuall ſins. Full little did the Builders or the in-dwellers think that this coſtly and warm fabrick ſhould ſo ſoon end violently in a deſolate rubbiſh.

It is not for us to be high-minded, but to fear. No Roof is ſo high, no Wall ſo ſtrong, as that Sin cannot level it with the Duſt. Were any pile ſo cloſe that

A that it could keep out aire, yet it could not keep out Judgement where Sin hath been fore-admitted. In vain ſhall we promiſe ſtability to thoſe Houſes which we have made witneſſes of and acceſſaries to our ſhamefull uncleanneſſes. The firmneſſe of any Building is not ſo much in the matter, as in the owner. Happy is that Cottage that hath an honeſt Maſter; and wo be to that Palace that is viciouſly inhabited.

LXXVII. *Upon the diſcharging of a Peece.*

B GOod Lord, how witty men are to kill one another? What fine devices they have found out to murder afar off, to ſlay many at once, and ſo to fetch off lives, that whiles a whole Lane is made of Carkaſſes with one blow, no body knows who hurt him? And what honour do we place in ſlaughter? Thoſe armes wherein we pride our ſelves are ſuch, as which we or our Anceſtors have purchaſed with blood: the monuments of our Glory are the ſpoils of a ſubdu'd and ſlain enemy. Where contrarily all the titles of God ſound of Mercy and gracious reſpects to Man: God the Father is the Maker and Preſerver of men; God the Son is the Saviour of Mankind; God the Holy Ghoſt ſtyles himſelf the Comforter. Alas, whoſe image do we bear in this diſpoſition, but his whoſe true title is *the Deſtroier*? It is eaſie to take
C away the life, it is not eaſie to give it. Give me the man that can deviſe how to ſave Troups of men from killing; his name ſhall have room in my Calender. There is more true Honour in a Civick Garland, for the preſerving of one Subject, then in a Lawrell, for the victory of many Enemies.

O God, there are enough that bend their thoughts to undoe what thou haſt made; enable thou me to beſtow my endeavours in reprieving or reſcuing that which might otherwiſe periſh. O thou who art our common Saviour, make thou me both ambitious and able to help to ſave ſome other beſides my ſelf.

D

LXXVIII. *Upon the tolling of a paſſing-Bell.*

HOw dolefull and heavy is this ſummons of Death? This ſound is not for our eares, but for our hearts; it calls us not onely to our Prayers, but to our preparation: to our prayers for the departing Soul; to our preparation for our own departing. We have never ſo much need of Prayers as in our laſt Combat; then is our great Adverſary moſt eager, then are we the weakeſt, then Nature is ſo over-laboured that it gives us not leiſure to make uſe of gracious motions. There is no preparation ſo neceſſary as for this Conflict: all our Life is little enough to make ready for our laſt hour. What am I
E better then my Neighbours? How oft hath this Bell reported to me the farewell of many more ſtrong and vigorous bodies then my own, of many more chearfull and lively ſpirits? And now what doth it but call me to the thought of my parting? Here is no abiding for me: I muſt away too.

O thou that art the God of comfort, help thy poor Servant that is now ſtruggling with his laſt enemy. His ſad Friends ſtand gazing upon him, and weeping over him, but they cannot ſuccour him; needs muſt they leave him to doe this great work alone: none but thou, *to whom belong the iſſues of death*, canſt relieve his diſtreſſed and over-matched Soul. And for me, let no man die without me; as I die daily, ſo teach me to die once; acquaint me be-
F forehand with that Meſſenger which I muſt truſt to. *Oh teach me ſo to number my dayes, that I may apply my heart to true wiſdome.*

LXXIX. *Upon*

LXXIX. *Upon a Defamation dispersed.*

WEre I the first or the best that ever was slandered, perhaps it would be somewhat difficult to command my self patience. Grief is wont to be abated either by partners or precedents; the want whereof dejects us beyond measure, as men singled out for patterns of misery. Now whiles I finde this the common condition of all that ever have been reputed vertuous, why am I troubled with the whisperings of false tongues? O God, * the Devil slandered thee in Paradise; O Saviour, men slandered thee on earth more then men or Devils can reproach me. Thou art the best, as thou art the best that ever was smitten by a lying and venomous tongue. It is too much favour that is done me by malicious lips, that they conform me to thy Sufferings. I could not be so happy, if they were not so spightfull.

O thou glorious pattern of reproached Innocence, if I may not die for thee, yet let me thus bleed with thee.

* *Si Christus Judam passus est, cur non ego patior Birrhichionem?* Dial. de S. Martino, Sever. Sulp.

LXXX. *Upon a ring of Bels.*

WHiles every Bell keeps due time and order, what a sweet and harmonious sound they make? all the neighbour Villages are cheared with that common Musick. But when once they jarre and check each other, either jangling together, or striking preposterously, how harsh and unpleasing is that noise? So that as we testifie our publick rejoycing by an orderly and wel-tuned peal; so when we would signifie that the town is on fire we ring confusedly.

It is thus in Church and Commonwealth: when every one knows and keeps their due ranks, there is a melodious consort of Peace and contentment; but when distances and proportions of respects are not mutually observed, when either States or persons will be clashing with each other, the discord is grievous and extremely prejudiciall: such confusion either notifieth a fire already kindled, or portendeth it. Popular States may ring the changes with safety; but the Monarchicall Government requires a constant and regular course of the set degrees of rule and inferiority, which cannot be violated without a sensible discontentment and danger.

For me, I do so love the Peace of the Church and State, that I cannot but with the charitable Apostle say, *Would to God they were cut off that trouble them*; and shall ever wish either no jarres, or no clappers.

LXXXI. *Upon the sight of a full Table at a Feast.*

WHat great Variety is here of Flesh, of Fish, of both, of either; as if both Nature and Art did strive to pamper us? Yet methinks enough is better then all this: Excesse is but a burden, as to the Provider, so to the Guest. It pities and grieves me to think what toile, what charge hath gone to the gathering of all these Dainties together; what pain so many poor creatures have been put to in dying for a needlesse Sacrifice to the Belly; what a Penance must be done by every Accumbent, in sitting out the passage through all these dishes; what a task the Stomack must be put to in the concoction of so many mixtures. I am not so austerely scrupulous as to deny the lawfulnesse of these abundant provisions upon just occasions: I finde my Saviour himself more then once at a Feast; this is recorded as well as his one long Fast. Doubtlesse our bountifull God hath given us his creatures not for necessity only, but for pleasure: but these Exceedings would be both rare and moderate; and when they must be, require no lesse Patience then Temperance.

Might I have my option, O God, give me rather a little with peace and love:

love. He whoſe proviſion for every day was thirty meaſures of fine Flower and threeſcore meaſures of Meal, thirty Oxen, an hundred Sheep, beſides Veniſon and Fowl, yet can pray, *Give me the Bread of ſufficiency.* Let me have no *perpetuall Feaſt* but *a good Conſcience*; and from theſe great preparations (for the health both of Soul and Body) let me riſe rather hungry then ſurcharged.

LXXXII. *Upon the hearing of a Lute well played on.*

THere may be (for ought we know) infinite inventions of Art, the poſſibility whereof we ſhould hardly ever believe, if they were fore-reported to us. Had we lived in ſome rude and remote part of the World, and ſhould have been told that it is poſſible only by an hollow piece of Wood, and the guts of Beaſts ſtirred by the fingers of men, to make ſo ſweet and melodious a noiſe, we ſhould have thought it utterly incredible: yet now that we ſee and hear it ordinarily done, we make it no wonder.

It is no marvell if we cannot fore-imagine what kinde and means of Harmony God will have uſed by his Saints and Angels in Heaven, when theſe poor matters ſeem ſo ſtrange to our conceits, which yet our very Senſes are convinced of.

O God, thou knoweſt infinite wayes to glorifie thy ſelf by thy Creatures, which do far tranſcend our weak and finite capacities. Let me wonder at thy Wiſdome and Power, and be more awfull in my Adorations then curious in my Inquiries.

LXXXIII. *Upon the ſight and noiſe of a Peacock.*

I See there are many kinds of Hypocrites: of all Birds this makes the faireſt ſhew, and the worſt noiſe; ſo as this is an Hypocrite to the Eye. There are others, as the Black-bird, that looks foul and ſooty, but ſings well: this is an Hypocrite to the Eare. There are others that pleaſe us well both in their ſhew and voice, but are croſſe in their carriage and condition, as the Popingay, whoſe colours are beautifull, and noiſe delightfull; yet is it apt to doe miſchief in ſcratching and biting any hand that comes neare it: theſe are Hypocrites both to the Eye and Eare. Yet there is a degree further (beyond the example of all brute Creatures) of them whoſe ſhew, whoſe words, whoſe actions are fair, but their hearts are foul and abominable.

No outward Beauty can make the Hypocrite other then odious.

For me, let my Profeſſion agree with my words, my words with my actions, my actions with my heart; and let all of them be approved of the God of Truth.

LXXXIIII. *Upon a penitent Malefactor.*

I Know not whether I ſhould more admire the Wiſdome or the Mercy of God in his proceedings with Men. Had not this man ſinned thus notoriouſly, he had never been thus happy: whiles his courſes were fair and civil, yet he was graceleſſe; now his miſcarriage hath drawn him into a juſt Affliction, his Affliction hath humbled him. God hath taken this advantage of his Humiliation for his Converſion. Had not one foot ſlipt into the mouth of Hell, he had never been in this forwardneſſe to Heaven.

There is no man ſo weak or fooliſh, as that he hath not ſtrength or wit enough to ſin, or to make ill uſe of his ſin: It is only the goodneſs of an infinite God that can make our ſin good to us, though evil in it ſelf.

O God, it is no thank to our ſelves or to our ſins that we are bettered with evill; the Work is thine, let thine be the Glory.

LXXXV. *Upon the ſight of a Lilly.*

THis muſt needs be a goodly Flower that our Saviour hath ſingled out to compare with *Solomon*; and that not in his ordinary dreſſe, but in all his Royalty. Surely the earth had never ſo glorious a King as he, Nature yielded nothing that might ſet forth Royall magnificence that he wanted; yet he that made both *Solomon* and this Flower ſayes, that *Solomon in all his Royalty was not clad like it.*

What a poor thing is this earthly Bravery that is ſo eaſily overmatched? How ill judges are we of outward Beauties, that contemn theſe goodly Plants which their Creator thus magnifies, and admire thoſe baſe Metals which he (in compariſon hereof) contemns? If it be their tranſitorineſſe that embaſeth them, what are we? *All fleſh is Graſſe, and all the glory of man as the flower of Graſſe.* As we cannot be ſo brave, ſo we cannot be more permanent.

O God, let it be my ambition to walk with thee hereafter in white. Could I put on a robe of Stars here, with proud *Herod*, that glittering garment could not keep me from Lice or Worms. Might I ſit on a Throne of Gold within an houſe of Ivory, I ſee I ſhould not compare with this Flower; I might be as tranſitory, I ſhould not be ſo beautifull. What matters it whether I goe for a Flower or a Weed here? whetherſoever, I muſt wither. Oh thou which art greater then *Solomon*, do thou cloath me with thy perfect Righteouſneſſe, ſo ſhall I flouriſh for ever in the Courts of the Houſe of my God.

LXXXVI. *Upon the ſight of a Coffin ſtuck with Flowers.*

TOO fair appearance is never free from juſt ſuſpicion. Whiles here was nothing but mere Wood, no Flower was to be ſeen here; now that this Wood is lined with an unſavoury Corps, it is adorned with this ſweet variety. The Firre whereof that Coffin is made, yields a naturall redolence alone; now that it is ſtuffed thus noiſomely, all helps are too little to countervail that ſent of corruption. Neither is it otherwiſe in the Living. Perpetual uſe of ſtrong perfumes argues a guiltineſs of ſome unpleaſing ſavour.

The caſe is the ſame Spiritually; an over-glorious outſide of Profeſſion implies ſome inward filthineſſe that would fain eſcape notice. *Our uncomely parts have more comelineſſe put on.* Too much Ornament imports extreme deformity.

For me, let my ſhew be moderate, ſo ſhall I neither deceive applauſe, nor merit too deep cenſure.

LXXXVII. *Upon the view of the World.*

IT is a good thing to ſee this materiall World; but it is a better thing to think of the intelligible World. This thought is the ſight of the Soul, whereby it diſcerneth things like it ſelf, Spirituall and Immortall; which are ſo much beyond the worth of theſe ſenſible Objects, as a Spirit is beyond a Body, a pure ſubſtance beyond a corruptible, an infinite God above a finite Creature.

O God, how great a word is that which the Pſalmiſt ſayes of thee, that thou *abaſeſt* thy *ſelf to behold the things both in Heaven and Earth?* It is our glory to look up even to the meaneſt piece of Heaven; it is an abaſement to thine incomprehenſible Majeſty to look down upon the beſt of Heaven. Oh what a tranſcendent Glory muſt that needs be, that is abaſed to behold the things of Heaven! What an happineſſe ſhall it be to me, that mine eyes ſhall be exalted to ſee thee, who art humbled to ſee the place and ſtate of my bleſſedneſſe? Yea thoſe very Angels that ſee thy face are ſo reſplendently glorious, that we could not

not overlive the sight of one of their faces, who are fain to hide their faces from the sight of thine. How many millions attend thy Throne above, and thy Footstool below, in the ministration to thy Saints? It is that thine invisible world, the Communion wherewith can make me truely blessed. O God, if my body have fellowship here amongst Beasts, of whose earthly substance it participates, let my Soul be united to thee the God of Spirits, and be raised up to enjoy the insensible society of thy blessed Angels. Acquaint me beforehand with those Citizens and affairs of thine Heaven; and make me no stranger to my future Glory.

LXXXVIII. *Upon the stinging of a Wasp.*

HOW small things may annoy the greatest? Even a Mouse troubles an Elephant, a Gnat a Lion, a very Flea may disquiet a Giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing then the sting of this Wasp? Yet what a painfull wound hath it given me? that scarce-visible point how it envenomes, and ranckles, and swells up the flesh? The tenderness of the part addes much to the grief.

And if I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry Flie, Lord, how shall I be able to indure the sting of a tormenting Conscience? As that part is both most active and most sensible; so that wound which it receives from it self is most intolerably grievous: there were more ease in a nest of Hornets, then under this one Torture. O God, howsoever I speed abroad, give me Peace at home; and whatever my Flesh suffer, keep my Soul free.

Thus pained, wherein do I finde ease but in laying honey to the part infected? That Medicine only abates the anguish. How near hath Nature placed the remedy to the offence?

Whensoever my Heart is stung with the remorse for sin, only thy sweet and precious Merits, O blessed Saviour, can mitigate and heal the wound: they have virtue to cure me, give me Grace to apply them; that soveraign receipt shall make my pain happy. I shall thus applaud my grief; *It is good for me that I was* thus *afflicted.*

LXXXIX. *Upon the Arraignment of a Felon.*

WIth what terrour doth this Malefactor stand at that Bar? his Hand trembles, whiles it is lift up for his triall; his very Lips quake, whiles he saith, *Not guilty*; his Countenance condemns him before the Judge; and his fear is ready to execute him before his Hangman. Yet this Judge is but a weak man, that must soon after die himself; that Sentence of Death which he can pronounce is already passed by Nature upon the most innocent; that act of Death which the Law inflicteth by him is but momentany; who knows whether himself shall not die more painfully?

O God, with what horror shall the guilty Soul stand before thy dreadfull Tribunall in the day of the great Assizes of the World? whiles there is the presence of an Infinite Majesty to daunt him, a fierce and clamorous Conscience to give in evidence against him, Legions of ugly and terrible Devils waiting to seize upon him, a gulf of unquenchable Fire ready to receive him; whiles the Glory of the Judge is no lesse confounding then the Cruelty of the Tormenters; where the Sentence is unavoidable, and the Execution everlasting. Why do not these terrors of thee, my God, make me wise to hold a privy Sessions upon my Soul & actions, that being acquitted by my own heart, I may not be condemned by thee; and being judged by my self, I may not be condemned with the World?

XC. *Upon the Crowing of a Cock.*

HOW harshly did this note sound in the eare of *Peter*, yea pierced his very heart? Many a time had he heard this Bird, and was no whit moved with the noise; now there was a Bird in his bosome that crowed lowder then this, whose shrill accent conjoined with this astonished the guilty Disciple. The wearie Labourer when he is awakened from his sweet sleep by this natural Clock of the Houshold, is not so angry at this troublesome Bird, nor so vexed at the hearing of that unseasonable sound, as *Peter* was when this Fowl awakened his sleeping Conscience, and called him to a timely repentance. This Cock did but crow like others, neither made or knew any difference of this tone and the rest; there was a Divine hand that ordered this Mornings note to be a Summons of Penitence. He that fore-told it had fore-appointed it: that Bird could not but crow then, and all the noise in the High Priests Hall could not keep that sound from *Peter*'s eare.

But, O Saviour, couldst thou finde leisure, when thou stoodst at the Bar of that unjust and cruell Judgment, amidst all that bloody rabble of Enemies, in the sense of all their fury, and the exspectation of thine own Death, to listen unto this Monitor of *Peter*'s Repentance; and upon the hearing of it, to cast back thine eyes upon thy Denying, Cursing, Abjuring Disciple? O Mercy without measure, and beyond all the possibility of our admiration, to neglect thy self for a Sinner, to attend the Repentance of one, when thou wert about to lay down thy life for all!

O God, thou art still equally mercifull. Every Elect Soul is no lesse dear unto thee. Let the sound of thy faithfull Monitors smite my ears, and let the beams of thy mercifull eyes wound my heart, so as I may go forth and weep bitterly.

XCI. *Upon the variety of Thoughts.*

WHen I bethink my self how Eternity depends upon this moment of life, I wonder how I can think of any thing but Heaven: but when I see the distractions of my Thoughts and the aberrations of my life, I wonder how I can be so bewitched as (whiles I believe an Heaven) so to forget it. All that I can doe, is to be angry at mine own vanity. My Thoughts would not be so many if they were all right; there are ten thousand by-waies for one direct. As there is but one Heaven, so there is but one way to it; that living way wherein I walk by Faith, by Obedience. All things the more perfect they are, the more do they reduce themselves towards that Unity which is the Center of all Perfection.

O thou who art one and infinite, draw in my heart from all these stragling and unprofitable Cogitations, and confine it to thine Heaven and to thy self, who art the Heaven of that Heaven. Let me have no life but in thee, no care but to injoy thee, no ambition but thy Glory. Oh make me thus imperfectly happy before my time; that when my time shall be no more, I may be perfectly happy with thee in all Eternity.

XCII. *Upon the sight of an Harlot carted.*

WIth what noise and tumult and zeal of solemn Justice is this sin punished? The Streets are not more full of beholders then clamors: Every one strives to expresse his detestation of the fact by some token of revenge; one casts Mire, another Water, another rotten Egges upon the miserable offender; neither indeed is she worthy of lesse: but in the mean time no man looks home to himself. It is no uncharity to say, that too many insult in this just Punishment who have deserved more.

Alas,

A Alas, we men value ſins by the outward Scandall, but the Wiſe and Holy God (againſt whom onely our ſins are done) eſteems them according to the intrinſecal Iniquity of them, and according to the ſecret violation of his Will and Juſtice: thus thoſe Sins which are ſlight to us, are to him hainous. We ignorants would have rung *David*'s Adultery with Baſons, but as for his numbring of the people we ſhould have paſt it over as venial; the wiſe Juſtice of the Almighty found more wickedneſs in this which we ſhould ſcarce have accuſed. Doubtleſſe there is more miſchief in a ſecret Infidelity, which the World either cannot know or cares not to cenſure, then in the fouleſt Adultery. Publick ſins have more Shame, private may have more Guilt.

B If the world cannot charge me of thoſe, it is enough that I can charge my Soul of worſe. Let others rejoice in theſe publick Executions; let me pity the ſins of others, and be humbled under the ſenſe of my own.

XCIII. *Upon the ſmell of a Roſe.*

SMelling is one of the meaneſt and leaſt uſefull of the Senſes; yet there is none of the Five that receives or gives ſo exquiſite a contentment as it. Methinks there is no earthly thing that yields ſo perfect a pleaſure to any Senſe, as the odour of the firſt Roſe doth to the Sent.

C It is the Wiſdome and Bounty of the Creator ſo to order it, that thoſe Senſes which have more affinity with the body, and with that earth whereof it is made, ſhould receive their delight and contentation by thoſe things which are bred of the earth; but thoſe which are more ſprightfull, and have more affinity with the Soul, ſhould be reſerved for the perfection of their pleaſure to another world. There and then only ſhall my Sight make my Soul eternally bleſſed.

XCIV. *Upon a cancelled Bond.*

D WHiles this Obligation was in force, I was in ſervitude to my parchment; my Bond was double, to a Payment, to a Penalty: now that is diſcharged, what is it better then a waſt ſcroll; regarded for nothing but the witneſs of its own voidance and nullity?

No otherwiſe is it with the ſevere Law of my Creator: Out of Chriſt it ſtands in full force, and bindes me over either to perfect Obedience, which I cannot poſſibly perform, or to exquiſite torment and eternall Death, which I am never able to indure; but now that my Saviour hath faſtened it cancelled to his Croſs (in reſpect of the rigour and malediction of it) I look upon it as the monument of my paſt danger and bondage; I know by it how much was E owed by me, how much was payed for me. The direction of it is everlaſting, the obligation by it unto death is fruſtrate. I am free from Curſe, who never can be free from Obedience.

O Saviour, take thou Glory, and give me Peace.

XCV. *Upon the report of a great loſſe by Sea.*

THe Earth and the Water are both of them great givers, and both great takers: As they give matter and ſuſtentation to all Sublunary creatures, ſo they take all back again, inſatiably devouring at laſt the fruits of F their own wombs. Yet of the twothe Earth is both more beneficial and leſſe cruell: for as that yields us the moſt generall maintenance and wealth and ſupportation; ſo it doth not lightly take ought from us but that which we reſign over to it, and which naturally falls back unto it. Whereas the Water, as it affords but a ſmall part of our livelihood, and ſome few knacks of ornament, ſo it is apt violently to ſnatch away both us and ours, and to bereave that which

it never gave: it yields us no precious Metalls, and yet in an instant fetches away millions. And yet, notwithstanding all the hard measure we receive from it, how many do we daily see that might have firm ground under them, who yet will be trusting to the mercy of the Sea? Yea how many that have hardly crawled out from a desperate shipwrack, will yet be trying the fidelity of that unsure and untrusty Element?

O God, how venturous we are where we have reason to distrust, how incredulously fearfull where we have cause to be confident? Who ever relied upon thy gracious Providence and sure Promises, O Lord, and hath miscarried? Yet here we pull in our Faith, and make excuses for our Diffidence. And if *Peter* have tried those waves to be no other then solid pavement under his feet, whiles his Soul trod confidently; yet when a billow and a winde agree to threaten him, his Faith flags, and he begins to sink.

O Lord, teach me to doubt, where I am sure to finde nothing but uncertainty; and to be assuredly confident, where there can be no possibility of any cause of doubting.

XCVI. *Upon sight of a bright Skie full of Stars.*

I Cannot blame *Empedocles* if he professed a desire to live upon earth only that he might behold the face of the Heavens; surely (if there were no other) this were a sufficient errand for a mans being here below, to see and observe these goodly Spangles of Light above our heads, their places, their quantities, their motions.

But the employment of a Christian is far more noble and excellent; Heaven is open to him, and he can look beyond the veil, and see further above those Stars then it is thither, and there discern those Glories that may answer so rich a pavement. Upon the clear sight whereof, I cannot but wonder if the chosen Vessel desired to leave the earth in so happy an exchange.

O God, I blesse thine Infiniteness for what I see with these bodily eyes: but if thou shalt but draw the curtain, and let me by the eye of Faith see the inside of that thy Glorious frame, I shall need no other Happiness here. My Soul cannot be capable of more favour then Sight here, and Fruition hereafter.

XCVII. *Upon the rumours of Wars.*

GOod Lord, what a shambles is Christendome become of late? How are men killed like flies, and blood poured out like water? Surely the cruelty and ambition of the Great have an heavy reckoning to make for so many thousand Souls. I condemn not just Arms; those are as necessary as the unjust are hatefull; even *Michael* and his Angels fight, and the style of God is *the Lord of Hoasts. But wo be to the man by whom the offence cometh.* Usurpation of others Rights, violation of Oaths and Contracts, and lastly erroneous Zeal, are guilty of all these publick Murders. Private mens injuries are washt off with tears, but wrongs done to Princes and publick States are hardly wip'd off but with blood. Doubtlesse that fearfull Comet did not more certainly portend these Wars, then these Wars presage the approach of the end of the World. The earth was never without some broils since it was peopled but with three men; but so universal a combustion was never in the Christian world since it was.

O Saviour, what can I think of this, but that as thou wouldst have a generall Peace upon thy first coming into the World, so upon thy second coming thou meanest there shall be a no lesse generall War upon earth? That Peace made way for thy meek appearance; this War for thy dreadfull and terrible.

XCVIII. *Upon*

XCVIII. *Upon a Childe crying.*

IT was upon great reaſon that the Apoſtle charges us *not to be children in Underſtanding.* What fools we all once are? Even at firſt we crie and ſmile we know not wherefore; we have not wit enough to make ſigns what hurts us, or where we complain; we can wry the mouth, but not ſeek the breaſt; and if we want help, we can only lament, and ſprawl, and die. After, when ſome months have taught us to diſtinguiſh a little betwixt things and perſons, we crie for every toy, even that which may moſt hurt us; and when there is no other cauſe, we crie only to hear our own noiſe, and are ſtraight ſtilled with a greater; and if it be but upon the breeding of a tooth, we are ſo wayward that nothing will pleaſe us; and if ſome formerly-liked knack be given to quiet us, we caſt away that which we have, if we have not what we would ſeem to like. We fear neither fire nor water; nothing ſcares us but either a rod or a feigned bug-bear: we miſ-know our Parents; not acknowledging any friend but the Taylor that brings us a fine Coat, or the Nurſe that dreſſes us gay. The more that our riper years reſemble theſe diſpoſitions, the more childiſh we are, and more worthy both of our own and others cenſure.

But again, it was upon no leſſe reaſon that the Apoſtle charges us *to be children in Maliciouſneſs.* Thoſe little Innocents bear no grudge, they are ſooner pleaſed then angry; and if any man have wronged them, let them but have given a ſtroke unto the Nurſe to beat the offender, it is enough; at the ſame inſtant they put forth their hand for reconcilement, and offer themſelves unto thoſe arms that treſpaſſed. And when they are moſt froward, they are ſtilled with a pleaſant Song. The old word is, that *An old man is twice a childe:* but I ſay, happy is he that is thus a childe alwaies. It is a great imperfection to want Knowledge; but, of the two, it is better to be a childe in Underſtanding then a man in Maliciouſneſs.

XCIX. *Upon the beginning of a Sickneſs.*

IT was my own fault, if I look'd not for this: All things muſt undergoe their changes. I have enjoyed many fair daies; there was no reaſon I ſhould not at laſt make account of clouds and ſtorms. Could I have done well, without any mixtures of ſin, I might have hoped for entire Health: But ſince I have interſperſed my Obedience with many ſinfull failings and enormities, why do I think much to interchange Health with Sickneſs? What I now feel I know; I am not worthy to know what I muſt feel. As my times, ſo my meaſures are in the hands of a wiſe and good God. My comfort is, he that ſends theſe evils, proportions them. If they be ſharp, I am ſure they are juſt; the moſt that I am capable to endure, is the leaſt part of what I have deſerved to ſuffer. Nature would fain be at eaſe: but, Lord, whatever become of this carkaſſe, thou haſt reaſon to have reſpect to thine own Glory. I have ſinned, and muſt ſmart: It is the glory of thy Mercy to beat my Body for the ſafety of my Soul. The worſt of Sickneſs is Pain, and the worſt of pain is but Death. As for Pain, if it be extreme, it cannot be long; and if it be long, (ſuch is the difference of earthly and Helliſh torments) it cannot be extreme: As for Death, it is both unavoidable and beneficial; there ends my Miſery, and begins my Glory: a few groans are well beſtowed for a preface to an immortal joy.

Howſoever, O God, thy meſſenger is worthy to be welcome. *It is the Lord, let him doe whatſoever he will.*

C. *Upon the challenge of a Promiſe.*

IT is true, an Honeſt mans word muſt be his maſter; when I have promiſed, I am indebted, and debts may be claimed, muſt be payed: but yet there is a great deal of difference in our ingagements; ſome things we promiſe becauſe they are due, ſome things are onely due becauſe they are promiſed. Theſe latter, which are but the mere ingagements of Curteſie, cannot ſo abſolutely binde us, that notwithſtanding any intervention of unworthineſs or miſbehaviour in the perſon exſpectant, we are tied to make our word good, though to the cutting of our own throats. All favourable promiſes preſuppoſe a capacity in the receiver; where that palpably faileth, common Equity ſets us free. I promiſed to ſend a fair Sword to my friend; he is ſince that time turn'd frantick: muſt I ſend it, or be charged with unfaithfulneſs if I ſend it not?

O God, thy Title is *the God of Truth*, thou canſt no more ceaſe to be faithfull then to be. How oft haſt thou promiſed, that *no good thing ſhall be wanting to thine?* and yet we know thy deareſt children have complained of want. Is thy word therefore challengeable? Far, far be this wicked preſumption from our thoughts. No: Theſe thy promiſes of outward Favours are never but with a ſubintelligence of a condition of our capableneſs, of our expedience. Thou ſeeſt that Plenty or Eaſe would be our bane; thy Love forbears to ſatisfie us with an harmfull Bleſſing. We are worthy to be plagued with prejudicial kindneſſes, if we do not acknowledge thy Wiſdome and care in our want. It is enough for us that thy beſt Mercies are our dues, becauſe thy Promiſes: we cannot too much claim that which thou haſt abſolutely ingaged thy ſelf to give, and in giving ſhalt make us eternally happy.

CI. *Upon the ſight of Flies.*

WHen I look upon theſe Flies and gnats and worms, I have reaſon to think, What am I to my infinite Creator more then theſe? And if theſe had my Reaſon, why might they not expoſtulate with their Maker, why they are but ſuch, why they live to ſo little purpoſe, and die without either notice or uſe? And if I had no more Reaſon then they, I ſhould be (as they) content with any condition. That Reaſon which I have is not of my owne giving; he that hath given me Reaſon might as well have given it to them, or have made me as reaſon-leſſe as they: there is no cauſe why his greater gift ſhould make me mutinous and malecontent.

I will thank my God for what I am, for what I have; and never quarrell with him for what I want.

CII. *Upon the ſight of a fantaſticall Zelot.*

IT is not the intent of Grace to mould our Bodies anew, but to make uſe of them as it findes us. The Diſpoſition of men much follows the temper of their bodily Humors. This mixture of Humors wrought upon by Grace, cauſeth that ſtrange variety which we ſee in profeſſions pretendedly Religious. When Grace lights upon a ſad Melancholick Spirit, nothing is affected but Sullenneſſe and extreme Mortification, and diſlike even of lawfull Freedome; nothing but Poſitions and Practices of ſevere Auſterity: when contrarily upon the Chearefull and lively, all draws towards Liberty and Joy; thoſe thoughts do now pleaſe beſt which enlarge the heart to Mirth and contentation.

It is the greateſt improvement of Chriſtian wiſdome to diſtinguiſh (in all profeſſions) betwixt Grace and Humour; to give God his own Glory, and men their own Infirmities.

CIII. *Upon*

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CIII. *Upon the ſight of a Scavenger working in the Canell.*

THE wiſe Providence of God hath fitted men with ſpirits anſwerable to their condition. If mean men ſhould bear the minds of great Lords, no ſervile works would be done; all would be Commanders, and none could live: If contrarily Great perſons had the low ſpirits of drudges, there could be no order, no obedience; becauſe there ſhould be none to command. Now out of this diſcord of diſpoſitions God hath contrived an excellent harmony of Government and Peace: ſince the uſe which each ſort muſt needs have
B of other bindes them to maintain the quality of their own ranks, and to doe thoſe offices which are requiſite for the preſervation of themſelves and the publick.

As Inferiours then muſt bleſſe God for the Graces and Authority of their betters; ſo muſt Superiours no leſſe bleſſe him for the Humility and Serviceableneſſe of the meaner; and thoſe which are of the mid rank muſt bleſſe him for both.

CIV. *Upon a pair of Spectacles.*

C I Look upon theſe, not as Objects, but as Helps; as not meaning that my Sight ſhould reſt in them, but paſſe through them, and by their aide diſcern ſome other things which I deſire to ſee.

Many ſuch glaſſes my Soul hath and uſeth. I look through the glaſſe of the Creatures at the power and wiſdome of their Maker: I look through the glaſſe of the Scriptures at the great Myſtery of Redemption, and the glory of an Heavenly inheritance: I look through Gods Favours at his infinite Mercy, through his Judgements at his incomprehenſible Juſtice.

But as theſe Spectacles of mine preſuppoſe a faculty in the Eye, and cannot give me Sight when I want it, but only clear that ſight which I have; no more
D can theſe glaſſes of the Creatures, of Scriptures, of Favours and Judgements inable me to apprehend thoſe bleſſed Objects, except I have an eye of Faith whereto they may be preſented. Theſe helps to an unbelieving man are but as Spectacles to the blinde. As the Natural Eyes, ſo the Spirituall, have their degrees of dimneſſe. But I have ill improved my Age, if as my Naturall eyes decay, my Spirituall eye be not cleared and confirmed: but at my beſt I ſhall never but need Spectacles, till I come to *ſee as I am ſeen.*

CV. *Upon Moats in the Sun.*

E HOW theſe little Moats move up and down in the Sun, and never reſt; whereas the great Mountains ſtand ever ſtill, and move not, but with an Earthquake?

Even ſo light and buſie ſpirits are in continuall agitation to little purpoſe, whiles great deep wits ſit ſtill, and ſtir not but upon extreme occaſions.

Were the motion of theſe little Atomes as uſefull as it is reſtleſſe, I had rather be a Moat then a Mountain.

CVI. *Upon the ſight of a Bladder.*

F EVery thing muſt be taken in his meet time: let this Bladder alone till it be dry, and all the winde in the world cannot raiſe it up; whereas now it is new and moiſt the leaſt breath fills and enlarges it.

It is no otherwiſe in Ages and Diſpoſitions: inform the Childe in Precepts of Learning and Vertue whiles years make him capable, how pliably he yieldeth, how happily is he repleniſhed with Knowledge and Goodneſſe? let him

alone till time and ill example have hardned him, till he be ſetled in an Habit of Evil, and contracted and clung together with Senſuall delights, now he becomes utterly indocible. Sooner may that Bladder be broken then diſtended.

CVII. *Upon a man Sleeping.*

I Do not more wonder at any mans Art then at his who profeſſes to think of nothing, to doe nothing. And I do not a little marvell at that man who ſayes he can ſleep without a Dream: for the Mind of man is a reſtleſſe thing: and though it give the Body leave to repoſe it ſelf, as knowing it is a mortal and earthly piece; yet it ſelf being a Spirit, and therefore active and indefatigable, is ever in motion. Give me a Sea that moves not, a Sun that ſhines not, an open Eye that ſees not; and I ſhall yield there may be a Reaſonable Soul that works not. It is poſſible that through a naturall or accidentall ſtupidity a man may not perceive his owne Thoughts; (as ſometimes the Eye or Eare may be diſtracted not to diſcern his own Objects) but in the mean time he thinks that whereof he cannot give an account, like as we many times dream when we cannot report our fancy. I ſhould more eaſily put my ſelf to ſchool unto that man who undertakes the profeſſion of thinking many things at once. Inſtantany motions are more proper for a Spirit then a dull reſt.

Since my Minde will needs be ever working, it ſhall be my care that it may alwaies be well imploy'd.

CVIII. *Upon the ſight of a Deaths-head.*

I Wonder at the practice of the ancient both *Greeks* and *Romans*, whoſe uſe was to bring up a Deaths-head in the mids of their Feaſts, on purpoſe to ſtir up their Gueſts to drink harder and to frolick more: the ſight whereof, one would think, ſhould have rather abated their courage, and have tempered their jollity.

But however it was with them who believed there was nothing after death, that the conſideration of the ſhort time of their pleaſures and being ſpurred them on to a free and full fruition of that mirth and exceſſe which they ſhould not long live to enjoy; yet to us that are Chriſtians, and therefore know that this ſhort life doth but make way for an eternity of Joy or Torment afterwards, and that after the Feaſt we muſt account of a Reckoning, there cannot be a greater cooler for the heat of our intemperate deſires and rage of our Appetites, then the meditation of the Shortneſs of Life and the Certainty of Death. Who would over-pamper a body for the worms? Who would be ſo mad as to let himſelf looſe to that momentany pleaſure of Sin, which ere long muſt coſt him everlaſting pain and miſery?

For me, methinks this Head ſpeaks no other language then this, Loſe no time; thou art dying: Doe thy beſt; thou maieſt doe good but a while, and ſhalt fare well for ever.

CIX. *Upon the ſight of a Left-handed man.*

IT is both an old and eaſie obſervation, that however the Senſes are alike ſtrong and active on the right ſide and on the left, yet that the lims on the right ſide are ſtronger then thoſe of the left, becauſe they are more exerciſed then the other: upon which ſelf-ſame reaſon it muſt follow, that a Left-handed man hath more ſtrength in his left Arme then in his right.

Neither is it otherwiſe in the Soul: our Intellectuall parts grow vigorous with imployment, and languiſh with diſuſe. I have known excellent Preachers and pregnant Diſputants that have loſt theſe Faculties with lack of action; and others but meanly qualified with Naturall gifts, that have attained to a laudable meaſure of abilities by improvement of their little.

I had

A I had rather lack good Parts, then that good Parts ſhould lack me. Not to have great Gifts is no fault of mine; it is my fault not to uſe them.

CX. *Upon the ſight of an old unthatched Cottage.*

THere cannot be a truer Embleme of crazie Old age: Moldred and clay Walls, a thin, uncovered Roof, bending Studds, dark and broken Windows; in ſhort, an Houſe ready to fall on the head of the indweller.

The beſt Body is but a Cottage: if newer and better timbered, yet ſuch as
B Age will equally impair and make thus ragged and ruinous; or, before that, perhaps caſualty of Fire or Tempeſt, or violence of an Enemy.

One of the chief cares of men is to dwell well. Some build for themſelves, fair, but not ſtrong; others build for Poſterity, ſtrong, but not fair, not high: but happy is that man that builds for Eternity, as ſtrong, as fair, as high as the glorious contignations of Heaven.

CXI. *Upon the ſight of a faire Pearl.*

C WHat a pure and precious creature is this, which yet is taken out of the mud of the ſea? Who can complain of a baſe Originall, when he ſees ſuch Excellencies ſo deſcended? Theſe Shel-fiſhes that have no Sexes, and therefore are made out of corruption, what glorious things they yield to adorn and make proud the greateſt Princeſſes?

Gods great works goe not by likelihoods: how eaſily can he fetch glory out of obſcurity, who brought all out of nothing?

CXII. *Upon a Screen.*

D METhinks this Screen that ſtands betwixt me & the fire is like ſome good Friend at the Court, which keeps from me the heat of the unjuſt Diſpleaſure of the Great, wherewith I might perhaps otherwiſe be cauſleſly ſcorched.

But how happy am I, if the interpoſition of my Saviour, my beſt Friend in Heaven, may ſcreen me from the deſerved Wrath of that great *God* who *is a conſuming fire?*

CXIII. *Upon a Burre-leaf.*

E NEither the Vine, nor the Oak, nor the Cedar, nor any Tree that I know within our Climate, yields ſo great a leaf as this Weed; which yet, after all expectation, brings forth nothing but a Burre, unprofitable, troubleſome.

So have I ſeen none make greater Profeſſion of Religion then an Ignorant man; whoſe indiſcreet forwardneſſe yields no fruit, but a factious diſturbance to the Church wherein he lives. Too much Shew is not ſo much better then none at all, as an ill Fruit is worſe then none at all.

CXIV. *Upon the Singing of a Bird.*

F IT is probable that none of thoſe creatures that want Reaſon delight ſo much in pleaſant Sounds as a Bird; whence it is that both it ſpends ſo much time in ſinging, and is more apt to imitate thoſe modulations which it hears from men.

Frequent practice (if it be voluntary) argues a delight in that which we doe; and

and delight makes us more apt to practise, and more capable of perfection in that we practise.

O God, if I take pleasure in thy Law, I shall meditate of it with comfort, speak of it with boldnesse, and practise it with chearfulnesse.

CXV. *Upon the sight of a man Yawning.*

IT is a marvellous thing to see the reall effects and strong operation of Consent or Sympathy even where there is no bodily touch: so one sad man puts the whole company into dumps; so one mans Yawning affects and stretches the jaws of many beholders; so the looking upon blear eyes taints the eye with bleareneſse.

From hence it is easie to see the ground of our Saviours expostulation with his persecutor, *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?* The Church is persecuted below, he feels it above and complains. So much as the person is more apprehensive, must he needs be more affected.

O Saviour, thou canst not but be deeply sensible of all our miseries and necessities. If we do not feel thy wrongs and the wants of our Brethren, we have no part in thee.

CXVI. *Upon the sight of a Tree lopped.*

IN the lopping of these Trees, Experience and good Husbandry hath taught men to leave one bough still growing in the top, the better to draw up the sap from the root.

The like wisdome is fit to be observed in Censures; which are intended altogether for reformation, not for destruction. So must they be inflicted, that the Patient be not utterly discouraged, and stript of hope and comfort; but that, whiles he suffereth, he may feel his good tendered, and his amendment both aimed at and expected.

O God, if thou shouldest deal with me as I deserve, thou shouldest not only shred my boughs, but cut down my stock, and stock up my root; and yet thou dost but prune my superfluous branches, and cherishest the rest. How unworthy am I of this mercy, if whiles thou art thus indulgent unto me, I be severe and cruell to others, perhaps lesse ill-deserving then my self?

CXVII. *Upon a Scholar that offered violence to himself.*

HAD this man lyen long under some eminent discontentment, it had been easie to finde out the motive of his miscarriage. Weak Nature is easily over-laid with Impatience; it must be only the power of Grace that can grapple with vehement evils, and master them. But here the world cannot say what could be guilty of occasioning this Violence: this mans hand was full, his Fame untainted, his body no burden, his disposition (for ought we saw) fair, his Life guiltlesse; yet something did the Tempter finde to aggravate unto his feeble thoughts, and to represent worthy of a dispatch.

What a poor thing is Life, whereof so slight occasions can make us weary? What impotent wretches are we when we are not sustained? One would think this the most impossible of all motions: naturally every man loves himself; and Life is sweet, Death abhorred. What is it that Satan can despair to perswade men unto, if he can draw them to an unnaturall abandoning of life, and pursuit of death?

Why should I doubt of prevailing with my own heart, by the powerfull over-ruling of Gods Spirit, to contemn life and to affect death for the sake of my Saviour (in exchange of a few miserable moments for eternity of joy) when I see men, upon an unreasonable suggestion of that evil Spirit, cast away their lives

A lives for nothing, and ſo haſtening their temporall death that they hazard an eternall?

CXVIII. *Upon the coming in of the Judge.*

THE conſtruction of men and their actions is altogether according to the diſpoſition of the lookers on. The ſame face of the Judge without any inward alteration is ſeen with terror by the guilty, with joy and confidence by the oppreſſed innocent: like as the ſame lips of the Bride-groom drop both myrrhe and hony at once; hony to the well-diſpoſed heart, myrrhe
B to the rebellious: and the ſame Cup reliſhes well to the healthfull, and diſtaſts the feverous: the ſame word is, though a ſweet, yet a contrary, ſavour to the different receivers; and the ſame Sun comforts the ſtrong ſight, dazles the weak.

For a man to affect either to doe or ſpeak that which may be pleaſing to all men, is but a weak and idle ambition, when we ſee him that is infinitely Good, appear terrible to more then he appears lovely. Goodneſſe is it ſelf with whatever eyes it is look'd upon. There can be no ſafety for that man that regards more the cenſure of men, then the truth of being. He that ſeeks to win all hearts, hath loſt his owne.

C

CXIX. *Upon the ſight of an Heap of ſtones.*

UNder ſuch a pile it was that the firſt Martyr was buried: none of all the antient Kings had ſo glorious a Tomb; here were many ſtones, and every one pretious. *Jacob* leaned his head upon a ſtone, and ſaw that Heavenly viſion of Angels aſcending and deſcending: Many ſtones light upon *Steven*'s head in the inſtant of his *ſeeing the Heavens opened, and Jeſus ſtanding at the right hand of God.* Lo, *Jacob* reſting upon that one ſtone, ſaw but the Angels: *Steven* being to reſt for once under thoſe many ſtones, ſaw the
D Lord of the Angels. *Jacob* ſaw the Angels moving; *Steven* ſaw *Jeſus* ſtanding. As *Jacob* therefore afterwards, according to his Vow, made there an altar to God; ſo *Steven* now in the preſent gathers theſe ſtones together, of which he erected an holy altar, whereon he offered up himſelf a bleſſed Sacrifice unto God. And if there be *a time of gathering ſtones, and a time of caſting them away*; this was the time wherein the Jews caſt, and *Steven* gathered up theſe ſtones for a monument of eternall Glory.

O bleſſed Saint, thou didſt not ſo clearly ſee Heaven opened, as Heaven ſaw thee covered; thou didſt not ſo perfectly ſee thy *Jeſus* ſtanding, as he ſaw thee lying patiently, courageouſly under that fatall heap. Do I miſtake it, or are
E thoſe ſtones, not Flints and Pebbles, but Diamonds & Rubies and Carbuncles to ſet upon thy Crown of Glory?

CXX. *Upon ſight of a Bat and Owle.*

THeſe Night-birds are glad to hide their heads all; and if by ſome violence they be unſeaſonably forced our of their ſecrecy, how are they followed and beaten by the birds of the day?

With us men it is contrary, the Sons of Darkneſſe do with all eagerneſſe of ma'ice purſue the children of the Light, and drive them into corners, and make
F a prey of them: the oppoſition is alike, but the advantage lies on the worſe ſide. Is it for that the Spirituall Light is no leſſe hatefull to thoſe Children of Darkneſſe, then the naturall night is to thoſe chearfull Birds of the day? Or is it for that the Sons of Darkneſſe, challenging no leſſe propriety in the world then the Foul do in the lightſome aire, abhorre and wonder at the conſcionable as ſtrange and uncouth? Howſoever, as theſe Bats and Owls were made for

for the night, being accordingly ſhaped, foul and ill-favoured; ſo we know theſe vicious men (however they may pleaſe themſelves) have in them a true deformity, fit to be ſhrowded in Darkneſſe; and as they delight in the works of Darkneſſe, ſo they are juſtly reſerved to a ſtate of Darkneſſe.

CXXI. *Upon the ſight of a well-fleeced Sheep.*

WHat a warm Winter-coat hath God provided for this quiet innocent creature? as, indeed, how wonderfull is his Wiſdome and Goodneſs in all his purveiances? Thoſe creatures which are apter for motion, and withall moſt fearfull by nature, hath he clad ſomewhat thinner, and hath allotted them ſafe and warm boroughs within the earth; thoſe that are fit for labour and uſe hath he furniſhed with a ſtrong hide: and for Man, whom he hath thought good to bring forth naked, tender, helpleſſe, he hath indued his Parents and himſelf with that noble faculty of Reaſon, whereby he may provide all manner of helps for himſelf. Yet again ſo bountifull is God in his proviſions, that he is not laviſh; ſo diſtributing his gifts, that there is no more ſuperfluity then want. Thoſe creatures that have beaks, have no teeth; and thoſe that have ſhells without, have no bones within. All have enough, nothing hath all.

Neither is it otherwiſe in that one kinde of Man, whom he meant for the Lord of all: Variety of gifts is here mixed with a frugall diſpenſation: None hath cauſe to boaſt, none to complain: Every man is as free from an abſolute defect, as from perfection.

I deſire not to comprehend; O Lord, teach me to doe nothing but wonder.

CXXII. *Upon the hearing of Thunder.*

THere is no Grace whereof I finde ſo generall a want in my ſelf and others as an awfull fear of the infinite Majeſty of God. Men are ready to affect and profeſſe a kinde of Familiarity with God, out of a pretence of love; whereas if they knew him aright, they could not think of him without dread, nor name him without trembling: their narrow hearts ſtrive to conceive of him according to the ſcantling of their own ſtreight and ignorant apprehenſion; whereas they ſhould only deſire to have their thoughts ſwallowed up with an adoring wonder of his Divine incomprehenſibleneſſe. Though he thunder not alwaies, he is alwayes equally dreadfull; there is none of his works which doth not bewray Omnipotency.

I bluſh at the ſawcineſſe of vain men, that will be circumſcribing the powerfull acts of the Almighty within the compaſſe of Naturall Cauſes; forbearing to wonder at what they profeſſe to know. Nothing but Ignorance can be guilty of this Boldneſſe. There is no Divinity but in an humble fear, no Philoſophy but a ſilent admiration.

CXXIII. *Upon the ſight of an Hedge-hog.*

I Marvelled at the firſt reading, what the Greeks meant by that Proverb of theirs, *The Fox knows many pretty wiles, but the Hedg-hog knows one great one.* But when I conſidered the Nature and practice of this creature, I eaſily found the reaſon of that ſpeech, grounded upon the care and ſhift that it makes for its own preſervation. Whiles it is under covert, it knows how to bar the fore-dore againſt the cold Northern and Eaſtern blaſts, and to open the back-dore for quieter and calmer aire: When it is purſued, it knows how to roll up it ſelf round within thoſe thorns with which Nature hath environed it, ſo as the Dog, in ſtead of a beaſt, findes now nothing but a ball of pricks to wound his jaws; and goes away crying from ſo untoothſome a prey.

He

A He that ſent the Sluggard to ſchool to the Piſmire, ſends alſo in effect the Careleſſe and imprudent man to the Hedg-hog, whiles he ſaith, *If thou be wiſe, thou ſhalt be wiſe for thy ſelf.* The main care of any creature is ſelf-preſervation; whatſoever doth that beſt, is the wiſeſt. Theſe creatures that are all body, have well improved the inſtincts of Nature, if they can provide for their bodily ſafety; Man, that is a reaſonable Soul, ſhall have done nothing, if he make not ſure work for the better part.

O God, make me Soule-wiſe; I ſhall never envy their craft that pity my ſimplicity.

B

CXXIV. *Upon the ſight of a Goat.*

THis creature is in an ill name: it is not for any good qualities, that God hath made choice of the Goat to reſemble the wicked and reprobate Soul. It is unruly, and ſalacious, and noiſome.

I cannot ſee one of them, but I preſently recall to my thoughts the wofull condition of thoſe on the left hand, whom God hath ſet aſide to ſo fearfull a Damnation. They are here mixed with the Flock, their colour differs nothing from the Sheep; or if we do diſcern them by their rougher coat and odious ſent, we ſever our ſelves from them: but the time ſhall come when he ſhall ſever them C from us, who hath appointed our innocency to the fold, and their harmfulneſſe to an everlaſting ſlaughter. Onwards, if they climbe higher then we, and feed upon thoſe craggy clifts which we dare ſcarce reach to with our eyes; their boldneſſe is not greater then their danger, neither is their aſcent more perilous then their ruine deadly.

CXXV. *Upon the ſight of the Blinde and the Lame.*

HEre is a true naturall commerce of Senſes. The Blinde man hath Legs, the Lame man hath Eyes: the Lame man lends his Eyes to the Blinde, D the Blinde man lends his Legs to the Lame; and now both of them move, where otherwiſe both muſt ſit ſtill and periſh. It is hard to ſay whether is more beholden to other; the one gives Strength, the other Direction; both of them equally neceſſary to motion.

Though it be not in other caſes ſo ſenſible, yet ſurely this very traffick of Faculties is that whereby we live, neither could the world ſubſiſt without it: one man lends a Brain, another an Arme; one a Tongue, another an Hand. He that knows wherefore he made all, hath taken order to improve every part to the benefit of the whole.

What do I wiſh ought that is not uſefull? And if there be any thing in me E that may ſerve to the good of others, it is not mine, but the Churches. I cannot live but by others: it were injurious if others ſhould not likewiſe ſhare with me.

CXXVI. *Upon the ſight of a Map of the World.*

WHat a poor little ſpot is a Countrey? A man may hide with his thumb the great Territories of thoſe that would be accounted Monarchs. In vain ſhould the great *Cham* or the great *Mogul* or *Preſter John* ſeek here for his Court; it is well if he can finde his Kingdome amongſt F theſe parcels. And if we take all together, theſe ſhreds of Iſlands and theſe patches of Continent, what a mere indiviſible point they are in compariſon of that vaſt circle of Heaven wherewith they are incompaſſed?

It is not eaſie for a man to be known to that whole Land wherein he lives: but if he could be ſo famous, the next Countrey perhaps never hears of his Name: and if he can attain to be talked of there, yet the remoter parts cannot

take notice that there is ſuch a thing: and if they did, all ſpeak of nothing elſe, what were he the better?

Oh the narrow bounds of earthly Glory! Oh the vain affectation of humane applauſe! Only that man is happily famous, who is known and recorded in Heaven.

CXXVII. *Upon the ſight of Hemlock.*

THere is no creature of it ſelf evil; miſapplication may make the beſt ſo: and there is a good uſe to be made of the worſt. This Weed which is too well proved to be poiſonous, yet to the Goat is medicinall, as ſerving by the coldneſſe of it to temper the feverous heat of that beaſt: So we ſee the Marmoſet eating of Spiders, both for pleaſure and cure.

Our ignorance may not bring a ſcandall upon Gods workmanſhip; or if it do, his Wiſdome knows how to make a good uſe even of our injury. I cannot ſay but the very venome of the creatures is to excellent purpoſe; how much more their beneficiall qualities? If ought hurt us, the fault is ours, in miſtaking the evil for good: in the mean time we owe praiſe to the Maker, and to the creature a juſt and thankfull allowance.

CXXVIII. *Upon a Flower-de-luce.*

THis Flower is but unpleaſingly fulſome for ſent, but the root of it is ſo fragrant, that the delicateſt Ladies are glad to put it into their ſweet bags: contrarily, the Roſe-tree hath a ſweet flower, but a ſavourleſſe root; and the Saffron yields an odoriferous and cordiall ſpire, whiles both the flower and the root are unpleaſing. It is with Vegetables as with Metalls.

God never meant to have his beſt alwayes in view; neither meant he to have all eminences concealed. He would have us to know him to be both ſecretly rich, and openly bountifull. If we do not uſe every Grace in its own kinde, God loſes the thanks, and we the benefit.

CXXIX. *Upon the ſight of two Trees, one high, the other broad.*

THoſe Trees that ſhoot up in height are ſeldome broad; as contrarily, thoſe Trees that are ſpreading are ſeldome tall: it were too much ambition in that Plant which would be both wayes eminent.

Thus it is with men. The Covetous man, that effects to ſpread in Wealth, ſeldome cares to aſpire unto height of Honour; the Proud man, whoſe heart is ſet upon Preferment, regards not (in compariſon thereof) the growth of his Wealth: there is a poor ſhrub in a valley, that is neither tall nor broad, nor cares to be either, which ſpeeds better then they both. The tall tree is cut down for Timber, the broad tree is lopped for Fire-wood; beſides that the Tempeſt hath power on them both: whereas the low ſhrub is neither envied by the winde, nor threatned by the axe, but foſtered rather, for that little ſhelter which it affords the Shepheard. If there be glory in Greatneſſe, Meanneſſe hath ſecurity.

Let me never envy their diet that had rather be unſafe then inglorious.

CXXX. *Upon the ſight of a Drunken man.*

REaſon is an excellent Faculty, and indeed that which alone differenceth us from brute creatures; without which what is Man but a two-legged Beaſt? And as all precious things are tender and ſubject to miſcarriage, ſo is this above others; the want of ſome little Sleep, the violence of a Fever or one Cup too much puts it into utter diſtemper. What can we make of this thing?

A thing? (Man I cannot call him) He hath Shape; ſo hath a dead Corps as well as he: he hath Life, ſo hath a Beaſt as well as he. Reaſon either for the time he hath not, or if he have it, he hath it ſo depraved and marred for the exerciſe of it, that Brutiſhneſſe is much leſſe ill-beſeeming.

Surely, the Naturall Beſtiality is ſo much leſſe odious then the Morall, as there is difference in the cauſes of both: that is of Gods making, this of our own. It is no ſhame to the Beaſt that God hath made him ſo; it is a juſt ſhame to a Man that he hath made himſelf a Beaſt.

B

CXXXI. *Upon the whetting of a Sithe.*

REcreation is intended to the Minde as whetting is to the Sithe, to ſharpen the edge of it, which otherwiſe would grow dull and blunt. He therefore that ſpends his whole time in Recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his graſſe may grow, and his Steed ſtarve: as contrarily, he that alwayes toiles and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpoſe. As good no Sithe, as no Edge. Then only doth the work goe forward, when the Sithe is ſo ſeaſonably and moderately whetted, that it may cut, and ſo cuts, that it may have the help of ſharpning.

I would ſo interchange, that I neither be dull with Work, nor idle and wan-
C ton with Recreation.

CXXXII. *Upon the ſight of a Looking-glaſſe.*

WHen I look in another mans face, I ſee that man, and that man ſees me as I do him: but when I look in my Glaſſe, I do not ſee my ſelf; I ſee only an Image or Repreſentation of my ſelf: howſoever it is like me, yet it is not I. It is for an ignorant Childe to look behinde the Glaſſe, to finde out the Babe that he ſeeth: I know it is not there; and that the reſemblance varies according to the dimneſſe or different faſhion of the
D Glaſſe.

At our beſt, we do but thus ſee God here below: One ſees him more clearly, another more obſcurely; but all in a Glaſſe. Hereafter *we ſhall ſee him*, not as he appears, but *as he is*: ſo ſhall we ſee him in the face, as he ſees us: the face of our glorified Spirits ſhall ſee the glorious face of him who is the God of Spirits. In the mean time, the proudeſt Dame ſhall not more plie her Glaſſe, to look upon that face of hers which ſhe thinks beautifull, then I ſhall gaze upon the cleareſt glaſſe of my Thoughts, to ſee that face of God which I know to be infinitely fair and glorious.

E

CXXXIII. *Upon the ſhining of a piece of Rotten wood.*

HOW bright doth this Wood ſhine? When it is in the fire it will not ſo beam forth as it doth in this cold darkneſſe. What an Embleme is here of our future eſtate? This piece, whiles it grew in the tree, ſhone not at all; now that it is putrified, it caſts forth this pleaſing luſtre.

Thus it is with us: whiles we live here, we neither are nor ſeem other then miſerable; when we are dead once, then begins our Glory, then doth the Soul ſhine in the brightneſſe of Heavenly glory; then doth our good Name ſhine upon earth in thoſe beams which before Envy had either held in or over-caſt.

F Why are we ſo over-deſirous of our growth, when we may be thus advantaged by our rottenneſſe?

CXXXIV. *Upon an Ivie-tree.*

BEhold a true Embleme of false Love: here are kinde embracements, but deadly: how close doth this Weed cling unto that Oak, and seems to hug and shade it? but in the mean time draws away the sap, and at last kils it.

Such is an Harlots love, such is a Parasites. Give me that love and friendship which is between the Vine and the Elme, whereby the Elme is no whit worse, and the Vine much the better. That wholesome and noble Plant doth not so close winde it self about the tree that upholds it, as to gall the bark, or to suck away the moisture: and again the Elme yields a beneficiall supportation to that weak (though generous) Plant.

As God, so wise men, know to measure love, not by profession and complement, (which is commonly most high and vehement in the falsest) but by reality of performance. He is no Enemy that hurts me not: I am not his Friend whom I desire not to benefit.

CXXXV. *Upon a Quartan ague.*

I Have known when those things which have made an healthfull man sick, have been the means of making a sick man whole. The Quartan hath of old been justly styled the shame of Physicians; yet I have more then once observed it to be cured by a Surfeit: One Devil is sometime used for the ejection of another.

Thus have I also seen it in the sickness of the Soul: the same God whose Justice is wont to punish sin with sin, even his Mercy doth so use the matter, that he cures one sin by another. So have we known a Proud man healed by the shame of his uncleanness; a Furious man healed by a rash bloodshed. It matters not greatly what the medicine be, whiles the Physician is infinitely powerfull, infinitely skilfull.

What danger can there be of my safety, when God shall heal me as well by evil as by good?

CXXXVI. *Upon the sight of a loaded Cart.*

IT is a passionate expression wherein God bemoans himself of the sins of *Israel*, *Ye have pressed me as a cart is pressed with sheaves.* An empty Cart runs lightly away; but if it be soundly loaden, it goes sadly, sets hard, groans under the weight, and makes deep impressions, the wheels creak and the axel-tree bends, and all the frame of it is put unto the utmost stresse.

He that is Omnipotent can bear any thing but too much Sin; his Justice will not let his Mercy be overstrained. No marvell if a guilty Soul say, *Mine iniquity is greater then I can bear*; when the Infinite God complains of the weight of mens sins. But let not vain men think that God complains out of the want of Power, but out of the abundance of Mercy: He cannot be the worse for our sins, we are. It grieves him to be over-provoked to our Punishment. Then doth he account the Cart to crack, yea to break, when he is urged to break forth into just Vengeance.

O Saviour, the sins of the whole World lay upon thee, thou sweatedst blood under the load: what would become of me if I should bear but one sheaf of that load, every eare whereof, yea every grain of that eare, were enough to presse down my Soul to the nethermost hell?

A

CXXXVII. *Upon the ſight of a Dwarf.*

AMongſt all the bounteous gifts of God, what is it that he hath equally beſtowed upon all? except it be our very Being, whiles we are. He hath not given to all men the ſame ſtature of body, not the ſame ſtrength of Wit, not the ſame capacity of Memory, not the ſame Beauty of parts, not the ſame meaſure of Wealth or Honour.

Thus hath he done alſo in matter of Grace: there are ſpiritual Dwarfs, there are Giants; there are perfect men, children, babes, embryos. This in-
B equality doth ſo much more praiſe the mercy and wiſdome of the giver, and exerciſe the charity and thankfulneſs of the receiver. The eſſence of our Humanity doth not conſiſt in Stature; he that is little of growth, is as much man as he that is taller. Even ſo alſo Spiritually, the quantity of Grace doth not make the Chriſtian, but the truth of it.

I ſhall be glad and ambitious to adde cubits to my height; but withall it ſhall comfort me to know, that I cannot be ſo low of ſtature as not to reach unto Heaven.

CXXXVIII. *Upon an importunate Begger.*

C

IT was a good rule of him that bade us learn to pray of Beggers: with what zeal doth this man ſue, with what feeling expreſſions, with how forceable importunity? When I meant to paſſe by him with ſilence, yet his clamour draws words from me; when I ſpeak to him, though with excuſes, rebukes, denials, repulſes, his obſecrations, his adjurations draw from me that Alms which I meant not to give. How he uncovers his Sores, and ſhews his impotence, that my eyes may help his tongue to plead? With what oratory doth he force my compaſſion? ſo as it is ſcarce any thank to me that he prevails.

Why doe I not thus to my God? I am ſure I want no leſſe then the neediеſt;
D the danger of my want is greater; the alms that I crave is better, the ſtore and mercy of the Giver infinitely more. Why ſhouldſt thou give me, O God, that which I care not to ask? Oh give me a true ſenſe of my wants; and then I cannot be cool in asking, thou canſt not be difficult in condeſcending.

CXXXIX. *Upon a Medicinall potion.*

HOW loathſome a draught is this? how offenſive, both to the eye, and to the ſcent, and to the taſt? yea the very thought of it is a kinde of ſickneſs: and when it is once down, my very diſeaſe is not ſo painfull
E for the time as my remedy. How doth it turn the ſtomach, and wring the entrails, and works a worſe diſtemper then that whereof I formerly complained? And yet it muſt be taken for health: neither could it be ſo wholſome if it were leſſe unpleaſing; neither could it make me whole if it did not firſt make me ſick.

Such are the chaſtiſements of God and the reproofs of a Friend; harſh, troubleſome, grievous: but in the end they yield *the peaceable fruit of Righteouſneſſe.*

Why do I turn away my head, and make faces, and ſhut mine eyes, and ſtop my noſtrils, and nauſeate and abhor to take this harmleſſe potion for Health;
F when we have ſeen Mountebanks to ſwallow diſmembred toads, and drink the poiſonous broath after them, only for a little oſtentation and gain? It is only weakneſſe, and want of reſolution that is guilty of this queaſineſſe. Why do not I chearfully take and quaffe up that bitter cup of Affliction, which my wiſe and good God hath mixed for the health of my Soul?

CXL. *Upon the ſight of a Wheel.*

THE Prophet meant it for no other then a fearfull imprecation againſt Gods enemies, *O my God, make them like unto a wheel*; whereby what could he intend to ſignifie, but inſtability of condition and ſuddain violence of Judgement? Thoſe ſpoaks of the wheel that are now up, are ſooner then ſight or thought whirled down, and are ſtraight raiſed up again on purpoſe to be depreſſed: Neither can there be any motion ſo rapid and ſwift as the Circular.

It is a great favour of God that he takes leiſure in his affliction, ſo puniſhing us that we have reſpites of Repentance. There is life and hope in theſe degrees of ſuffering; but thoſe hurrying and whirling Judgments of God have nothing in them but wrath and confuſion.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger. I cannot deprecate thy rebuke; my ſins call for correction: but I deprecate thine anger; thou rebukeſt even where thou loveſt. So rebuke me, that whiles I ſmart with thy Rod, I may rejoyce in thy Mercy.

CER-

CERTAIN CATHOLICK PROPOSITIONS

Which A Devout Son of the CHURCH Humbly offers to the ſerious conſideration of all ingenuous Chriſtians whereſoever diſperſed all the world over.

To all them who through the whole *Iſrael* of God follow *Abſolom* with a ſimple heart.

BE not deceived any longer, dear Chriſtian Souls: be ye free, that ye may be ſafe. There is a certain Sacred Tyranny that miſerably abuſes you, and ſo cunningly beguiles you, that you chuſe rather to erre and periſh. God hath given you Reaſon, and above that Faith; do not ſo far wrong your ſelves as to be made the mere ſlaves of anothers will, and to think it the ſafeſt way to be willingly blinde. Lay aſide for a while all prejudice and ſuperſtitious ſide-taking; and conſider ſeriouſly theſe few words, which my ſincere love to your Souls and hearty ambition of your Salvation hath commanded me (as before the awfull Tribunall of Almighty God) to tender unto you. If what I ſay be not ſo clear and manifeſt to every ingenuous judgment that it ſhall not need to borrow further light from abroad, condemn this worthleſſe ſcroll, and in your ſevere doom puniſh the Author with the loſſe of an hours labour. But if it ſhall carry ſufficient evidence in it ſelf, and ſhall be found ſo reaſonable, as that to any free minde it ſhall not perſwade but command aſſent; give way (for Gods ſake, and for your Souls ſake) to that powerfull Truth of God which breaks forth from Heaven upon you; and at laſt acknowledge (beſides a world of foul Errours) the miſerable inſolence and cruelty of that once-Famous and renowned Church, which (to uſe Gerſon's word) will needs make Faith of Opinion, and too impotently favouring her own paſſions, hath not ceaſed to perſecute with fire and ſword the dear and holy ſervants of God; and at laſt (notwithſtanding all the vain thunderbolts of a proud and lawleſſe fury) make much of thoſe your truly-Chriſtian and religious brethren, who according to the juſt liberty of Faithfull men, refuſe and deteſt thoſe falſe and upſtart Points of a new-deviſed Faith.

But if any of you (which God forbid) had ſtill rather to be deceived, and dote upon his received Errors, and (as angry Curres are wont) ſhall bark and bay at ſo clear a light of Truth; my Soule ſhall in ſilence and ſorrow pity that man in vain. I wis, we have had diſputing enough, if not too much. Away from henceforth with all theſe Paper-brablings: God from Heaven ſhall ſtint theſe ſtrifes. Wonder, O Catholicks; and ye whom it concerns, repent.

Certain Catholick PROPOSITIONS *which a devout Son of the Church humbly offers to the ſerious conſideration of all ingenuous Chriſtians whereſoever diſperſed all the World over.*

I. EVery true Chriſtian is in that very regard properly capable of Salvation, and (for matter of Faith) goes on in the ready way to Heaven.

II. Whoſoever being duely admitted into the Church of God by lawfull Baptiſm, believeth and maintaineth all the main and eſſential Points of Chriſtian Faith, is for matter of belief a true Chriſtian.

III. The Summe of the Chriſtian Faith are thoſe Principles of Chriſtian Religion and Fundamentall Grounds and Points of Faith, which are undoubtedly contained and laid down in the Canonicall Scriptures, whether in expreſſe termes or by neceſſary conſequence, and in the Ancient Creeds univerſally received, and allowed by the whole Church of God.

IV. There cannot be now-a-dayes any new Rule of Faith.

V. As there cannot be any new Rule of Faith, ſo there cannot now be any new Faith. It is not therefore in the power of any creature under Heaven to make any Point to be of Faith which before was not ſo, or to cauſe any Point not to be of Faith which formerly was ſo.

VI. He cannot be an Heretick who doth not obſtinately deny ſomething which is truly a Point of Faith; or hold ſome Point contrary to the foreſaid Articles of Chriſtian Faith.

VII. There are and may be many Theologicall Points, which are wont to be believed and maintained, and ſo may lawfully be, of this or that particular Church, or the Doctors thereof, or their Followers, as godly Doctrines and Probable Truths; beſides thoſe other Eſſential and main matters of Faith, without any prejudice at all of the common Peace of the Church.

VIII. Howſoever it may be lawfull for Learned men & particular Churches to believe and maintain thoſe Probable, or (as they may think) Certain Points of Theologicall Verities; yet it is not lawfull for them to impoſe and obtrude the ſaid Doctrines upon any Church or Perſon, to be believed and held as upon the neceſſity of Salvation, or to anathematize or eject out of the Church any Perſon or company of men that thinks otherwiſe.

IX. Notwithſtanding any ſuch unjuſt *Anathema* denounced againſt any ſuch Perſon or Church, whoſoever holds thoſe Principles and Eſſentiall Points of Chriſtian Faith, however he be in place far remote from all the Viſible Churches of Chriſt, and neither know not or receive not thoſe other Poſitions of Theologicall determination, is throughly capable (in ſuch condition) of Chriſtian Communion; and if many ſuch be met together under a lawfull Paſtor, there cannot be denied unto them both the truth and title of a true Viſible Church of Chriſt.

X. The Church of *Rome* is onely, and at the beſt, a Particular Church.

XI. All

A XI. All Christian Churches are no other then Sisters, and Daughters of that great and Universall Mother, which furnisheth both Heaven and earth; of equall priviledge in respect of God and his Faith, save onely that each one is so much more honourable as it is more pure and holy. It is not therefore lawfull for any one of them, in regard of the businesses of Faith, to take upon her self the power and command over any other; or to prescribe unto any of them what they must necessarily believe upon pain of damnation.

B XII. Those issues of Controversie in regard whereof the Reformed Catholicks are wont to be condemned and anathematized by the *Romane* Church, are far from Principles of Christian Faith; neither are any other then their own Theologicall Positions, and the institutions and devises of that particular Church.

I perceive some Readers have unheedily & unjustly stumbled at this Proposition, as if I had herein slighted the Differences betwixt us and the *Romane* Church; from which I am so far, as that I have ever professed to hold them to be, on their parts, no lesse then damnable Errors, and such as by consequence do raze the Foundation. If these words have seemed to sound otherwise, it is nothing but the Readers inconsiderate mistaking; who, if he please to bend his second and more serious thoughts upon the place, will easily see that my intention is herein only to shew how unjustly the Church of *Rome* doth charge us with Heresie in denying their Doctrine, forasmuch as those Positions of theirs which we are condemned for refusing, are far from being Principles of Faith, but are things of their own devising & imposing. For example, they condemn us for rejecting the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and refusing to hold that the substance of the Bread is (by the force of the words) truly and really turned into the very C Flesh, Blood and Bone of Christ. Now, I say, this their doctrine of Transubstantiation is far from being any Principle of Faith, but only a point of their own Divinity, devised and maintained by themselves. They condemn us for refusing to pray to Saints, or to worship Images: I say, that this Doctrine, that Saints ought to be invoked or Images worshipped, is far from being a Principle of Faith; but onely one of their own Theologicall Positions, devised and imposed by themselves. The like may be and must be said of all their other Points obtruded on the Church; wherein I hope no wise Reformed Catholick will think he hath reason to dissent from me, or to misdoubt my Proposition.

XIII. The Reformed Catholicks have not offered to bring in any new Opinion or Doctrine into the Church, but only labour and endeavour to procure some late & superfluous additions to the Faith to be cashiered & rejected.

D XIV. Vainly therefore and unjustly is it required of them, that they should shew the succession of their Religion and Church (as raised upon a quite other foundation) to be derived from the Apostolick times to the present; since all that they professe is a desire to purge the very same Church of God from certain new Errors and Superstitious rites wherewith it is miserably defiled.

XV. Out of all which Premisses it necessarily followeth, that the *Romane* Church, which upon these grounds sticketh not to exclude true Christians (differing from them in matter of such Doctrines) from the Church of God and eternall Salvation, is justly guilty of great insolency, and horrible breach E both of Charity and Peace; and that the Reformed, notwithstanding this rash and unjust censure of theirs, (forasmuch as they do inviolably hold all the Points of the truly ancient and Christian Faith,) do justly claim unto themselves a most true and perfect interest in the communion of all Christian Churches, and eternall Salvation.

XVI. There is no lesse danger in adding to the Articles of Christian Faith, then in diminishing them or detracting from them.

F XVII. Those Points which the *Romane* Church is wont to adde, and forcibly to put upon all Catholicks (as well the Reformed as those whom they term their own) are such as are grounded on her own mere authority.

XVIII. The Reformed Catholicks do justly complain, and prove that those Points which the *Romane* Church imposeth and urgeth as the meet additions both of Faith and Divine worship, are neither safe, nor agreeable to the holy Word of God; and plead it to be utterly unjust, that those accessory Points,

of

of their deviſing or determining, wherein every Church ſhould be left free and at her due liberty, ſhould be imperiouſly thruſt upon them, notwithſtanding their vehement and juſt reſiſtance.

XIX. It argues a palpable ſelf-love in the *Romane* Church, and muſt needs at the laſt draw down a grievous Judgement from God upon her; that this Particular Church will needs make her ſelf uncapable of any better condition; in that ſhe vainly brags that ſhe cannot erre, and fearfully accurſeth and ſends down to hell all thoſe that profer her the leaſt endeavour of the means of her remedy and redreſſe.

XX. Upon all theſe grounds, it is plain that the Reformed Catholicks are in a ſafe eſtate, and that contrarily the *Romane* are in a miſerable errour and fearfull danger; and laſtly, that it is only through their default, that the Church of God is not reduced to an happy Purity and Peace.

2 Tim. 2. 7.

Conſider what I ſay, and the Lord give you underſtanding in all things.

AN

AN ANSWER TO POPE URBAN'S INURBANITIE:

Expreſſed in a BREEVE ſent to *LEWIS* the *French* King, exaſperating him againſt the Proteſtants in *France*.

Written in Latine by the Right Reverend Father in God, JOSEPH Lord Biſhop of *Exceſter*.

Tranſlated into Engliſh by his Son, ROBERT HALL, Maſter of Arts in *Exceſter* Colledge in *Oxford*.



LONDON,
Printed by JAMES FLESHER,
1661.

A BREEVE *of Pope* Urban *the Eighth, ſent to* Lewis *the* French *King, upon the taking of* ROCHEL.

OUR moſt dear Son in Chriſt, we ſend you greeting and Apoſtolical Benediction. The voice of rejoicing and Salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous; let the wicked ſee this and fret, and let the Synagogue of Satan conſume away. The *moſt Chriſtian King* fighteth for Religion, the Lord of hoſts fighteth for the King. We verily in this Mother-City of the world triumph with holy joy, we congratulate this your Majeſties Victory, the trophees whereof are erected in Heaven, the glory whereof the generation that is to come ſhall never ceaſe to ſpeak of. Now at the length this Age hath ſeen the Tower of *ROCHEL*, no leſſe impregnable by the obſtinacie of treacherie then ſtrength of nature, ſurrendred to the King and Saint *Peter*. Neither is any ſo fooliſh as to aſcribe this glorious Victory rather to happineſs then to vertue. By your long ſiege of many moneths you have taught us, that *Europe* oweth your *French* Legions no leſſe commendation for their conſtancy, then for their expedition; your Army going clear away with the Victory over your enemies, by ſlighting all dangers and enduring all hardneſs, devoteth their life unto You, and promiſeth You an abſolute triumph of conquered Hereſie. The waters of the Ocean made a noiſe and were troubled, fighting for the beſieged Rebels; they made choice of death rather then a ſurrender, undermining treacherie approaching even to Your Majeſties tents; Hell all opened her mouth, vomiting out troops of miſchiefs and dangers, to the end ſo rich a Fort might not be taken away from their Impietie. The Lord ſtood on thy right hand; thou haſt not onely overcome the forces of thine enemies, but thou wert able alſo to put a bridle upon the Ocean aiding them. Let us all give thanks to Almighty God, who hath delivered thee from the contradictions of the unbelieving people. Howbeit ſith You are not ignorant with what care the fruits of victories ought to be preſerved, leſt they periſh, there is no doubt but that in a ſhort time all the remainder of the Hereticks that have got ſtable-room in the *French* Vineyard ſhall by You be utterly diſcomfited. The Church deſireth that this Diademe of perfect renown be put upon that helmet of Salvation, wherewith the Lord mighty in battell ſeemeth to cover the head of Your Majeſtie: for we believe ſhortly that all tumults being appeaſed in *France*, the gliſtering Enſign of *Lewis* the Conqueror ſhall ſhine to the captive Daughter of *Sion*, rehearſing the *French* Trophees, and beholding the brightneſs of your lightning lance. God, who performeth the deſire of them that fear him, proſper our deſires, and the prayers of the Catholick Church. Our *Nuntio*, who was an eye-witneſs of Your Princely glory in your tents, will be a faithfull Interpreter of our Pontificall gratulation to your Majeſtie, on whom we moſt lovingly beſtow our Apoſtolicall Benediction.

Given at *Rome*, at S. *Mary* the greater, under the Seal of the Fiſher, the eight and twentieth day of *November*, in the year of our Lord 1628. and the ſixth year of our Pontificate.

A

TO
My much respected Friend Mr Doctor *Primrose*, Pastor of the *French* Church in *London*, and Chaplain to his most Excellent Majestie.

SIR,

B OUR *Friend Mr.* Tourvall, *a* Frenchman, *shewed me erewhile a Latine printed Epistle of Pope* Urbane, *written (as their manner is) in a swelling and bloody style, and lately sent to* Lewis *the* French *King: wherein after the good Pope had loudly chaunted forth a song of Triumph for his Majesties Victory over* Rochel, *abundantly congratulating both the King and Nation; he thence proceeds in most barbarous manner to that bloody word,* Παῖε, βάλε, Smite, Cast down, *earnestly urging and inforcing the utter extirpation of all the Hereticks (as he calls them) stabling in* France. *When I had read it, I could not contain my self, but must suddenly vent mine indignation in these few lines. I take up pen in hand therefore, and do not*
C *meditate, but pour forth this Answer. Such as it is, receive it, Reverend Sir, and peruse it, and at your discretion give it either Light or Fire. Farewell.*

From your Friend

JOS. EXON.

D

E

F

TO POPE *URBAN* THE EIGHTH,

JOSEPH Bishop of EXCESTER wisheth Right Wits and Charity.

WHY may not the meaneſt Biſhop be bold to expoſtulate with a Pope? I crave no leave, neither need I; I take our antient liberty. I wis, there was no ſuch diſtance of old betwixt *Rome* and *Eugubium*, or between my *Ex* and the chanell of *Tiber*. Hear now therefore (Pope *Urbane*) that which ere long thou ſhalt hear with horror and confuſion of face before that dreadfull Tribunall of Chriſt. Theſe bloody blots of thine little beſeem the Shepherd of a Chriſtian Flock. What, is it for thee like a grim Herald to give the Summons to War? Is it for thee to excite Chriſtian Princes (already too much gorged with blood) to the profligation and fearfull ſlaughter of their own Subjects? Were the Keyes for this cauſe committed to thy charge, that thou ſhouldeſt open the Iron gates of War, and the Pale gates of Death? Tell me, thou ſhadow of S. *Peter*, didſt thou take theſe *French* Proteſtants for *Malchus*, whoſe ears while thou wouldſt have cut off, thy ſword by a light miſtake glanc'd upon their throats? Or was it lately voiced to thee from heaven concerning theſe wretched Animals ſtabling in *France*, *Ariſe*, *Pope Urbane*, *Kill and eate*? Art thou the *Pilot* of the Churches peace, and talkeſt of nothing but glittering helmets, ſwords and ſpears, inſtruments of war & bloodſhed? What noiſe could the howling of the She-Wolf of thy *Romulus* have made, if this direfull note of thine become the Bell-weather of S. *Peter*'s fold? Well, ſince thou wilt beſpaul, bedribble the aſhes of unhappy *Rochel*, and ſcatter with thy diſdainfull breath the deſpiſed duſt of that forlorn City; yet withall call to minde a little, how not many Ages are paſt ſince the time was, that the hereditary Sceptre of this thy now *Lewis* broke open the gates of *Rome*, demoliſhed the walls, diſperſed and ſlew the inhabitants, and ſhut up thy great Predeceſſour laden with bitter ſcoffes and execrations in his blinde dungeon. Neither ſhall many years run on again, (unleſſe my preſaging thoughts too much deceive me,) before the Angel ſhall ſhout forth, and the amazed world ſhall congratulate the fall of thy *Babylon*. *Rochel*'s caſe ſhall ere long be thine own, (O thou moſt accurſed City.) *Bleſſed ſhall he be that rewardeth thee as thou haſt rewarded us; yea happy he that ſhall take thy little ones, and daſh out their brains againſt the ſtones.* In the mean time, ſport thy ſelf at our miſeries, laugh at our tears, make merry at our ſighs, ſing at our groans, and applaud our torments: But know for all this, there is a juſt avenger that looks down from his Heaven upon us, whoſe rod we at once kiſſe, and exſpect his vengeance. Plead thou our cauſe (O God) yea thine own, only thine: why ſhould not our confident Innocence appeal to thy Judgment? If there be any thing in the whole compoſure of our moſt Sacred Religion hitherto profeſſed by us that hath iſſued out of the impure fountain of mans brain, let it even periſh with the authors, yea let it utterly periſh (O Lord) and be baniſhed into that Hell whence it came: But if we never dared to obtrude any Doctrine upon the Chriſtian world but that alone wherewith thou didſt of old inſpire thy Prophets and Apoſtles, and by thoſe thine infallible pen-men didſt faithfully deliver over to thine own people; ſurely then, either it muſt be our happineſs to erre with thee (the God of Truth) or thou doſt and wilt ſtill ever maintain with us this thine only True and Evangelicall Religion.

But alas, poor ſouls! we are miſtaken all this while: it is nothing elſe but pure Piety (forſooth) which we ignorantly condemn for Cruelty; 'tis the zeal of

A of Gods houſe wherewith (Good Prelate) thou art ſo inflamed, that thou haſt hereupon both wiſhed and importuned the utter extirpation of all thoſe Hereticks ſtabling in the *French* Territories. O forehead! O bowels! For us, we call God, Angels, Saints to witneſs of this foul calumniation. I wis, thoſe whom thou falſly brandeſt for Hereticks, thou ſhalt one day hear when the Church ſhall imbrace them for her children, Chriſt for the ſpiritual Members of his myſtical body. For what (I beſeech you) do we hold which the Scriptures, Councils, Fathers, Churches and Chriſtian Profeſſors have not in all Ages taught and publiſhed? To ſay the truth, All that which we profeſſe, your own moſt approved Authors have ſtill maintained: whence then is this
B quarrell? Shall I tell you? There are indeed certain new Patches of Opinion which you would needs adde to the ancient Faith: theſe we moſt juſtly reject, and do ſtill conſtantly refuſe. They are humane, they are your own; briefly, they are either doubtfull, or impious. And muſt we now be caſt out of the boſome of the Church, and be preſently delivered up to fire and ſword? Muſt we for this be thunder-ſtrucken to Hell by your *Anathemas*, there to frie in perpetuall Torments? Is it for this, that a ſtall and ſhambles are thought good enough for ſuch brutiſh animals? Good God! See the juſtice and charity of theſe Popelings! This is nothing but a mere injury of the Times; it was not wont to be Hereſie heretofore that is ſo now-a-daies. If it had been our Happineſſe to have lived in the Primitive times of the Churches Simplicity, before
C ever that *Romiſh* Tranſcendency, Image-worſhip, Tranſubſtantiation, Sacrifice of the Maſſe, Purgatory, ſingle or half-Communion, Nundination of Pardons, and the reſt of this rabble were known to the Chriſtian world; ſurely, Heaven had been as open to us as to other Devout Souls of that purer Age, that took their happy flight from hence in the Orthodox Faith of Chriſt *Jeſus*. But now that we are reſerved to that dotage of the world, wherein a certain new brood of Articles are ſprung up, it is death to us (forſooth) and to be expiated by no
D leſſe puniſhment then the perpetuall torments of Hell-fire. Conſider this, O ye Chriſtians whereſoever diſperſed upon the face of the whole earth; conſider, I ſay, how far it is from all Juſtice and Charity, that a new Faith ſhould come dropping forth at mens pleaſure, which muſt adjudge Poſterity to eternal death for Miſ-believers, whom the ancient Truth had willingly admitted into Heaven. Theſe new Points of a politick Religion are they indeed that have ſo much diſturbed the peace of Chriſtendome; theſe are they that ſet at variance the mighty Potentates of the earth, who otherwiſe perhaps would ſit down in an happy Peace; theſe are they that rend whole Kingdomes, diſtract people, diſſolve Societies, nouriſh Faction and Sedition, lay waſt the moſt flouriſhing Kingdomes, and turn the richeſt Cities to duſt and rubbiſh. But
E ſhould theſe things be ſo? Do we think this will one day be allowed for a juſt warrant of ſo much war and bloodſhed, before the Tribunall of that ſupreme Judge of Heaven and earth?

Awake therefore now, O ye Chriſtian Princes, and You eſpecially (King *Lewis*) in whoſe eares theſe wicked counſels are ſo ſpightfully and bloodily whiſpered; rouſe up your ſelf and ſee how cruell Tyranny ſeeks to impoſe upon your Majeſty in a moſt miſchievous manner, under a fair pretence of Piety and Devotion. They are your own native Subjects whom theſe malicious foreigners require to the ſlaughter; yea they are Chriſts: and will you imbrue your hand and ſword in the blood of thoſe for whom Chriſt hath ſhed his; yea who have willingly laviſhed their own in the behalf of You and your great Father?
F Hear I beſeech thee, (O King) who art wont (amongſt thine own) to be inſtiled *Lewis the Juſt*; If we did adore any other God, any other Chriſt but thine, if we aſpired to any other Heaven, embraced any other Creed, any other Baptiſme, laſtly, if we made profeſſion of a new Church built upon other foundations, there were ſome cauſe indeed why thou ſhouldeſt condemn ſuch Hereticks ſtabling in *France* to the revenging fury of thy flames. If this thy people

have wilfully violated any thing eſtabliſhed by our common God, or lawfully commanded by thee, we crave no pardon for them, let them ſmart that have deſerved; it is but juſt they ſhould. But do not in the mean time fall fiercely upon the fellow-ſervants of thy God, upon thine own beſt Subjects, whoſe very Religion muſt make them loyall; ſuffer not thoſe poor wretches to periſh for ſome late upſtart ſuperfluous additions of humane invention, and mere will-worſhip, who were alwaies moſt forward to redeem Thine & thy Great Fathers Safety and Honour, with the continuall hazzard of their owne moſt precious lives. Let them but live then by thy gracious ſufferance, by whoſe Valour and Fidelity thou now reigneſt. But ſuppoſe they were not yours, yet remember that they are Chriſtians (a title wherewith your ſtyle is wont moſt to be honored) waſhed in the ſame Laver of Baptiſme, bought with the ſame price, renewed by the ſame Spirit, and (whatſoever impotent malice bawle to the contrary) the beloved Sons of the Celeſtiall Spouſe, yea the Brethren of that Spirituall Bride-groom Chriſt *Jeſus*. But they erre (you will ſay) from the Faith. From what faith? (I beſeech you.) Not the Chriſtian ſurely, but the *Romiſh*. What a ſtrange thing is this? Chriſt doth not condemn them, the Pope doth. If that great Chancellour of *Paris* were now alive, he would freely teach his *Sorbon*, (as he once did) that it is not in the Popes power (that I may uſe his owne word) to hereticate any Propoſition. Yea, but an Oecumenicall Council beſides hath done it. What Council? That of *Trent*. I am deceived if that were hitherto received in the Churches of *France*, or deſerved to be ſo hereafter. Conſult with your own late Authors of moſt undoubted credit; they will tell you plainly how unjuſt that Council was, yea how no Council at all: It was only the Popes act, whatſoever was decreed or eſtabliſhed by that pack'd Conclave, envaſſalled to the Seven hills. Conſider laſtly, (I beſeech you) how the Reformed Chriſtians ſtand in no other terms to the Papiſts, then the Papiſts do to the Reformed; Hereſie is with equall vehemency upbraided on both ſides. But do we deale thus roughly with the followers of the *Roman* Religion? Did we ever rage againſt the Popiſh Faith with fire and ſword? Was ever the crime of a poor miſled conſcience capitall to any ſoul? You may finde perhaps (but very ſeldome) ſome audacious Maſſe-prieſt, ſome firebrand of Sedition and contemner of our publick Laws to have ſuffered condign puniſhment: But no Papiſt (I dare boldly ſay) ever ſuffered loſſe either of life or lim merely for his Religion. Why doſt not thou then (the Son of that gracious and mercifull *Henry*) carry thy ſelf alike toward thy faithfull Subjects, who moſt innocently profeſſe the Reformed Religion? Why ſhould it prejudice any of them with thee to have ſerved their God according to the holy Scriptures, and the practice of the Ancient Church? To conclude then, Let it be but lawfull for thy people to be truly Religious. And thou, Pope *Urban*, return at laſt to thy ſelf, and conſider how well this bloody advice of thine ſutes with thoſe thy Purple robes. A Sword rather then a Sheep-hook would become that hand that ſhould write thus. Neither is this a Net for the holy Fiſher-man of *Rome*, but rather for the bloody prizes of the Theatre. *Beautifull are the feet of them that preach peace*, (ſaith the Prophet:) But we may ſay far otherwiſe of thee, Curſed are the hands of them that denounce war. The leaſt noiſe of an hammer muſt not be heard in Gods Temple: But you (Good man) would fill the holy Church of God with loud alarms, claſhing of bloody weapons and fearfull groans of dying men. Give eare therefore now at laſt, thou who proudly ſcorneſt the ſentence of any mortall Judge. That which once our famous *Robert*, the holy and learned Biſhop of *Lincoln*, is ſaid to have done to thy Predeceſſour, the ſame doe I now unto thee. Let me ſummon thee to that dreadfull Tribunall of Almighty God, before which thy wretched Soul ſhall one day appear, to give an account of this thy bloody advice. In the mean time, if thou hadſt rather to flee from the Wrath to come, and to fare well hereafter, Repent.

URBANI

URBANI VIII. Pontificis Romani BREVE, Ad *LUDOVICUM* XIII. Galliarum Regem, super *RUPELLA* capta.

CHarissime in Christo Fili noster, Salutem & Apostolicam Benedictionem. Vox exultationis & salutis in tabernaculis justorum: videat peccator & irascatur, & Synagoga Satanæ contabescat. Militat Rex Christianissimus *pro Religione, militat Deus exercituum pro Rege. Nos certè in hac Orbis patria sacro gaudio triumphamus, gratulamur Majestati tuæ victoriam, cujus trophæa constituuntur in Cælo, cujus gloriam generatio ventura nunquam conticescet.* Rupellam *Arcem non minus obstinatione perfidiæ quam naturæ munimentis inexpugnabilem, vidit tandem hæc ætas* Regi *&* B. Petro *subditam. Neque sanè quisquam adeò desipit, ut tàm glorioſam palmam acceptam referat felicitati potiùs quàm virtuti. Diuturna tot mensium obsidione docuisti* Europam Gallicis *Legionibus te regnante debere non minorem constantiæ laudem quàm celeritatis. Tibi autem periculorum contemptu & incommodorum patientia clare Victor exercitus vitam devovet, & perfectum profligatæ Hæresis triumphum auguratur. Sonuerunt & turbatæ sunt aquæ Oceani militantis obsessis perduellibus; mors deditione potior videbatur, ad ipsa Majestatis tuæ castra cuniculos egit perfidia. Omnino dilatavit os suum Infernus, evomens scelerum & periculorum turmas, ne tam opulentum propugnaculum impietati eriperetur. Stetit Dominus à dextris tuis; non modo deviciſti hostium copias, sed ipsi etiam auxiliari Oceano potuisti frænum injicere. Gratias agamus omnes Omnipotenti, qui eripuit Te de contradictionibus populi non credentis. Cæterum cum scias qua cura custodiendi sint victoriarum fructus ne marcescant, nemo est qui ambigat à te reliquias omnes Hæreticorum in* Gallica *vinea stabulantium propediem profligatum iri. Diadema hoc perfecti decoris imponi cupit Ecclesia illi galeæ salutis, qua armatum Majestatis tuæ caput ipse protegere videtur Dominus potens in prælio. Speramus enim fore ut* Gallia *omni pacata, illucescant coruscationes* Ludovici *Triumphatoris captivæ Filiæ* Sion Francica *trophæa commemoranti, & intuenti splendorem fulgurantis hastæ tuæ. Vota nostra atque Catholicæ Ecclesiæ secundet Deus, qui voluntatem timentium se faciet. Interea Nuncius noster, qui Regalis gloriæ spectator in castris adfuit, luculentus erit Pontificiæ gratulationis Interpres Majestati tuæ, cui Apostolicam Benedictionem amantissime impertimur.*

Datum Romæ *apud S.*Mariam *majorem, sub annulo Piscatoris, die vigesimo octavo Novembris, anno* 1628, *Pontificatus sexto.*

INURBANITATI PONTIFICIÆ RESPONSIO

IOS. EXONIENSIS.

A

Amico mihi plurimum colendo, Dom°. *GILBERTO PRIMEROSIO*, S. Theol. Profeſſori, Eccleſiæ *Gallicæ Londinenſis* Paſtori, Regiæ Majeſtati à Sacris.

B MOnſtrabat mihi modo *Tourvalus* noſter, gente *Gallus*, Epiſtolam, Latino idiomate typis editam, *Urbani* Papæ, pro more, tumidam & ſanguinolentam, *Ludovico Galliarum* Regi pridem datam; in qua, ubi bonus Pontifex Io Pæan canorè ceciniſſet *Rupellenſi* victoriæ, Regi ſimul ac Genti abunde gratulatus, deſcendit illico, ſatis inclementer, ad ſævum illud Πῶε, βάλε, & Hæreticorum in *Gallia* ſtabulantium profligationem acriter urget & impellit. Continere manum non potui, quin me ſubito in chartas darem; arripio calamum; reſponſionem non meditor, ſed effundo. Quicquid eſt, habe, Vir venerande, & lege; & vel igni trade, vel luci. Vale.

A tuo

C JOS. EXON.

URBANO VIII. Pontifici ROMANO, *JOSEPHUS EXONIENSIS* Sanam mentem & Charitatem.

D QUIDni verò *Pontificem maximum compellare auſit minimus Epiſcoporum? Non peto veniam, nec opus eſt; priſcâ utor licentiâ. Non ità nimium diſtabat olim ab* Eugubio Roma, *aut* Iſca *meus à* Tiberi. *Audi modo, Pontifex* Urbane, *quod brevi pro tremendo Chriſti Tribunali pallidus exaudies. Paſtorem Chriſtiani gregis parùm decent hæ ſanguineæ lituræ. Tune ut ad arma, triſtis Præco, conclames? Tune ut Chriſtianos Principes, nimio quàm plenos cruoris, ad profligationem ſuorum cladémque horrendam acriter inſtiges? Ideone tibi creditæ Claves, ut ferratas belli portas eburneáſque Ditis inferni aperires? Euge,* Petri *umbra, numquid hi tibi* Malchi *videntur,* E *quibus dum aures præcidere voluiſti, levi errore in guttura incidiſti? Aut nunquid de quadrupedibus hiſce in* Gallia *ſtabulantibus dictum tibi pridem cœlitus,* Occide & Manduca? *Tune pacifice Rector Eccleſiæ, ut coruſcantes galeas, haſtas, gladios loquaris? Qualem verò ſonum edere potuiſſet Lupa tui* Romuli, *ſi iſta* Petri *caulam non dedeceat truculenta vox? Conſpue quantum lubet, & comminge cineres infelicis* Rupellæ, *& diffla ſuperbo ſpiritu conculcatiſſimum miſerrimæ Urbis pulverem: recognoſce interim paululùm, quam non multa tranſierunt ſecula ex quo hæreditarium* Ludovici, *jam tui, ſceptrum* Romæ *portas confregerit, comminuerit mœnia, cives diſſiparit, Præceſſorémque tuum, ſannis diriſque onuſtum, cæco carcere mulctârit. Sed neque tot deinceps excurrent anni (niſi me præ-*F *ſaga futuri mens nimiùm fefellerit) antequam* cecidiſſe Babylonem, *& clamabit Angelus, & gratulabundus Orbis obſtupeſcet. Tuæ erunt aliquando hæ vices, Urbium perditiſſima.* Felicem ſane illum, qui paria tibi quæque retulerit, quique parvulorum tuorum capita ſaxis identidem illiſerit. *Fruere tu interea miſeriis hiſce noſtris, arride lacrymis, exhilarare ſuſpiriis, ejulatibus accine, applaude cruciatibus: eſt qui de cœlo ſuo proſpicit juſtus ultor, cujus nos unà & exoſculamur*

virgam, & inhiamus vindictæ. Causam tu nostram age, ô Deus, imò tuam, tuam A
solius: Quidni te provocet arbitrum audax innocentia? Si quid uspiam est in toto
hoc sacrosanctæ quam profitemur hactenus Religionis negotio quod ex humani cere-
bri impurissimo fonte prodierit, pereat sanè nobiscum, pereat penitissimè, & ad in-
feros suos meritò relegetur: Quod si nos nihil unquam Christiano orbi propinari
ausi, nisi quod tu Prophetis tuis Apostolisque inspiraveris, perque illos (fallere ne-
scios) amanuenses populo tuo fidelissimè traditum volueris; scilicet quin aut nos
tecum felicissimè erramus, ô Deus veritatis, aut tu nobiscum æternam hanc &
unice Evangelicam religionem tueris?

Fallimur verò miselli, Pietas est, ilicet, quam nos Crudelitatis insimulamus; B
Zelus est domus Dei quo, bonus Pontifex, ità totus accenderis, ut Hæreticorum ad
unum omnium in Gallia *stabulantium extirpationem & optaveris & suaseris im-*
portunius. O frontem! O viscera! Deum, Angelos, Sanctos, testes appellamus
hujus tam atrocis contumeliæ. Nempe, quos tu Hæreseos stigmate falsò inuris,
audies demum ubi Ecclesia filios, Christus membra salutaverit. Ecquid enim (per
Deum immortalem) docemus nos, quod non Scriptura, non Concilia, non Patres,
non Ecclesiæ Cathedræque Christianæ unanimiter semper tenuerunt? Nimirum,
quæ nos profitemur, vestri ipsorum probatissimi Authores tenent universa. Quid
ergo rei est? Sunt revera quædam nupera Opinionum assumenta, quæ vos avitæ
fidei superadjecta voluistis: ista nos piissimè rejicimus, & constanter usque recu-
samus: Humana sunt, vestra sunt; denique aut dubia sunt, aut iniqua. Ideone C
verò ut Christianæ animæ ex Ecclesiæ gremio ejiceremur? ut ferro flammisque ab-
sumendi traderemur illico? ut in barathrum Diaboli fulmine anathematis devo-
luti, arderemus æternum? Ideone belluis & stabulum paratur & laniena? Fu-
stitiam, Deus bone, & misericordiam Pontificiam! Mera hæc temporis injuria est:
Non fuit ea olim Hæresis quæ nunc est. Si priscis Ecclesiæ temporibus nasci nobis
contigisset, antequam Primatus iste Romanus, Iconolatria, Transubstantiatio, Sacri-
ficium Missaticum, Purgatorium, Communio sive singularis, sive dimidiata, Indul-
gentiarum nundinatio, & hujus farinæ reliqua orbi Christiano innotuissent, pa-
tuisset profectò nobis cœlum, non minus quam cæteris piis simplicioris illius ævi D
animabus, quæ in vera Christi fide feliciter evolârunt. Jam verò in eam nos ser-
vatos fuisse mundi senectam, in qua nova quædam suboriretur Articulorum so-
boles, lætale nobis erit, neque minore pœnâ quam perpetuis Gehennæ cruciatibus luen-
dum. Cogitate hoc, quotquot uspiam terrarum agitis Christiani, quam sit ab omni
justitia & charitate alienum, ut nova subinde humano arbitrio creetur Fides priscis
seculis inaudita, quæ morti æternæ devoveat incredulos nepotes, quos antiqua Ve-
ritas cœlo adscivisset. Recentes hi scilicet politicæ Religionis apices illi sunt qui
Orbem universum (quaqua patet Christi nomen) immane quantum conturbârunt:
hi sunt, qui committunt inter se pacatissimos (absque hoc foret) terræ Dominos,
scindunt regna, populos distrahunt, dirimunt societates, seditiones fovent, floren-
tissimas regiones vastant, urbes denique opulentissimas in cineres redigunt. Siccine E
verò fieri oportuit? Putamusne hanc justam funestissimi belli internecionisque
causam, pro summi Judicis Tribunali aliquando probatam iri?

Evigilate, Christiani Principes, Tuque in primis, Ludovice *Rex, cui ista tam*
inurbanè crudeliterque insusurrata sunt; evigila demum, & vide quàm tibi, sub
prætextu Pietatis, dira feritas pessimis modis imponere studuerit. Tui sunt isti
quos ad cædem deposcunt alienigenæ; Christi sunt. Tune vero ut manum gla-
diumve imbueres illorum sanguine pro quibus Christus profudit suum? qui suum
pro te ac magno Parente tuo lubentissime prodegerunt? Audi tu, quæso, qui Justus
audire soles apud tuos Monarcha: Sinos alium à tuo Deum, Christum alium cole-
remus, si aliud ambiremus cœlum, si Symbolum aliud, aliud Baptisma, si novam F
denique aliis innixam fundamentis Ecclesiam profiteremur, esset profectò cur Hære-
ticos in Gallia *stabulantes flammis ultricibus destinares: si quid populus tuus vel*
à communi Deo sancitum, vel à te legitime institutum violarit, non deprecamur
herclè vindictam; vapulent qui meruerunt, æquum est. Noli interim sævire
in Dei tui servos, in cives tuos, quos ipsa Religio præstat fideles: noli sinere ut

propter

A *propter heſterna quædam planeque ſuperflua humani ingenii adjectamenta, meramque ἐθελοθρησκείαν, pereant ii qui tuam Patriſque tui ſalutem ac gloriam ſummo vitæ ſuæ diſcrimine redimere voluerunt : ſine per te vivant illi, per quos tu modò regnas. Quod ſi tui non eſſent, memento tamen (quo te titulo maximè inſignire ſolent tui) Chriſtianos eſſe, eodem & Fonte lotos, & emptos Sanguine, & Spiritu renatos, cœleſtis denique (quicquid vanus intonet furor) Sponſæ filios, Sponſi fratres. At errant hi ſcilicet à Fide. Quâ tandem ? Non Chriſtianâ certè, ſed Pontificiâ. Quid vero hoc monſtri eſt ? Non damnat hos Chriſtus, damnat Pontifex. Si ſupereſſet modò magnus ille tuus Cancellarius* Pariſienſis, *doceret is liberè* Sorbonam *(quod olim fecit) ſuam, quàm non ſit penes Pontificem, Propoſitionem*
B *aliquam (verbo utar ſuo) hæreticare. Atqui Concilium fecit inſuper hoc Oecumenicum. Quodnam vero ?* Tridentinum. *Fallor ſi hoc in* Galliis *obtinere potuerit hactenus, meruitve. Conſule tuos integerrimæ pridem fidei authores, dicent illi tibi, quàm iniquum, quàm nullum fuerit : unius erat Pontificis quicquid à cœtu illo (multicipiti* Romæ *mancipio) factum ſancitumve. Cogita denique, obſecro, quam non alio in loco ſint Reformati Pontificiis, quàm Pontificii Reformatis : atque acriter exprobrari ſolet Hæreſis utrinque. Siccine verò agitur apud nos* Romanæ *Religionis aſſeclis ? Unquamve gladio aut incendio ſævitum iſtic in Fidem Pontificiam ? Eccui unquam capitale fuit hoc miſerè hallucinantis conſcientiæ crimen ? Eſt ubi comperies (rarò tamen admodum) audacem forte aliquem Sa-*
C *crificum, Legum publicarum contemptorem, Seditionis flabellum, pœnam luiſſe meritiſſimam : ſed meræ Religionis cauſam (fidenter dico) nemo unquam Pontificiorum aut capite luit aut membro. Quin tu, Clementiſſimi HENRICI fili, pariter te geris erga tuos, qui Reformatam Religionem innocentiſſimè profitentur. Quin faxis, nemini ut fraudi ſiet ſecundum Scripturam ſacram, veteriſque Eccleſiæ πράξιν, Deum coluiſſe : liceat tuis eſſe verè pios. Tu verò redi ad te demum,* Urbane *Pontifex, & recole quàm hæc Purpuram tuam probè deceat atrox ſententia. Non pedum profectò, ſed enſem geſtârit oportet, qui iſtud exaraverit ; neque piſcatorium eſt hoc rete, ſed theatricum & myrmillonicum.* Specioſi pedes Evangeli-
D *zantium* pacem, *inquit Propheta ; nos hîc de te paulò aliter, Odioſæ manus præconizantium bella. Si qua tibi ſors in Evangelio Jeſu Chriſti obtigiſſet, facilè ſentires pacem iſtic ſonare omnia, lenitatem, manſuetudinem, concordiam : Non niſi ex inferno miſſa eſt dira Erinnys. Ne leviſſimus quidem mallei ſonus exauditur in Templo Dei. Tu vero, ô bone, Eccleſiam Dei ſanctam impleri vis clangore tubarum, ictibus cædentium, morientium ejulatibus. Audi ergò demum, tu qui mortalium omnium judicia ſuperbè refugis ; quod olim* Robertus *noſter ſanctus pariter & doctus* Lincolnienſis *Epiſcopus Præceſſori tuo feciſſe dicitur, id ego tibi nunc facio : Fas mihi ſit indicere tibi verendum Omnipotentis Dei Tribunal, pro quo tremens horrenſque tibi anima brevi ſiſtetur, ſanguinolenti iſtius conſilii rationem reddiſura. Interim, ſi valere mavelis, Reſipiſce.*

E

F

Reve-

Reverendiſſimo in Chriſto Patri, Viro incomparabili *JOSEPHO HALL*,

Epiſcopo *Exonienſi*,

GILBERTUS PRIMEROSIUS

S. P. D.

HEU quantum potuit terræ pelagíque parari
Hoc quem civiles fuderunt ſanguine dextræ

Gallorum? Sed paci intercedit inurbanæ frontis homo URBANUS VIII. Pontifex Romanus; qui

Exhalans fœdos fœdo de pectore ructus,

bullante diro cruore BULLA, ferocibus minaciis venosâ, & ſævâ adulatione tumente, optimo Regi, ſed præpropero ac fervido in Martem ingenio, in fidiſſimos cives, qui niſi fuiſſent non eſſet ipſe, funeſta inflat claſſica; BREVIque grandiloquo & cruento ſub Annulo Piſcatoris aſperrimam ſtudiis belli gentem iterum in brevia & Syrtes civilis, hoc eſt, creperi & periculoſiſſimi belli, cerebroſus & imperitus Nauclerus adigit & impingit: nullâ Regis, nullâ Regionum omnium facile Reginæ,

Quas Sol exoriens curru fugiente vaporat,

nullâ Religionis majore curâ; ſed magis ut Regi & Regno anxias & inexplicabiles ſollicitudines conficiat; ut humaniſſimos cives, non in piſcatoria PETRI navicula

——lentos incurvans gurgite remos,

Evangelici hami felici piſcatu ex undoſo turbarum civilium ſalo Piſcator hominum humaniter ducat ad ſalutem, ſed in ANTICHRISTI prætoria navi gubernacula tenens, BULLARUM & BREVIUM enormi harpagone Pirata nefarius Chriſtianos inhumaniter prædetur ad cædem. Ut ſolenni Pontificum Romanorum more, quod in Urbium denſis vicis à graſſatoribus nocturnis fieri amat, belli facem accenſam in vicina Regna conjiciat, ut bonis civibus ad eum reſtinguendum undique diſcurrentibus, ille impunè trahat, rapiat, populetur, fœdet, conculcet omnia; & ardente Chriſti Eccleſiâ, immaniſſimi *Neronis* deceſſoris ſui inſtar, lætificum cum Spintriis ſuis *Trojæ* pereuntis excidium canat:

——ſic ſua quemque Inſcribit facies.——

Verum, *——Ut multos menſéſque diéſque,*
Non tamen ætatem tempeſtate hac ſceleroſi
Lætabuntur.

Nam ecce quàm opportunè Tu, *Præſul Ampliſſime*, cœleſtis & infracti pectoris fervente robore, Romanum illum *miſerandæ ſortis onagrum* in arce *Tarpeiâ* ſtabulantem, & ſono intempeſtivo rudentem, ſtyli tui acumine, veluti clavis & fuſtibus, compeſcis: Tu Beſtiæ bipedis è limo & è fimo erepentis lunata cornua elegantis libelli malleo retundis: Tu rufo Draconi

Ære ciere viros, Martémque accendere cantu

nimis quàm bono, inceſtum & clamoſum os ſuggillas: Tu Papam ſuperbientem, & ſublime caput cœlo audaci niſu inferentem, cujus ad nutum

Intereunt, labuntur, eunt rurſum omnia vorſum,

modeſtiſſimo ſcripto humilitatem & modeſtiam doces: Tu marculum, qui *duri robora ferri* in Orthodoxorum perniciem

Multorum magnis tuditantium ignibu' tundit,

Cyclopum Polyphemo extorques, & pauſam tuditandi facere jubes: Tu trepidantia jampridem BABYLONIS mœnia à cœnoſis magni illius exitialium mendaciorum architecti congeſta cæmentariis,

——Qui nihil amplius unquam

Quod

Quàm commune lutum è paleis, cœnúmque aceratum
Rugoſi paßique ſenes eadem omnia quærunt,

variorum librorum multis vigiliis feliciter elucubratorum, velut oſcillo pendùli impetus hactenus arietaſti, vexaſti, diſſipaſti: Tandem, optimæ notæ libello, non ad oſtentationem ſed ad utilitatem compoſito, & mitiſſima reſponſione, ſulphureas omnium calamitatum fornaces, quas NEBUCHADNETSAR Romanus adverſus Chriſti Confeſſores immitiſſimo edicto accendi jubet, pro virili tua parte à Chriſti Eccleſia prohibes & depellis: Tu Leonum famelicorum dentes, quos indomitæ illius belluæ conſiliarii atque adminiſtri in *Danielis* noſtros exacuunt, Verbi Divini forfice comprehendis, concutis, & confringis;

——Quos ille indocilis paciſque bonique,

omnium malorum Fecialis & Pater Patratus, Principes rerum potentes in arma feralia exequiali & tragico carmine movet & protrudit: Tu pacis æternæ præco ab armis diſcordibus revocas, & ad piam Chriſti pacem, Chriſtianæque Charitatis tranquillum portum fortiter occupandum, ſuaviſſimæ ſcriptionis dulci & docto celeuſmate fidus celeuſtes provocas.

Fruſtra omnia, illum ſi ſpectes qui,

Nequam & magnus homo, laniorum immane' canes ut,

diſtento & fulmineo rictu Chriſtianorum ſanguini inhiat, cuique cibus cadavera, potus cruor eſt: quibus dum ſe ingurgitat, toto orbe Chriſtiano triſtibus ululante plangoribus, ille lætis ululat triumphis, *Io Pæan*, *Io Triumphe* nobis obganniens, velut

Gallinaceu' cum victor ſe gallus honeſtè
Suſtulit in digitos, primoréſque erigit ungues,

Coquelico canorâ voce in fimeto occinit. Ut illa Meretrix purpurata, Martyrum ſanguine ebria, quæ Reges quos philtris ſuis intoxicavit, BULLARUM aculeatarum majoribus ſtimulis in cruda adverſum Chriſtum prælia ſuſcitat; ut ille deſperatæ ſalutis homo, peccati & perditionis Filius, tuum illud RESIPISCE diſcat, ſpes nulla ſupereſt.

Nam ſi TU hos fluctus undáſque è gurgite ſalſo
Tollere decrêris, ventum prius hæmaticum TU,
Ventum, inquam, tollas.

Illi enim neque eſt cor quo paveat, neque jecur quo amet, neque fel quo ſibi iraſcatur, neque frons quâ erubeſcat: Illi Ganeæ, illis ingluvioſis quibus cingitur raſo capite miniſtris,

——ſolis vivere fas eſt Occipite cæco,——

& edictis vetare,

——ne quiſquam hic faxit oletum,

& ſacra capita reprehendat.

Nam vos Romulidæ vobis ignoſcitis, & quæ
Turpia Cerdoni, Papam ſacróſque decebunt
Presbyteros.

At Tu, *Antiſtes Digniſſime*, eos liberâ ad URBANUM reſponſione liberas doces audire voces, & ingratiis diſcere, in *Anglia* & mutire fas eſſe, & ſine ſcrobe altâ voce exclamare, Auriculas Aſini Papam & Cardinales habere.

Quantum autem ego fideli erga me amicitiæ tuæ debeam, *Reverende Pater*, quod mihi homini privato tantus Eruditione, Pietate, Dignitate *Præſul*, Reſponſionem illam inſcribere voluiſti, nec rudi calamo exprimere, nec linguâ inexplanatâ expromere, nec impari mente conſequi poſſum: Scilicet, ut Epiſcopum decet, tui ſemper ſimilis es, id eſt optimus; Honores novos adeptus veterem amicitiam non deponis, & magnus licet ſis, omniumque bonorum votis minor, ad minima te demittis.

Quod verò electiſſimum Scriptum meo arbitrio ſtare aut cadere, prodire aut latere, malignâ ignis flammâ extingui, aut præclarâ doctorum luce frui, publici juris, aut in mei ſolius bonis eſſe jubes; id verò Modeſtiæ eſt tuæ, quæ inter multas & claras Virtutes quæ in te maximæ ſunt & clariſſimæ, in ſcriptis, in voce,

in

in vultu, in oculis, in compoſito mentis habitu, in tota vita tua fulgentibus micat radiis, *velut inter ignes Luna minores*. Macte iſtâ morum ſuavitate, quâ operto vivens oſtio, facta tua omnia ad Pietatis & rectæ Rationis obruſſam exigis: Macte iſto viri boni charactere, qui A

Index ipſe ſui totum ſe explorat ad unguem,
Quid proceres, vanique ferat quid opinio vulgi
Securus.

Teque ipſum ſemper verens, omnium quotquot te novere, quique tuos in ſcriptis & nitida oratione pellucentes mores vidêre, amorem tibi conciliaſti. Macte iterum atque iterum præclaræ Eruditionis gloriâ, altiſſimâ rerum Divinarum & Humanarum ſcientiâ, literatiſſimis variarum diſciplinarum monumentis, quibus tibi jure merito jucundi & nervoſi Oratoris, Chriſtiani *Senecæ*, clariſſimi & doctiſſimi Theologi nomen comparaſti; B

Quod vivet ſeclis innumerabilibus.

Sed age, eat

Qui dono meus eſt bonus libellus,
Qui Auro eſt carior aureus libellus:

Eat pedibus celer per *Alpium* æternis horrentium nivibus invias rupes, per *Apennini* ardua & prærupta juga viam ſibi faciat, Arcem *Sanctangeli* velox conſcendat; Angelo Satanæ, Urbi ἐπαλόφῳ ſecurè procul extra teli jactum incubanti in faciem narret, eſſe in *Anglia* Epiſcopos haud paucos, qui inhumanæ & infeſtæ pecori lupæ, ſub ovina pelle Regibus & populo Chriſtiano *Romæ* horrendæ lac ferinum immulgenti, perſonam alienam detrahere, beſtiam ovium ſanguinis ſitientem à Chriſti caulis arcere; Eccleſiæ læta & pura paſcua à turpi ſpumantium Aprorum dente, & fœdo lutulentarum Suum roſtro pura & intemerata conſervare; *Æſopicam* corniculam PETRI & PAULI plumis inſoleſcentem furtivis coloribus nudare; *Cuculi Romani*, qui Chriſtianos omnes pro *Currucis* habet, ova in ipſo Dei Templo poſita pertundere; Meretricem *Babylonicam* Chriſtiani nominis ceruſsâ & minio fucatam traducere, & poſſint, quia Doctiſſimi, & velint, quia Integerrimi, & faciant, quia Vigilantiſſimi. Atque ut odor illa morte in mortem ſit quia RESIPISCERE dedidicit, denuncietut tota men te atque omnibus artubus contremiſcat, appetente jam die illo decretorio quo ardebit BABYLON, Meretricis magnæ negotiatores & adulteri omnes lugebunt, Diabolus mundi ſeductor, Beſtia & Pſeudoprophera in ſtagnum ignis & ſulphuris præcipites abibunt, æternas juſtè irato Numini pœnas daturi; Filiumque perditionis C D

Dignus principio exitus exodiumque ſequetur.

Interea temporis, veni, Domine *Jeſu*, veni: Antichriſtum ſe truci in unctos tuos rabie efferentem comprime: Hoſtibus tuis, qui aſperum paternæ caſtigationis tuæ vinum nobis plenis cyathis educendum dedêre, acinoſas & pannoſas indignationis tuæ fæces plenis doliis exhauriendas invitis & reluctantibus porrige: *Captivam Sionis Filiam* ferreo *Ægyptiacæ* ſervitutis jugo oppreſſam liberali cauſa manu aſſere: LUDOVICI Regis fulgentes haſtas, coruſcantes enſes, arma mortali fulgore criſpantia, tormentorum bellicorum horriſona fulmina in ipſum Pſeudoprophetam & lutoſos BABYLONIS muros converte, ut fatidicum vatem veri, neſcium, ſua ſibi mala lævâ mente verè profatum eſſe pudeat & pœniteat: Eccleſiis tranſmarinis ſolidam pacem ſubdolis ereptam artibus reſtitue: Damna nos voti, & hanc quâ Major *Britannia* tuo ſolius beneficio fruitur pacem & tranquillitatem nobis fidam, poſteris verò noſtris perpetuam præſta: Huic autem aureo libello da ut vivat vigeatque Antichriſto Principum invidiam conflaturus, Eccleſiæ tuæ almam pacem coagmentaturus: Ejuſque autori largire beneficus, ut vitâ honeſtiſſimè & ſanctiſſimè in terris actâ, cœlo potiatur, ubi tecum E F

Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace fruatur.

AMEN.

The End.